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AN AUSTRALIAN EXAMPLE.

WHEN Rawdon Crawley takes down his little boy to the old family scât, where he is regarded as a rather discreditable poor relation, his heart warms at the idea of being once more *at home*. A colonist commonly returns to England in the same sentimental mood, and finds it as little understood or reciprocated. The respectable citizen who has had the enterprise and courage to stay at home, secretly regards his neighbour who has wandered to the ends of the earth as a man who has somehow lost caste. For three generations the Indian army, whose colonels and generals became plain Mr. Smith or Mr. MacPherson when they passed the Cape of Good Hope, was a focus of discontent and Radicalism from this provocation; and I heard an old moustache from Calcutta once insist that the contempt which Englishmen still feel at bottom for Americans was simply a reminiscence of the fact that they had once been colonists. When England sends out an expedition in scarlet tunics or blue jackets, with gay banners and loud music, the heart of the nation goes out along with it, like a mother watching her children, but the silent expeditions in broadcloth and fustian destined to conquer new regions for civilization and commerce, and to drain away the impatient discontent which would make England a fen instead of a garden—who watches them when they set out, or welcomes them when they return? I assisted a few years ago in the Mansion House at a spectacle which made a permanent lodgment in my memory. Lord Mayor McArthur got together at a banquet the most notable statesmen and soldiers of the Colonial Empire. It was as impressive an assembly as I ever witnessed. There sat at his board the founders, the Ministers, and the Governors or ex-Governors and ex-Ministers of thirty colonies, mingled with the lords of immediate

territories, the commanders in successful campaigns, and a few great officers of the Civil Service—the pivot upon which public business turns in two hemispheres. There never met before or since, at one place, so many men entitled to be called Colonial Statesmen. After the banquet came the usual *douche* of dreary platitudes. An old lord who had been addressing London audiences for half a century, the Speaker of the House of Commons, an ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and a Royal Prince were heard at wearisome length, but of the eminent men for whom the feast was supposed to be spread not one was invited to speak a word. They were permitted to look on while the veterans discoursed learnedly on colonization and colonies, and the work done—by the orators, it might be supposed—in distant regions.

I am not ignorant that there has been a sort of spasmodic reaction of late. The Commissioners for the Indo-Colonial show at Kensington were carried about and exhibited in the provinces like Queen Emma, the King of the Sandwich Islands, and other interesting aborigines, and a conference at the Colonial Office has since done colonists the honour of attempting to wheedle them into accepting the responsibility of empire without any corresponding authority—to make them partners in wars over which they could exercise no more control than over the tides of the Pacific; but any just and adequate recognition of the greatest possessions of the Crown has still to begin. Two or three men in Canada and Australia, considerable enough to throw their shadows across the ocean, have been vaguely heard of, but the working force, the motive power, of colonial life is quite unknown in what they fondly call home.

Colonists bring back from England stories of the amazement of British citizens that colonial boys were not woolly or colonial girls tawny, and even the official class, before the rise of Sir Robert Herbert, knew as little of their distant dominions as Mr. Balfour does of Ireland. A grey-haired ruler, who spent his life in colonies, was fond of telling a story to illustrate the *demi-savoir* of Downing Street. A certain Secretary of State—so the story ran—gave audience to an eminent colonist, from Australasia, and the conversation fell upon a retired Governor, who, when his period of service had terminated, bought a charming island in the Pacific, and made his home there. He had lost favour at the Colonial Office, and marvellous stories concerning him were current in that locality. "I am told," said the noble Secretary, "that Governor So-and-so lives the life of a hermit, in all respects but one. Can it be possible that he has shut himself up on an island, with no other companions than a harem of Wallabies?" "Well, yes," said the Colonist, "that's about it. The island and the wallabies are a true bill; but he has books and music, and ozone, too." "Pray, sir," said the

Secretary, in a tone of horror, "how many Wallabies may there be there?" "How many? Well, I never thought of asking. A good few, no doubt; a hundred for certain, or five hundred for anything I know. I dare say he doesn't know how many himself." "Gracious Providence," cried the statesman, in grave surprise, "what an example to a Christian people!" "Oh, as for example, I wish all your Governors employed themselves as innocently." "I am profoundly grieved to hear you say so, sir! Morality must be at a low ebb indeed when a man like you makes light of such a proceeding." "Morality!" exclaimed the colonist; "what does your lordship suppose a wallaby to be?" "Why, a half-caste, of course." "A wallaby, my lord, is a dwarf kangaroo!"

The chief sufferers by this official *insouciance*, after all, are not the colonies, but the empire. Of all history answering the description of "philosophy teaching by example," the most pregnant in lessons for our instruction at home is the history being transacted in colonies by men of our own race, under our eyes if we choose to open them a little. We are engaged at present on a new experiment of working a constitution of checks and balances with an overwhelming democratic franchise—the same experiment has been made by the same races and classes which inhabit these islands—*minus* the patricians; they had to encounter surprises and dangers which will inevitably arise here—they have rehearsed, in fact, the drama to be presently performed on this greater stage, and no one turns for example or warning to that experiment. Yet we have learnt something from them already, half unconsciously indeed. The systematic registration of real estate, the abolition of a property qualification for members of Parliament, the establishment of the ballot, a wide popular suffrage, and electoral districts of nearly equal population are among the reforms in which colonies anticipated by many years the mother country. And there are other reforms, like payment by the State of all the cost of elections (from making the roll to the return of the writ), as well as Parliaments of a shorter duration, the reasonable compensation for the expenses incurred in attendance at Westminster, and the wisely Conservative practice which gives votes to ratepayers in shires in reasonable proportion to their responsibility to taxation, in which I do not doubt the mother country must follow their example, *nolens volens*.

The political history of new communities is one that might reconcile us to learn something from them without humiliation; it is a record of surprising vigour, originality, and courage. Take Victoria as a conspicuous example. When England had come into the enjoyment of her first Reform Act, and the democracy were clamouring for something more in the shape of the People's Charter, the foot of a civilized man had never been set on that territory. How it has since grown into the best endowed and most distinguished offspring of the ..

old land is a story worth knowing, if any history is to teach us any moral. Let us take a rapid glance at it.

The primitive history of Australia, like the foundation of Rome, is a tale of adventurous and intrepid buccaneering. Its Romulus and Remus were nurtured at the dugs of Convictism, a fiercer wolf than the *alma mater* of the Tiber. The wide territory known in early times as Botany Bay, now the home of a powerful and gallant community, which has the glory of having been first among colonies to aid the mother country in an emergency, was occupied in the beginning exclusively by prisoners of the Crown and their appointed warders. The Irish insurgents of 1798, and the peasants who conspired at a later date against an intolerable land system, formed a notable element in the population—convicts without a moral stain festering among the refuse of great cities. Port Philip, one of its outlying settlements, which in the end outran the mother colony in wealth, population, and public spirit, and is now recognized as a powerful State wherever civilized men exist, had for its founder the son of a convict who himself suffered the lash and manacles for violation of the criminal code. These, it must be confessed before the scoffer, are the vulgar incidents of a costermonger history, but when the noble river which runs for a thousand miles between rival colonies is crowned by the spires and towers and factory chimneys of a great metropolis, and the Dominion or Republic of which it is the capital no more blushes for its origin than the Eternal City, the story of its genesis and growth painted by some competent hand will rival in interest the tale told by Livy.

But, meantime, explorers must collect the essential materials for the future epic history, and the present writer is content, for his part, to set up a rude finger-post designed to indicate the direction and current of events from the beginning. At the opening of this century ships from England, commissioned to circumnavigate and explore the new continent in the Pacific, discovered on its southern rim a noble land-locked harbour, forty miles in depth, fenced from the ocean by a circle of cliffs and shelving hills with but one inlet to waters so spacious and tranquil that the navies of the world might ride there in safety. When this news reached London, the Government of the day despatched a cargo of convicts and soldiers to take possession of the unknown country; for the spirit of maritime adventure which had carried Raleigh and Cook to such fruitful triumphs had long burned very low. Captain Collins, the commander of the expedition, entered the Bay, and pitched his tents on a sandbank, thinly covered with a rough herbage. Collins was a gaoler, not a colonizer. After a hasty inspection of the district, he pronounced it "an unpromising and unproductive country," deficient in water and unsuitable for settlement. The district is now familiar ground;

within a mile of the site of his camp there are tracts of volcanic soil of singular fertility resting on a subsoil of limestone, and abundantly supplied with wholesome water; and the country pronounced unfit for settlement is occupied by the pleasant gardens and villas of a fashionable watering place. The land-locked harbour which he barely entered, and made no attempt to explore, was itself but the gateway to regions of rare productiveness and beauty, and to other regions rich in the precious metal as the Eldorado of the Spanish adventurers. After loitering for over three months at the mouth of the harbour he sailed away to the neighbouring island of Van Diemen's Land, and happily saved the future Victoria from the discredit of becoming a penal settlement, and the disaster of being "sown with rotten seed."

For nearly a generation the territory lay vacant, though Government surveyors from Botany Bay had in the meantime penetrated it from the North and given such a favourable account of its resources that the Governor of that settlement would have attempted to occupy it as an offshoot of Sydney but for peremptory orders from the Colonial Office to desist. The surveyor's report, however, glowing with the enthusiasm of a discoverer, was published, and produced fruit of a wholesomer sort than grows in official hot-houses. In the little island to which Captain Collins had carried his convicts twenty years before—then called Van Diemen's Land, now known as Tasmania—an expedition was projected by private enterprise to inspect the "new and happy land." But in a settlement ruled by military authority, and consisting of convicts and their keepers, the impediments to individual action were as great as in the realms of the Czar or the Sultan; and it was only after years of delay, and when several official persons were propitiated into taking some pecuniary interest in the project, that a company was at length permitted to come into existence. When it was fairly launched, a rival project immediately followed, according to the habit of the enterprising competitive Northern races; and early in the year 1835 two sets of adventurous colonists were preparing to sail from Hobart Town, the principal port of Van Diemen's Land, to explore the shores of Port Philip. The destined commander of the first expedition was John Batman, originally a blacksmith, but who had raised himself by energy and courage to a certain prosperity and distinction. He is described as a man of remarkable endowments: "Tall and well proportioned, and of prodigious strength, inexhaustible energy, and indomitable will." This young giant had distinguished himself in capturing bushrangers, had made himself familiar with the habits of the aborigines, and, what perhaps furthered his ambition no less than these services, had skill to find favour with the Governor. Little more than fifty years ago, on the 12th of May, 1835, he sailed from Launceston in a little vessel of thirty tons, accompanied by a party

of three white men and seven black fellows, and after beating about for seventeen days in the narrow straits, which are now crossed with as much punctuality as a ferry on the Mersey, landed on a promontory within Port Philip harbour. With characteristic energy he opened immediate communication with the natives through his black fellows, and in a few days concluded a contract with certain chiefs of the local tribe for the purchase of the tract of country lying between the Yarra and the Barwon. By an instrument formally executed under seal, the chiefs Jagajaga, Bungaree, Cooloolock, Yanyan, Monmarmaler, and others did duly give, grant, enfeoff, and confirm the possession of this district to him and his heirs for ever; having received therefor a valuable consideration, to wit, certain tomahawks, blankets, looking-glasses, beads, and pocket-handkerchiefs, liberally computed as of the value of £200. The district exchanged for these treasures now comprises the capital of the colony, the cities of Geelong and Collingwood, the ports of Sandridge and St. Kilda, wide stretches of agricultural land studded with homesteads and vineyards, and a suburban settlement, where one may ride from sunrise to sunset among the villas and cottages of a wealthy and cultured class.

The second expedition sailed three months after the first. It was under the command of John Pascoe Fawkner, though so vulgar an impediment as sea-sickness compelled him to confide the control, in the first instance, to one of his associates. Fawkner, like his rival, had been an artisan, but, by energy and intelligence and the happy fortune of new countries, had gradually risen to other and more liberal pursuits, and had latterly become an agent and spokesman for the convicts, though for certain illegitimate proceedings he had fallen under the ban of the authorities. The new-comers, as soon as they approached the shore, were warned by Batman not to become trespassers upon "his purchased territory;" but they were little disposed to admit his claims or submit to his authority. Finally both expeditions moved up the bay and crept along the river Yarra to a swampy valley, little more than a mile from the coast, lying between four low shelving hills, where the strange birds and wild animals of the country then found shelter, but where now stands the splendid city of Melbourne. An angry contest over their respective rights ensued, and was not speedily composed. But, in the end, a country as large as Britain was found to be capacious enough for both parties, numbering little over a dozen, and they agreed to tolerate each other. They faced cheerfully the privations of such an enterprise—beds of opossum skins or blankets spread under a tree and canopied by the skies, rations of tough mutton and dough baked in the ashes, and sometimes in insufficient quantity, but seasoned and made digestible by visions of splendid prosperity to come. In a little time they settled down to fixed pursuits—Batman and some of his associates to feed

sheep and cattle, and become the type of the Squatters, who have occupied a large share of the history of the colony; Fawcner to be in turn a publican, a vigneron, and a journalist—a type of the Squatters' opponents, the dwellers in towns, the men of enterprise and movement. Death cut short the career of the younger and more vigorous rival in three or four years, but Fawcner lived to see and share the marvellous prosperity of the new country.

The history of this little settlement, at first called Port Philip, known at present as the Colony of Victoria, and of that city which rose like Venice from a swamp, and to-day, by the beauty of its public and private buildings, and its parks and gardens glittering in the light of a southern sun, suggests Paris rather than London, teaches, like all chronicles of human progress, many significant morals. I purpose to draw from it at present only one, which I trust the reader will discover without too much prompting.

When the news reached the Old World that a region had been discovered in the Pacific more extensive than Great Britain, equally rich in point of soil, and ready for the plough in many parts, as if "specially prepared by the Creator" * for enterprising settlers, it inflamed the adventurous with visions of countless flocks to be depastured, and wide estates to be carved out of the bountiful land. When younger sons were told of pastures like those of Devon and Meath, and arable lands equal to the wheat lands of Norfolk and Tipperary, without owners and ready to receive as masters the first bold and lucky comers, a passion for emigration began to stir among the middle classes. Nor were these high-pitched expectations ill-founded. The lands of the Australian continent were then free to be granted at the will of the Secretary of State, or to be sold at a nominal price,† or to be temporarily occupied without rent by consent of the Governor at Sydney, with just enough risk from the jealousy of the native tribes to add the charm of a certain excitement and romance to the adventure.

The Governor at Sydney, who claimed authority over the whole unexplored continent (as fast as individual enterprise could discover it), no sooner heard of the landing at Port Philip, than he announced himself by a proclamation warning these pioneers of a new nation who presumed to seek a home where the Colonial Office had recently declared that no home must be sought, that "they would be considered as trespassers, and become liable to be dealt with in the same manner as other intruders on vacant lands of the Crown." For the sympathetic reader will note that from the earliest beginning Victoria has been a colonists' colony, and, unlike some of its compeers, was in no respect made or moulded by statesmen or public companies in London.

* Colonel Mitchell's Report.

† The upset price was then 5s. an acre.

Before three years, however, the unauthorized settlement got some rudimentary organization. A magistrate was sent from Sydney clothed with the uncircumscribed authority of an official delegated by a military Governor. A year later, the Governor himself—Sir Richard Bourke, a gentleman born in a land from which many of its rulers and founders were destined to come—made an excursion to Port Philip. This *quasi* royal visit was a great event for the infant settlement. Towns were laid out, and town and country land submitted for sale on behalf of the Crown. The port was inspected and partly surveyed by the commander of the ship of war which accompanied the Governor. The seat of the original settlement was named Melbourne, after the peasant epicurean who was then supposed to be First Minister in England; another town, nearer the bay, believed to be better situated for a commercial capital, was named after the reigning sovereign; and a third, which has greater natural advantages in soil and situation than either, if fortune had been kind, retained for bay and settlement the native names of Corio and Geelong. And now authority was established, and the “intruders upon the vacant lands of the Crown” had official permission to live and to flourish if they knew how. What ensued I have elsewhere described :

“A newspaper, and soon afterwards a rival newspaper, appeared; the first conducted by Mr. Fawcner, who anticipated the device of Kossuth's *Pesthi Hirap*, by issuing it for a time in manuscript; type being scarce in Sydney and type-founding an unknown art. Grazing stations began to be ‘taken up’ (as the colonial phrase runs), and one reads with curious interest of flocks being folded upon sites now occupied by prosperous towns or teeming goldfields. Melbourne in those days was a straggling village, where the fathers of the settlement were content with slab shanties, or wattle-and-daub huts; one or two brick houses, erected soon afterwards, never entirely ceased to be objects of reverence to early colonists, even when they were difficult to discover in the middle of a populous and extensive city. To build, indeed, was not an easy task; for the Sydney Government continued to keep itself alive in the memory of the colonists by levying heavy licence fees on such industrial enterprises as brick-making and lime-burning, essential to the foundation of a city. But Sydney merchants had speculated in town allotments, and Sydney squatters had taken up cattle-runs in Port Philip—men able to make themselves felt at head-quarters; and at a time the importance of the new settlement was, in some degree, recognized by the appointment of a Superintendent, Charles Joseph La Trobe, to administer its local affairs, under the authority and direction of the Governor at Sydney. Thus, at length, the Port Philip district of the colony of New South Wales was constituted.

“The colonists received the Superintendent with delight as a precursor of the Home Rule for which they already longed. The *Port Philip Patriot* congratulated them that they were not to be subject to a military or naval martinet, but to a civilian, a traveller, and a man of letters; and burst into a strain of triumphant prophecy over the destiny that awaited them. ‘He comes as our good genius, to develop our resources and place us high in the scale of colonies. Colonies! nay, he comes to found a mighty empire.’ With the Superintendent arrived some of the apparatus of local government; and the event was soon followed by the establishment of

Municipal Councils in Melbourne and Geelong. This concession was received with immense enthusiasm, because in communities where no Legislature exists, municipal institutions serve the important purpose of communicating authoritatively the wishes of the governed to the governors. And already the ambitious young community had an object in view upon which it had set its heart. Among all classes there existed a strong desire that the district might be separated from Sydney and constituted a distinct colony. The Sydney officials, indeed, had not used generously the supremacy they enjoyed. Sales of Crown lands were held at distant and irregular intervals; less, it was alleged, to satisfy local wants than to suit the convenience of speculators in Botany Bay; and sometimes, before the appointment of the Superintendent, allotments situated in the centre of Melbourne had been submitted to auction, not in that town, but in Sydney, which was more inaccessible to the people of Port Philip than Constantinople is to the citizens of London. Another motive for desiring separation, which did not operate less strongly, was of a moral rather than a material origin. The settlement had been founded by free men, and they were determined that it should not be polluted by convicts; whereas New South Wales, which dominated over their interests so haughtily, consisted of a population more than one-half of which was actually under penal discipline when the settlement of Port Philip was founded. A Separation Movement, as it was called, sprang up, and it commanded the sympathies of the bulk of the community."

It is now that the political history of Victoria properly begins, and publicists, who have made up their minds that self-government is a task for which Irishmen are quite unfit, are invited to note the share the Irish population had in its unexampled growth in prosperity and public spirit. Mr. Hogan, a young Irish Australian journalist, has collected with loving care the annals and traditions of his race throughout the Australian continent,* and, as I have been a witness of the same events for nearly five-and-twenty years, I can supplement from my memory his ample materials. No one who takes up his book with sympathy can fail to find in it stores of information on which a politician or philosopher may meditate with advantage. The data are there if the doctors be forthcoming. A barrowful of clay furnished Darwin, and the annals of a parish furnished De Tocqueville, with materials for philosophical conclusions which were not parochial.

About 1810 a treble tide of immigration from Ireland set towards the new settlement. Young farmers and artisans from Munster, who in the end became prosperous colonists, and in some instances conspicuous politicians, began to seek there, rather than in the United States, a new home. A little later younger sons of the Irish gentry, some of them bred to the learned professions, and for the most part of Tory politics, dazzled by the story of the unoccupied territory, arrived singly or in little batches, and were destined to hold some of the highest offices in the future State. And farmers of Ulster, who did not find that a community of opinions induced their landlords to be content with moderate rents, sold their tenant-right and sought farms and homes in the new country. These Irish immigrants soon

* "The Irish in Australia." By J. F. Hogan. London: Ward & Downey, 1887.

constituted a fourth part of the entire population, and among themselves were distributed in about the same proportions as in the island from which they came. The Celts were, perhaps, not the least gifted, though they were certainly the least disciplined, of these immigrants. They had never been anything notable at home, had never held any local office or exercised any authority, and many of them were accustomed to be domineered over, in the North by Orange lodges, or in the South by arrogant officials. Catholic emancipation had been on the Statute-book for nearly a dozen years, but, though religious equality was recognized by law, one of these men might as reasonably have hoped to become Archbishop of Canterbury as corporator magistrate or grand juror in the island where he was born. How the manumitted bondsmen would demean themselves in the new country was a subject of grave doubt, and must prove, it was felt by thoughtful persons, an important factor in its history.

Some of the Northern Irish regarded the question as already decided. There were all the raw materials for a new Ireland of serfs and masters like the one that existed on the other side of the Equator; why should it not be reproduced in the new country? The 12th of July was an anniversary of whose significance no Irishman was ignorant. Why should not the Orange drum be heard on every hill as in Ulster, beating "Croppies, lie down," and the Orange banner with the motto of "No Popery" be displayed upon every church steeple, and Orange processions muster in the streets on that historic day to remind the Celts that they were beaten at Aughrim? With the co-operation of some fanatical Scotchmen, an Orange procession was announced for the midsummer of 1844 (four or five years after the Irish immigration had commenced), to which all good men who hated "Pope and Popery, brass money, and wooden shoes" were expected to give their assistance. A few Englishmen, who knew dimly the results which these diversions had produced in Ireland, discouraged the proposal, but they were regarded as lukewarm Protestants. The skeleton of public authority in the little settlement was quite powerless to restrain the mischief. The Superintendent was busy collecting the land fund and the customs duties for the Treasury at Sydney, and the little Corporation, with its *posse comitatus* of a dozen constables, was divided on the question; the town clerk, the strongest man in the connection, being openly associated with the processionists. For a moment there seemed to be no remedy. While the settlement was still in its infancy the Catholic colonists were to be marked out for periodical humiliation, and perhaps exasperated into becoming bad citizens. It had been done successfully in Ireland, and why not here? Tradition attributes to an Irish tailor, whose name, I fear, posterity has forgotten, the happy stroke which laid

these malign designs flat in the mud. Three days before the obnoxious anniversary an advertisement appeared in the journal least unfriendly to the Irish, which created a ferment:—

"Notice.—A Hurling Match is to take place at Batman's Hill on Friday, the 12th day of July, at ten o'clock, between the men of the County of Clare and the men of the County of Tipperary, for a bet of fifty pounds. All who think well of those counties are invited to see justice done to their respective merits, and unflinching Irish boys in general are requested to witness the scene."

The male population of the colony at that time, from the Yarra Yarra to Portland Bay, was under ten thousand, but five hundred stalwart Irishmen, "well dressed, well fed, well developed Hibernians," says a chronicler of the story, armed with hurlies, staves, and shille-laghs, and captained by a man who afterwards attained the highest rank in the colony, answered the call. They spent the day in pleasant games and exercises at the appointed meeting place without offence or injury to any one; but there they were in case of need, and the insulting procession shivered out of existence. A contemporary bard describes the scene in a ballad which, if it halts a little in metre, is at any rate the testimony of an eye-witness, who prolongs to later times the natural triumph of the hour. The bard, it will be noted, was well disposed to be a loyal citizen if he might be permitted:—

"The liveliest gathering under the sky,
Was round Batman's green hill on the 12th of July;
From the depths of Port Philip for many a mile,
Flocked the gay loyal sons of the Emerald Isle;
As strapping fine fellows as ever were seen,
Who would shed their heart's blood for their cause and their Queen.

"And first in the field were the gallant old Tips,
With strength in their arms and smiles on their lips;
Like the fast-heaving surge of their own royal stream,
The sons of the Shannon in ecstasy came;
While famed Garryowen poured its tribute along,
And Clare's sturdy peasants were thick in the throng.

"But the bigoted Shoneens who hail from the Boyne,
With their 'grand Orange banner' were not up to time;
For deuce take the ha'porth was there to be seen
But 'Sprigs of Shillelagh and Shamrocks so green'!" *

Next day, when the hurlers had retired to their homes, there was an Orange riot, and a pistol shot was fired at a priest—a man popular with all sections of the population. But it was the last sputter. There have been and are still Orange lodges in Port Philip, where those to whom it is an agreeable pastime can drink perdition to their neighbours in the charter toast, but there never has been an Orange procession in the public streets of Melbourne from that day forth.

* The story is told in the "Sketches of Garryowen," by an old Colonist, now a grave official in the employment of the Legislative Council of Victoria.

In Australian history, there is a name as memorable and significant as the name of John Pym or John Hampden in English history. The one native Australian whom all the colonies agree to honour, and on whom his contemporaries bestowed the title of the "Australian Patriot," is William Wentworth. He was the son of an Irish surgeon in the employment of the Government, but, like Grattan and Flood in the time of his ancestors, he passed in a stride from the official class to the service of the people whom they ruled and oppressed. He was sent to England, when a boy, for his education. He returned to the colony an English barrister, and brought with him the seed of public liberty—a library of constitutional law, and a printing press to found an independent newspaper. The journal soon produced a political organization to carry its teaching into effect, and many of the best of the free population joined Wentworth in the Patriotic Association. After asserting successfully in a convict colony the fundamental, but forgotten, rights of public meeting, a free press, and trial by jury, he took the decisive step of claiming a Legislature and representative government for the people of New South Wales. The demand was resisted by the official class with the exaggeration of wrath and horror which we have seen displayed recently on a grander scale at home. To grant to convicts and the sons of convicts, to Irish rebels and the sons of Irish rebels, political power was, these grave persons predicted, to lay the basis of a turbulent republic. But it laid the basis of the free State which sent an expedition to the Soudan a couple of years ago at the instance of men who inherited both these reproaches. Wentworth pressed on, and in 1813, when O'Connell was claiming a native Parliament and Executive for Ireland, the first concession to Australia was made. A Legislative Council was established in New South Wales, consisting of twenty-four members, two-thirds elected by the colonists and one-third nominated by the Crown. It was a maimed, and imperfect instrument, but it was used, as it was altogether inevitable it should be used, to exact in the end what was grudgingly withheld at the outset. In the new Legislature, the outlying district of Port Philip was assigned six members. But the colonists in the latter settlement were engaged in attending to their private business, and fit men could not be got to travel a thousand miles to Sydney, and reside for months at a distance from their homes. Port Philip, they declared, was as large as England, and could only be adequately governed by a Legislature of its own. One of their members, a man of exceptional originality and vigour, a Presbyterian minister resident in Sydney, moved that their wishes should be complied with, and Port Philip be created a separate colony. He was opposed by all the New South Wales representatives, with a memorable exception. Robert Lowe, then a practising barrister in Sydney, who was not a political

pedant in colonial affairs, considered the union between Port Philip and New South Wales an injustice and a grievance, and voted for its immediate repeal. The motion was ignominiously defeated, but the pioneers of Australia Felix, as the settlement was already called in the language of poetry and oratory, were not to be repressed. They sent their complaint to the Home Government, despatched an agent to London to "flap" the Colonial Office, and even secured a certain tepid interest for the question in the London Press. It was of no imaginary wrongs the colonists complained; Port Philip was treated like another Ireland by its distant mistress. The remonstrances of the population were disregarded, and their native resources, especially the large fund derived from land sales, were expended in the adornment of Sydney.

Their next step was a significant illustration of the spirit and intelligence of the young community in Melbourne. In the summer of 1848, when Europe was electric with revolutionary passions, a peaceful *coup d'état* was struck on the small stage of the aspiring little settlement. At the nomination of the Port Philip members to serve in the Sydney Legislature, which happened at this time, not one candidate appeared. Nothing, it was conceived, would so effectually realize to the Colonial Office the distrust and contempt entertained by the colonists for the existing system, as an abstention like this by an entire community; and it would have the additional advantage of compelling a more respectful attention to their demands in the New South Wales Legislature, as that body could not proceed legally to business in their absence. The local authorities were alternately in a panic and a rage, and exercised all their skill to defeat the popular device. A few days later, at the nomination for the borough of Melbourne, which was separately represented, a Government candidate appeared. He was duly proposed and seconded, and as a single vote would suffice to elect him, the ingenious strategy of the colonists seemed for a moment to be defeated. But they had not exhausted their resources. It was moved that the Right Hon. Earl Grey, then Secretary for the Colonies, was a fit and proper person to represent the borough at Sydney. A poll was taken, and the noble Earl was elected by a triumphant majority over his local competitor. Mr. Latrobe, the Superintendent, and official persons in general were much scandalized at this profane use of the name of a peer and a Cabinet Minister; for in those days the official uniform in colonies usually covered a tamper and demeanour closely akin to those which flourish under plush. Such a people, they said, were manifestly unfit for self-government; which is scarcely the reflection it will suggest to a philosophical reader. The Secretary of State, like a man of the world, took the matter in good part; and it was doubtless this stroke which awoke him to the conviction, which he soon afterwards expressed,

that Port Philip representation had become an unreal and illusory, not a substantial, enjoyment of representative institutions.

Letters from London accordingly announced that a Legislature like that of New South Wales would be established in Port Philip. But while the colonists were waiting for the promised Constitution they were tried by a serious crisis, and met it with a courage and resolution which proved them worthy of self-government. A ship freighted with ticket-of-leave men was despatched to Port Philip, on the pretence that New South Wales had invited convicts, and Port Philip was still undeniably a district of New South Wales. From the period when the new community became in any degree organized, it seems to have steadily determined upon two things: to claim self-government, as we have seen, and to shut out the felony of Great Britain and Ireland. In 1845 a cargo of convicts from England arrived in the bay, but the news created such a storm of wrath in Melbourne, that they were ordered by the Superintendent to proceed to Van Diemen's Land. And now in 1849, when the desire of self-government was about to be gratified, the renewal of the attempt—of which a fast sailing ship forewarned them—wounded their pride as much as it alarmed their fears. A meeting was immediately held, at which the chief men of the settlement—English, Irish, and Scotch—were spokesmen of the popular determination that the convicts should not be received. And not in the masquerade of savages, like the patriots of Boston, but without disguise or fear, they delivered their will. The magistrates of the city and district met soon afterwards, and indorsed the popular decision. The Governor at Sydney at this time, a *ci-devant* dandy, aiming only to keep things quiet, promised for peace sake that no convicts should be permitted to land in Port Philip until "the feelings of the community were made known in Downing Street." The colonists on their side determined that no felons should be intruded upon their wives and children, whatever might be the response of the distant oracle. The prison ship, however, the *Randolph*, in due time reached Hobson's Bay, and the captain, refusing to be bound by the concession of the Governor, insisted on his right to land his passengers, inasmuch as if he failed to do so he would imperil his insurance. Another public meeting was called to renew the protestation of the colony. The speakers declared that England had no constitutional right to tax the colonists for Imperial purposes by requiring them to maintain a portion of her criminals; that the introduction of felons would discredit the fair name Port Philip had begun to acquire in England, and deter the most eligible class of emigrants from coming out; and, finally, "that they had never received convicts, and were prepared to undergo any extremity rather than submit to do so." The meeting agreed *nemine contradicente* that the prisoners should

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not be permitted to land. This intrepid resolution, like all daring action, was originally the work of a few, but it united the temper of the people, and was adopted with as near an approach to unanimity as can ever be attained in communities where individual opinion is free. "The convicts must not land," became the popular watchword. The Governor at Sydney, having as little the temper as the resources necessary to play the part of a tyrant, adhered to his promise, and the captain at last yielded to his peremptory orders, and set sail for Sydney. Thus, for the second time in half a dozen years, the colonists successfully protected themselves against the mischievous errors of the Colonial Office. But the flame was too violent to subside with a temporary success. It spread to Sydney, where the convicts were also refused admission, though the Imperial Government were able to plead a certain amount of local sanction for sending them there; finally it spread to Van Diemen's Land, then still a penal settlement, but where the younger colonists were determined to deliver it from this reproach. It is worth noting that the men who took the lead in Port Philip were so far from being "selfish and reckless demagogues," as was alleged in London,* that half a dozen of them afterwards became Ministers of the Crown; and thirty of them contributed £100 each to the Anti-Convict Fund—a munificent subscription from a settlement of shop-keepers and sheep-farmers.

In the Australian summer of 1850, the mid-winter of England, the news reached the settlement that their wishes were accomplished, an Act of the Imperial Parliament having created Port Philip a separate colony, and, as a mark of special distinction, the name of the Sovereign had been conferred upon it. It was to be pre-eminently the colony of Victoria, as in earlier times Virginia was named after an attribute of the renowned sovereign who in those days (before the coming of Mr. Froude, who is fatal to the reputation of his heroes and heroines) was supposed to resemble cities which have never surrendered. The joy of the colonists passed all bounds. There were public rejoicings for four days; processions, sports, bonfires, illuminations, public and private feasts, could scarcely exhaust their enthusiasm; and to the present time, when a new generation scarcely comprehends its meaning, every recurring anniversary is celebrated as a public holiday, under the title of Separation Day.

When the delirium had abated a little, there were not wanting grounds of apprehension and cavil in the new statute. One-third of its thirty members were to be nominated by the Governor, and the remaining two-thirds were not distributed so as necessarily to represent the population, intelligence, and wealth of the community. The Imperial Parliament, feeling ill qualified to deal with details demanding

* The colonial malcontents were treated by the London Press as mercilessly as Irish boycotters have been in later times.

local knowledge, had empowered the New South Wales Legislature to fix the franchise and the representation at its discretion. But the New South Wales Legislature were precisely the persons whom of all others the new colonists most feared and distrusted. Sydney merchants and bankers had taken possession of large tracts of the public lands of Port Philip, which they held as tenants of the Crown, and the town population were jealous of their monopoly, and disposed to fear their subserviency on political questions to the authority under which they held. These Absentees, like their congeners in Ireland, being active politicians, were supreme in the Sydney Legislature, and it was feared they would employ their power to make the representation in the new colony partial and unequal. This fear did not prove ill-founded. When the Act fixing the representation of Victoria became law, it was found that 30,000 of the town population got seven members; or one member to every 5000 inhabitants; 21,000 of an agricultural population got three members, or one member to every 7000 inhabitants; seven districts, chiefly pastoral, with a population of 14,000, got seven members, or one member to 2000 inhabitants; and a number of purely pastoral districts with 5800 inhabitants got three members, or one member to 1900 and a fraction. This was the parting gift of the "foreign Legislature" at Sydney; when it could hold them no longer, it sent them to sea in a boat built to capsize.

The territory which the new Legislature would control is situated in the most southern region, which in that hemisphere is the most cool and temperate. It lies in the same latitude as the favoured countries of Southern Europe, and produces abundantly whatever fruits or cereals are to be found between the Mediterranean and the Hebrides. Since Columbus gazed with rapture on the teeming valleys of Cuba, a richer prize had not been given to human enterprise and industry. In the fifteen years since Batman's landing a prodigious change had taken place in the character and extent of the population. The four white men who constituted that expedition were now represented by a population of nearly eighty thousand, of whom about half resided in Melbourne and its suburbs. The professional and educated class were estimated by official statistics at 1500, the houses in the little capital reached 4000, and land which had been bought at early sales at £40 the half-acre allotment now sold in good positions at £40 a foot. Of the houses, 3000 were of stone, the rest of all "shapes, materials, and colours." When the new country first became known to me I wrote a description of early Melbourne which is probably truer to the facts than any I could fish out of my memory at present:

"The four thousand houses, which look so trim and regular in a tabular return, were sown in patches over a wide straggling township, where groves of wattles and clumps of gum-trees still peered their sombre foliage. Next to

the ambitious stone house of the successful merchant there squatted, perhaps, a wooden shanty, roofed with zinc or tin, or it might be a tent, or a hut constructed out of packing cases, or there was a vacant space strewn with broken bottles and the tin boxes which carry unwholesome dainties from Europe. Right in the middle of the highway sometimes stood the stump of a gigantic gum-tree, lately felled or burned; at ten perches distant you saw a public establishment at which you needed to transact business, but between you and it ran a natural watercourse cut by the semi-tropical rain in the porous soil—a rapid current if it were full, and if it were empty such a chasm as one may fancy yawned for Curtius in the Roman Forum. Close to the busiest marts of industry was often a quagmire, upon which a flock of geese found recreation; and men plunged through swamps of mud and sludge or raised clouds of gritty dust, as they tramped through the city to their daily industry. It resembled a settlement in the American Far West in its external aspect, but with the external aspect the resemblance ceased. There was no violence or disorder, no roughs or rowdies. No man carried arms; every man knew all those whom he met, as he might know his neighbours in an English country town. Outside the official class there was practical equality, and a man's social position depended upon his character and capacity alone. The dress and habits of the people were simpler than those of a village at home, and nobody considered any task menial which was necessary to the successful pursuit of his business. Old colonists love to tell stories of Mr. Such-a-one carrying home the groceries of his customers in a hand-barrow; or Mr. Such-another standing behind his bar in shirt sleeves and open vest; both having attained to a rank in later times which lends the stories a touch of malice. But this is the common history of new settlements; Miles Standish no doubt blackened his own jack-boots on occasion, and John Arden probably carried home the dinner of his chief on a skewer; only life was more indolent on the banks of the Yarra, and less coloured by ceremony or checkered by action than in a military station. The colonists were indolent, it is said, but not idle; it is certain that they established the essential agencies of civilized life with commendable promptitude. Churches and schools of the principal Christian denominations had been built in Melbourne, and were served by a clergy who lived in tolerable peace together. There were two or three national societies, a teetotal society, and the rudiments of a club; but institutions for public amusement or culture there were none; and they were not greatly missed, for the habits of the people were purely domestic. An annual race meeting indeed brought out the whole population in their holiday attire, and in later times, when rival amusements are not wanting, it has still the same attraction; the young Australian loves the horse with an attachment that resembles the passion of the Arab or the Scythian rather than the tepid good-will of the European.

"To estimate this community by numbers alone would give a very inadequate gauge of its power and resources. Every fifth man you met had done some successful work. He had made a prosperous business, or reclaimed and fenced wild land, or imported valuable stock, or explored new country, or had built a house and planted an orchard and vineyard, when orchards and vineyards were in effect nurseries for the whole community. Or he had taken a part in the successful resistance to the Colonial Office on the convict question, or co-operated in the movement for Separation. At the lowest he had furnished evidence of a certain vigour and decision of character by crossing two oceans to seek a new home. And the Squatters in those days were trained by the nature of their pursuits to frank, fearless lives, when men travelled with no other guide than the firmament and the landmarks of nature, and no protector but their right hands. Highways and bridges or punts there were none; and houses of entertainment in the Bush were far apart; but hospitality was

universal, and if there were no question of their 'rights,' of which they were as jealous as Alabama planters, these big-bearded, sunburnt men were pleasant hosts and good fellows; and for any adequate public need would have furnished such soldiers as followed Stonewall Jackson."

A little earlier, while the fortunate community were still awaiting their new Constitution, news had come from America which disturbed them seriously for a moment. In California the fabulous and incredible had suddenly been accomplished. The maddening vision which inspired Columbus to explore unknown seas, and which drew Cortez, Pizarro, and Raleigh in his adventurous track, was realized in a land scamed and sown with virgin gold. Men who had left their first home were easily tempted to leave their second, and a number of the settlers determined to sail for California. It is difficult to read without a little cynical laughter the exhortation of the Melbourne newspapers at that time against trusting the delusive attractions of a gold country. Wages might be higher, but they purchased fewer comforts; all that made life precious was forfeited in a community inflamed with the gold fever, and life itself habitually insecure. The flight to California never reached dangerous proportions, and by the time Separation was accomplished fear on this score was forgotten. But while the exultant colonists were still employed in the task of distributing the offices and functions of local government, other news arrived, calculated to disturb their self-confidence more perilously. Gold was discovered, not on the other side of the ocean, but on the other side of the imaginary line which separated them from New South Wales. If distant California had seduced away an appreciable proportion of the population, what might be feared from a gold field within a week's journey? It was soon plain that much was to be feared; an emigration to New South Wales began on the moment large enough to affect in a few weeks the rate of wages and the price of provisions in Melbourne, and even the value of personal and real property; and this was but the beginning of an unknown end, which few were bold enough to forecast.

What to do in these circumstances was a problem to test the capacity of the leading spirits of the community, and they faced it with promptitude and decision. The new Parliament was not yet elected, and the new Government had not learned to walk alone; but the most energetic citizens acted in lieu of Government and Parliament. According to the British precedent in difficulties, a committee was chosen, and as a political separation from New South Wales did not include a geological separation, and there was reason to hope that the gold region was not bounded by the river in the north, or the arbitrary line on the east, which marked the new frontiers, the committee offered a reward for the discovery of a gold field "within the boundaries of Victoria." Several parties com-

menced simultaneously the search; and before many months' gold in small quantities was brought to the committee from four separate districts. Early in September, however, a field was opened on a muddy creek in that part of the forest land of Buninyong, now called Ballarat, which eclipsed not only the gold fields of the neighbouring colony, but eclipsed all that had been reported of California or feigned of El Dorado. Gold was found on the surface, and a few inches or a few feet under the surface; sometimes in solid lumps of immense value (which the miners, after the Californian example, called "nuggets"); sometimes in "pockets," where a number of smaller nuggets lay close together; sometimes in scattered particles mixed with the soil, but easily separated by sluicing the earth in water. And beneath these alluvial fields stretched high masses of basalt, deep underneath which enterprise and science were destined to discover a new subterranean treasury of auriferous deposits practically inexhaustible. The new Legislature, created to regulate the simple interests of graziers and traders, would soon (it was plain) find itself called upon to rule the turbulent population of a gold country, and to face large and unexpected problems of policy and government.*

The community itself seemed in danger of fatal disorganization. The population of the chief towns were seized with the mania for gold-hunting. When two men brought into the quiet village of Geelong half a hundred-weight of gold which they had found within five feet of the surface, and another party carried to Melbourne a basketful of specimens like a nest of golden eggs, the excitement broke all bounds. Tradesmen abandoned their shops, professional men their clients, servants their masters, fathers their families; the whole manhood of these towns seemed to be precipitated on the latest "rushes." Many of the civil servants resigned their employment under Government, and the bulk of the police had anticipated them. The ships in the bay were nearly all deserted by their crews, and as new ships arrived, rewards or punishments proved insufficient to retain the sailors. The mania spread to rural and pastoral districts; it was feared for a time that the land tilled for human food would be allowed to fall out of cultivation, and the flocks of the colony become ruined by disease or scattered from neglect. It spread to the neighbouring colonies. The peaceful and industrious farmers of South Australia deserted their homesteads, and the workmen on the famous Burra Burra copper mine, more lucrative to its owners than a lead of gold, gave up service to adventure for themselves in more dazzling fields. In the midst of this multitude, delirious with sudden prosperity or exaggerated hope, there soon appeared a more dangerous class. Convicts with tickets of leave, or whose servitude had expired,

* The credit of discovering the Ballarat gold-field belonged to two of the irrepressible race—Thomas Dunne and Patrick Connor.

convicts who had broken bounds, and, it was believed, convicts whose keepers had connived at their escape to be rid of the cost and danger of such a charge, swarmed in from the neighbouring colonies. A community which had resolutely shut out a single cargo of prisoners was now, it seemed, in danger of becoming a common sewer, which "sucked in the dregs of each corrupted state."

The officials originally appointed to administer the affairs of the outlying settlement of Port Philip, from the Superintendent downwards, had been retained in office in the new colony, and were in most cases far behind the community in intelligence and vigour. While the search for a gold field was at its height the ancient police magistrate promoted to be Colonial Secretary issued a notice (as *his* contribution to the undertaking), warning all whom it concerned, that searchers of gold "not authorized on that behalf by her Majesty's Colonial Government" would be proceeded against civilly and criminally. The notice was naturally disregarded. But when the great discovery at Ballarat was made, without the aid of the bewildered officials, a fee at the rate of £18 a year, payable in advance, was imposed, not only on the diggers, but upon the men employed in cooking their food and guarding their tents. These impossible conditions were fiercely resisted, and in a couple of weeks it was ordered that persons not employed in gold-digging might be excused from paying a licence fee; a necessary change, but the beginning of a system of uncertainty and vacillation which led to disastrous results. The Governor sought to arrest the flight from the towns to the diggings by forbidding the issue of a licence to any person who could not produce a certificate of discharge from his last employment, or some equivalent evidence of good character; but the attempt wholly failed, and, after a little, no troublesome questions were asked. For a spurt the fee was doubled, but the experiment had to be speedily abandoned. This official fickleness was pleasantly quizzed by some irreverent digger in a mock translation of the Governor's decrees for the benefit of foreigners: "*Il est défendu de chercher de l'or. Il n'est pas défendu de chercher de l'or. On ne demandera pas de l'impôt jusqu'à la fin de deux mois. Il faut payer l'impôt sur le champ; ou les fers vous attendent. Vive La Trobe!*"

Mr. La Trobe put the comble on his administrative blunders by a proclamation that no licence for a public-house should issue on the gold fields, where fifty thousand miners were at work under a mid-summer sky. He must have brought a transcendental theory of public duties from Exeter Hall, when he assumed that men exhausted by twelve hours of manual labour below the surface of the earth would drink muddy and unwholesome water at official bidding. "Sly grög shops," as they were named, became universal, and the

nct result of the Governor's policy was that the State lost its licence fees, and the digger had no protection against adulterated and poisonous drink. The Press, which was already a considerable factor in affairs, was enraged by these follies. The *Argus* declared that the whole establishment, from the Governor down to the humblest constable who wielded a baton, were imbecile and incapable.

It was under these circumstances that the new Legislature met, in the hall of the St. Patrick's Society, hired by the Executive for the purpose; a good omen for national equality, as it seemed to the enthusiastic Milesians. They were still more reassured by the freedom from sectarian influence which it exhibited at the outset. It was proposed to open the sittings with prayer, but the motion was peremptorily negatived upon the grounds that men of all creeds met there as representatives of a community in which all creeds were equal. Mr. La Trobe's theory of self-government was peculiar. The Legislative Council ought, he conceived, to be denied the special function for which it was created—the control of the public income and expenditure. The expenditure had been enormously swollen by the discovery of gold, for clerks and constables could only be kept at their posts by increased salaries. The licences to mine yielded a fund more than sufficient to meet this outlay, but the Governor insisted that it must be retained untouched in the Treasury till the Colonial Office had declared its pleasure in the premisses, and meantime, as payments were made from month to month, he invited the colonists to tax themselves for this purpose. Before self-government was established, it had been the practice to reserve half the land fund to be expended by the Imperial Government on emigration, and, though the elected representatives of the people were sitting in St. Patrick's Hall, the Governor insisted that this practice must continue. The Council did all that was to be expected from a body which had no control over the Executive; they laid down the right principles, and advised that they should be put into action. The gold must bear its own expenses; the land fund ought to be at the disposal of the Legislature for local purposes, there being no longer any necessity to expend it on subsidizing immigration, as gold would soon bring a crowd of volunteers. The vexatious licence fee they insisted ought to be abolished, and an equivalent obtained by an export duty on gold collected at the ports of departure for Europe. None of these things the Governor could or would do without authority from Downing Street, and the leading colonists began to perceive that the remedy for the paralysis which prevailed was Responsible Government.

William Wentworth in the mother colony set an example which greatly stimulated opinion in Victoria. He demanded plenary powers for the New South Wales Legislature, and debated the principles of

parliamentary government in careful detail and with knowledge and dignity. Opinion ripens rapidly in colonies, and before two years had elapsed there was a universal desire for Home Rule throughout Australia. A Select Committee, empowered to frame a Constitution, was appointed by the Legislatures of New South Wales and Victoria respectively, and after prolonged consideration the new Constitutions were framed, under which these commonwealths have since grown in strength and prosperity.

The political history of Victoria began with its first Legislature, but its history as a self-governed State was now to commence. The Colonial Office has rarely understood the wisdom of gracing its concessions to colonists by a frank and generous confidence in their good sense. While the Victorians were waiting with grateful hearts for their Constitution, a new Governor was sent out in advance to administer it. He was a post-captain who had spent his life on the quarter-deck, and knew no more of constitutional government than a Pasha. Though his record was not satisfactory, the colonists gave him a splendid welcome. A triumphal arch spanning the landing place in Hobson's Bay bore a device in which the name of the colony was blended with that of the royal lady who was supposed by simple persons to have selected their new ruler:

"Victoria welcomes Victoria's choice."

But a cynical journalist, who thought the post-captain had been chosen by the official in the Colonial Office known in those days as Mr. Mother Country, proposed an amendment:

"Hobson's Bay welcomes Hobson's choice."

The condition of the colony demanded a considerate ruler in the critical interval before it passed under the control of its own Parliament. The population had grown to a quarter of a million, the bulk of whom were engaged in gold-digging. The miners were often high-spirited gentlemen. It used to be said (with a touch of what colonists call "blast," and Frenchmen *blague*) that if you met a red-shirted digger emerging from his hole, the chances were that he was a graduate of a university, the younger son of a good family, or a member of the learned professions. At any rate, there was more than one dangerous element among them. The foreigners were estimated at between thirty and forty thousand; the convicts from the neighbouring colonies, of whom a census was impossible, were very numerous, and for a long time the new-comers exceeded 300 a day. The licence fee imposed on them was now at the rate of £24 a year, and they complained that they did not get security or tranquillity in return for it; highway robbery had become a profitable trade, and the escort carrying their gold to the Treasury was repeatedly robbed. It was contended, with greater bitterness, that the miner who found no

gold was unjustly treated when he was required to pay as largely as his successful neighbours; and that, while thousands of acres lay idle around them, they were forbidden to cultivate a field or a garden. This population had agreed ill with Mr. La Trobe; some could not pay the licence fee because they had not yet found gold, and many refused to pay because they regarded it as excessive. But the new Governor was confident he would restore order and re-establish authority by methods with which he was familiar. Twenty months of firm government, and all would be well. The law must be obeyed without question before complaints could be listened to. Mounted troopers were despatched with orders to arrest any digger who either had no licence or could not produce it when demanded. Clergymen and domestic servants were arrested, and "new chums" on the very day of their arrival. As prisoners became numerous, and prisons were few and far apart, measures were invented for retaining them in custody which were cruel and even brutal. The best disposed diggers, who only desired to be left in peace to pursue their industry, were galled into resistance by these constant interruptions. Deputations were sent from the gold fields to confer with the authorities, but the Governor treated them as insolent malcontents. Leading men in Melbourne remonstrated, but in vain. At length the diggers, who were all armed for self-protection, selected a leader and broke into open insurrection. Troops were sent against them, and, after blood was shed on both sides—among the killed were a dozen Irishmen—the Governor prevailed, and many of the diggers were arrested and carried to the capital to be tried for high treason. But now public opinion in Melbourne exhibited itself. Jurors would not convict men who had been goaded into rebellion by misgovernment, and after several acquittals the prosecutions had to be abandoned. The Executive were as perplexed as Mr. Balfour is just now, but that the Melbourne jurors administered substantial justice in the case is, I believe, the universal opinion of colonists to this day.

Before the new Constitution came into force the Governor died, overwhelmed by a task beyond his powers and unsuitable to his temper. After his death a despatch arrived from a new Secretary of State,* giving him judicious counsel, it was understood, but before it reached Victoria the writer also was dead.* Here was a pregnant text for reformers; under our new Constitution, they said, we must govern ourselves on our own soil; we can no longer be dependent on despatches from the dead to the dead.

The experiment about to be made in Victoria was identical in many of its conditions with the experiment which will have to be made in Ireland when Home Rule is established. Though the Irish were but a fourth of the population, they were the most prompt and

Sir William Molesworth.

vigilant section, and for a considerable time the burthen of the trial fell mainly upon them. It was said by a shrewd, Scotch journalist, that they were the only politicians in the colony,—the majority being men bent on making money and little disposed to be drawn aside from the comfortable prospects of a gold country by theories of government. Some of the Irish colonists came from the governing class at home, and had been taught to regard the places of authority as their proper inheritance; and others, to whom authority had been unfairly denied in their native country, brought to public affairs the ardour of a long-repressed passion. The *quasi* Government awaiting the Constitution might be called an Irish one. The Colonial Secretary was a namesake and descendant of the last Speaker of the Irish Parliament. The Attorney-General, a man of remarkable gifts, was his near kinsman. The Commissioner of Public Lands was a military engineer of Irish blood, who has since held office in many divisions of the empire, and is now a Home Rule candidate for an English constituency. The Solicitor-General was cadet of a noble Irish family, and a member of the Dublin bar. The second judge of the Supreme Court was the son of an Irish major-general who claimed kin with an historic house. The Chief Commissioner of Police was son of an Irish judge. The Commissioner of Public Roads, destined to be first Speaker in the new Parliament, was son of the Governor of Cork gaol. These men all belonged, by birth or connection, to the Anglo-Irish who had ruled Ireland since the Revolution of 1688.

The Celts, though they outnumbered their more fortunate fellow-countrymen as three to one, held no political office. Only one in the entire colony had been admitted to the unpaid magistracy; and they were unknown in the Civil Service, except a few drudges who fetched and carried in its most menial offices. But they were conspicuous wherever force of individual character could prevail, and determined to open the door for their fellow-countrymen to the honours and employments from which they were unjustly excluded. The leader of the democratic party in the defunct Council, leader designate in the Parliament which was soon to come, was a pure Celt. One of the most successful advocates at the bar, his future Attorney-General, and another associate, who had been trained in politics and Parliament in the old country, were of the same race. The chief whom the discontented diggers had placed at their head in the struggle which public opinion had pronounced just and necessary was a son of a former popular leader in Ireland. Others only a pace behind these were beginning to be recognized in the professions and on the gold fields as men of the future. The injured are necessarily reformers; and, as theirs was the party of progress, the English and Scotch Radicals for the most part sympathized with them. They held the Executive responsible for the escapades of the Governor,

respecting which we now know they were rarely consulted. New administrators for new laws, became the cry; we will not put the fresh wine of our liberty into the damaged utensils of the Colonial Office.

Outside of politics the Irish of both sections had prospered conspicuously. The most successful banker, who is said to have since out-grown the great American capitalists in realized wealth, was from Armagh. The big-limbed, big-browed stock-owner, who speedily became political adviser of his class, was originally a peasant from Down, and had arrived a few years before as a steerage passenger. A hospital attendant from Dublin was already one of the largest owners of city property, and, as, unlike men of his blood, he held altogether aloof from politics, he has since grown to be ten times a millionaire. A conveyancer born of a good family in Carlow rivalled him in the same pursuit. A Celtic soldier from Tipperary, who had bought his discharge from the regiment quartered in Melbourne and taken to rearing stock, was owner of many flocks and herds, and spent his wealth freely in any cause where his countrymen were concerned.

Neither in the first Parliament under the new Constitution, nor in any which has succeeded it, did the Irish obtain representatives commensurate with their numbers in the population. But they made an approximation to that standard very creditable to the liberality and good sense of the community. There was only one constituency in the colony in which they were a majority, but no competent Irishman was shut out by national intolerance. They commonly attained about the same proportion in the Parliament at Melbourne that they reach in the Parliament at Westminster, but their fate was widely different in the new world. A few Irish Protestants with English connections like Canning and Palmerston have risen to the highest office in England, but no Irish Catholic has ever sat in a British Cabinet. In Victoria both Protestant and Catholic Irishmen have over and over again held all the highest offices of honour and authority. The first four Speakers, who fixed the practice of the Legislature and controlled its debates for more than a generation, were Irishmen. The two Chief Justices were of the same nation. In nearly half the Administrations during the quarter of a century when the affairs of the colony were best known to me, either the highest office, or the office on which the main stress of legislation fell, was filled by an Irishman. And not for lack of worthy competitors. I passed from the House of Commons to the Commons of Victoria, and, deducting half-a-dozen exceptional statesmen, the latter, to my thinking, were as competent in debate and as well informed in the business it was their duty to know as the former.

But the possession of power is a doubtful honour if the employ-

ment of it be not judicious and beneficent. The constitutional history of Victoria cannot be written in a paragraph; when it comes to be written, it will be seen how large and effectual a factor were the Irish of both sections. It would be absurd to suggest that they were fitter than Englishmen to administer a system honourably known to the world as "English liberty," but they were more eager to show that they were fit, and readier to make the sacrifice which a public career involved in a gold country, where "be in a hurry to grow rich" was the accepted gospel. And the work they took in hand was precisely the work for which they are represented as having the least aptitude; they drove deep the piles, and laid wide like blocks of granite the solid bases, on which a free industrial community must rest. If Victoria is covered with municipalities, citadels of temperate liberty, the system was organized in towns by the Engineer officer to whom I have already alluded, and carried into the remotest rural districts by the first Irish leader of the democracy. If religious equality exists there, and throughout the entire continent, replacing a system of shameless favouritism, an Irish Governor and an Irish Attorney-General in Sydney—when Sydney was in the ascendant—laid the foundations.* If a popular land system which gives universal contentment spreads over the whole continent, a young barrister fresh from the Irish Tenant League assembled the people of Victoria in a great Convention and got the right principles accepted; and an Irish Minister of Lands carried into law the practical recognition of these principles. If a popular magistracy exist instead of a corps of dilapidated clerks and subservient Crown tenants, the example of choosing men of good personal character, who possessed the confidence of their neighbours (without applying tests absurd and impossible in the circumstances), was set by an Irish Chief Secretary. Another first taught the crowd of immigrants, who still regarded themselves as the casual passengers in a packet-boat, there to-day, gone to-morrow, that they were citizens of a bountiful State, and must love and honour the Australian flag, which symbolized happy homes and perfect personal and public liberty. The Statute-book in more than a dozen volumes is crowded with their work, but it is enough to notice a few cardinal enactments. The Acts codifying the laws of the colony, amending and perfecting the land system, abolishing property qualification for the Legislative Assembly, and opening the University to women were carried by Irishmen. If the principles of self-government were pushed to their legitimate conclusion, a

* Mr. Bonwick, in his "Early History of Australia," describes the system which was overthrown. Every convict was required to attend the Church of England service. "Ex-postulations were unheeded. If a man humbly entreated to stay behind because he was a Presbyterian, he incurred the danger of a flogging. It is said that upon a similar appeal from another, who exclaimed, 'I'm a Catholic!' he was silenced by the cry of a clerical magistrate, 'Go to church or be flogged!'"

young barrister born in an Irish parsonage, showed the way; if federation of the colonies be partly accomplished, the path was opened up by another Irishman.

In the chart of social progress their labours have left as conspicuous land-marks. The University was founded by an Irishman, as well as the university of the people, the Free Public Library. The National Gallery was projected by another Irishman, and both institutions are now under the provident care of a third. An Irishman opened up the colony with roads, another with railways, and a third announced the pregnant truth that the iron way is not only the most effectual, but the most economical highway for new countries. An Irishman was leader of the expedition which gave the continent a new and immense territory, and planted an unknown wilderness with sheep farms and homesteads, and the first thousand pounds of the outlay was contributed by one of his fellow-countrymen. The project of teaching the people the industries of Southern Europe by experts brought from France and Italy obtained the sanction of Parliament at the instance of an Irishman, and another commenced a system of technical education which spread from the sea to the Murray. The one actor who interpreted Shakespeare with consummate success, the one man of genius who wrote an Australian novel recognized in Europe as a masterpiece, were of the same nationality. And the rank and file in the army of industry were worthy of its leaders.

"They were [says Mr. Hogan] amongst the earliest pioneers in the development of gold-mining; thousands of them, favoured by liberal land legislation, established homes for themselves in the Bush, whilst hundreds, of scholarly attainments, found admission into the Government service. When, a few years ago, the telegraph flashed the dire intelligence that the hideous pall of hunger was darkening the face of the old land, a simultaneous movement stirred the whole of the Australian continent; donations poured in from all ranks of society, and soon the magnificent sum of £94,916 16s. 8d. was raised by a population of less than four millions as a spontaneous gift of fraternal sympathy."

Of the same class another critic has said:

"They exercised a large influence in public affairs, and a beneficial and a salutary one. Every enlargement of Australian liberty had them for zealous friends; every enemy of Australian rights had them for uncompromising antagonists."

Sometimes in honourable rivalry, sometimes in concert, the two sections which constitute the Irish nation in Ireland worked side by side at the making of Victoria. The problem whether they can perform the essential offices of self-government like sensible and temperate citizens can scarcely ever be more effectually tested than it was on that colonial stage. They proved their right and capacity to govern by governing.

It must not be supposed that under such rulers the political or social character of the community had ceased to be English. St.

Patrick's Day, indeed, was a legal holiday in Melbourne while it was not so in Dublin, and the green flag flew freer by the Yarra Yarra than on the Liffey, but the British character of the community met the stranger at every step. It ran sometimes into caricature and absurdity. Politicians had their Acts recorded in a "Victorian Hansard;" travellers lost their temper over a "Victorian Bradshaw;" lawyers might be consulted in Chancery Lane; and new arrivals in Melbourne, if they were so disposed, could take their recreation, after half an hour's drive, at Brighton, Kew, or Windsor, or dine, if they were rash enough, at the Star and Garter, Richmond, or even at Lincoln's Inn, *sans wig or gown*.

Colonists have a pleasant conviction that their spirits rise like quicksilver in a thermometer when they return from Europe to Australia, and Irishmen insist that they and the sunshine have both contributed to make life less gloomy at the antipodes. They were never accustomed to take their pleasure sadly, and they have certainly furnished a liberal share of the good stories and happy *mots* which are the salt of political life. I will select a few which have not found their way into print, as a relief from so much political speculation.

Place aux prêtres.—A Catholic bishop gave one of his priests in a rural district the serviceable gift of a horse. To commemorate the circumstance, the young priest named the animal after the donor, and "Saddle 'The Bishop,'" "Feed 'The Bishop,'" "Water 'The Bishop,'" and so forth became familiar phrases in his household. Some time afterwards the children of the parochial schools were ready for confirmation, and a day was fixed by the diocesan to confer this Sacrament of the Catholic Church upon them. The priest, who was the soul of hospitality, invited the principal official persons in the district to meet the prelate at dinner after the ceremony. "It was a sweltering day in the Australian midsummer, and just as the distinguished company sat down to table the door opened slowly, and the priest's groom put his head into the room and whispered, "Might I have a word with your reverence?" "Oh, not now, Mick; don't you see I'm engaged with his lordship? Come to me after dinner." "It'll be too late then, your reverence." The prelate considerably suggested that Michael should be heard on the spot. "Well, Mick, his lordship will permit you to tell me what you want at once." "It's a horrid hot day, your reverence; I was thinking whether I oughtn't to throw a bucket of water on 'The Bishop'!" *Tableau vivant.*

There is a rival story of the other Episcopacy for which I can vouch. The bishop of the English Church in one of the colonies (which need not be specified) was a decided Evangelical, and offended the High Church section of his clergy by his strong sympathy with Dissenters. When it became necessary to replace him (in conse-

quence of his death or retirement), a conference took place on the question of his successor. Various tests and securities were debated to obtain a bishop more in sympathy with the bulk of the Church. An Irish parson was observed to maintain an unusual silence, and was invited to state his opinions. "For my part," said he, "I am against fettering our new bishop with conditions and restrictions; leave him independent, but it would not be unreasonable, I think, to make sure this time that he is an Episcopalian!"

The Bar has beaten the Church by long odds, at least in the number of its pleasantries, but two or three specimens must suffice at present. A sly old county court judge from Dublin was trying a question of disputed account, when the counsel for the defendant, a young barrister, fresh from home, and eager to make his mark, took occasion to break into an harangue on mercantile remedies and the law of agency. The judge interrupted him quietly. "That's very sound law, Mr. X.," he said; "I make no doubt it's for my general information you intend it; and when the business of the Court is over, I will be much obliged for the conclusion. But just now we must apply ourselves to the case before us."

The briefs in prosecutions for misdemeanours used to be distributed among the junior bar at the discretion of the Crown Solicitor, and were very welcome to new-comers. One Attorney-General, who perhaps thought the work was ill-done by juniors, or it may be had a less lofty motive, took all the cases and fees into his own hand. Justifying the change afterwards, he declared that it was in the interest of the profession he interfered, as the distributed briefs degraded the bar, and had come to be known among them as "tickets for soup." "Think of his goodness," said an Irish junior; "to save us from the reproach of accepting tickets for soup, he swallows the whole tureen himself."

The lower agents of the law were generally Irishmen, and their agile fancy sometimes led them into curious escapades. Here are a couple.

Many Chinese names sound like a burlesque, and are probably barbarous renderings of the original Mongolian. Fong Fat, Ah Sue, Ah Foo, and the like are common. A newly appointed crier in a county court was ordered by the judge in a case in which a Chinaman was a witness to call for Ah Song. He looked puzzled for a moment, and cast a sly glance on the judge, but, finding him as grave as an undertaker, he turned to the audience, and blandly simpered, "Gintlemin, would any of you favour his Honour with a song?" In another court a new chum policeman was ordered by the judge to go in search of the official interpreter, whose name was Ah Kat. "Constable, go for Ah Kat." "Yes, your Honour; is it a Tom cat your Honour wishes for?"

The epigrams struck out in the conflict of politics, like sparks from

clashing weapons, are as plentiful as nuggets in Australia. Here are two or three.

After Protection was established it became a serious question whether duties should be levied on the ascertained value of the goods, or more rapidly and conveniently by superficial measurement of the cases. A member of inordinate length and breadth professed himself unable to understand what all the bother was about. What difference could it make to the State in which way it received its Customs duties? "Let me assure the honourable member," said the Commissioner of Customs, an Irishman from the gold fields, "that measurement and valuation sometimes represent quite different amounts. It would be a profitable transaction, for example, to buy the honourable member *ad valorem* and sell him by measurement." A gifted young English barrister, one of the brightest and blithest spirits ever entangled in party contests, made a better Protectionist *not* than the Irishman. He stood for a constituency where Free Trade was in bad odour, and was pestered by questions which he had never considered. What duty ought to be put on woollens? What on dry goods? Ought breadstuffs to be exempt? and so forth. At last he escaped by an audacious pleasantry which would have ruined a commonplace candidate. "Pray, sir," a shoemaker demanded, "what would you put on boots?" "Well, sir," the candidate replied, "if they were patent leather I would recommend French polish; if not, Day and Martin."

There is ordinarily no personal canvassing at elections, the distances being commonly too vast for that practice. But there is a story current of two noted Irishmen who were candidates for a gold field, which included an agricultural settlement supposed to exercise a decisive influence in the contest. Each of them determined to make a canvass of the district. Murphy and Kelly, (as it will be convenient to name them) hoped to steal a march each on the other, and set off in the early morning. Murphy, who was an indolent, solemn, and imposing personage, so grandiose that one of his colleagues declared that on public occasions he constituted a procession in his own person, became quite genial and familiar; and in the first farm-yard which he reached might be seen in a little time helping the farmer to bail up the cows for milking. After such a stroke of condescension and good fellowship he assumed that his cause was won, and asked triumphantly if they had heard anything of his rival in the district? "Oh dear, yes," said the farmer; "Mr. Kelly is a nice gentleman; he's helping the mistress just now in the other farm to feed the calves."

I have spoken only of the light which Victorian history throws upon the Irish problem. But if it were examined by publicists, with the philosophical insight which Mr. Bryce has recently brought to bear upon

American history,* it would help effectually to elucidate the English problem. How to harmonize democratic suffrage with a limited monarchy and two legislative chambers is an enigma to statesmen just now, and they forget, for the most part, that men of their own race have made this experiment, and encountered its perils and surprises, for more than a generation.

C. GAVAN DUFFY.

* "The Predictions of Hamilton and De Tocqueville." By James Bryce, M.P. Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore.

MR. NORMAN LOCKYER'S METEORITE THEORY.

WHAT is the universe made of? Such is the question which has been asked in many ages and countries by earnest men looking up at the starry vault of heaven, and down into the recesses of their own minds. The latest reply of science is, that it is made of shooting stars. The idea may seem paradoxical to those whose only knowledge of shooting stars is derived from an occasional glimpse on a clear night, when they have seen something like a small squib or rocket flash across the sky, apparently close to the earth, out of darkness into darkness, reminding them of some human life.

"Qui file, qui file et disparaît."

And yet it is now presented to us by an eminent authority, Mr. Norman Lockyer, and supported by a long array of serious scientific arguments.

What do we know as certain facts with regard to shooting stars?

1. They are vastly more numerous than any one has an idea of who has not watched them continuously for many nights. Astronomers who have kept a record for many years assure us that the average number seen by one observer at one place on a clear moonless night is fourteen per hour, which is shown by calculation to be equivalent to twenty millions daily for the whole earth.

2. They are not terrestrial phenomena moving in the lower atmosphere, but celestial bodies moving in orbits and with velocities comparable to those of planets and comets. Their velocities are seldom under ten miles a second or over fifty, and average about thirty, the velocity of the earth in its orbit round the sun being eighteen.

3. They are of various composition, comprising both a large majority of smaller particles which are set on fire by the resistance

of the earth's atmosphere, and entirely burned up and resolved into vapour long before they reach its surface; and a few larger ones, known as meteors, which are only partially fused or glazed by heat, and reach the earth in the form of stony masses.

4. They are not uniformly distributed through space, but collect in meteoric swarms or streams, two at least of which revolve round the sun in closed rings which are intersected by the earth's orbit, causing the magnificent displays of shooting stars which are seen in August and November.

5. They are connected with comets, it having been demonstrated by Schiaparelli that the orbit of the comet of 1866 is identical with that of the August swarm of meteors known as the Perseids, and connections between comets and meteor streams have been found in at least three other cases. The fact is generally believed that comets are nothing but a condensation of meteorites rendered incandescent by the heat generated by their mutual collision when brought into close proximity.

6. Their composition as inferred from that of the larger meteors which reach the earth, is identical or nearly so with that of matter brought up from great depths by volcanic eruptions. In each case they consist of two classes: one, composed mainly of native iron alloyed with nickel, the other of stony matter consisting mainly of compounds of silicon and magnesium. Most meteorites consist of compounds of the two classes, in which the stony parts seem to have broken into fragments by violent collision, and become embedded in iron which has been fused by heat into a plastic or pasty condition.

At this point our positive knowledge of meteorites from direct observation ceases, and we have to be guided by the spectroscope in further researches. This marvellous instrument enables us by analyzing the light transmitted to us by all luminous objects however composed and however distant, to ascertain their composition as accurately as if portions of them had been brought down to earth and could be analyzed in our laboratories. We can tell whether they are gaseous, liquid, or solid; whether they shine by intrinsic or reflected light; and by comparing the lines in their spectra with those of known terrestrial elements, whether they contain those elements, or are made up of matter in a state unknown to us. The first result of spectroscopic discoveries was to establish the fact that the sun, stars, nebulae, comets, and meteorites, all show such an identity in their spectra with some one or more of those of terrestrial elements, as to leave no doubt that the composition of matter is uniform throughout the universe.

Further experiments, of which Mr. Norman Lockyer's paper read to the Royal Society affords the latest and most complete summary,

carry this knowledge farther. They show that spectra are not fixed and invariable, but change according to the conditions of heat, pressure and otherwise, affecting the bodies from which the spectra are given out. Thus the spectrum of a comet in perihelion, when its component parts are crowded together and intensely heated by the sun, is very different from that of the same comet when it is at a great distance from the sun, either in advancing towards it or receding from it. Thus the spectrum of the great comet of 1882 when nearest the sun exhibited many of the lines obtained in the laboratory from the vapours of sodium, iron, and magnesium at the temperature of the Bunsen burner. As it receded the lines gradually died out until a very few were left; and in the comet of 1886-7, when last seen, all had died out except one line of magnesium. Thus carbon also, which is such an important ingredient in organic life, appears and disappears in cometary spectra according to the conditions of pressure and temperature.

What Mr. Lockyer has done is to show that all the varied spectra and classes of spectra, given out by suns, stars, nebulae, comets and shooting stars, can be reproduced from actual meteorites which have fallen to the earth by experiments in the laboratory, with the exception only of those of stars which, like Sirius, are glowing at a transcendental temperature far exceeding that of our sun, and which cannot be approached by the electric arc in any form of intense heat which can be obtained in our present earth. Thus the "spectrum of the sun can be very fairly reproduced (in some parts almost line for line) by taking a composite photograph of the arc spectrum of several stony meteorites between iron meteoric poles."

We are now in a position to understand Mr. Lockyer's theory of the universe. Granted that the number of meteorites in space is practically infinite, and that they tend to coalesce into streams, their collisions supply an equally unlimited fund of heat upon which we can draw at pleasure. The amount of heat developed by each collision is the transformed energy of the mechanical force. This force, and consequently this heat, increases with the square of the velocity. Thus if a tropical hurricane, moving at the rate of 100 miles an hour, uproots trees and levels houses, the same mass of air moving with the mean meteoric velocity of $33\frac{1}{2}$ miles per second, would exert a force 144 million times greater. We know from the explosion of dynamite that when a gas expands very much quicker than the air can get out of its way, the effect is as if the blow of a tremendous steam hammer were inflicted on an unyielding anvil; and we can readily conceive, therefore, how meteorites are almost invariably burnt up and dissipated, even in the rare air of the upper atmosphere, and how their repeated collisions in space might generate any required amount of heat.

Suppose, therefore, in the beginning of things, space filled by an

innumerable multitude of these little stony masses, composed of the one, or possibly two or three, primitive elements, of matter, moving in all directions, with immense though different velocities, coalescing into streams and colliding, we have a basis out of which suns, stars, planets, satellites, nebulae and comets might be formed. The looser aggregations, giving fewer collisions and less heat, form comets and nebulae, and the clash of two mighty streams gives us suns like Sirius in a state of intense luminosity and temperature. As these cool and contract by radiating out their heat, they pass into the second stage of stars of which our sun is one, still glowing with heat and light, but cooled down to a point at which the primitive elements can combine and form secondary ones, which can be detected by the spectroscope, and identified with those with which we are familiar as chemical elements upon earth. As cooling proceeds, they pass from the white-hot into the red-hot stage, and finally, into the cold and lifeless non-luminous stage of burnt-out suns. Not, however, necessarily to die, for in the chances of infinite time these dead and invisible masses may collide together, and at a blow regain their youth, and commence the cycle anew as suns of the first order.

There is grandeur in the idea which, to a certain extent, reproduces what the kinetic theory of gases teaches as to the clash of innumerable atoms darting about in all directions, producing the temperature and pressure of a gas in a confined space. Only here, instead of atoms—so small that one of them is of the size of a rifle bullet, compared to the earth—we have stony masses for atoms, stars and nebulae for molecules, and instead of glass jars or bladders, the whole universe. The question, however, is not of what is grand in a theory, but of what is true. Admitting that Mr. Lockyer has made a great step in advance in proving, by spectroscopic experiments, that matter, in all the different forms of meteorites, comets, nebulae, stars, and planets, is one and the same, the question still remains, which of these forms stands to the others in the relation of parent and which of offspring. Take the simplest case, that of comets and meteors, which are undoubtedly closely connected, did the meteors coalesce into comets, or did the comets throw out the meteors? There is evidence for the latter in the fact that comets, when near the sun, do unquestionably project something into space, which forms the enormous tails always turned away from the sun as if by some intense repulsive force of an opposite electricity. The sun also has been caught in the act of ejecting something, by an enormous upward rush or volcanic explosion, with a velocity sufficient to carry it beyond the reach of the sun's attraction. Does this *something* consist of meteoric stones, and dust, or of matter which can form such, like those ejected at Krakatoa by the weaker eruptive energy of the earth? . . .

At this point the inquiry passes from spectroscopists to mathematicians. The old nebular theory, originated by Laplace, is in the main a mathematical theory, which explains a number of the most important and best ascertained facts of the solar system. It shows how, assuming the existence of a primitive cosmic matter in the gaseous state, its condensation in cooling, unless it were always perfectly homogeneous throughout, must necessarily give rise to whirls or eddies such as we see on flowing water; one, larger, towards the centre of gravity of the whole system, which became the sun; and others which became planets at various distances from the central sun, where partial condensation had taken place in the course of contraction, these smaller ones in their turn leaving behind them still smaller aggregations, which became satellites. This explains both the motions of translation of planets and satellites in their respective orbits and their motions of rotation about their respective axes. It also explains the evolution of light and heat, and their maintenance for immense periods by the transformed energy of mechanical force due to gravity during their contraction, and their passage from the state of fiery gas through the fluid or plastic state, undoubtedly shown in the case of the earth by its protuberant form at the equator, into that of cold and inanimate solids exhibited by the moon, which, being a smaller body, has parted with its heat sooner. In fact, the nebular theory and the law of gravity explain all, or nearly all, the phenomena of the solar system by mathematical calculation. And when we look beyond the solar system, we seem to see the same process going on, under the same uniform law of gravity, in stars, nebulous stars, and nebulae, and to detect, so to speak, fresh solar systems formed or forming throughout infinite space.

The question is, does Mr. Lockyer's meteoric theory afford an equally good explanation of these phenomena? First, as regards quantity, is there any reason to suppose that the mass of these little wandering meteors was ever sufficient to form the masses of the solar system, and leave over and above enough to form the existing supply of shooting stars and meteors? Numerous as these are, their mass in the aggregate, as far as we have any positive knowledge, seems to be inconsiderable. The same calculations which show that the earth meets with some 20 millions daily shows that, even in the densest swarms, they are each probably at a distance apart of over 100 miles. Nor can it well be otherwise when we consider that even the November stream produces no appreciable rise in the temperature of the earth's atmosphere; that no increase in the force of gravity has been detected since observations began, by the accumulation of meteoric matter falling on the sun and planets; that no perceptible amount of such matter has been found

in any of the geological formations; and above all, that no sensible retardation has been observed in the orbits of any bodies of the solar system which traverse these meteoric spaces, even in the case of comets, unless in the single and doubtful case of one small comet (Encke's), which revolves in an orbit very close to the sun. It is an undoubted fact that even a large comet, in which, according to Mr. Lockyer's theory, the meteors must have been immensely numerous and closely congregated, had not mass enough perceptibly to affect the motions of Jupiter's satellites when entangled among them. But the crucial decision is to be sought, not so much in the quantity of these meteoric masses, as in their quality or modes of motion. Is it possible to account for the phenomena of the solar system which are explained by the nebular theory, by any mathematical result of the aggregations and collisions of meteoric atoms and streams of atoms, darting about in all directions in space, and casually coalescing and colliding? Or to come to closer quarters with the question, do the orbits and velocities of such of these meteors as are known to us, either in the form of comets or of their associated meteoric streams, correspond with Mr. Lockyer's theory, or are they such as to force us to conclude that they are the children and not the parents of the larger masses? This question has been admirably discussed in detail by Mr. Proctor and others, and the result certainly seems at present to be unfavourable to Mr. Lockyer's views. There can be no doubt that many, at any rate, of the comets and meteor streams revolve round the sun according to the law of gravity in orbits which would be impossible, either if they had been ejected from that body or captured from space. An orbit round the sun of given dimensions implies an initial velocity of given amount transverse to the centripetal force of gravity which draws it directly towards the sun. The only plausible explanation of the origin of such a transverse velocity was that of Schiaparelli, who suggested that the comets or meteors might have come in from space and been captured by the giant planets. But mathematical calculations have clearly shown that this is impossible, as the perturbation even of the largest planet could not have reduced the velocity sufficiently, and acting, as it must have done, unequally on the meteors spread out over such an enormous space, must have broken up and dispersed any meteoric aggregation instead of affecting its motion in the mass. Explosion from the sun could not have given the requisite transverse velocity, and bodies so ejected must either have passed off into space or fallen back on the sun's surface. There remains only Proctor's theory, that they are a sort of Krakatoa dust ejected from the planets during their earlier sunlike stages, when they possessed a much higher degree of explosive energy. This corresponds with the necessary velocities which would vary within wide limits according to

the direction in which the explosion took place, and whether with or against the proper motion of the planet as regards the sun. Thus the earth moves round the sun with a velocity of eighteen miles per second, while an explosive velocity of eight miles per second would be sufficient to carry ejected matter beyond its sphere of attraction into that of the sun, so that the orbit of this matter might vary between that due to a velocity of ten and one of twenty-six miles per second. But in such cases the orbit would always preserve fixed relations to that of the ejecting planet, and the two orbits would intersect at given intervals, which seems to be the case as regards many of the known comets and meteor streams, both as regards the earth and the larger planets. These, however, are calculations which can only be made by accomplished mathematicians, and those who have only a general acquaintance with science must wait before finally deciding on Mr. Lockyer's theory, until it is seen whether such mathematical authorities do or do not abandon the old theories in favour of the new one.

In the meantime, whatever may be the ultimate fate of Mr. Lockyer's theory as an explanation of the cosmos, it must be admitted that he has advanced the boundaries of science by a considerable step, by furnishing fresh proofs of the identity of all matter, and important suggestions towards the conclusion to which we seem to be tending, that the seventy or more so-called ultimate elements of chemistry are in effect merely secondary elements, formed out of a few, possibly one primary element, by combinations only possible under conditions which exist elsewhere, but cannot be realized on our earth.

S. LAING.

THE WORKLESS, THE THRIFTLESS, AND THE WORTHLESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SOCIAL WRECKAGE."

"My only claim is this,
With labour stiff and stark,
By lawful turn, my living to earn,
Between the light and dark. . . .
No alms I ask, give me my task.
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength, the sinews of a Man,
To work, and not to beg."

The Lay of the Labourer.

IN a little book on our laws and their administration as affecting the poor, published a few years ago, I urged the pressing importance of so modifying those laws whilst the period of prosperity lasted, that, when a time of depression succeeded, the community might not be found unprepared to meet the distress and social disturbance which would certainly accompany it. That this warning has been justified by the events of the past three winters can hardly be denied, for not only in London, but in all our large towns, the cry of distress has been loud and deep, whilst riotous mobs have paraded our streets and large masses of the so-called unemployed have assembled to listen to the addresses of mob-orators urging to anarchy and pillage. Moreover, the suffering that exists among the deserving poor has been used by political factions to set at defiance the officers of the law, until in the metropolis it has been deemed necessary to call out the military for the preservation of the peace. These facts are alarming enough in themselves, but they assume a still more serious aspect when the comparatively mild character of the past depression is considered; for although it is perfectly true that during the last few years trade has been bad and little money has been made in commerce, yet the exports, measured by quantity and not by value, have not been seriously diminished, and the country has still been accumulating.

wealth, as is shown by the income-tax returns and other evidences including the yearly increase in the funds of the savings-banks. During the greater part of this period bread has been selling at one penny per pound, and all other articles of food have been equally cheap; but, notwithstanding these mitigations of the hard times, the cry of distress has been loud and threatening, our statesmen and philanthropists have been at their wits' end to know how to meet it, and the most futile and foolish schemes have been broached, which even a cursory study of the past would have shown could only aggravate the evil. Some of these have been tried—large relief funds, which only pauperize the poor and enrich the impostor; soup kitchens and free dinners, which too often teach the struggling workman how much more pleasant and comfortable it is to live on alms than to seek for work. Thus we reject the experience of the past and the warnings of the experienced; thus we daub the wall with untempered mortar, and wonder that at the first storm it proves utterly insecure.

Although so much has been written on the subject of the unemployed, little practical result has been attained, and no scheme has yet been formulated adequate to solve the great problem—How the community may best meet the legitimate demands of the deserving poor reduced to want by circumstances over which they have no control, without, at the same time, encouraging improvidence and demoralizing the industrious. One cause of this failure appears to be the prevailing tendency, on the part of those who have sought to propound remedies, to concentrate their attention on certain aspects of the question, and practically to adopt the superficial view that the unemployed are persons out of work because there is no work for them to do. No view can be more fallacious, and before any adequate scheme can be devised for the mitigation of the condition of the unemployed, it must be fully realized that, as represented by the crowded meetings in London and elsewhere, these consist of distinct classes, who must by some means be separated, and each dealt with by an entirely different treatment, carried out with a persistent adherence to approved rules; and that temporary alleviations are not remedies, but generally, so to speak, a mere suppression for a time of the symptoms of the disease which renders it more deadly. As an example of this, we may refer to the experience of the Mansion House Fund of 1886; it appeared for a time to relieve the acuteness of the distress, but those who have watched its effects know that it has tended to make that chronic which was occasional. Perhaps in no instance is this truth more strikingly shown than in the provision of night refuges, with the laudable intention of preventing deserving homeless wanderers from being compelled to pass the night without shelter; but which have produced an increase in the vagrant class, one of the worst forms of demoralized humanity that can afflict a

community. The same remark applies to many other efforts of the benevolent to mitigate the suffering of the poor, made without adequate knowledge of the effects which experience has shown to be likely to follow. Just as the establishment of beef-shops, intended to stay the consumption of spirits and prevent drunkenness, in the end vastly increased both; or as the establishment of negro slavery, intended to mitigate human suffering, as witnessed in the laborious tasks imposed upon the American Indians, intensified it by introducing the horrors of the slave trade; so many of these well-intentioned schemes have increased the evil they were designed to remove.

In order, therefore, to obtain an adequate grasp of this important subject, it is necessary thoroughly to understand who the "unemployed" really are; then to examine into the cause of the late demonstrations of men demanding work and apparently starving in the midst of so wealthy a community; and lastly, to consider what remedies are most likely to prove sufficient to remove this social danger and disgrace. In answer to the question who and what these unemployed are, they can perhaps hardly be better described than by the words that stand at the head of this paper—namely: first, the men and women who desire work but cannot obtain it, the workless; secondly, the thriftless, which includes, in addition to those who are usually characterized by the word, the men and women who would work but are more or less incapable or inefficient; thirdly, those who hate work and will only do it under strong compulsion. It is not necessary to dwell long upon the best method of dealing with the first class, those who are both capable and willing to give fair work for fair pay. The exhaustive inquiry of the Mansion House Committee, on the condition of the poor, confirmed the general opinion of those most competent to judge, that although in a large community such as is found in London the number of these is in the aggregate considerable, yet they form a very small proportion of the so-called unemployed. The writer's own experience whilst working for some years on a local Charity Organization Committee accords with this general consensus of opinion; that probably not two per cent. of the destitute are persons of good character as well as average ability in their trades. It is not, of course, intended to imply that this number represents all competent workmen who from time to time are out of work, but the majority of these are members of trades unions or provident clubs, or else have saved money in better times; so that except to the extent above mentioned competent workmen do not swell the ranks of those who are commonly known as the unemployed. It would not be difficult to deal with these if they stood alone, but it is impossible in giving relief to separate them from the next class, which is the most numerous and the most disheartening to deal with, and which I have called the thriftless—those

who lack the power to thrive. It comprehends men and women with very different degrees of power—ranging from the almost competent to the absolutely incompetent; it includes inferior artisans who are only taken on by masters in busy times and are the first to be discharged when trade slackens, as well as labourers whose want of strength and physique places them at a disadvantage in competition, besides many others who from various causes fall behind in the struggle of life. Every active member of a relief committee will at once recognize the description. These thriftless ones come year by year for assistance as soon as the winter sets in, and have the same tale to tell—they did not get work till late in the spring and during the summer had to pay off their past winter's debts, so had nothing to spare to lay by, and are now discharged again on account of slackness of work. For the most part they are perfectly respectable—quite up to the average, in this respect, of the working classes—and are deserving of pity. Most of them have large families always in a state of penury; indeed, it has often occurred to the writer, when brought into contact with this class, that the more incompetent the parent for work the larger his family, as if the one reason for his existence was to be fruitful and multiply incapables. It has been said that this is the most numerous class of those who in the aggregate compose "the unemployed"; it is also the most important to deal with wisely, both by legal provision and philanthropic effort, in order to prevent its members from drifting into the most hopeless and dangerous class of all—the mendicant. The border-line between the two is very narrow, and the ill-bestowed money of soft-hearted almsgivers, or the ill-judged harshness of the poor-law guardians, may tempt or drive thousands of these, who might be saved, into the ranks of the worthless, where, once enlisted, their lives are hopelessly wrecked.

The third class, the worthless, is for the most part composed of vagrants and mendicants;* in numbers it is probably almost as large as the second, but an accurate estimate is difficult, for the vagrants are ever on the move; probably, however, not less than 100,000 belong to it and make London a centre. It is impossible to speak too strongly of the demoralization of this class, or to condemn too emphatically the false philanthropy, the selfish almsgiving, and the ineffective action of guardians of the poor, the magistrates, and the police, which have caused or allowed its growth, till it has become as it were a nation within a nation, a disgrace and danger to our country. This class consists of various divisions: there are vagrants who periodically tramp the country, and are a terror to the cottagers in lonely places; there are the mendicants who map out the suburbs into

* It includes, also, a large number of men who live upon the earnings of their wives, obtained often in immoral ways

districts for begging purposes, and go backwards and forwards as regularly as the man of business to his office; many have been brought up in workhouses; the majority have been ineffective workmen and labourers of weak moral nature, who, having tasted the sweetness of living upon alms, have drifted into the mendicant's bad habits and love of idleness. When on the tramp they generally make some pretence of occupation, under cover of which they get access to houses, where they beg, or steal, or bully unprotected women; they are vendors of steel pens, paper, laces, or ballad-singers; most of them are believed capable of any crime, but happily, as a rule, they lack the courage except for petty thefts, or when in some lonely farmhouse they feel themselves secure, then from time to time they perpetrate most brutal outrages on women and children; otherwise they do not often commit actual crime, but their language is terribly obscene. Neither men nor women have the smallest regard for decency; they are filthy in their persons and their habits, and are no better than savages, the very pariahs of society. Such is the description given by the best authorities of the character and condition of this class, which for generations it has been the aim of all wise administrators to suppress. Of late years the experience of the past has been ignored, and this class has been nourished and increased by the shortsighted policy of our statesmen, magistrates, and philanthropists. It forms already a large element in our yearly trouble in regard to the unemployed, is also a powerful weapon in the hands of the anarchist, and, unless we return to wiser methods, will soon cause very serious mischief. There is still a fourth class, the absolutely criminal, which forms a proportion of every meeting of the so-called "unemployed"; but it is practically one with the last, the only difference being that its members are more courageous and more energetic: the two classes melt into one another.

Before proceeding to point out those methods of solving this important problem which past experience suggests, it will be well to review briefly the economic and social condition of the working-classes at the present time, in order to discover if it is in any way exceptional. It has already been pointed out that we are passing through a period of depression—succeeding a period of prosperity when no question of the unemployed had to be considered, every capable man could obtain work, the scarcity was not of work but of workmen fit to perform it, and none but the thriftless and the vagrant sought relief. Had these been treated then with wisdom our present difficulty would not be so great, but with characteristic thoughtlessness the nation let things drift."

The return of these periods of alternate prosperity and depression with unfailing regularity is an important fact that must be carefully considered in devising any remedial measures.

The Socialists, who propose a limitation of the hours of labour by Act of Parliament, altogether ignore this fact; for, allowing that on many of the railways and tramways the hours of labour are excessive and cruel, yet the remedy is not to invoke the interference of the State, but for the men themselves in prosperous times, when labourers are in demand, to combine and obtain better terms.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the proposals of the more extreme among the Socialistic leaders, those, for instance, who propose to make what they call the State—by which apparently is meant the Government of the day elected by the workman, sole capitalist and employer of labour. Such an idea will appear the perfection of folly to all who know the incapability of any elected Government, from its very constitution, to control properly or work economically even its own manufacturing establishments. But that a body of men, ever changing with the tide of popular feeling, should take in hand the management of all the manufacturing industry of England and attempt to compete with the self-interested manufacturers of the rest of the world, is a proposition too absurd to merit notice; it would never probably have been broached but for the existence of a fallacy constantly propounded on popular platforms, and which ought not to be passed over without contradiction—namely, that the wealth of England has been created by the working classes. In fact, they have played but a limited part in its accumulation. It is very largely the result of the enterprise of our merchants, whilst even in those branches of commerce and manufacture in which the workman bears a considerable part, it is still true that the greater portion of the wealth of England has been created by its capitalists, or, rather, by those whom the word capitalist represents—that is, great inventors, skilful engineers, prudent economists, men who have known how to organize, educate and direct labour, and how to use their money earnings in developing new enterprises. Nothing is so widely diffused as mere labour, it is found in superabundance all over the world; in many cases equal in quality, in some superior, to that of the English workman; and if in many of these countries there is general poverty whilst in England there is accumulated wealth, the reason is that England has possessed men capable of turning the products of labour into value by extended commerce.

Another remedy constantly urged is the cultivation of waste lands, and probably the Socialists have some reason for this demand. It does seem anomalous that with vast numbers of labourers compelled to live on alms or poor-law relief, and with a considerable amount of land at present useless, but which by proper drainage and cultivation might be made to add to the wealth and food supply of the country, the employment of the workless on this land has not been attempted. It may of course be replied that, if it would pay

to cultivate, the land would have been already reclaimed by private enterprise; and without doubt this is generally true; but the answer does not meet the case. Thousands of working men are now being supported in idleness by the parishes or by alms; it would certainly be more profitable to get some return, however small, for what they consume than none, and far wiser to keep these men in the ranks of honest labour than on the verge of mendicancy.

A third proposal is the limitation of the hours of labour to eight per day. If this limitation were confined to Government employés, it would either give them a very unfair advantage over other artisans; or, presuming their wages were correspondingly reduced, the result would be that the best workmen would seek employment where they could earn more money. If, however, this limitation of work were extended to all industries, it would not only be an intolerable interference between the masters and the men, who through their unions are well able to take care of themselves, but would soon, by handicapping manufacturers in their struggle with competing nations, destroy our trade. Moreover, under any circumstances it would be a very temporary alleviation, for at the rate the population is now increasing the vacancies thus made for labourers would speedily be filled up, and the numbers of unemployed become as great as ever. At Socialistic demonstrations it is very much the fashion to rail against the extravagance of the wealthy, the speakers ignoring or being totally ignorant of the fact that nine-tenths at least of this expenditure, directly or indirectly, provides work and wages; for instance, the cost of the house the man of wealth lives in, excepting the clay of which the bricks were made, the trees before they were converted into the wood of commerce, and the other raw material, which represents a mere fraction of the whole, means work for which wages have been paid; the same remark applies to his furniture, and also to his current expenditure, whether in the garden, the stables, or the clothing and feeding of his family. It is true that a certain school of economists maintain that all expenditure on anything but mere necessities is waste; but even if this proposition be theoretically correct, it is very certain that our little island would be totally unable to maintain one-fourth of its present population if work should be restricted to the production of necessities. The practical point is that, as employment is at present distributed, any check to the expenditure of the wealthy would to the same extent reduce the amount paid in wages and produce distress among the working classes.

It may, perhaps, be thought that the above remarks are mere truisms universally acknowledged; but any one who watches the drift of popular opinion, as evidenced by the utterances of Socialistic leaders and their organs in the press, will not think them superfluous.

The difficulty of providing for the unemployed is no new one; during the last two hundred years at least, under various aspects, the same problem has presented itself for solution, and the student can easily examine the remedies tried, and their comparative failure or success. The present poor law, in fact, embodies the long experience and careful consideration of some of our ablest statesmen, and we owe much of our present trouble to the neglect or evasion of those wise principles upon which it was founded. These may be summarized as follows:

Destitute people should be dealt with in the parishes to which they belong, where their true character may be ascertained, and the relief given with proper discrimination.

The centre of relief should be a house of work, where this discrimination could be made and such tasks imposed as would separate the industrious from the idle.

In its first inception the law required the guardians to provide work for the able-bodied by means of a convenient stock of flax, hemp, wool, thread, iron, and other necessary coarse stuff. In 1834 the Commissioners laid down the principle that the condition of relief should be that the wages given by the overseers of the poor should be below the lowest of the independent labourer. In 1861 the Commissioners framed the rules which now regulate poor-law relief; these forbid relief to be given in aid of wages, and require work to be supplied, reaffirming the principle that the condition of the pauper should not be so comfortable as that of the independent labourer. In time of exceptional distress the Local Government Board, which now supervises the guardians, has power to permit them to employ men soliciting relief on public works.

If wisely administered, nothing better than these laws could be devised for meeting the present difficulty as regards the unemployed, and it becomes a question of serious import why they have so utterly failed. It is because the law has been administered on a rigid system without discrimination; the object aimed at being to discourage applications from the able-bodied by compelling all such to break up their homes and enter the workhouse.

Probably in times of average prosperity this harsh treatment may have been wise, for the suffering it caused was more than counter-balanced by the effect produced in stimulating to exertion and promoting providence; but the persistent carrying out of such rigid rules during a period like that through which we are now passing, when farmers are generally reducing the number of their labourers and depressed trade is rendering multitudes of deserving men destitute, is not less cruel than mischievous, causing untold suffering, giving power to the Socialist propaganda, and, worst of all, driving thousands of the comparatively deserving poor into the vagrant and mendicant ranks.

The first step to be taken is that the guardians of the poor should separate the industrious from the idle by means of test labour, and give relief only as remuneration for work, so that those who prove themselves industrious would receive sufficient payment to keep their families from destitution, subject to the limitation that their condition is less eligible than that of the independent labourer. Probably the guardians will maintain that in offering the house they fulfil their duty, and that the stone-yard with ninepence per day and a loaf of bread is adequate relief; but such relief seems an evasion of the law, and is certainly a cruel mockery. If this be all the help that the community is prepared to afford to the destitute, it will well deserve just retribution. It may be said that the alms of the benevolent supplement the poor-law relief, and unfortunately this is to a great extent the case or such cruelty could not continue; but as the community must in one way or another maintain these people, this should be done through the proper authority and in exchange for and with the test of labour, instead of being left to societies which can enforce no labour test and often pauperize as much as they relieve.

Work, honest work, is the test which would separate the industrious from the scamps, the deserving from the impostors; and if the poor law were administered in the humane spirit which animated those who framed it, as shown by the direction that stores of raw material were to be accumulated in order that the work exacted might be a reality, our present difficulty in dealing with the unemployed would cease. Undoubtedly, both skill and judgment would be required in carrying out these provisions; but to assert that it is beyond the power of our governing classes to make the system so elastic that, whilst the workhouse should be a real terror to the worthless, yet the deserving should be provided with some reasonable variety of work (or else with labour on undrained and untilled land, when times of exceptional distress occurred) is surely a libel upon them. It is true, as has been before said, that such labour would not pay; but keeping willing workmen in unwilling idleness pays still less, whilst driving the workless and thriftless into the ranks of the worthless is absolutely the most unprofitable method of treatment. Strong though the word may be, it is surely barbarous when a respectable man, who has been thrown out of employment by foreign competition or bad trade, applies to the guardians of the poor (so called) for the necessaries of life, that he should be told that he may come into the house and become a pauper, or break stones all day long, with the prospect of receiving one loaf of bread and nine pennies to satisfy his own hunger as well as the wants of his family.

Let it not, however, be thought that any relaxation of the rules and regulations of out-door relief is advocated so far as regards the

ordinary pauper class, but that there should be discrimination exercised in the treatment of men and women of good character; that a labour test should be established, which, whilst sufficiently severe to exclude the idle and the worthless, should neither degrade, torture, nor wreck the lives of the industrious and merely unfortunate. The separation of the workers from the worthless by means of a judicious labour test is the real key to the solution of this important problem, and the urging of this, as has already been said, is only advocating a return to the principle on which our present poor law is based. The reason why every winter the peace of the community is disturbed by demonstrations of the unemployed; and real and acute suffering exists among the industrious poor whilst the worthless revel in abundance on public alms, is because the guardians of the poor are not administering the law according to its humane but wise provisions, and the Local Government Board, with which the chief responsibility rests, makes no attempt to influence them to administer it aright.

It may perhaps be objected that no adequate scope has been allowed for the efforts of philanthropists to supply the claims of the unemployed; but surely the benevolent should not be called upon to do that which the law requires to be done by the guardians of the poor at the public cost. Moreover, it is impossible for private individuals to relieve extensive destitution, for they have neither the means of enforcing a labour test, which is essential, nor sufficient funds to meet widespread distress. It is true that when it becomes very acute funds flow in, but then there is no time to organize the machinery which alone can prevent large public contributions from becoming mischievous. If the guardians of the poor were mindful of their responsibility to administer the law with justice and wisdom, arrangements would be made at the beginning of every winter to provide such employment for men of good character, thrown out of work, which, whilst affording no inducement for any worker to remain a moment longer than was absolutely necessary, would supply destitute families during the time of pressure with sufficient food, clothing, and lodging. If the Local Government Board say that this was done, and the public knew that such was the case, much of the present demoralizing indiscriminate almsgiving would cease, and the police would feel free to deal with mendicants and vagrants. There would still be ample work for the benevolent anxious to benefit the poor. The field is unlimited, and as regards one class alone, those referred to as the thriftless, it may specially be said: "Ye have the poor always with you, and whenever ye will ye may do them good." There is no need to go far to seek them, they are to be found in every town and every part of the country. The majority of these may be helped and raised by kind and judicious philanthropists; odd jobs may be found for the father, the mother cheered and encouraged, the

children assisted in many ways, but above all it is from this class that the colonies should be supplied with emigrants. If we send away our best workmen, we shall surely miss them in the competition for the world's trade; but we shall not miss the thriftless, many of whom, nevertheless, would make useful colonists, whilst their large families, a curse here, would be a blessing there.

It may perhaps be permitted to give as an illustration some personal experience of a most typical case. A man, mild-eyed, mild-mannered, whose shabby clothes hung loose about his half-starved body, came a little before one Christmas with a letter from a neighbouring clergyman; he was, he said, in great distress; for two months he had had no work, had pawned everything, and but for the assistance of the clergyman his family would have starved; there were six children, and he did not know what he was to do. He had been brought up as a blacksmith, had then become a wire-worker, and now would do anything: odd jobs were found to support him through the winter; he then got work, but in the autumn came back again with the same tale, but he was sorry to say he had had the misfortune to have an increase to his family; he was very sorry, it made it much worse for him. Fortunately, an assisted passage was obtained for the family to Queensland, and for three years no news arrived of their prospects, for gratitude among the thriftless class is usually "a vivid sense of favours to be received." Then a letter came, in which he said that remembrance of the kindness he had received had led him to make bold to ask for a little more help; he wanted money to build a house, rents were so high; he had not been doing very well, though he was in work; but he wished he was back in the old country, it was hard work out there, and butter was very dear and the bacon very bad; he did not know how he should have got on but that his elder children, who had all got good situations, helped him.

It is not necessary to quote further. The man, though improved and of some value out there, would continue thriftless to the end; but the children had already become valuable colonists. Had these stayed in England they were almost doomed to swell the seething mass of human wreckage. There is no better or wider field of work for philanthropists than this; let each benevolent person take up one thriftless family as a special charge and assist its emigration. But it should be remembered that care must be taken to provide a friend on the other side, for the thriftless do not lose their thriftlessness on the voyage, and a good start in their new home is invaluable.

But to return to the more special subject of this paper—the remedies that are most suitable to mitigate the present condition of the unemployed. It has already been urged that the first and most important is to endeavour to separate the workers from the worthless by means of an efficient labour test, and then by supplying the needs

of the former with judicious liberality to prevent them from falling into the mendicant class. We have still the problem of dealing with the worthless, the mass of vagrants, mendicants, drunkards and hopeless loafers who infest our streets and suburbs, and are rapidly increasing. And here, again, it would seem wise to study past history as regards these plagues of society, for it is evident that our governing classes have given little thought to one of the most difficult problems of the day. A member of the Government, when questioned last session as to steps being taken to prevent the finest open space in the centre of London from becoming a centre also for the vagabonds and vagrants of the country, replied that he had neither the will nor the power to disturb them. This foolish speech soon produced its natural effect in increasing the nuisance to such an extent that the police were obliged to put in force the vagrancy laws, of the existence of which this gentleman seemed totally ignorant.

This curse of vagrancy has troubled our legislators for centuries; so long ago as 1547 it had attained such dimensions that an Act was passed condemning all vagrants, on conviction, to branding and slavery for two years. The vagrancy laws now in force, 1 & 2 Vic. c. 38, supplemented by provisions contained in local Police Acts, render rogues, vagabonds, and vagrants liable to three months' imprisonment with hard labour. Unfortunately, of late, indirect encouragement has been given to them by providing, under the new poor law, casual wards intended for poor artisans and labourers travelling in search of work. In practice nearly three-fourths of the occupants of these wards are found to be habitual vagrants, who obtain supplies of food in their wanderings by begging or stealing, and then seek the casual ward for shelter and society. In 1848, Mr. Buller, the then President of the Poor Law Board, presented a set of rules, which for a time greatly mitigated this evil. Relief was to be refused to able-bodied men, unless they produced a certificate of character, and a suitable task of work was to be exacted from every person relieved. Unfortunately these rules have too often ceased to be enforced, and generally no task of work is required, the reason for which is the same that has caused so many other failures in carrying out the poor laws—the work did not pay; and the guardians, in their shortsighted policy, ignoring its importance as a means of repressing the curse of vagrancy, gave it up.

Vagrancy and mendicancy, as has been already said, are rapidly increasing; casual wards, night refuges, free dinners, soup tickets, and indiscriminate almsgiving are swelling the ranks of the worthless to a most dangerous extent, whilst the penal laws so necessary to repress them have almost become a dead-letter. The remedy is firmly to carry out the wise provisions of our poor law, and to enforce the rules prescribed by Mr. Buller, *i.e.*, to require certificates of character

from all persons using the casual wards, and failing these to remit the vagrants back to their own parish, where they are known, to be dealt with according to their just deserts; whilst at the same time the police magistrates must be encouraged to put in force the law against persistent vagrancy.

It seems thus manifest that our present unsatisfactory condition with regard to the unemployed, as evidenced by widespread suffering among willing and deserving workers unable to obtain it, and still more by the threatening attitude of large masses mostly composed of the idle and the vicious, who have been used by the anarchists to further their own ends, is the result first of the want of discrimination with which the rigid rules of the Local Government Board, as regards relief, are being carried out by the guardians of the poor. No account is taken of character, the honest and dishonest, the idle and the industrious, receiving the same harsh treatment. The spirit of the law is thus ignored in its administration, and no reasonable work is provided inside or outside the workhouse, but only penal tasks which are both cruel and degrading to respectable men. The second great cause is the encouragement given to vagrancy by the provision of night refuges and casual wards, without a constant test of labour, and the third is lavish indiscriminate almsgiving.

The remedial measures necessary are then: first, to compel the guardians to relieve with discrimination, to find suitable work for the industrious and deserving poor, and reserve penal tasks for the undeserving; secondly, to discourage the use of night refuges by the mendicant class through the enforcement of a task work as a condition of admittance, and by compelling habitual vagrants to return to their own parishes.

It will be objected by the supporters of the present system that discrimination on the part of guardians is impossible; but this cannot be the case, for the requirement of hard work as a condition of relief will speedily separate the deserving from the vicious.

Probably the remedies suggested will be denounced, on the one hand, by the impulsively benevolent, and, on the other, by the supporters of the present rigid system of poor-law administration. The former will object that they are altogether too harsh; but if the widespread demoralization which has been caused by indiscriminate almsgiving and injudicious schemes for relief be carefully studied, they will realize that a certain amount of sternness is necessary in the interest of the poor themselves. On the other hand, those who in their laudable anxiety lest any modification of the present rules should result in a recurrence of the evils which have in the past resulted from a lax system of giving out-door relief, and who believe that any employment given by the guardians on relief-works would be wasteful and injurious, may find that the entire question is one of

administration, and that such work proved a success in Manchester during the cotton famine, and even last year in Chelsea. Moreover, the present system cannot be, and ought not to be, maintained, as it violates the first principles of Christianity, the instincts of humanity, and the dictates of common sense. It makes misfortune more criminal than crime itself, and is producing the very evil its supporters dread, by driving, through its harshness, vast multitudes of the thriftless into the ranks of the worthless class.

A comparison of our treatment of the poor and the criminal will suffice to show this. We give the convict condemned for grievous crime, in addition to comfortable lodging and warm clothing, a daily variety of food for his own personal consumption, of which the following is an example, taken from the scale now in force in our convict prisons: *1½ lbs. of bread, 5 ozs. of cooked meat, half an ounce of onions, a pound of potatoes, and a pint of cocoa each day.* In return he is required to give eight hours' comparatively easy work at his own trade. All we offer to the unfortunate workman, condemned to idleness by no fault of his own, but by fluctuations in trade or by unpropitious weather, is *one loaf of bread and nine-pence per day*, with which to supply lodging, food, and clothing for himself and his family, and we exact as a condition the penal task of breaking 13 cwts. of stone or picking 4 lbs. of oakum. Is it surprising in the face of such treatment of the poor that our country roads are infested with vagrants, our streets with mendicants, and that preachers of anarchy find an attentive audience when they denounce modern government as tyranny and the rulers of the State as the oppressors of the poor?

FRANCIS PEEK.

WELLS CATHEDRAL AND ITS DEANS.*

I.—STEPHEN TO HENRY VIII.

THE house which I occupy by virtue of my office is four hundred years old. It stands on the site of a yet older building, which had probably been the residence of deans from the twelfth century. In the list of those who have held that office I occupy the sixtieth place.

One who endeavours to let his mind "play freely" on the environment in which he finds himself can hardly help yielding, under these conditions, to the *genius loci*. He asks himself, as he goes from room to room, What manner of men were these who have gone before me? How have they been influenced by their time, or in their turn acted on it? What have they done or left undone during long periods of tardy progress or slow decay? What part have they borne in the more catastrophic movements of the Reformation, the Rebellion, the Revolution? What joys and sorrows, what tragedies or farces have made up the life-drama of each one of these? Even the microcosm of a parish may, thus viewed, be the history of "The Nation in the Parish."† In proportion as the Cathedral occupies a more prominent position in relation to the Church and the Nation, will the interdependence of the two be more striking and full of interest. In some respects it presents a

* The materials on which this article is based are found (1) in the "Reports on the MSS. of Wells Cathedral," by the Historical MSS. Commission; (2) "Wells Cathedral," by Rev. H. E. Reynolds; (3) "Lectures on Wells Cathedral," by E. A. Freeman; (4) "Bishop Drokensford's Register," edited by Bishop Hobhouse; (5) "A Paper on Bishop Reginald Fitz-Jocelyne," by Canon Church, printed by the Society of Antiquaries. Simple page references belong to (1); D. stands for (4); C.A. for Chapter Acts. I am also indebted to Bishop Hobhouse and Archdeacon Browne and to Canons Bernard and Church for many valuable suggestions.

† I take the phrase from the title of an interesting history of Upton-on-Severn, by Emily Lawson.

more convenient and manageable unit of history than the parish or the diocese, between which it stands half-way. To write a history of a cathedral without reference to its line of bishops would be, perhaps, too much after the manner of the traditional performance of "Hamlet;" but, so far as I have to name them, I shall venture to speak of them, not as they played their parts in the Senate or in the diocese, among statesmen or divines, but only or chiefly as they were brought into contact with cathedral history and were seen from a decanal standpoint.

The history of the Deans of Wells, however, starts from a comparatively late period in that of the Church with which they have been connected. It was founded as the Collegiate Church of St. Andrew in 704, by Ina, King of Wessex.* In 909 it received the distinction of the *Cathedra*, or, as Mr. Freeman loves to call it, the Bishop-stool, of Æthelhelm, the first Bishop of the Somersætan, and so became a Cathedral. It was not till 1135 that it passed from its old constitution, as a body of canons governed by a provost, leading a semi-conventual life, which became stricter under the rule of Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz, introduced by Bishop Gisa of Lorraine, to the fuller organization of a Dean and Chapter. It was not affiliated to any monastic order, and represented therefore the secular or parochial clergy rather than the regular. That change was due to the action of Bishop Robert, who lived under Stephen, and occupied the See from 1135 to 1166. He was apparently influenced by the successful working of the Dean and Chapter system in the neighbouring diocese of Salisbury (pp. 16, 17). He appointed Ivo as the first Dean. The foundation received the sanction of the one English Pope, Hadrian IV., who has sat in the chair of St. Peter (p. 134). Bishop Reginald, his successor, gave the city a Charter of Incorporation, and so both the municipal and ecclesiastical institutions of the fair City of Fountains, from which Robert took the title in which he most delighted, of *Episcopus Fontanensis*, owe their origin to our Bishops. During the previous fifty years the diocese had passed through many changes. The Bishop's chair had been transferred by John de Villula, *alias* John of Tours (1088), to the wealthier and more important city of Bath. The Abbey Church of St. Peter's became his cathedral, he being its abbot. Savaric was elected by the monks of Bath without any notice given to the Canons of Wells. Ultimately a *Concordat* was arranged. Both churches were recognized as cathedrals. The election of the bishop was to be the joint act of both bodies. After a transition period, in which Reginald Fitz-Jocelyn (1174), Savaric (1192), Jocelyn (1206) took the title of Bishop of

* The authenticity of the Charters of this period has, however, being questioned by experts. Bishop Jocelyn, in his dedication of the new Church, says that St. Andrew had been chosen as the "*Mitissimus Apostolorum*" (p. 30).

Bath or Bath and Glastonbury, the feelings of Bath were soothed by the precedence given to it in the title of the See, and to the Prior, as entitled to sit in the Diocesan Synod on the Bishop's right hand, while the Dean sat on the left (p. 26); and the diocese has been that of Bath and Wells from Jocelyn's death in 1244-5 to the present time (p. 58).

What, then, was the nature of the society over which Ivo was called on to preside? What was the ideal which he was to try to realize? What did he do for the fabric of the Cathedral committed to his charge? The work of the first Dean of Wells can scarcely fail to have a special interest for the present holder of the office. There can be no doubt that Wells, like the other cathedrals which are known as those of the Old Foundation, of which St. Paul's, Salisbury, and Exeter are typical instances, was intended to balance the over-dominant influence of the great abbeys—in the case of Wells, of course, the influence of the great Benedictine Abbey of Glastonbury—which met the Bishop with an *imperium in imperio*, and were practically independent of him. The Chapter was to consist of men who combined the parochial and the collegiate life. In the latter character they were *Canonici*,* as bound by a canon, or rule, stricter than that of the clergy who lived entirely in their parishes. Each of them possessed an estate or prebend, due to the liberality of a pious founder, and was, in that relation, a prebendary. He was, in theory, bound to look after the spiritual wants of the people connected with his prebend.† The collegiate life of the cathedral gave him opportunities, during part of each year, for rising to a higher standard of culture and devotion. Every prebendary, as at St. Paul's and Salisbury, had three or more psalms assigned to him, which he was supposed to repeat every morning, so that the whole book might become, from one year's end to another, a daily sacrifice of praise. The number of prebendaries or canons grew as endowments came in, and fresh prebends were available. At Wells it began with twenty-two and grew to fifty, the Dean included. In addition to these independent estates, each canon received a share of estates which belonged to the society as such, sometimes in the form of divided profits, sometimes in that of quotidians, or daily allowances in money or kind during his term of residence. Over this body the Dean (the term Decanus having lost its strict etymological force as the head of a body of ten, and come to mean the senior or presiding member of any body of persons engaged in a like office, as when,

* Experts, however, differ, and it has been maintained that the name simply meant that those who bore it were on the *Canon*, or official register of the cathedral. In this sense even the choir-boys were sometimes called *Canonici*.

† Experts again differ, and it is urged that the fifteen prebends of Combe at Wells could not all have been pastors of the parish. Generally, the Charter of Elizabeth connects the advowson with the prebend. In one case—that of Dinder—the living has been recently held to be inseparable from the prebend.

even now, we speak of the *Doyen* of the *Corps Diplomatique* at a given Court, or the Dean of a College or a Faculty)* exercised a generally dominant authority. Next to him in rank were four selected canons, who, with the archdeacons, were recognized as the dignitaries of the cathedral—(1) the Precentor, who had to maintain the musical efficiency of the choir; (2) the Chancellor, who, as such, kept the charters and other documents of the society, but who was also the *Archischola*; and, as such, superintended the education of the choir-boys, the acolytes, and others in the minor orders of the clergy, and gave lectures in theology, or in the Decretals, as was done at Oxford (p. 104); (3) the Treasurer, who was the custodian of its plate, its jewels, its vestments, and its relics, and had to see that there was a due supply of wax-candles and of incense, and that the albs and surplices were properly washed (p. 20); and (4) the Sub-dean, on whom the Dean's full authority devolved in his absence. The whole body, together with the archdeacons of the diocese, acted as the Bishop's Council, and were convened by him at his discretion, but had no independent initiative. One power they had, however, which acted as a check upon some abuses of the episcopal office. They could set limits to the Bishop's power over the temporalities of the diocese. He could not, without their consent, alienate any estate belonging to it, or make a permanent appointment to any diocesan office binding on his successor. How far Ivo worked out this ideal of the institution thus committed to his charge there is no history to tell us. Our records show that, in a clear, business-like manner, he applied to the older foundation of Salisbury for guidance as to the rights and duties of the several members of the body, the limits of their jurisdiction, and the Bishop's, and other like details (p. 17). He had, however, to look after the outward fabric of the church as well. He found the old Norman or Saxon building half in ruins, and witnessed the work of Bishop Robert in restoring it. Of that restoration the more thorough work of the bishops who came after him has effaced all but one solitary trace. As I look at the stone with zigzag moulding now built into the south wall of one of the houses of the Vicars' Close, opposite the cathedral, I think that that at least belonged to the lifetime of Ivo. We may name the preservation of the font belonging to a yet earlier time, probably to the earliest Saxon Church, as an indication that he took his place in the order of conservative restorers. In yet another regulation Ivo appears as having something like an ideal of what a cathedral should be. Robert had allowed the City to hold fairs in the church and cemetery on the feasts of St. Andrew, St. Calixtus, and the *Inventio Sanctæ Crucis*. This, Ivo says, disturbed the worshippers, interrupted their

* It may be worth noting that the Pope was often described as the *Decanus Christianitatis*, the senior bishop of Christendom (p. 189).

prayers, turned the church into a den of robbers. This the Bishop and the Dean forbid, and the fairs are henceforth to be held in the market-place (p. 186). Both as a corporate society and as a building the cathedral prospered. Bishops, nobles, squires, devout women not a few, showed their devotion by offering lands for the endowment of a prebend, for the augmentation of the common fund of the Chapter, and for the enlargement and completion of the fabric. Bishop Reginald, in particular, gave the Canons' barn, or barton, which, after many changes, has recently been transformed, at the cost of Canon Bernard, into a Cathedral Grammar School (p. 15). The Dean who followed Ivo had the satisfaction of watching the new work of Bishop Reginald FitzJocelyn, including probably the first three piers of the choir, the transepts, the stately north porch and later the eastern bays of the nave. Savaric, the next Bishop, was too much occupied with foreign affairs, too constantly on the move, to do much home work (p. 16). As his epitaph at Bath recorded—perhaps, however, it was only an epigram:—

- "Hospes erat mundo, per mundum semper eundo,
Sic suprema dies fit tibi prima quies." *

The next Bishop, however, more than compensated for Savaric's deficiencies. Jocelyn Trotman—his name seems to imply that he was godson of the former Bishop who bore it—born in Wells, rising through successive offices in its cathedral, elected as Bishop by the two Chapters of Bath and Wells in 1206, was determined to make the church of the city, which, as he says himself, he "loved so well" (p. 33) in the bosom of which he had grown up from earliest youth (p. 32), a praise and glory in the land. He completed Reginald's work in the nave, carried the choir, then mainly under the tower, to what is now the third bay eastward from it, and finished the cloisters on the south side of the church, which took the place of those built by Bishop Gisa, and the Lady Chapel in the ground east of them. The transepts were duly finished, and the matchless beauty of the west front, a *Te Deum* in stone, with its angels, apostles, saints, martyrs, kings, its symbols of the Resurrection, with the Christ in glory, its illustrations of Biblical and national history, was probably due to his magnificence of conception.† The work went on under Bishop William de Button; the tower was roofed at

* The pastoral staff, wrought in Limoges enamel, representing St. Michael trampling on the dragon, and with a singular efflorescence of small dragons all round it, which is still one of the treasures of the Cathedral, is assigned to the time of Savaric. He had probably brought it back from one of his foreign journeys.

† Mr. Freeman condemns the west front as a "shape, a sin against the first law of architectural design." He "denies the honesty of such fronts as those at Wells, Salisbury, and Lincoln." I am not an architectural expert, and am content to admire, reverence, and love a thing that is beautiful in itself for the sake of its beauty. When we are told that it offends against "an acknowledged law of good architecture," we are tempted to ask, Who then is the lawgiver, and why should his decrees bind us more than they bound the builders of Wells and Salisbury and Lincoln? Architecture has no

the height it had then reached with a *Tholus* in 1255. It was not till 1286 that the crypt or under-croft on the north of the choir was built, partly as a strong room for the treasures of the church, partly as a foundation for the Chapter House, which was added by William de Marchia towards the close of the century. A few years later, in 1318, under John de Drovensford, the tower was carried to a greater height, and under Ralph of Shrewsbury (1329) the choir was completed by the addition of the three eastern bays, and beyond it, seen through its intersecting arches, rose the Lady Chapel, begun under Drovensford, without which, under the influence of the wave of devotion to the Virgin Mother which swept over Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, no cathedral or collegiate church was considered complete, and which still forms one of the most characteristic features of the cathedral. The minds of Bishop Ralph and Dean Walter were, however, before long occupied with a serious danger. The new tower proved too heavy for its foundations. The walls began in 1333 to crack and bulge inwardly. The church was in so ruinous and dilapidated a state that all the common fund of the Chapter for three years would not be sufficient to restore it (p. 101). There was an imminent risk of a catastrophe like those which we have seen in our time at Chichester and Peterborough. Happily some ingenious architect met the difficulty by the expedient of the inverted arches and the massive buttresses on three sides of the tower, which gave an effective support to the tottering walls. By a happy coincidence—perhaps deliberate, perhaps accidental—they presented to the eyes of those who entered the cathedral the peculiar form of the cross connected with St. Andrew, its patron saint.

The fabric was now nearly completed, but it was the habit of the time for each bishop to wish to leave his mark by some conspicuous addition, and so we have the south-west tower built by Bishop Harewell in 1369; the fan tracery of the tower, the present eastern cloister with the library over it, by Bishop Bubwith—the Bishop, I may note in passing, who went to the Council of Constance, and at whose request Dante's "Commedia" was translated into Latin by Giovanni da Serravalle (1408–1425); while Bishop Bekyngton (1443–1465), the most lordly, perhaps, of all our prelates, gave the finishing stroke to the whole work by erecting the western cloister and the rooms over it, the two noble gateways known as Penniless Porch (probably because the alms of the cathedral were distributed there) and the Dean's Eye, leading into the Cathedral Green from the south and west respectively, and

"Scriptures of Truth," nor canons of Ecumenic Councils; and the experts who write, with more or less amenity, in the consciousness of their own infallibility, do not always present the *consensus* which is the note of Catholicity. If the Vincentian canon, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, applies to anything, it applies to the feeling with which men have looked on the west front of Wells Cathedral from the day when it first met their eyes down to the present hour.

the covered way from the Chapter House staircase to the Vicars' Close, known as the Chain Gate, by which those functionaries might have access to the cathedral without exposure to the weather, or to molestation from the townsmen.

I have thought it convenient to carry on the history of the cathedral fabric to the stage which preceded the more or less destructive work of the Reformation. During this interval, however, the society as such had passed through many changes. The number of prebendaries had grown, through the liberality of benefactors, to its full complement of fifty. They were expected to reside for four months in each year. The Dean and other dignitaries were to reside for eight. In their absence they were to be represented by their deputies or vicars. That last word, indicating, as it always does, delegated duties and divided responsibilities, contained in it the germ of future troubles. Each canon appointed his own vicar, who was often incompetent to sustain the musical character of the service, or, owing his appointment to nepotism or favouritism, was otherwise objectionable. It occurred to Bishop Ralph, of Shrewsbury, that what was wanted was to give the whole body of the vicars a collegiate character. The college, as such, was to have a veto on the appointment of all future vicars, who were to be nominated, not by the canons individually, but by the Dean and Chapter collectively. The idea was carried out further by a rich endowment of the college, and by building the Vicars' Close, in which each vicar was to have a separate house, instead of living about at random in the town, as they complained they were compelled to do.* They were to have powers of reforming the manners and excesses of the members of their own body, if necessary, by expulsion. They were bound by solemn oaths to give their judgment as to the qualification of candidates without fear or favour. They were required to learn by heart, so as to need no book, their Psalter, their Hymnary, and their Anthem-book (p. 131). They were to be within their Close before the Curfew bell rang. They were expected to be as lights shining in the world—patterns of a devout life.

I do not know with what feelings the Deans who were then living received the new institution. Its annals must, I fear, be admitted to have been yet another record, of which Church history presents so many instances, of unattained ideals and frustrated aspirations. The creation of an *imperium in imperio*, of subordinate functionaries placed in a position of almost co-ordinate power, brought about a conflict of authorities. The Dean and Chapter became involved in an endless series of disputes with the College of Vicars as to the limits of their jurisdiction. The latter body was intended to have a certain

* A later order of the Chapter required two vicars to live together in one house as a safeguard against scandals (p. 84).

measure of independence, and the result was a series of collisions from that day to this. There were instances of neglect, of immorality, of intemperance; the Vicars wandered about among the pillars during service, talking with lay-people, growing their hair long, and not wearing a tonsure (p. 130), and the Dean and Chapter found themselves with imperfect powers to regulate or reform. Some of their attempts at discipline were amusingly characteristic of the times. At one time vicars who had been guilty of scandalous offences were to atone for them by taking part in a crusade, and when they returned, after the lapse of three years, were to be readmitted to their office (p. 41). At another they were required to exercise their artistic powers by painting two saints or kings for the ornamentation of the cathedral in lieu of the more formal penance of the candle and the white sheet. Possibly the decision of the Dean and Chapter, in this last instance, was more than an act of economy looking to the advantage of getting pictures done for nothing. The artistic work may have been the best possible discipline for the offenders. Even after the Reformation, in 1586, we find a vicar who, "in the companie of others, did openlie in disguised order, goe in a maske with a vizard upon his face" into neighbouring parishes, sentenced to "continue in fasting and prayer," in the Canon's Barn for a given period, to confess his fault on his knees before the Dean and Chapter in the Chapter House, and on the next Sunday "in the quier make his repayer openly, and crave forgiveness of the other vicars choral and clerks" (p. 244).

The paternal care of the Deans of Wells extended, of course, with less hindrance, to the boys as well as men of the choir. It might almost be said, that *De minimis maxime curat Decanus* was the motto of the rules which Beckyngton in 1460 laid down for their management. A school was provided for them, in which they were to be boarded as well as taught. They were to eat their bread, not gnawing it after the manner of rustics, but *curialiter*, like gentlemen, after a courtly fashion. They were to take their turn in attending the services of the cathedral by night, 3 A.M., for Matins, as well as by day. They were allowed but few pastimes, but on certain great festivals were permitted to join in the game (nature of it to me unknown) of the "three O's." At Christmas, with what seems something like a revival of the old Saturnalia, they elected a boy-bishop out of their own number, who held his mimic dignity till the Feast of the Epiphany, and was clothed in full pontificals, and walked with mitre and pastoral staff in the processions of the season. When they went to bed they were to kneel down and say their *Pater Noster* and their *Ave*, and then, taking off their clothes, to sleep three in a bed, two small boys with their heads at the top of the bed, and a bigger boy with his head at the foot and his legs stretched out between them (Reynolds, pp. cxxx.-cxxxv.). It is

scarcely to be wondered at that, when I told our choir-boys how their predecessors had lived in the fourteenth century, they should have expressed a strong satisfaction that they had been born in the nineteenth.

The ritual of the cathedral shared in the changes which were at that period passing over Latin Christendom. The collegiate or secular character of the foundation excluded the influences alike of the greater monastic orders, the Benedictines and Carthusians, and of the Mendicant Orders, that looked to St. Francis and St. Dominic as their founders. There are, so far as I have searched, no traces that either the Minorites or the Preaching Friars found a foothold in the cathedral city, though the former had establishments in Bridgwater, and Bristol, and numbers of both orders frequently received a licence to act as general confessors throughout the diocese. As one function of the Dean was to hear the confessions of the canons, these ministrations from outsiders were probably not accepted by the Chapter. On the other hand, we note in the thirteenth and fourteenth century the institution of a special Fraternity of St. Andrew (pp. 83, 292, 305), the members of which were bound to do their utmost by labour or by gifts for the maintenance or completion of the church, and to help each other, in life or after it, by mutual intercessions. The foundation of chantry chapels, of which those founded by Bishop Bubwith and Chancellor Suger are surviving examples, led to a number of priests, of the class that Chaucer describes as "seeking out a chanterie for souls," and these, affiliated to the cathedral, though not incorporated with it, were formed into a college by themselves, and existed till the forcible suppression of all chantries at the Reformation. The epidemic of the *cultus* of the Virgin showed itself, as we have seen, in the two Lady Chapels, one, east of the cloister, and the other, east of the choir. It presented another aspect in the erection of a large statue of the Virgin in the nave, in a decree of the Dean and Chapter that there should be a daily Mass celebrated in her honour (pp. 3, 12). Bishop Savaric, taking counsel with the Dean, ordained in 1200 that she should thus be presented to men's minds as "their most compassionate friend, their most prevailing intercessor" (p. 27). So, in like manner, we note the influence of the later development of Eucharistic doctrine, in what we know as Trans-substantiation, in the introduction by Bishop Drokenesford (D. p. 13) of the Festival of Corpus Christi, in 1318; in the new rule of Dean Godelee, that the whole congregation should kneel at the elevation of the Host, and that that act should be announced by the ringing of the "sacring" bells (p. 19). The two names by which the cathedral burial-ground is described in documents of the close of the fifteenth century, "the Palm" or "the Pardon" churchyards, point to another piece of ritual. According to one view both names are connected

with the ceremonial usages of the Sunday before Easter, which we know as Palm Sunday, but which was known in earlier ages as Pardon Sunday. On that day men, women, and children brought the boughs of yew or willow, which in England represented palms, for a solemn benediction before Mass was said, and then, with them in their hands, went to the cathedral burial-ground, following the Cross, which was then set up on high, while the children sang their hymn, the *Gloria, Laus* . . . which is still familiar to us in the Palm Sunday hymn.

“ All glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer King,
To whom the lips of children
Make sweet Hosannas ring.”

The palms were then laid upon the “stead,” or station, in the churchyard, and so it came to be commonly known by both the names by which, as we have seen, it was described. Another possible explanation, which may or may not have coalesced with this, is found in the fact that pilgrims to the Holy Land came back with palm-branches as a proof that they had fulfilled their vow (hence the commonness of “Palmer” as a surname), and then, on depositing them at the appointed place, received the pardon or indulgence to which they were entitled. A reference to this custom is found in Dante’s “*Purgatorio*” (xxxiii. 78).

We, the Dean and Chapter of the past, were not, however, without our troubles. We had the manifold cares of all landed proprietors—tenants in arrears of rent; disputes as to rights of way, and water, and cutting timber; lawsuits about boundaries and the numbers of cattle that were to be fed upon our pastures (p. 84.) Our Manor of North Curry seems to have been, in these respects, a special source of trouble. Some of its people, *temp.* Richard II., had illegally entered on the lands of the Dean and Chapter, made a watercourse on their land, impounded their cattle, and beaten their servants. “*Vi et armis*, they had come with swords and bows and arrows, and had taken salmon, peel, pike, lampreys, lamprons, eels, and flounders. . . . 2,000 hares, 10,000 rabbits, 1,000 pheasants, 1,000 partridges, wood and corn” (one fears the statistics are scarcely reliable), “whereby the Dean and Chapter had suffered loss in this, and by being kept out of their rights for 13 years, to the amount of £2,000.” In this instance the malefactors were punished by fines, amounting under several heads to £40 and 240 marcs (p. 184). In another (1337), we took action of a different kind. We excommunicated, with bell, book, and candle (p. 123), an offender of North Curry for cutting down our timber and beating our servants. We sentenced another to appear for six successive Sundays in the cathedral and in his own parish church, to stand from the time of procession to that of the offertory,

nudus praeter femoralia, and holding a large wax candle in his hand, and then and there to be publicly scourged. Then he was to go to the altar during Mass, and humbly offer his candle to the celebrant, who was then, in *materna lingua* (Ecclesiastical Latin, not understood of the people, being inadequate for such an occasion), to explain the whole matter to the clergy and people (p. 180). One hopes that the culprit was reformed and that the congregation was duly edified. So, too, in our estates at Mark, certain "unknown sons of iniquity" damaged our dykes and sluices, and, what made matters worse, the Abbot of Glastonbury was suspected of having had a hand in it. We had no evidence to support the charge, but we had the satisfaction of compelling the Abbot to appear in our Chapter House, where he offered to clear himself of complicity, by his oath of compurgation (D. pp. 96, 98). The matter, as being one of secular rights, was finally settled by arbitration.

Then, too, after the first rush of devout enthusiasm was over, it was found that our prebends were after all very poorly endowed. Building expenses left us deep in debt (pp. 93, 101). We were expected to contribute to the support of impoverished monasteries, which, having estates in Ireland, found it difficult to get their rents (p. 103). Our vicars wearied our souls with insubordination or scandalous vices. Our bishops claimed a right of visitation, which we and our Dean, Godelee, falling back on the usage of Salisbury as our model, felt bound in conscience to resist (p. 87). We had generously on one occasion lent to the Bishop a mitre, and this he looked on, not as given to the diocese, but as his private property, and pledged to a burgess in London for a large sum of money (p. 98). We found that we were expected to do the same to his successor, and so we bought another mitre, a pastoral staff, and a sapphire ring; but in presenting these we thought it right to declare that it was not to be taken as a precedent, and to take a formal receipt from the Bishop's secretary, with a promise to return them at his decease (pp. 92 and 98). Then again, the two powerful abbeys of Glastonbury and Bath treated us, as a poor collegiate church, with scant respect. The former infringed on our jurisdiction (pp. 1, 3, 14). The latter was always on the look-out for some opportunity for evading the terms of the *Concordat* which placed the election of a bishop in the hands of the Abbey and the Church conjointly. When our good Bishop, Jocelyn died (1242) they took the matter into their own hands, denied that we had any rights, summoned their own Chapter, and snubbed our delegates, counting on the influence of the lay magnates who supported them. This, of course, was more than we could stand. We entered a formal protest, we appealed to Canterbury and Rome. We sent our Dean, John Saracenius, to plead our cause before the Papal Curia. He was to spare no expense; he was to borrow 700 marks at London or

Florence, and to employ them for travelling expenses, as also for *douceurs* to persuade the Cardinals at Rome of the justice of our cause. He was to obtain the Pope's sanction to a new *Concordat*, fixing the place of meeting for the canons of Wells and the monks of Bath at some place where the influence of the latter would not be over-dominant, and the elections might be really free (pp. 45-50). Then, too, we had reason to complain of the encroachments of the Popes. Boniface VIII. (Dante's Boniface) appointed an Italian priest named Hugulin, robbing us of our right of election (p. 75) to a vacant prebend. Clement V. did the same in the case of another foreigner, John de Ros; and, though he continued to live abroad, he claimed not only the income of his prebend, but the quotidians, or daily rations, and the share of our common funds, as though he had been resident (p. 81). The same Clement, the Pope who played fast and loose with Dante's Emperor, Henry of Luxemburg, called on us to pay a tithe for six years, ostensibly for the expedition which that monarch was to lead, after pacifying Italy, for the recovery of the Holy Land, of which, too, we were made sub-collectors (pp. 74, 82, 85); and yet another tithe, which the Pope had granted to our own King. In vain we pleaded poverty. The bankers of Florence—the Bardi firm, of which Beatrice's husband was a member—with whom we had been connected, probably through the Dean's Italian mission above-mentioned, were ready to advance the money on security, not, of course, without interest (D. pp. 4, 78). John XXII., Dante's Caorsine (*Parad.* xxvii. 58), carried on the same system of encroachment to an extent before unknown, and our canonries and livings were filled with Italian or French nominees, who never came near their parishes or the cathedral. Our Bishop, William de Marchia, left 100 marcs for crusading purposes (p. 74); and, pending its employment, the King, Edward II., wished to have it as a loan, with small prospect of our ever seeing it again. We were compelled to plead (1) that the money was not in our possession (we had, in fact, placed it in the Bishop's hands for safety); (2) that we were keeping it in trust for the next Crusade. Finally, as no Crusade took place, we had to give it up to the Bishop's nephew (pp. 73 to 106). When that Bishop died, we had for once the opportunity of having a Saint of our own, who would have enhanced our reputation, and, in the matter of devout offerings, might have competed on a lowlier scale, with St. Thomas of Canterbury (p. 95).^{*} The opportunity slipped from our hands. In vain we pleaded the holiness of his life, and the miracles which had been wrought at his tomb (p. 95). Either the *advocatus Diaboli*, or whoever played his part, did his work too well, or our gifts, though we spared no expense, were insufficient to persuade the Roman Curia,

* We possess, among our records, the letter from the King (Edward II.) and Bishops of England asking for the Canonization.

and so we remained without a St. William whom we could call our own, and had to wait four hundred years for our St. Thomas. Then again our Canons were not always what we could have wished. The non-residents, who held some of the richer prebends, contributed nothing at all to the restoration of the church (p. 103). We had to order £200 to be levied on them, and to remind them that the Council of Moguntum had affirmed their liability (p. 109). Even our residentiaries were not always proof against the temptations of the world, and the Bishop had to warn them (1336) against too much familiarity with a certain "Cecilia," and to threaten them with excommunication if they allowed her to enter their houses (p. 138).

It will be seen that I have been able to say but little of individual deans. Materials for biography are scanty, and, with the exception of one or two, who were raised to the episcopate at Wells or elsewhere, they come and pass away, and leave no personal record behind them. It is incidental, indeed, to the office of a dean that his personality is merged, for the most part, in his corporate action in conjunction with his chapter. Only occasionally, as in the mission of Sarracenus, or Godelee's vindication of his rights against the Bishop, does he emerge from that comparative obscurity to bear the brunt of some arduous enterprise. All the more for that reason do I welcome the description of what Wells was as given by a distinguished foreigner, Ferrandus, who visited it under Bishop Bekyngton (1443-1465). Words fail him to describe the pleasantness of the fair city of fountains. The Bishop's palace, with its moat and its magnificent hall; the Bishop himself, stately and munificent; the canons patters of hospitality, the vicars of urbanity; the people wise and prudent, the music of the cathedral admirable; and last, but not least, *nobilis ille atque facetus Decanus*. Let us give honour where honour is due, and rescue the name of Nicholas Carent from oblivion.*

Before long, however, partly by the greater fulness of the records, partly by the publicity forced on them through the political or ecclesiastical troubles of the time, the deans of the period come before us with greater prominence. Foremost among these is John Gunthorpe (1472-1497), whom I am bound to hold in honour (not perhaps without a remonstrance at his having left the burden of a "white elephant" to his impoverished successors) as having erected perhaps, with the exception of that at Durham, the lordliest deanery in England.

Gunthorpe took a high place among the earlier scholars of the English Renaissance. He studied for three years at Verona, under Guarino, one of the foremost of the Italian scholars of the time. He

* Carent was the Dean who had to carry out Beckyngton's regulations for the Choristers. I can picture his paternal care, and the reverence with which the boys repaid it. I half regret that the distinguished visitor did not notice their superiority also.

brought back a large collection of books, which he left to Jesus College, Cambridge. He had been secretary to Edward IV.'s Queen, and King's Almoner, and was appointed to the deanery in 1472. In the *rose en soleil*, the badge of Edward IV., and in the Tudor rose, which adorn the oriel windows of the north front of the deanery, and which originally belonged to a stately dining-hall, now transformed into bed-rooms, we have evidence of the date of the building. In the stone guns which point from these windows, and in which, after the manner of Bishop Bekyngton, he made a playful rebus on his own name, he left, as it were, his own mark on the building. During his tenure of office the deanery was twice honoured with distinguished visitors. In 1469 our accounts show an oblation of 10s. from Edward IV., 5s. from the Duke of Clarence, and the same amount from the "Lady of Clarence," as made in the Dean's Chapel. It is probable, therefore, that the dining-hall was built for these royal visitors, and that they delighted to show honour to their Dean (p. 284). Nearly thirty years afterwards, in the summer of 1497, Perkin Warbeck had gathered his followers at Taunton. The King mustered his troops at Woodstock, and on September 27 marched to Bath. Perkin's flight and surrender at Beaulieu, as a sanctuary, were celebrated at St. Paul's by a *Te Deum* on October 1. On September 29 the King, accompanied by Oliver King, Bishop of Bath and Wells, moved to Wells, was received by the Corporation, and for one day was lodged at his own charge at the deanery. No mention is made of the Dean as his host, and possibly Gunthorpe, who was advanced in years and suffering from infirmities, retired to his rectory at Ditchat. The deanery was probably chosen rather than the palace, from the fact that the latter had been left unoccupied by King himself, and by his two predecessors, Stillington (1465) and Fox (1491). Gunthorpe, it may be noted, had received a full pardon in 1486, probably as having been, prior to Henry's victory at Bosworth, among the adherents of the house of York. Possibly, however, the pardon may have been of a more trivial nature, a formal acquittance for sums due to the Crown from the Dean, and paid by Gunthorpe (p. 309).

A dean, appointed in 1525, Thomas Winter, deserves a passing note, as being by repute a natural son of Cardinal Wolsey, who held the See of Bath and Wells in *commendam*, from 1517 to 1523. He never resided, and this seems the only fact connecting him with the diocese. In 1537 a dean of altogether a new type appears on the scene, in the person of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex. The appointment was every way significant. He was a layman. He had taken the leading part, as Henry VIII.'s Vicar General, in the suppression of the abbeys and monasteries throughout England. Whilst Dean of Wells he had brought the wealth of Glastonbury and Bath into the King's

treasury. Whiting, the last of the Glastonian abbots, was executed on Glastonbury Tor, after an iniquitous trial in the hall of the Bishop's Palace at Wells, in November 1539. One fancies that the Dean and Chapter must have watched these proceedings with something of the *proximus ardet Ucalegon* feeling of expectancy, hardly soothed by the fact that they got the famous Glastonbury clock, Peter Lightfoot's work, *circ.* 1320, as their share of the plunder. Their own turn might come before long. The greed of the King, the ambition of his advisers, was to be gratified, in the first instance, by the suppression of the monasteries; in the second, by the secularization of the headship of the cathedrals which were not monastic, and by a general system of spoliation. Every deanery in England, if this had passed into a precedent, might have become a sinecure place for a king's favourite—under a ruler of the Charles II. type, for a king's bastard. The choice of Wells for the first experiment was certainly not determined by its being a *corpus vile*. It was probably the direct consequence of Gunthorpe's stateliness. The almost palatial character of the building, covering, with its garden, nearly three acres, attracted a nature which, with all its subtlety and statcraft, was not without an element of ostentation. The records of the Chapter show that Cromwell resided at Wells and took part in its proceedings. Within those walls he brooded over his far-reaching schemes, and carried them into effect, as far as Bath and Glastonbury were concerned, and heard the first mutterings of the storm which announced his fall in 1540.

The close of the pre-Reformation period of the history of Wells seems a fit occasion for saying a few words on one of its characteristic features. On the whole, the cathedral must be looked on as being fortunate in having kept so much of its stained glass from the hands of the destroyer. Neither during the destructive work under Edward VI., nor under the Commonwealth, nor at the time of Monmouth's rebellion, does it seem to have suffered much. What its enemies had failed to effect, however, it had to suffer at the hands of its friends. There is a current proverb at Rome, referring to the destructive work of which one of its palaces is the monument, *Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt Barberini*. At Wells we may say that, "what the lawless did not do, was done by Law." The good bishop of that name (1824-1844) seems to have had a taste for windows of the kaleidoscope, or patchwork, character, and under his influence (the Dean and Chapter must, of course, bear their share of responsibility) much of the stained glass which had remained *in situ* since it was first placed in the cathedral was removed to the windows of the Lady Chapel without any attempt at order.* The glass is, for the most part, of

* The statement must be received with some reserve. I make it on the authority of two survivors of the Law period, but it is a curious illustration of the difficulty of writing

singularly fine character, and its effect, as seen through the intersecting arches of the chapel, is strikingly beautiful, and probably often rejoiced the heart of Bishop Law, as he sat in his throne, with the feeling that he had done a good work in his generation. The drawback, of course, was that, while every bit of glass, as it originally stood, had its history and told its tale of the taste or the liberality of some bishop or dean or canon of the past, commemorated some pious benefactor, and was associated with the religious or structural history of the fabric, that record is now obliterated. As I look at those windows in their mellowed beauty, with the thought that there is history reduced to shreds and shivers—fragments of heads and coats-of-arms, and figures of saints and angels are seen in irremediable chaos—I am tempted to say, if it were allowable to apostrophize a deceased bishop as Newton apostrophized his dog, Diamond, when he tore to bits the first MS. of the “Principia,” “Ah, Bishop Law, Bishop Law, you little knew what mischief you were doing!”

As it is I must be content to note what yet remains: the rich, dark glass, almost black, in the south transept, probably coeval with Reginald Fitz-Jocelyn's work, the equally rich brown in the windows of the staircase leading to William de Marchia's Chapter House, the figures of St. George, St. Ægidius, St. Ambrose, and St. Ethelbert, in the old windows in the clerestory of the choir, presenting in their rich hues, a striking contrast to those of the nineteenth century, which are seen in close juxtaposition with them; and the singular heads, of unusual size, probably of a French origin, in the N. and S. side chapels beyond the east transepts, and of the north aisle. One window in the south aisle, with small, almost miniature, representations of Scriptural subjects, like those in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, is probably, like the west window of the nave, of Flemish origin, and may have been brought over by Dean Creighton from Holland after the Restoration. The gem of the cathedral is, however, the east window of the choir. It is of the type of what is known as a Jesse window, and few windows are more perfect samples of the type. Its rich jewelled lustre attracts the eye from a distance, and keeps it riveted with a sense of calm repose, but in order to appreciate its beauty, both of colour and design, it requires to be looked at through a good field-glass. Of the modern stained glass of the cathedral, with one exception, the less that is said the better. The window presented by Canon Pinder and the students of the College, in the south-east transept, by Clutterbuck, of London,

history that we can find no documentary evidence showing when or by whom the windows of the Lady Chapel were thus altered. Local octogenarians, who have known the Cathedral all their lives, say that the windows have never been, in their time, other than they are now. The lead-work in them, too, is said to be of an earlier date than is compatible with the Law story. Perhaps before February something may turn up to settle the question.

represents the absolute Nadir of the art. Of those in the clerestory of the choir I have already spoken. The exception to which I refer is the window recently placed in the north aisle to the memory of Ken. Of that window, the work of Messrs. Lavers, Barraud & Westlake, I will venture to say that I think it fully worthy of its subject. One testimony to its character I may give in a question that has not unfrequently been put to me as I have been showing the cathedral to our Bank Holiday visitors, after I have told them of the dates of our more ancient glass: "And pray, sir, how old is this?"

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

I may add a few passages from Mr. N. H. J. Westlake's admirable "History of Designs in Painted Glass" (Parkers). He notes that the greater part of the old glass is of the 14th century (probably *circ.* 1320); that the design appears to have been influenced by French ideas; that the Jesse window is of exquisite colour. He gives a detailed description of the restored east window of the Lady Chapel, the old glass in which he assigns to the same period. The large heads of which I have spoken are a "special characteristic of the Wells traceries," though examples are found at Narbonne, Toul, Rouen, Evreux, &c. (part ii. p. 19). He identifies one of the fragments in the Lady Chapel windows as a representation of Nathan and David (p. 60), and conjectures that it was probably part of a series of types, or Scriptural subjects.

(To be concluded next month.)

“THE LORD WAS NOT IN THE EARTHQUAKE.”

WITH the exception of Mill's memorable “Essays on Religion,” few attempts have been made in modern times to form from Nature an estimate of the character of its Author. The God of Nature has been, so to speak, in the background of thought for many ages while the eyes of worshippers have been riveted upon the majestic presentations of Jehovah and the Father of Christ. Such Christian divines as have written treatises on natural theology have uniformly striven only to marshal premises for foregone conclusions, and to draw fresh arguments from the material world in support of convictions which they had derived from the world of spirit. A genuine effort to interrogate Nature disinterestedly and without bias towards faith in the Divine perfection, would have seemed to Paley and the authors of the *Bridgewater Treatises* both foolish and impious. When poets spoke of “looking through Nature up to Nature's God,” they meant looking up through telescopes filled with the coloured glass of Christian sentiment.

Even if we seek outside Christendom, or in earlier than Christian times, it is difficult to meet with any simple, Nature-derived idea of Deity. The loftier minds among the old philosophers believed generally in some sort of Logos or Intuition, and were indisposed to work out theologies from natural phenomena which they noticed little and understood less. The most important of their efforts in this direction is perhaps the Second Book of the “*Naturæ Deorum*,” where Cicero puts into the mouth of Balbus a review of the whole physical science of the age, purposing to derive therefrom evidence of the beneficent care of the gods. Unfortunately, a large proportion of the chosen examples of Providence are absurd popular fables, so that the value of the conclusion is *nil*; and those examples do but

betray the readiness of mankind to credit Nature with more tenderness than she possesses. Only in the few glimpses recoverable of the earliest Nature-worship of India, Syria, Greece, Mexico, &c., and by observation of existing tribes of savages, can we recall the impression which the grandeur and terror of Nature—sun and stars, day and night, harvest-field and flower-strewn plain, the earthquake and the thunderstorm—made upon souls exposed intellectually naked to their influence. This impression, if I do not err, was one wherein gratitude and dread, hope and mistrust, were equally intermingled; and the outcome of which in religious rites was almost uniformly gloomy if not sanguinary. Probably Tennyson's magnificent Prayer to Artemis in "The Cup," furnishes as good an expression as the modern mind could provide of one of the milder phases of Nature-worship, that of the Ephesian Diana:—

"O Thou that dost inspire the germ with life,
The child, a thread within the house of birth,
And give him limbs, then air, and send him forth
The glory of his father,—Thou whose breath
Is balmy wind to robe our hills with grass,
And kindle all our vales with myrtle blossom,
And roll the golden oceans of our grain,
And away the long grape bunches of our vines.
* * * * *

"O Thou who slayest the babe within the womb,
. . . . great Goddess, whose storm voice
Unsockets the strong oak, and strows our fruits, and lays
Our golden grain,
Whose arrow is the plague;
Who causes the safe earth to shudder and gape
And gulf doomed cities;
Whose lava-torrents blast and blacken a province
To a cinder;
Whose winter cataracts find a realm, and leave it
A waste of rock and ruin! Hear!"

Such as they were these rude conceptions of the Power behind Nature were derived only from observation of the most obvious phenomena. In our day we may bring to the inquiry not only ten thousand actual facts unknown and unsuspected by our forefathers concerning the organic and inorganic worlds, but theories ranging those facts in order, and bringing to light their full significance. It is inevitable that attempts will be made ere long to work out a systematic natural theology with the aid of the philosophy of evolution, and in a totally different vein from the Christian "evidences" of the past. Students devoted to the study of Nature must needs peer into the darkness behind her more persistently than the mere bookworms of former generations; while religious souls, alarmed at the widening cracks and chasms in the walls of all the Churches, may excusably roam outside in search of fresh building-ground. Beside these are others, of whom I shall speak hereafter, who would be well pleased to substitute a religion and morality such as might be extracted from the physical world for those which have come down to us from the sources

of light in the human soul and conscience; men to whom the love of the spiritually revealed God appears a sentimental dream, and for whom Christian tenderness and self-sacrifice are lessons less congenial than those rudenesses which Nature affords in her Struggle for Existence. Science has been frequently called the "Handmaid of Religion," and when young and simple she frequently fulfilled that function. Grown old and arrogant, however, she has consigned her mistress to an asylum for imbeciles, while—like other Abigails—she borrows her cap and speaks from her chair. All these in various measures are threatening us with a reversion to Nature as the true guide to God and duty. Meanwhile the philosophers and theologians, who are rising in flocks over the vast field turned up by the Darwinian plough, seem to be doing little more than beating the air. They do not deal with the real question of the hour—the testimony of Nature, as interpreted by Evolutionism, to the character of its Author. Some of them * with great acuteness identify all Motion with Force, all Force with Will, and thus point to the Divine Will as the immediate origin of all the phenomena of all worlds. But in a moral sense this is only to bring us back Odin (Wuotan), "the Mover," for our God; and to enhance rather than relieve the difficulty of accepting the cruelties and grossnesses of the travailing earth as directly caused by Deity. On the other hand, the theologians thrash out with superfluous zeal the possible bearings of the theory of evolution on the traditional dogmas of Miracles, the Incarnation and Redemption. But of the deep, dark shadow added by that theory to the great mystery of Evil they have nothing to say. Not one (so far as my limited reading extends) has attempted to face the troop of fresh doubts and difficulties ushered in by Darwin. The few who meddle with the problem of Evil in Nature, do so in the old familiar way, taking no note of the circumstance that we have now to deal, not merely with *facts* strangely jarring against our conceptions of Omnipotent Goodness, but with—what is far harder to meet—great *laws* which diametrically contradict the axioms of human morality. In view of these newly discovered laws, men and women to whom the love of a Perfect God has been the mainspring of life and duty, turn away sorrowful and disappointed when they listen to sermons wherein some classes of evils in Nature are glossed over and others ignorantly denied; wherein the dazzling blaze of general beneficence is used to blind them to particular cruelty; and which rarely close without the iteration of the tale (which would be ludicrous were it not pitiful) of Livingstone's chance experience of the lion's accidentally painless blow, and the expression of the childish hope that all the prey of all the carnivora (shriek they never so wildly) may be similarly stunned. The hearers of such discourses pine to build their faith in the absolute goodness of God on some rock whereon the shifty excuses

* *E.g.*, Dr. Dallinger, in his very able recent lectures, "The Creator," &c.

of divines will be needless and impertinent. They say in effect, "We care little for solutions of metaphysical conundrums, such as how Mind can act on Matter; nor for ingenious scholastic reconciliations between new science and the old dogmas of the Churches. But we desire to see the justice of God vindicated that our souls may perish not! Let our teachers do *that* for us, or hold their peace." What answer is to be given to this most righteous demand?

I believe it is to be found in that wondrous parable of old, full of the deepest wisdom for all time, in 1 Kings xix. 11: "And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: And after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: And after the fire a still small voice." To go to Nature to find God is to seek Him in the wind and the earthquake and the fire, while closing our ears to the "still small voice." That the same Lord must actually rule in the spiritual and in the material world, must—in some yet thickly veiled sense—ride upon the wings of the wind and preside over the earthquake and shine in the fire, is plain as daylight; but that He is "in them" in the same sense in which He speaks in the soul, or that our petty faculties and narrow vision are competent to find Him, not only in His own chosen temple, but in the wilderness of earth and waters, this is not plain. It is not true. The *credo* of purely physical science, if it be ever formulated by its best instructed apostles—geologists, zoologists, and physiologists—will be a symbol very different indeed from that faith which attributes to the Supreme Power "tender mercies over all His works," and equal justice for weak and strong. And if men should go beyond theology, and attempt to deduce (as some scientists already endeavour) moral lessons from the supposed laws of Nature's God, those lessons will be the absolute reversal of the Christian ethics which Europe has hitherto recognized as divine. In short, I conceive that nothing could be more disastrous both to Religion and Morality than to revert to Nature as an authority for one or the other. By the insurmountable limits of our intelligence we are disqualified from such a comprehension of Nature as a whole as might enable us to construct a true idea of its Author, even as we should be unfit to judge of the contents of a book of which only one page out of a thousand was in our hands, and that one-half illegible to us. In the life hereafter it is to be hoped that such a view may be afforded to our spirits of the great scheme of things as that all darkness may vanish, and the God of Nature be not only, as now, *believed* to be the same as the Father of Spirits, but *seen* to be so. But that beatific vision, ending all doubts for ever, is not for us here or now; and if we persist

in seeking in Nature, for the Object of our worship, we shall be landed in a later paganism which I verily believe will be harder and more systematically pitiless than that of our remotest ancestors. In the hope of guarding some few readers against an unreflecting resort to Nature as a source of religious knowledge amid the general disturbance of all the landmarks of thought, I shall proceed to make some remarks on what she seems to teach as regards theology and morality when read in the light of the theory of evolution. The review will be a painful one for we all love Nature, so that to expose what is hideous in her is like the weird stripping of the dreadful lady whom Christabel found in the forest. Half of Nature's bosom is "a sight to dream of, not to tell." But it is right always to face such truths, and needful to do it now, that we may be warned against taking the witch for our guide into the precincts of Religion.

At the outset I must say a few words as to the aspects which Nature wore under the old Creation-theory, before proceeding to discuss those which have been introduced by the new philosophy with which we are mainly concerned.

The all-pervading law by which animal life on earth and in the waters is chiefly sustained by preying on other life is unquestionably repugnant to our feelings. Against it the vegetarianism of Brahmins and Pythagoreans, and of many modern English men and women deserving of respect, has been a protest. Nevertheless, the principle of the law may, I suppose, be rightly justified on the grounds stated by Archbishop King, and admitted to be compatible with the widest beneficence. Death also, it may readily be granted, is an inevitable condition attached to physical life. An amount of pain among creatures may further be accepted as needful to secure them from mutilation and untimely death. Again, the ravages of cyclones and thunderstorms are explicable as incidents of otherwise useful agencies. Evils of these classes, though they constitute ugly features in the radiant face of Nature, do not point to any but a good purpose in their Author. The facts which bear a darker significance are those which exhibit many species of animals destroying their prey with superfluous cruelty, or torturing creatures which they only partially devour. It is needless to expatiate on these terrible facts, which are only too familiar to the thoughts of all who have hearts to feel for the sufferings of unoffending birds and brutes. What idea can we form of the character of the Author of Nature if we assume Him to have directly implanted such instincts as these, and to have caused the existence of the direful parasites by which higher organisms are sacrificed to the lowest of all? If the Tyrians took Melkarth, and the Aztecs their dreadful deities from the Nature-God, was it altogether preposterous? All these evils of animated

Nature, and those wrought by volcanoes, blights, and floods, so long as we held to the old theory of creation were dark indeed. But they bore the aspect of *exceptions* in a world where Good was the rule. They were, we may say, spots on the sun of Nature, inexplicable by any hypothesis of map, but still distinctly belonging to the category of exceptions. We shall presently consider the place they occupy viewed in the light of Darwinism.

For a moment, however, let us pause on the threshold to note that God has seemed to recede further away behind Nature since the dawn of the new philosophy. It may be only a kind of optical illusion, but certainly to our feeble sense the Being who directly "creates," or contrives anything (in the way, *e.g.*, in which Bell conceived that God contrived the human hand), is more closely connected with that creature than the Being who only presides—none guesses how—over its evolution. The new theory leaves us indeed, in Mr. Herbert Spencer's brilliant expositions, still a Deity behind Nature. But it must be owned that He is very far behind Nature indeed; almost as far as the Supreme God of the old Gnostics, with 365 generations of gods between him and the Demiourgos. As our minds wander down the interminable chain from the Ascidian to Man, we lose sight of the first link which should bind all to the eternal throne: All things which we see and love in earth and air and waters, birds and beasts and flowers and shells, which under the old theology we had simply taken as each a beautiful Divine Thought, are now seen to be the inevitable result of "selections" and "survivals," which *may*, for aught we know, be divinely brought about, but which by no means impress us as necessarily divine. The Supreme Power who had seemed to stand on high directing each shaft of light with the godlike ease and certainty of which the Apollo of the Vatican is the embodiment, appears now rather as an Engineer discharging a huge catapult or *mitrailleuse*, whereof one bullet in fifty strikes the mark and the rest fall to the ground. Nature's method of filling up the vacancies at her board by bringing millions of young creatures, and of ova and seeds into existence, and only permitting a hundredth part of them ever to reach maturity, is almost irreconcilable with any idea we can form of direct divine guidance, such as that which, as we understood, marks the fall of a single sparrow. Each phenomenon also seems to be brought about in a manner which removes the authorship further away. We had fondly thought we almost saw the Divine hand painting the rose, moulding the graceful bird, planting the islands in the sea, building the mountain-towers, lifting up the arch of heaven, and bidding the stars roll in their appointed courses. Now we see a hundred intervening causes for each and everything—the sexual selection of the brute; the fertilizing visit of the bee; the industry of a coral insect.

No cultivated man would now write of the flowers, as Longfellow did only forty years ago; as springing up everywhere as tokens of Divine love; nor of the parts of our frames as God-bestowed eyes and ears and limbs. We know that all these things have come about through natural Evolution, and though such of us as believe in God believe that He had *something to do* with that evolution, the "something" is so filmy that the emotions of gratitude and tenderness refuse to take hold of it, and droop to earth where once they clung in flowery garlands.

Turn we now to my principal concern—the moral character of the Nature-God, as discernible in Nature read in the light of the philosophy of evolution. Professor Huxley tells us* that "the doctrine of evolution is neither anti-theistic nor theistic; it simply has no more to do with Theism than the first book of Euclid has." He asserts further, that "in theological science, as a matter of fact, it has created no difficulties." I presume to differ from Mr. Huxley on these heads, if difficulties concerning the Divine character (assuredly the greatest of all) are to be reckoned among those of theological science. I shall explain why this is my opinion.

Though nothing is changed in the proportions of good and evil in the Kosmos, I apprehend that the relation which the latter bears to the former is essentially altered in our eyes by Darwinism. In one respect the change is for the better. It is better to think that Pain and Death are the conditions of the *advancement* of sentient beings than that they are either meaningless, or the results of a Fall. But on the other hand, while under the old view Evil always presented itself as an *exception* to prevailing goodness, it is seen under the new to be nothing of the kind, but an integral part of the whole scheme, an indispensable condition of the "struggle for existence," which is the pivot of the entire machine. By this change the spectacle of the universe has in a few years been transformed to human eyes as in a dissolving view. It was a Garden with one unaccountable poison-tree among a hundred bearing fruit pleasant to the eyes and good for food. We behold it as a Battlefield where the carnage will go on so long as the moon endureth. The Nature-God who presides over this eternal Battlefield must needs be a different being to our apprehension than he whom we fondly imagined walked in the Garden.

But the transformation of our bird's-eye view of Nature, from a Garden to a Battlefield, is only the first of the changes which the evolutionist-theologian must confront. The laws of Nature, as now understood, the rules by which she proceeds in her dealings, have to be examined, and the indications they afford of the character of their Author duly weighed. We begin with the great formula of Darwinism—the "Survival of the Fittest"—and shall endeavour to analyze it as a moral legislation.

* "Life of Darwin," vol. ii. p. 203.

The law of the "Survival of the Fittest" resolves itself into the following rules of Nature's work :

1. The interests of the herd are always regarded ; not those of the individual.

2. Might is the measure of right, and the weak are systematically left at the mercy of the strong.

3. While the "fittest" survive, the unfit and less fit are destroyed.

As regards the first of these rules, the results are grand and beneficent. As the centuries sweep on the vast scene of Nature presents more varied and more highly organized forms of life, and consequently contains more and higher enjoyment. This general beneficent aim of Nature is an immense discovery. Were we not all so well trained by the old creeds to take it for granted that the Creator (as we called Him) was good, had we formed no conception of the character of the Supreme Power, then the revelation of modern science that the universe is unfolding as a Flower, not lying dead as a Stone, or gradually breaking up as a Toy, would be hailed by us as a glorious gospel. Fifty years ago Charles Hennel wrote, "to fabled Adam in his Eden the discovery that Nature was beneficent would have been thrilling." How much more should it be so to us to read in the imperishable record of the rocks the story of the earliest history, from the blind wallowing worms of the primeval seas and "dragons of the prime" up to Man, the visible crown and climax of the magnificent scheme !

"The glorious consummation," says W. Fiske, "towards which organic evolution is tending is the production of the highest and most perfect psychical life. In the natural selection of such individual peculiarities as conduce to the survival of the species, in the evolution by this process of higher and higher creatures endowed with capacities for a richer and more varied life, there is seen a well-marked dramatic tendency towards the *dénouement* of which every one of the myriad little acts of life and death during the entire series of geologic æons was assisting. The whole scheme is teleological. . . . In the deepest sense it is as true as ever that the world was made for man and that the bringing forth in him of those qualities which we call highest and noblest is the final cause of creation."

All this affords a magnificent vista, an exhibition on the vast scale of the whole geologic record of the *general* beneficence of the Power Behind Nature—a truth, so far as it goes, of boundless significance.

But do not we want something yet more ? If Nature can only show us this beneficence *ex masse*, carried out with apparent pitilessness towards myriads of individuals, this care for the Herd combined with indifference towards the members thereof, there is in the character of the Nature-God something altogether lacking from that ideal which we have worshipped as the Father of Spirits.. We have believed in a Divine Justice which is justice to each

individual, and in "tender mercies" which are "over all God's works." Nor can our consciences at their present standpoint be satisfied with anything less than such Justice and such mercies in the God we are to adore.

The Nature-God is seen here, as it were, in direct contrast with the Father of Spirits, nor can the two ideals be reconciled save by receding enormously from the ordinary conception of Divine Power. It is precisely the difference between our conception of a good human sovereign and of a God, that the one must regard the interests of the mass of his subjects to the detriment of the minority; the other (we have assumed) can care and protect at once and equally the many and the few :

"To Him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
• He fills, controls, connects, and equals all."

Of course a large part of the action of this law consists in the diminution under unfavourable circumstances of the prolific power of each "unfit" race, causing it to dwindle and expire as its environment becomes more and more unsuitable. So far the process is a merciful one. The great cause of the sufferings of animals and of the fierceness of the struggle for existence is the excessive prodigality of reproduction. But the conditions of a gradually perishing race must be full of misery so long as any survive. Scarcity of food proper for their use, suffering from cold or heat beyond the degrees for which Nature provided them with protection, and exposure to enemies from whom they were unable to escape,—such must have been the wretched lot of several generations of every species of bird and beast to be found in the geologic record, ere it became extinct.

Secondly, as regards the second rule included in the law of the Survival of the Fittest, " Might is the measure of Right, and the weak are systematically left at the mercy of the strong." Nature's law is here the actual antithesis of all human law, which exists primarily for the end of vindicating Right against Might. If men acted on the principle of Nature in this matter no judicial system, no code of laws would ever have been invented. The strong, by the hypothesis, would have been able to take care of themselves. It is human Justice which differentiates human society from the society of apes in the forest. Just so far as we perfect our jurisprudence so far we defeat Nature ; and so far as Nature acts independently of man, so far do the strong oppress the weak and injustice triumphs. How then is it possible to deduce the notion of a just God from Nature ?

Thirdly, the law of the Survival of the Fittest involves the destruction of the unfit and the less fit. Here again is a diametrical opposition between the law of Nature and the law (whencesoever we derived it)

which now prevails throughout the civilized world, and to which most persons would unhesitatingly attribute a religious obligation. We, in Europe, neither destroy feeble and deformed infants as did the Spartans, nor kill our aged parents as do the Fuegians. Our homes, our hospitals for incurable children, our asylums for the hopelessly insane and idiotic, our workhouse infirmaries filled with superannuated paupers, all bear emphatic testimony to our conviction that we think it a sacred duty to secure the *Survival of the Unfit*. At enormous cost of money and tender care, and a still more serious loss to the physical health of each generation, we secure, by every conceivable resource of science, the prolonged existence of men, women, and children, who under the stern (and for the herd beneficent) law of Nature would have been swept out of the way. But every robin chirping in the holly has been a parricide! Every cuckoo filling the April woods with soft sound has been a fratricide! Nearly every beast and bird, even the herbivorous and graminivorous, will on occasion become a murderer, and carry out Nature's law by the destruction of the aged and the wounded. What idea can we form then of the inspirer of such an instinct, save as—to our poor thoughts—the very antitype of the Lord of our consciences?*

Another great law of Nature specially brought for the first time into its present prominence, is that of Heredity. It is in fact the key to the whole theory of Evolution. The offspring of each creature benefits or suffers by the act of its parent, and again transmits the advantage or disadvantage to its descendants. Any induction we may draw from Nature as to the character of its Author must give this great law a prominent place. But do we not seem, when we reflect on the part which this law plays in human and animal life, to be brought back to the morality of barbarous ages when tyrants slaughtered or sold children into slavery, as the penalty of the father's transgression? Nature brings disease into whole families, and sends suffering, imbecility, madness, blindness, untimely death on the children and on the children's children of a man who, for his own share, often endures but a very brief penalty of sickness, or perhaps dies a sudden and painless death. Is this just? Is it just at all that the child should be born maimed, disfigured, with tainted blood, and feeble and perverted brain, because his father was a drunkard or a profligate? Are we still to

* While these pages have been passing through the press, an incident has been reported from India, exhibiting sharply the contrast between Christian and Pagan (i.e., Nature's) Morality on this very point. A deformed child was born in Madras, and its parents deliberately put it to death. The crime being proved, the English Courts of Justice sentenced them to servitude for life, whereupon popular feeling in the Presidency, approving of the act of the parents, rose to such a pitch of excitement, that Lord Connemara, the Governor, thought it best to reduce the penalty to a month's imprisonment. London newspapers commenting on the case calmly described the Indian sentiment as "crude and barbarous," but it cannot be denied that it was strictly in accordance with the law of the *Survival of the Fittest* and the general example of animal instinct.

ask, "Did this man sin *or his father*, that he was born blind?" Does not the moral sense of Christendom, and the legislation of all Christian nations, emphatically pronounce that "the son shall not bear the iniquity of the father, neither shall the father bear the iniquity of the son; the righteousness of the righteous shall be upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him?" It seems as if we could register the very hour when the human conscience renounced the natural law which it had previously blindly followed, and adopted the higher law which now regulates the civilized world. The 18th chapter of Ezekiel reads like the bursting of new moral light on the mind of the prophet. "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, What mean ye, that ye use this proverb concerning the land of Israel, saying, The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge? As I live, saith the Lord God, ye shall not have occasion any more to use this proverb in Israel. Behold, all souls are mine; as the soul of the father, so also the soul of the son is mine: the soul that sinneth, it shall die. But if a man be just . . . he shall surely live, saith the Lord God." Nothing can be clearer than the repudiation, on an authority felt by the speaker to be divine, of the principle which prevails through all the realms of animate Nature and bears heaviest upon man.

To sum up this part of our subject: Were we to deduce our idea of God only from what we can learn of Him through the book of Nature expounded by Darwin the result would be one bearing little or no resemblance to that which Christendom has learned to adore as the Father of Spirits.*

And if from such a Theology of Nature we were to proceed to deduce a Morality of Nature, the result would be a system harder and more pitiless than any pagan ethics yet known, for it would involve the principles:—

That Might makes Right;

That the interests of the many annihilate the rights of the few, even the rights to life or exemption from torture;

That the aged, the diseased, the imbecile, sickly and deformed children, and all superfluous and troublesome persons of either sex, should, like the drones, be destroyed by their relatives;

* I may add, as a friend has pointed out, that in human History as well as in the human heart, we may read the reversal of the Law of the Strongest. It is *not* the "heavy battalions," on the side of which the Lord of Hosts is always to be found fighting. The deepest and most durable influences which have ever touched our race, those which have deflected the whole stream of history, have sprung, not from physical or even intellectual strength, but from moral and spiritual sources. Every time we write the date of the year in which we are living, or of any past occurrence, we record the fact that the Building of Rome, the Olympiads of Greece, the Dynasties of Egypt, and every other reckoning post in the world's story have all been merged in one; the date when a child who never became a king or conqueror—legislator or philosopher, was born in a stable.

That the children and grandchildren of offenders should be made to bear the penalties incurred by their parents.

Such is in brief the Morality of Nature. Other lessons might be taken from her scarcely less fatally, concerning the relations of the sexes. *It might be plausibly asked, Why should a man be held to sin when he keeps a harem, as do stags, bulls, cocks, and scores of other animals? Or a woman be degraded by following the behaviour of female dogs and cats? Monogamy, (and, we may add, Modesty), as well as Justice and Mercy, would soon vanish from human society were it once allowed that we may learn even the elements of Duty from Nature. "If," says John Stuart Mill, "imitations of the Creator's will, as revealed in Nature, were applied as a rule of action, the most atrocious enormities of the worst men would be more than justified by the apparent intention of Providence that throughout all animated Nature the strong should prey upon the weak." *

But if consequences like these must follow from accepting Nature as a guide to religion or morality, it is surely time to protest loudly against the attempts now often made to refer to it as one or the other? It is utterly illogical to make such reference in one case and refuse to do so in all. We are bound to take Nature *en bloc*, with all her laws and all her cruelties, as well as her beneficences; her tyrannies as well as her motherlinesses—if we are to follow her at all; and where this would land us I have, I think, sufficiently shown.

Two classes of persons fall into the error of referring to Nature as a guide. The first do it in good faith, having never reflected on the terrible lessons which her laws practically teach, and having blindly accepted the optimism of Christian theologians who (as I said at starting) have only sought in Nature for premises to support their own foregone conclusions, derived from quite other channels, of the Divine perfection. They are enchanted, as all of us with eyes and hearts must ever be, with Nature's loveliness and majesty, of which they behold perhaps only those fairest aspects sought out in these days by every man of cultivated feeling. They think accordingly, that Nature affords as good, if not better ground whereon to erect a Religion than the unstable consciousness of humanity. Alas! they might as safely build a cathedral on the emerald grass over a quagmire!

The second class of persons who are wont to refer to Nature as a guide to religion and morals, differ from the last very widely, for they have never been deceived by the optimism of divines, and are well versed in the most terrible secrets of Nature. They do not blindly accept Nature as the others do, because they think she teaches

* "Essays on Religion," p. 59.

Christignity, but (it is to be feared) *because they know that she teaches rank Paganism*. This last class consists of men of science who despise the religious sentiments of their neighbours, and who, from the heights of their superiority, rebuke them by referring to "the action of Almighty Power" in the natural world as sanctioning practices which the unscientific Christian is disposed to abhor.*

In face of these perilous reasonings, both on the side of the thoughtless who know Nature too little, and of the scientists who know her too well; it is surely time once more to raise the old prophetic cry: "If Baal be God, worship Him; but if the Lord be God, worship Him." There ought to be no halting between two opinions. Pardonable as it is for men, wearied of the controversies of theology and tortured by the difficulties which beset every phase of faith, to turn to the external world and think that there at least they may find solid ground to build their temple, it is yet urgently needful to resist such a tendency and recall the minds of our generation to the truth, which none may gainsay, that, if there be a God at all, *He is a Spirit*, and that it is in spirit He must be found and worshipped. In the language of the old theology, it is God the Holy Ghost, the "Holy Spirit throned within us," of whom Seneca spoke, the "still small voice" of the religious consciousness which Elijah heard, which can guide us to Divine knowledge; *not* the wind, *not* the earthquake, *not* the fire, *not* the laws of Evolution. Our purview of the universe is all too incomplete, our insight into the meaning of the laws which govern it too superficial, to enable us to form from it any intelligent or trustworthy idea of its Author and He has Himself chosen to teach us in another way.

There will come a time, as I believe, in the æons of our immortality when we shall be able with eagle eyes to embrace the Divine plan of our world's history, and once more look on everything which has been made and find it good. But now—poor flock of aphidæ that we are, crawling on one leaf of the great Ygdrassil oak—it is vain for us to hope to attain any such sweep of vision. Let Science toil on and add fact to fact, and improve her theories generation after generation, carrying the assurance with her that

* Here is a specimen of such argument from a pamphlet issued by the *Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research*:—"It is not so much by means of unenlightened sentiments that men hold communion with the Creator, as by a knowledge of the great laws and principles by which Almighty Power governs all things, and which, largely by means of experiments, scientific men have discovered. And the men who know most about the powers which regulate the universe, and determine human actions, are the most likely to know about a Cause of all things." . . . "The complete disregard of human and animal life by the operations of Nature, as in the recent earthquakes at Ischia and Java, ought to teach us that in cases where objects of greater importance and magnitude are involved, pain, and death even, of countless numbers of men and animals, is a secondary matter. The necessity of new knowledge, and of pain and toil to obtain it, are unavoidable conditions of life, and to find fault with this, or object to take the means necessary for gaining such knowledge, is disobedience of Divine commands."

to-day's knowledge will be to-morrow's ignorance! When all is done her tower will never reach to heaven, nor even be appreciably nearer to it at the summit than at the base. It is in other ways that man must find God; nay, rather that *God will find Man*; that the Father of Spirits seeks and finds the spirits "which also are His offspring."

We may still gaze upon this beautiful world with the sweet sense that our joy in its loveliness is in truth the deep sympathy of sons in their Father's work, the echo of God's divine delight in Beauty, manifested in earth and sky. But when we behold the wrongs and agonies of unoffending creatures we need not perplex our souls and warp our moral sense by endeavouring to find justification for such evil, but fall back on the testimony of our own consciences to the perfect goodness of their Lord. The "still small voice" which says to us "Be Merciful!" is our guarantee that He who utters it is, All-Merciful.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

WELSH NATIONALITY.

IF a thoughtful student of modern politics were asked to name the motive force which has most powerfully shaped and directed the course of contemporary history, he would probably reply, "The sentiment of nationality." To say nothing of its influence on smaller communities, it has already created or consolidated two great European States, and there are those who believe that it is destined to break up a third. In days when empires were built up or held together by military conquests or dynastic alliances, the growth of such a sentiment might have been disregarded with impunity. In an age when the strongest governments are more or less penetrated by democratic ideas, it cannot fail to awaken the interest of the philosopher, the hopes or anxieties of the statesman.

In the case of the United Kingdom the problem is complicated by the co-existence of several very distinct and pronounced types of national character, as well as by the popular sentiment which has grown up around each. Speaking generally, it may be said that, by the majority of Englishmen, the nationality of Scotchmen is regarded with good-natured toleration or sentimental sympathy, that of Irishmen with growing alarm or awakening self-reproach, that of Welshmen with something like contemptuous indifference. Yet it would not be difficult to show that, of these three nationalities, that of Wales is at once the most strongly marked and the most likely to prove enduring. When therefore men like Lord Selborne profess themselves unable to see the slightest reason why Wales should claim from the Imperial Parliament a more distinctive treatment than Yorkshire, it is time to enter a good-tempered protest against assumptions which are not the less irritating or mischievous because they are founded upon ignorance. Upon the causes of that ignorance I will endeavour

to touch [hereafter. Let us first determine—What constitutes a nation?

The question is by no means easy to answer in the abstract, though each of us may feel no difficulty in recognizing any particular branch of the human race as coming within the designation. One man would probably reply that a nation is created and kept together by identity of political institutions, another by community of origin, a third by similarity of language. Yet it would be possible to show by examples that not one of these three elements, taken by itself, necessarily constitutes a nation; and, on the other hand, that a nation may exist independently of one or more of them.

Let us take each in order. Our great Indian dependencies are ruled by the same Government, and, speaking generally, by the same laws; yet no one would think of speaking of the Indian nation. Every student of Indian history knows that our conquest of the country was facilitated and our hold strengthened by the innumerable racial and religious differences which enabled, and still enable, a handful of Europeans to subjugate and hold in subjection some 200 million Orientals. Indeed, it is a cardinal article of belief with most Anglo-Indians that the growth of a spirit of Indian nationality will necessarily involve the downfall of our great Eastern Empire. The Turkish Empire, again, is nominally under the sway of one ruler, who, so far as he acknowledges any law at all, governs it by the same laws. Yet no one would think of dignifying the heterogeneous mass of Arabs, Kopts, Kurds, Slavs, and Greeks who acknowledge the suzerainty of the Sultan with the name of a nation. The great mass of the Russian people are animated by a blind and fanatical devotion to their Czar, and by a patriotism not the less genuine because it is largely coloured by religious zeal. Their Government is one of the most compact and highly centralized in the world. Yet, though we may look upon the Poles and the Finns as a nation, I doubt whether any one could speak of the Russian nation in the sense in which he might apply that term to the French, Germans, or Italians. The same remark applies with even greater force to the ill-assorted bundle of nationalities which compose the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It follows, therefore, that the accident of political union under the same sceptre, though it may make a State, does not necessarily make a nation.

Let us apply another test—that of community of race and origin. No one will deny that few things are more calculated to weld men together than those common temperaments, habits, and types of character which, modified as they may be by climate and other local influences, are popularly believed to be the distinctive and indestructible attributes of different families of the human race, especially when, as often happens, the bonds of racial affinity are strengthened by a common religious faith and worship. Perhaps the most remark-

able proof of the resistance of a strongly marked nationality to all external influences is to be found in the history of that Hebrew race, which, dispersed as it has been over three continents, and persecuted with unrelenting severity in each of them, still remains almost as much a nation as it was in the days of the Mosaic dispensation. Yet it would be rash to conclude that a nation, in the true sense of the word, can only be composed of men of the same blood. The French are probably the most homogeneous people in Europe. No nation has ever developed such a capacity for assimilation, either at home or abroad; yet the least observant traveller must have noticed how widely the Frank or Teuton of the north-east of France differs from the Gascon or Breton of the south and west. The English themselves are one of the most mixed races in the world; and although it is the fashion to speak of our Transatlantic cousins as members of the Anglo-Saxon family, it is certain that their original racial type has been, and is, largely diluted by Irish Celts, by German and Scandinavian Teutons, and even by Spanish Mexicans. Yet no one ventures to deny that the people of the United States are in the truest sense of the word a nation—a name to which they have proved their title by the tremendous sacrifice of blood and treasure which they have made to deserve it. On the other hand, a recent visit to the Scandinavian peninsula has convinced me that two peoples so closely allied in blood as the Swedes and Norwegians may, even when united under one king, speaking a language nearly identical, and divided by an almost imperceptible boundary-line, remain for all intents and purposes two separate nations. The well-known stanzas descriptive of the puny physical barriers and strong traditional jealousies which separate the sister Iberian kingdoms will occur to most readers of “Childe Harold” as an illustration of the same truth.

The recurrence of these seemingly inexplicable anomalies should act as a warning against a hasty adoption of what is called “the racial theory of nationalities.” A learned writer in the *Times*, on “The Race Types of To-day,” has pronounced the Welsh to be “as complex a mixture as could be desired,” because their heads are of different shapes and their eyes of different colours. Such speculations are more interesting to the ethnologist than to the practical philosopher; for they leave out of account the various material and moral influences which tend to separate or unite men of the same or different lineage. The climatic and alimentary conditions which make out of the same species a Newfoundland watch-dog and an Italian greyhound, a Shetland pony and a London dray-horse, are not without their effect on the human race. The presence of a strongly marked geographical barrier—a precipitous mountain chain, or a storm-beaten arm of the sea—the consciousness of a common faith, a common history, common associations, common sufferings, and com-

mon dangers—have before now fused into a compact and harmonious whole men whose complexions and cheekbones proclaimed the diversity of their origin.* We have high authority for saying that Greece was made by the Persian invasion, and it needed the ever-present pressure of hostile and jealous neighbours to convert the city, described by one of its historians as the “sink of nationalities,” into the nucleus of the foremost nation of the world. For a more recent illustration, we have only to look across the Channel to find in the descendants of Cromwell’s settlers patriots *ipsis Hibernicis Hiberniciores*.

Now, of all these various astringents (if I may borrow a term from chemical phraseology) none is more powerful than the use of a common language and the possession of a common literature; for the simple reason that such a bond not only unites those who possess it, but effectually cuts them off from those who do not. Certainly, no single cause has done more to bring about the two most remarkable events of this century: the consummation of Italian and German unity—a consummation which, perhaps, owes more to Dante and Alfieri, to Lessing and Goethe, than to the iron will of Bismarck or the wily statesmanship of Cavour. Many years ago one of the patriot poets of Germany, asking himself the question, “Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?” answered in lines which touched the very heart of his countrymen:—

“Ist wo die deutsche Zunge klingt,
Und Gott im Himmel Lieder singt!”

On the other hand, if, as a distinguished writer in the *Fortnightly Review** has lately pointed out, Austria, despite her historic renown and military prestige, is fast becoming what Metternich once called Italy, “a mere geographical expression,” her weakness is mainly due to the fact that her inhabitants speak some thirteen different languages and thirty-five different dialects. At the same time, it would be wrong to infer that a common language is necessarily the only test of a common nationality. The German-speaking inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine were until lately, and the Breton-speaking inhabitants of Lower Brittany are now, almost as French as the Parisians themselves. Nor does the loss of a language of itself imply the loss of a nationality. The Highlander who lays aside his Gaelic, the Irishman who forgets his Erse, remains as national as ever; indeed, under certain circumstances, the acquisition and use of a new and more generally understood language may serve to stimulate and develop the growth of a national spirit. No two men have done more to awaken and sustain the patriotism of Scotchmen than Robert Burns and Walter Scott. Yet if Burns and Scott

* *Fortnightly Review* for April, “The Present Position of European Politics.” IV. Austria-Hungary,” p. 484.

had written in Gaelic they would have "wasted their sweetness on the desert air;" and it is certain that the Irish question would never have reached its present acute stage if Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon had spoken and written only in the language of Brian Boru.

If then a nationality can exist without the presence of any one of the various constituent elements which I have enumerated, what is it that makes a nation? The answer probably is, the combination in a greater or less degree of all or most of them.

Now, if the test be applied to Wales, I venture to assert that, so far as it is possible for a nation to exist without political institutions of its own, the Welsh are as distinctively a nation as a people numerically so small and occupying so small a portion of the earth's surface can be. The inhabitants of Wales proper, if not one of the purest races, are certainly in temperament, in habits, in tastes, above all in their religious proclivities and susceptibilities, national almost to a fault. Such isolated spots as Gower in Glamorganshire and the "England beyond Wales" of Pembrokeshire—really Norman or Flemish colonies, where English customs and the English language have stubbornly held their own against all surrounding impressions—are in truth the exceptions which prove the rule. But for this distinctive character, I believe that no people in the world, subjected to such penetrating social and political influences from outside, could have retained for so long a period and in its pristine purity their own language. We are sometimes told that the Welsh language is dying out. If so, like Charles II., it must be "an unconscionable long time in dying." The same thing was said fifty years ago, but it is an undoubted fact that the number of Welsh-speaking people has distinctly increased since that time.* It may be that the retention of a separate language is at once the cause and the consequence of this singular isolation; but, be that as it may, the fact is there. Let me give a case in point. Some twelve centuries have passed since Offa's Dyke was (if we are to adopt the latest theory) constructed to mark the boundary-line of the English and Welsh languages; and, at least in the part of Wales where I live, Offa's Dyke still remains what it was twelve centuries ago; and if I go two or three miles from my door in one direction, I find scarcely anybody who speaks Welsh—if I go the same distance in another direction, I find scarcely anybody who speaks English. No doubt it is very difficult to convince a stranger of this. The use of English in all our elementary schools, I am often told, must in the end drive out the old vernacular tongue. But those who argue thus forget that, in the words of one of the witnesses examined before the last Education Commission, "it is the mother tongue of the children, the tongue with which all their hearts' associations are bound

* The Report of the Departmental Committee on Welsh Intermediate Education places it at a little over a million, but this estimate is probably below the mark.

up—the language of their homes, of their parents' religion, of their own sympathies and intelligence ; ” and that the moment the child recrosses the threshold of the school his mind flies back, like an unbent bow, to the sounds and idioms which have become as it were a part of his nature. The same witness quotes several instances to show how fleeting and superficial is the impression left by the study of English, even in the best elementary schools. If a further proof were wanted of the passionate devotion of Welshmen to their own language in the present day, I would appeal to the experience of any man who has attempted to address a public meeting—say, in Anglesea or Merionethshire—in the two languages. In the one case, he strikes a chord which is often mute ; in the other, one which, however unskilfully touched, vibrates through the hearts of his audience like the pulsations of an electric chord.

We have then in Wales the somewhat singular spectacle of a people patriotic to the core, yet politically merged in a country with which they have little else in common. Every one knows that the word England in an Act of Parliament includes Wales ; and a Cabinet Minister has lately declared in his place in the House of Commons that he is “ unable in his own mind to separate Wales from England.” The phenomenon is not without a parallel. Probably the nearest contemporary counterpart is to be found in the province of Brittany, peopled by an alien race which speaks an alien language. But what I believe is almost unique in history is this, that while the Welsh people continue to cling as passionately as ever to their own nationality, that nationality is, or has been till quite lately, almost ignored by the outside world. I have already spoken of Lord Selborne. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century*,* pronounces us to be “ a nation in a poetical and not in a political sense.” The remark perhaps proves, what most people knew before, that the distinguished arch enemy of English “ Philistinism ” is a better poet than a politician, and affords another instance of a physician falling a victim to an epidemic which he has undertaken to cure. But it may be taken as a fair example of the way in which Englishmen of the highest culture have learnt to understand the Welsh character. As to the average Englishman, he knows rather more of the Soudan than he does of Wales. I am not speaking now of tourists who spend a month or so in watering-places, which are nothing more than Brightons and Blackpools in Wales, but of men who have lived all their lives among us, and yet who are strangers and sojourners in the land—among us, but not of us—who persist in regarding a Welshman as a somewhat peculiar kind of Englishman living in a place with an unpronounceable name, and preferring a musical festival to a horse-race.

* *Nineteenth Century* for September, p. 321.

This ignorance is mainly traceable to two causes. In the first place, the "upper crust" of Welsh society is essentially English. The wealthy capitalists who, greatly to our material advantage, invade the valleys of the Dee, the Clwyd, and the Conway, are mostly drawn from the neighbouring English counties, and perhaps not unnaturally regard the language and idiosyncrasy of their adopted country as a stumbling-block or a nuisance. The native Welsh gentry have long been in the habit of sending their sons to be educated in English schools and universities, and until lately did their best to discourage the acquisition and use of the Welsh tongue, with the sole and unfortunate result that the gulf which religious differences had created between the various classes of Welsh society has been sensibly widened. In the next place, the literature of Wales—far more prolific, especially in theological and political works, than is generally supposed—is, to use a cant term applied to the literature of Germany in the beginning of the century, essentially *esoteric*. Welsh books and pamphlets, written in a language as unintelligible to the English reader as Hebrew or Chinese, have naturally addressed themselves to Welsh readers; and Englishmen have been left to glean their impressions of the Principality from natives who were either shy of opening their hearts to strangers, or directly interested in misrepresenting the truth. With the ostensible view of dispelling this ignorance, the *Times* has lately published a series of letters purporting to give a bird's-eye view of the religious, political, and social state of the Principality; but these letters, though not devoid of literary ability, are so obviously prepared for English consumption, and so transparently intended to serve a particular purpose, that while conveying to the general reader a somewhat distorted idea of its condition, they have produced no impression in the country itself.

Now I am very far from saying that this isolation, however caused, is from any point of view a good thing. Wales and Monmouthshire (which is ethnographically part of Wales) contain a population nearly equal to one-half of that of Scotland and one-third of that of Ireland. That population is placed upon the very outskirts of the great industrial centres of the kingdom. Moreover, it is rapidly overflowing its boundaries. The Welsh population of Liverpool alone is estimated at 90,000; and if to this be added that of London, Manchester, and other large towns, as well as that of Wales itself, the sum total cannot fall far short of two million souls. While the agricultural wealth of the country—never, it is true, very great—has perhaps not decreased to a greater extent than that of England, its mining, quarrying, and manufacturing industries have been developed at a still greater rate. The two counties of Monmouth and Glamorgan have during the present reign grown more rapidly in wealth and population than any English shire. The Welsh

port of Cardiff already stands third in the list of British harbours, and, within the last few days, we have been promised a new *El Dorado* in Merionethshire. If, as will be asserted, these results owe much to English capital, they certainly owe still more to Welsh labour. Surely a people with such capabilities are no insignificant factors in our Imperial system. But can it be said that we have, as compared with Irishmen and Scotchmen, borne our fair part in the making of that empire, or that we have carried off a fair share of the prizes which it offers? It is an unpleasant admission to make, but I cannot call to mind a single Welshman who is at the present time a Minister of the Crown, an ambassador, a judge of the Supreme Court, or a governor of a British colony. The systematic "boycotting" of Welsh intelligence by every London newspaper, with the single exception of the *Daily News*, has passed into a proverb. We shall be told, perhaps, that this neglect is the penalty which we pay for our language and our nationality, and that if we wish to improve our position and our prospects we must get rid of both. Such advice from a young lady in a London drawing-room might be received with a smile; coming from men who might be credited with some knowledge of human nature, it excites our astonishment while it tries our patience. If the explanation be well-founded the price is one which we must be content to pay for a state of things which we did not create, and which we certainly cannot reverse. But these after all are small matters. What is more to the point is that the majority of the English public are only just awakening to the fact that Wales is entitled to have a voice in the management of her own affairs. Not that any sensible Welshman as yet desires Home Rule for Wales in the same sense in which Irishmen desire Home Rule for Ireland. The circumstances of the two countries are widely and essentially different, and the suggestion that we want to have a Welsh Parliament sitting at Carnarvon, and an executive government of our own, may be dismissed as idle, or at least as premature. But it seems to me absolutely monstrous that upon matters which mainly and directly concern the Principality—ecclesiastical, agrarian, educational—the almost unanimous voice of her parliamentary representatives should be overridden by men who are as little in touch with Wales and know as little of her wants and wishes as if they lived in the Great Sahara. The case of Scotland, whose representatives in the House of Commons, though far less agreed among themselves, are allowed a pretty free hand in matters which concern their own country; is not without some bearing on the question. The retort that the union of England and Wales does not, in the same sense as that of England and Scotland, depend upon an Act of Parliament, is more worthy of a lawyer than a statesman; and if the Welsh members of the House of Commons do not represent Welsh opinion,

it is difficult to see how Scotch members, or indeed English members, can be said to represent Scotch or English opinion.

Now, I am quite ready to admit that we have in some measure ourselves to thank for the treatment of which we complain. We have been too apt to believe that the world is bounded by the estuaries of the Severn and the Dee, and to forget that—

“There are hills beyond Pentland, and friths beyond Forth.”

The improved education which has been so long denied us, and for which we are so earnestly striving, will be but a meagre benefit if we are going to wrap up our talent in the napkin of a narrow provincialism. The young Welshman, who wishes to succeed in the battle of life, must be prepared to follow the advice of Scipio Africanus, and to carry the war out of his own country. Such advice involves no sacrifice of nationality. Nationality is one thing, provincialism is another. The nationalism of Scotchmen is proverbial, yet Scotchmen are not in the habit of hiding their light under a bushel at home. The bi-lingual difficulty so often quoted against us, will, if properly faced, prove rather a bugbear than an obstacle. We have all our part to play on the stage of this great empire—we are all co-heirs in a great heritage: “many members, yet but one body; and the eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again, the hand to the feet, we have no need of you.” Happily, there are signs on all sides that the national conscience of Wales is awakening to a sense of her duties. The demand for an improved system of higher and intermediate education in the Principality—so long and so sorely needed—has been taken up with a fervour which almost entitles it to the name of a crusade; and the enthusiasm awakened by the proposal to form a “Young Wales” party for the Principality shows that the movement is not only deeply rooted but widely spread.

But are we alone to blame? The sooner the truth is told the better. Is there among the nations which at the present time play an important part in the world's history a being who, with all his admirable qualities, is so impervious to external influences, so devoid of that imagination which enables men to place themselves in the position, and to adapt themselves to the habits of life and modes of thought of other nations, as the typical Englishman? A thoughtful writer on our colonial system has lately pointed out that the English colonist, second to no one in self-reliance and energy, is essentially wanting in the power of assimilation;* and there is doubtless some truth in the assertion of a popular French author, that if Ireland had been in France we should never have heard of Irish Home Rule. The disposition so dear to the middle-class mind of England to

* Cf. P. Lucas, “Historical Geography of the British Colonies,” Clarendon Press Series, pp. 26, 27, 84.

measure mankind by an English standard, and to thank God that "we are not as other nations are," contains the germs of a real danger. The dream of a Pan-Anglican communion, in the bosom of which Eastern and Western Christendom may find a haven of rest—the "smug Pharisaism" which leads myriads of English men and women to regard a Church which has not gathered into its fold much more than one-half the population of the southern part of a single island as the chosen repository of Divine truth, and the sole instrument of Divine grace—may arouse the enthusiasm of a Church Congress, or inspire the deliberations of a Diocesan Conference; but when translated into practical politics, these illusions cease to be harmless. Already the rash utterances of Lord Selborne and the Archbishop of Canterbury on the relation of the English Church Establishment to Wales, in marked contrast to the more statesman-like letter of Lord Derby, have worked up Welsh patriotism into a white heat, and the passionate enthusiasm with which the cause of Irish Home Rule has been espoused by Welshmen is largely due to the revolt against the "Philistinism" which persists in regarding their country as a mere appanage of England. The recent tithe riots, occurring among a proverbially law-abiding and peaceable people, where crimes of violence are almost unknown, are the straws which show the direction of the wind, and—strange as it may seem—it may be that there are materials for another Ireland in Wales. To those who are silly enough to regard these movements as the work of a small knot of interested agitators, it would be a waste of words to appeal. In the eyes of others, their importance may be dwarfed by comparison with the Plan of Campaign or the invasion of Trafalgar Square. But Englishmen have troubles enough on their hands already, and they cannot afford to make an enemy even of "poor little Wales." The time may be at hand when her aspirations can neither be ignored with impunity, nor repressed without danger.

G. OSBORNE MORGAN.

THE VALUE OF THE INDIVIDUAL

A DIALOGUE.

I.

"I WANT you to explain," said Althea, as the park gate swung behind them, and they emerged into a high-lying, half-reaped field, whence the big horses were being led away in the distance, leaving the stranded reaping-machines, with their sharp red profile, grotesque against the pale sky. "Why are you angry with these sort of people? You are quite horrid about them; and it bothers me, because I always fancied you must be so just and liberal-minded to everybody. Of course," she added, shading her eyes as she looked at the sun-permeated masses of unreaped wheat and barley, yellow hazes of stalks followed with heavy brown ears or spiked with long, stiff, interlacing beards, and at the shining stubble, on which the great pale corn-stooks stood, placid and majestic, with something, as she had remarked, that reminded you of the Venus of Milo. "Of course I seem to have no right to speak on the subject: I'm so solitary, and rude, and unable to sympathize, and people bore me so, and seem so much less real than all these other things, the trees, I mean, and clouds, and grass, and sheep, and lights and shadows. Of course I *am* like that, but I've always thought it must be because I'm selfish and stupid, and have never been taught anything except to ride, and am generally all wrong, you know, and so can't find out the good in creatures. And I hoped you would perhaps show me how to be different. But now it is you who are harsh and impatient with these poor people, who, after all, do care about some *real* things, books and pictures, and outdoor things, and don't think merely of titles, and carriage-horses, and diamonds, and disgusting stories about their neighbours. And now I want you to explain why."

"Why, what have I said against your friends?" said Baldwin,

laughing. He had been thinking during the last ten minutes, not at all of that particular set of half-fashionable, half-artistic people; but of this strange and delightful creature by his side, and of how she gave one the impression, with her large, calm, blond beauty, and that mixture of unconscious moral gravity and unconscious poetical vision, of being in some odd way closely akin to the trees and grass, and clouds and sea, the real things of the world, as she called them.

"You said they were parasites—funguses, that was the word," answered Althea, "and I want to know why."

"I meant," said Baldwin, "that these delightful friends of ours, with the beautifully furnished houses and the beautifully furnished minds—full of all the most desirable easy-chairs, and old brocade, and Japanese toys, and exotic plants—that these charming, amiable creatures, for whose sake clever men are clever, and pretty women pretty, are living, all this while, off the spiritual effort of other folk; receiving everything and giving nothing in return."

"But everybody cannot be a genius—a Turner, or a Ruskin, or a Browning. What right have you to expect it of them? These creatures make the only return they can: they appreciate the beautiful things made by their betters. I don't see why you should call them names for that, poor things!"

"I was not alluding to that," replied Baldwin, "I don't ask people to have faculties which they don't possess. I only ask them to make use of those they have got. I was looking at these people from the moral side rather than the intellectual."

"They are not wicked; you yourself said there were some of them quite good. I am sure they are harmless," answered Althea, with a slight inflexion of contempt, as she took off her boating hat and held it above her eyes, while looking vaguely into the vague yellow sunset.

"I don't think they are harmless, and I will show you presently why. It's just because they are, as you say, *quite good*, that they seem to me contemptible. They are incapable of doing a nasty thing themselves, nasty things have no attraction for them; yet they live surrounded by people who are perpetually doing and saying nasty things, and they merely shrug their shoulders and say "there is a great deal that's good in poor So-and-so after all." They are mischievous because they tolerate in others what they would not tolerate in themselves. That is the reason why I despise them, Lady Althea.

"And the reason why I am hard towards them, perhaps harder than need be, almost," went on Baldwin, as they left the cornfields behind them, the big beeches and isolated ash trees, and made their way towards the sea, Althea's little brother hanging on to her arm, and the fox terrier running on in front. "The reason why I am hard to such creatures, my dear Lady Althea, is that I occasionally cri-

ence the temptation of becoming such a one myself. I find it so easy to look at only the good sides of people who amuse me, or have some merit or other. I am angry with the slackness of certain folk, what they call *large-mindedness*, because I feel it would suit my laziness so well to be large-minded too. I assure you I feel at times a shame within myself, an inordinate respect and envy for people of cut-and-dried ideas, and a certain narrowness of nature, like my cousin Dorothy and our beautiful Madonna, who would simply turn away in detestation of so much that I analyze, explain, condone; to whom some creatures I tolerate would be simply repulsive. I wish that I too were narrow, had not a certain power of sympathizing and making allowance, a certain abominable adaptability to everything that is human."

Althea stopped and turned her head, less like a woman's, in its large placid beauty and intellectual candour, than like that of some antique youth's, in whose marble effigy we fancy we recognize one of the speakers of the *Phaedo* or the *Euthydemus*. She was amused and incredulous, and determined to understand.

"I don't know what you mean, Mr. Baldwin—do you, Harry?" she added smiling, as she leaned her arm on the shoulder of her little brother, whose mind was divided between this discussion, which delighted his schoolboy logic, and the desire to investigate into the rabbit-holes of the rough ground they were coming to.

"You can't think how often I have tried to get myself most virtuously into the state of mind you are abusing so. You can't think how often I have felt bound to defend people and things to other people who seemed harsh, while I was just loathing them from the bottom of my soul. Only the other day I was trying to convince your cousin Dorothy that she was horribly narrow-minded because she wanted to chuck all Zola's books into the fire; and then, when somebody came and said, 'Disapprove of Zola! how very narrow-minded!' I almost threw a book at him and cried, 'But I disapprove of him just as much as Dorothy, I just abominate the beast!' Formerly, when I used still to go into the world (you know I only ride and go to picture-galleries now) I used to make myself quite miserable because my friends were not so indignant about people as I was—I remember making the most awful efforts to find out some good qualities in a woman who complained to me of the social degeneracy of Florence, because in former days she never by any chance went to bed before nine A.M., nor got up before five P.M. I sat opposite and tried to persuade myself she was probably a very good mother, or a very good daughter, or a very good something or other, feeling that I was glaring at her all the time. Oh, Harry, don't you remember I had taken you there to keep me in countenance? In fact I really think," added the girl, "that the chief reason why I

have become such a solitary old owl is that I suffered too much in hearing people say the things they say in my set, and in trying to make allowance and not be rabid with them. And now you tell me this habit of understanding and making allowance is a moral danger, and that people who practise it are fungues."

"Not so quick, my dear Lady Althea," remonstrated Baldwin, "we must *distinguish*, as Pascal's Casuists say—*Distinguo*: such power of enduring, of making allowance, of understanding; such catholicity seems to me indeed a great moral, and even, in a way, a great intellectual danger. Yet it is a good, a necessary thing. Only we must not allow it to eat us up, as (being more akin to easy living, pleasant intercourse, variety of experience, to all our moral laziness and intellectual small fry of pleasure) there is always a great likelihood of its doing. Let us understand all things, by all means, but let not the comprehension thereof lead us to toleration, as most often happens. The old saw, 'Qui comprend tout, sait tout pardonner,' is well and good, in so far as understanding *how* nasty things have come about undoubtedly leads us to contemplate their metaphysical inevitableness. But to understand ought to imply the perception, not merely of cause, but also of effect; and the perception of certain effects should make us pardon as little as we pardon the tiger who may eat us up, the microbe that may poison us, or merely any inanimate nuisance of which we make short work. Cause makes us lenient and scientific; effect makes us practical and relentless. The desideratum is clearly that we should understand all creatures with a view to judging them, to separating such part of them as is useful, pleasant, as appeals to us (the mere commonest qualities of humanity suggested by the fact that, like ourselves, these creatures have a spine, arms and legs, father and mother, and probably, therefore, certain common human faculties also), to separating all this which is good, from such other as is evil, doing mischief or constituting an obstacle. You are quite right in thinking Dorothy narrow-minded for wishing to burn all Zola; and you are quite right in being indignant with the persons who can't see why Zola should seem fit for burning. It seems to me that the very reason for which we value Zola's genius and straightforwardness, namely, the use of such qualities to society, must make us dislike his exaggeration and his foulness. After all, the reason why I throw away the bitter green rind and hard shell of a walnut is the very reason which makes me like the kernel. A story goes among the people of Rome," went on Baldwin, as they walked over the brownish grass, vivid green or yellow even in the little boggy hollows, and its ridges delicately marked with delicate tufts of downy thistles, white and dim—"a story which is greatly to the point. One day Pope Sixtus was told of a wonder-working crucifix, which was attracting crowds to a

certain church, and greatly increasing the importance of certain monks. I don't know why, but wonder-working crucifixes were a pet aversion of his Holiness. Pope Sixtus went forthwith to that church, knelt down and devoutly said his prayers before that crucifix. Then suddenly he springs up, draws a hatchet from under his robe, and cleaves the crucifix through and through, exclaiming, 'Inasmuch as Christ, I worship thee; inasmuch as wood, I chop thee in pieces.' 'Come Cristo, t' adoro; come legno, ti spezzo.' I don't think one could have a better motto to go through life with than that one; and some day, if ever I possess any knives and forks of my own, I intend to have them engraved with the crucifix and the hatchet, and the device, 'Come Cristo, t' adoro; come legno, ti spezzo.'"

"And are you going to hack us to pieces also, Mr. Baldwin?" asked the boy, walking along with his sister's arm on his shoulder, like one of those slender little fauns supporting a young god in some antique group.

"To hack in pieces, certainly; but also to adore. You must not leave out that half of the business; it's more important almost than the other."

"But I don't yet understand," said the young woman after a pause, "how it all applies to those poor fungus creatures. Why should they be expected to worship or to hack to pieces, either or both? Isn't it enough if they behave decently themselves? They can't do much good, perhaps; but at least they do no harm."

"Pardon me," answered Baldwin, "they could do good, and they are doing harm. They are doing harm in abetting, in fostering, by their silence, the vices which they do not themselves practise, and which they might, by their disapproval, diminish, in however infinitesimal a degree. Every time that an honest woman receives at her house a woman who is not honest, because she is agreeable or good-looking, or has got a good social position; every time that an honest man shows himself at his club with a man who doesn't pay his debts or plays the Don Juan, because that man is good company or has some official position or some artistic talent; every time that a man or a woman lets pass a word that slanders a neighbour or throws doubt upon decent living;—every time that one of these things happens, there is, for the moment, an honest man or woman the less in the world; a little more evil and a little less good than there was before. And what is more, every time that one of our harmless friends, as you consider them, lets some more or less harmful creature go scot free, our harmless friend, now harmless no longer, is guilty of what appears to me a very mean trick—refusing to pay back to the future, whatever he owes to the good behaviour, the generous choice, of the past.

"For every good we are permitted to enjoy, every evil we are

permitted to escape, depends upon the choice, easy or bitter, conscious or unconscious, of the men and women of former days. The men and women of former days? No, not merely upon them, but upon the men and women of the present—upon their own action and their power of modifying ours. For every evil committed or tolerated not only does its own mischief, not only contaminates with its example; but diminishes the innocent freedom of harmless people, and fills their lives with sacrifices, worries, suspicion, and false positions. Just think of the fearful waste of time, trouble, and money that is implied by the necessity of protecting ourselves against thieves and cheats—nay, merely slovenly people! Why, half the revenue of every nation almost, and a large proportion of the produce of every kind of industry, are wasted in paying policeman, lawyers, overseers, and such-like. And have you ever reflected that the restrictions placed upon nearly all women's lives—restrictions upon their studying, travelling, nay, in many countries, even upon their freely walking about in broad daylight—are due to the mere fact that a certain number of male cads are tolerated by society, high and low? In fact, if we look at immorality of any kind, active or passive, we shall see that one of its most unmistakable features is that it is a cheating—that it is the doing of a thing which, in larger or lesser degree, makes individual and social life impossible, by those who have benefited by that individual or social life; that it is, in fact, the trying to take and not give in return: the reversing of the precept, 'Do unto others——'”

A curious light came into Lady Althea's clear brown eyes, as if her whole soul were gathered there to see and understand, to come in contact with the obscure, confused surrounding world.

“Do you know,” she said, “you seem to be showing me something so—how shall I say it?—so obvious, something that must have been there always, and always understood; and yet; which I sometimes see for the first time, and don't see quite clearly even yet. I can't make it out. I don't seem ever to have understood why certain things were good and others evil, nor why one should prefer the good ones. I don't seem even now to understand quite; and still, of course, I've always known one ought to do the good things unless one's a mean beast; and I can't remember wishing to do them in order to please God, because I've never been religious really, and because I've always thought that God was so very unjust and unkind Himself in making people sinful and then minding, that I really didn't care whether He was pleased with me or not. Do you mean to say that everything that we call *wrong* hurts some one, near or far?”

“My dear Lady Althea, you wished to do the things which were good because——”

But Baldwin stopped. He could not, while looking into this

beautiful face, so calm; yet so eager with an eagerness quite above mere intellectual curiosity, say such a platitude as that she was good—indeed, allude in any measure to herself.

"People," he corrected himself, "wish to do good without knowing why, because they are of such a material that the pressure of mankind's surroundings must mould them into such ways of feeling. If we depended solely upon people's own faculties for their good behaviour, there would be precious little of it. Whereas dozens of things which in our days do still depend upon an effort of reason, will become in time quite instructive, mechanical, like our preference for soap and water, which is by no means inborn in humanity, but which has become quite automatic in us."

Althea stooped, and gathered some of the little Parnassus daisies which whitened the boggy grass among the scrubby furze and the tufts of yellow ragwort of that waste land by the northern sea.

"Yes," she answered after a moment's thought, while her brother disappeared after the dog in the neighbouring sandy slopes: "I have no doubt that there is what you call spiritual progress in the world; and, of course, I see that it must be due to something. It is absurd to talk of mere growth in the abstract; plants and trees grow, don't they, because they absorb more and more nourishment from the earth and air; is it not so? Well, I suppose that folks' conscience also absorbs something to make it grow. But don't you see that just as every sort of soil doesn't nourish every sort of plant, and some sorts nourish only weeds, or nothing at all, so also every human being doesn't influence his neighbour's conscience. It is a question of division of labour, don't you see? Some people are smiths, and others ploughmen, and others painters, or poets or musicians; and some"—she added with a laugh—"are creatures like us, who do nothing except sit waiting for rents, while their farmers try to grow turnips which *will* go wrong. And some, a very few only—you for instance—are moralists. Do you see?"

"That is exactly what I deny, Lady Althea. I maintain that we are all of us, more or less, moralists. The typical man, nay, the real individual, the man who is not an exception and almost a monstrosity, is in lesser degree only everything which the specially gifted man is in greater. We are all painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, philosophers, statesmen; for if we were not, the special painter, sculptor, musician, philosopher, etc. etc., would exist in vain, without a public which he could serve or which could obey him. And the proof of this, the proof that we can receive only such intellectual gifts as we already possess some portion of in ourselves, is contained in the strange effect whenever such a special man is placed opposite a creature in whom there is no rudiment of the faculty which the special man possesses in high degree."

"You mean," interrupted the girl, "that if Jones goes to sleep while Rubinstein is playing, or Tompkins refuses to see the landscape which Turner is trying to show him, it is not Rubinstein or Turner, but Jones or Tompkins, who is a monstrosity."

"Exactly so. Now, of all endowments sometimes specialized in individuals, few are necessarily so universal as what we call the faculty of the moralist. It is a faculty, this, which mankind exercises every hour of the day, even as it exercises its eyes, its calculation of weight and velocity, its perception of character; those faculties of the painter, the mechanician, and the psychologist, without which every man jack of us would be constantly running against a wall or a passer-by, or be crushed by carriages, or cheated by his servants. And the moral sense, the faculty of thinking 'what will be the result upon others?' is, I insist, even more necessarily essential than these."

They walked on for a little in silence, broken only by the questions of the boy, who wanted to know from his sister the name of every tiny plant, the reason for every effect of colour and light and shadow under that grey and yellow evening sky. The boggy pasture had grown more and more sere, and more broken up everywhere by rabbit-holes, until it was replaced suddenly by the long grey flinty sea-grass, humping up with its thick slippery cushions and pale green horse-hair tufts, the sand-hills by the sea. A great place like a cattle pen, or some vague place of execution, an arrangement of posts and rails hung with brown nets and buoys, where the fishermen cleaned out, strewed the dunes with dry, papery bits of tail and fin, and shingle of scales, and delicate bits of bone. From below, and seemingly almost from underground, came the dull boom of the sea.

"Then," said Althea, "the reason you condemn those people—the funguses, you know—is because they don't interfere sufficiently with their neighbours, and because they live and let live; or, as you say, live properly themselves and let their friends live improperly?"

"Precisely—that is what I call accepting all the influence for good which the world, the past and present, can give; and declining to expend any such influence oneself."

"I see. But then it all hangs together with some things you said yesterday, and which puzzled me awfully—about toleration being oftener a vice than a virtue. You wanted one to interfere with one's people's religious belief; you spoke almost like the man at the village kirk. I almost thought you were doing it to mystify those stupid visitors, and I thought it rather mean of you to do so. But do you *really* seriously think that toleration can ever be pushed too far? You see, Mr. Baldwin, I've been working all these years to get to tolerate other folks' notions, and to get them to tolerate mine; and when one's naturally without much power of sympathy, and

rather easily bored and sickened by one's fellow-creatures, and when one lives in Scotland of all countries, it's very difficult to become really tolerant; and it's too annoying to be told that, after all, toleration may be a vice." Althea laughed as she spoke, half in earnest, half in jest. She had that faculty of seeing the exaggerated and gently absurd side of herself, which is characteristic of all the most really earnest, because the most candid minds. "Now, logically speaking, if I can ever pretend to speak logically," she continued, "what is the use of trying to impose one's own views upon others? I know that you would think it your duty to interfere if you saw any chance of my turning Catholic, or High Church, or Esoteric Buddhist, wouldn't you? Well; what I want to know is what earthly value can my opinions have if they could be upset by Monsignor Capel or Madame Blavatsky? If my rationalism, as you call it, runs any such risk, it isn't real rationalism; it isn't organic, and what I believe, or don't believe is a matter of no importance whatever."

"Not at all," answered Baldwin. "A belief—and I consider what the world calls unbelief as the most positive and absolute belief of any—a belief may not be sufficiently real, organic, not sufficiently the necessary original outcome of the individual mind, to resist logical or emotional attacks from a contrary belief; and yet it may be quite sufficient, while such attacks be averted, to produce one line of action, or action-producing feeling, rather than another. And this, in my eyes, is extremely important. There is a method of viewing things, of acting, which is Protestant, another which is Catholic, another, if you choose, which is *Blavatskian*, a fourth which is rationalistic; and that one among these various methods will tend to most practical good which is connected with a true view of the world rather than an imaginary one. Indeed, such non-vital, non-original, belief, due merely to tradition and circumstances, is the belief of the vast majority of mankind, not merely upon religious subjects, but upon all practical and speculative points, and very particularly upon questions of right and wrong; nay, it is the belief of every living creature upon some one subject whereof he is not a master, but which may yet be connected with very practical results. And such belief, unoriginal, unorganic, produces therefore the vast bulk of the world's action; and the more in conformity with ascertainable reality the belief, the less mischievous and the more useful will be the action that is based upon it. It is on such belief, therefore, and not upon the exceptional original, or at least organic belief, which pioneers and defends it, that depends the health of the world. It is, for this reason, quite legitimate to desire that such belief, when it happens to be in accordance rather with truth than with error, and productive far rather of good than of ill, should be defended from the

possibility of being exchanged for another belief, not more organic, but less in harmony with fact, and less productive, therefore, of right action."

"I see," said Althea; "but do you know, Mr. Baldwin, that you are arguing rather like a member of the Confraternity of the Index or an official of the Holy Office?"

"Of course I am," answered Baldwin, laughing; "but I consider that these estimable people are perfectly right in wishing to defend what they consider a safe, though wavering, belief. Their mistake consists in not seeing that even this is not worth buying at the price of the spiritual liberty or free trade to which every improvement in opinion is due. They don't perceive that truth is not discovered all at once, and that no one, therefore, has a right to say, 'No further inquiries permitted.' To return to what you call inorganic belief. Have you ever reflected that the moral ideas of mankind, what we call their moral instincts, are all of this sort? Few people could tell you the logical reason why murder, lying, and foul living ought to be stamped out. How many people have the faintest notion why purity, for instance, is a virtue? They have been told that it is, and they have ended with feeling that it must be. To say of all this mass of non-original, non-organic belief that it is not worth preserving because it might fall a victim to sophistry or passion, is to say that an evil which may happen might as well happen."

"I understand quite well," said Althea. "Do you know I have thought something like that myself, only I wasn't sure whether it mightn't be some of that usual wrong-headedness of mine which every one is always lamenting? You know the way that some people have of saying that if a man or woman can go to the bad, they may as well? Well, it seems to me that it makes an enormous difference to the happiness of others whether they do or do not actually go to the bad, whether evil potentiality be turned into evil activity. In fact, it seems to me that the very reason, and the sole one, for objecting to evil possibilities in people's nature is that the possibilities may become actualities. I don't know—and it may be because I've got my head screwed on the wrong way—but I can't help feeling that the only reason why I'd rather not have anything to do with a woman who *might* behave like a pig is that in all probability she *would* behave like a pig. Do you see?"

"In fact, that if potentiality remained always potential (which is a contradiction in terms), there would be no reason to object to it, Lady Althea. Don't you see how that affects my argument about organic and non-organic beliefs?"

"And do you know," went on the girl, smoothing out a large black feather, dropped by one of the legions of cawing rooks that circled over cornfield and dune, "one of the things that has always

irritated me in religious people and religious books is the fearful exaggerated importance they give to character as distinguished from action. They are perpetually thinking about their own souls, that is to say, about their own selves, instead of thinking about other folks' wants and conveniences, odious self-conscious creatures. What does it matter whether one's soul is nasty or nice, so long as one behaves properly?" Althea could not help smiling. She perceived, even as she spoke, how much she disliked nasty souls in others, and how very much she would dislike having one herself. And Baldwin thought, or rather felt, how singularly positive was the healthiness, the largeness, and beauty of the soul lodged in this large, fair, youthful body.

They paused for a moment on the ridge of the sand-hillocks. Inland, a great performance was preparing: on the low hills grey clouds were heaping up, rent by the sunset fire within, crimson live embers of cloud below, silver-white shining fire above. On the other side, pale and misty, lay the Forth, its trough filled with wan clouds, veined in the dim distance with the uprising smoke spirals of an invisible shore. From all sides, from hidden places, came the dull sound of the tide; and from over the distant hills, the cornfields, and heather came a cold breeze, which died out in a melancholy flutter among the pale-greenish sea-grass at their feet.

"But see here," went on Althea, suddenly, "there are two things which you seem to overlook in preaching the necessity of good people not tolerating bad ones. In the first place—how shall I put it? Are not those bad people quite as much the natural product of the world as the good ones? You remember you told me I was quite right in thinking that we are born with certain tendencies and a certain will, and that therefore we aren't free as the religious people make out. Well, isn't what we call evil just as much part and parcel of nature, created by it, as good? And in that case, what's the sense of opposing it? I feel that I, personally, should try and oppose it, and so would all the people whom I think nice; but somehow it doesn't seem very logical on our part. That's one difficulty. The other is that it is so difficult, in a way, to realize that individual people do really represent, personify, evil; do you know what I mean? Do you remember when Desdemona asks Emilia whether there are such women? Well, of course we know there are, of course I know that I've met such women, you know one meets pretty well every sort of evil in *good society*, and yet it is very difficult to realize that they *are* wicked. One seems to be prevented from doing so by a weight of common man- or woman-hood, by the community of the human. Evidence may sometimes tally with evidence, a complete chain of cause and effect about the absent person, the abstract, almost. But let this semi-abstract creature come and stand before you, be more than a name merely; and immediately, while the sense

that this one also has arms, legs, features, eyes, a voice, can move and speak, nay, can understand your speech and meet your thoughts—with this sense that the creature is a creature like yourself, born of human parents, comes an incredulity, an impossibility of believing, or at all events of realizing in any way the belief. Do you see what I mean by the Desdemona feeling?"

"I know it perfectly. We have it all, more or less, I fancy, for better or worse. And I think it says much in favour of our poor humanity, that the sense of its being shared by a suspected evil-doer makes it difficult to believe in the evil deed: that we expect, in the doer of a monstrous thing, a monster, a creature with horns and a tail, whose ferocity or filthiness shall seem in the right place. But does it not strike you, my dear Lady Althea, that this second remark of yours almost answers the first? And does not this show plainly, not merely that the bulk of mankind is good, but that the bulk of the individual, even of the individual sinner, may be good also? There is, speaking metaphorically, such a preference for good, such an impetus to the right, in all things—or rather what we call good and right means merely going with the grain of nature—that we unconsciously recognize that existence almost implies a greater amount of what is right and good, than of what is wrong and bad; even as physical survival implies that more organs are healthy than diseased. Thus, as men of science are beginning to think, the through and through criminal is well-nigh the maniac, the result of physical degradation of some sort; so that one might say that the completely diseased soul scarcely exists at all, is dead socially, a mass of inert putrescence."

Althea's eyes had widened out once more with that singular transfiguring light. "But is not this theory of yours," she said with some hesitation, "too dangerous to be true? Would it not lead, like the theories of those Christians, or rather of those modern pessimists whom you dislike so much, to saying, as your friend Marcel said of his wicked heroine, '*C'est un pauvre être qui souffre*'?"

"Not so, but quite the contrary. My recognition of the fact that evil of the worst can co-exist with human qualities sufficient to stagger us with the sense of a common humanity, merely strengthens my conviction that we must not weigh how much of normal, and, so to speak, inevitable, good may be co-existing with abnormal evil; that we must not ask, 'What is the value of this soul taken as a whole?' but resolutely look the evil in the face, and examine how far this evil is damaging to mankind, to what extent this creature is responsible therefore—that is to say, conscious thereof and consciously capable of renewing it. In the presence of such evil as actually disintegrates society, as absolutely puts us out of working order, the good qualities which the criminal shares with the innocent must count not for anything, any more than do the good qualities of a

bushel of wheat that has had poison sprinkled in it. Is the wheat, as wheat, less nourishing? Certainly not; but while the wheat nourishes the poison kills. Just as disease," continued Baldwin, "is that condition of the body which is at variance with the tendencies of physical nature, so also is vice that action of the individual which is at loggerheads with the movements of society. You say that evil, like good, is a natural product. Undoubtedly. But remember that the world excretes evil: it is necessarily produced, but also necessarily thrown off. It is that with which the order of things cannot work; although, in the work, frequently produced."

They had come to higher sandbanks, covered with even longer and more wiry matting of sea-grass, below which lay a narrow strip of untrodden, pale-brown sand, and beyond, a wan, misty, great, brown, smooth expanse, with a long line of posts and fences, hung with nets, stretching this way or that like a delicate, bony hand into its midst: the sky, the sea, the opposite coast, and the clouds,* all the same colour, the same texture, equally pale and impalpable, scarcely divided by a line of palest brown, where the tint of the sea seemed to reinforce on the horizon. The black boats, moored by the sand, seemed to be floating and rocking in emptiness.

A flock of curlews dotted the more distant sands with sharp black spots like bits of broken spar; moving, vainly raising themselves for an instant on their wings, with penetrating yet subdued little squeals—"a litany of sad little words," said Althea, "in honour of this sad, sad, pale sea; the list, one might fancy, of the drowned men below." Then there came down, white, whirling, with louder quacking noise, a flight of sea-gulls.

"They complain also," said Althea, as she sat on the sand-hill with her little brother's head on her shoulder; "everything complains in this northern country—every bird and beast, from the bleating sheep to the squealing plover; I suppose of the short-livedness of the summer, the bitterness of wind and sea. But these seem to be complaining of their own concerns, their hunger and weariness, while those black curlews down there on the wet sand complain of something quite impersonal, the general misery of the world."

"I am so glad you told me those things," said Althea, after a few minutes' silence; "but I don't see how you make your theory that evil is excreted by the world square with things you have said before, about Nature being, as indeed I think every honest creature must admit, so very far from kind or just."

"That Nature excretes evil," answered Baldwin; "that there is in her a force making rather for health than for disease, is to be taken in reference to man's relations to man, not to man's feelings for Nature. In saying that evil is excreted by Nature, I do not mean to make out Nature one whit more amiable; I do not wish to argue

myself into a belief that Nature is good. I wish merely to find an additional reason for the goodness of man."

II.

Next morning was a Sunday, with Sunday in the feel of all things: a grey morning, earlier in impression, fresher than the hour warranted, owing to the rain in the night; and with that particular stillness of the fields which is brought home to one by the sound of a solitary church-bell.

"It seems, does it not," said Althea, drawing up the pony on the crest of a hill, to look down on the greyish green pastures dotted with sheep, and the corn-fields which the breeze shivered with the patterns of watered silk—"it seems as if it could not have been there a couple of hours ago—as if it had never existed before; as if there could be nothing in the world except the fields and sheep and trees, and us intruding on to it all. The other people—the minister and the people who will be at church—don't exist yet, do they?"

She laughed, a funny, half-childish laugh, after a moment's concentration of the vague dark eyes, and a little quiver of the mouth, as she turned her face full to Baldwin; a charming creature, with that supreme charm, somewhat like that of this fresh, new morning, of never having felt except for others, of being absolutely unruffled, unsinged by passion.

"That isn't what I wanted to talk about," she said, urging on the pony. "I have been thinking over what you were saying yesterday, Mr. Baldwin. And do you know, opening a book of Ruskin's before breakfast seemed to make me understand quite well all about the importance of people's belief, even if inorganic, and about different beliefs making you feel and think on quite different lines. I used to wonder formerly at the extraordinary silliness and injustice of such a great, great, beautiful mind; but now I understand. I see that, given a man who refers everything—how shall I express it?—well, to ruling principles of life and thought (as distinguished from a creature who thinks only in a scrappy way), it was quite impossible that Ruskin's particular religious notions shouldn't have made him see a great many things all wrong. That religious education, that habit of always looking for what they call a *spiritual meaning* everywhere, made him explain things by mere allegories; as if allegories always corresponded with reality. You remember how he explains the fall of Venice, which must have been due to very practical causes, some change in the commerce of the world, or something similar, by mere allegories or coincidences about the figures on the doges' tombs? And it's that habit of looking at everything through religious spectacles that makes him say that the art of the fifteenth century is .

base, because sculptors carved only as much of a figure's face as could be seen, which he considers immoral; when the question of artistic baseness has nothing to do with morality or immorality. But the worst of it is, don't you think, when he imagines that because people built cathedrals so and so, and that building so and so is what he calls moral, they must have been infinitely more disinterested and purer than people who didn't build cathedrals in that particular way, and especially much more so than we are. Of course one knows that there are shoals of mean, nasty creatures nowadays; but it makes one indignant, don't you think, to be told that the pollution of a river with factory refuse (doubtless because of some new process of dyeing or bleaching, which hasn't yet been properly regulated) is symbolic of the moral condition of a time and country where moral cleanness has been much more valued than has hitherto been the case."

"What you say is so true," answered Baldwin, "that, owing to the false beliefs with which people have been saturated, the moral safety of mankind has frequently depended upon its power of being illogical; or at least of neglecting the lesser logic in favour of the greater; of overlooking the mere concatenation of abstract ideas springing from a theory, in favour of that concatenation of practical facts, of really existing cause and effect, which we call life. Did you ever read the description of the Sacrifice to Moloch in Flaubert's 'Salambô'? Well; given the belief that God cursed all mankind for the fault of one man and one woman, and appeased His wrath by the sacrifice of His only begotten Son, the logical conclusion should have been, not Christianity, but that Moloch worship of Tyre and Carthage. But a conflict existing, man averts his eyes from this logical sequence in the abstract region, and considers the logical sequence in the practical, which tells him how of the better course comes the better, of the worse the worse; and the voice of God, who is logically Moloch, bids him love his brethren and return good for injury. The really logical religious mind, on the contrary, the rigid one which will not sacrifice the abstract to the concrete, denies the fact to save the theory; and becomes committed to a strange optimism which is a refusal to admit that evil is evil, or an attempt to call it good: the satisfaction of one of your seventeenth-century preachers in the brimstone of hell, or the aspirations of some mediæval Hintonian after primæval promiscuity of all things. Now, had there not been in this case that bias of perhaps quite inorganic religious belief, there would have been no conflict between theory and practice, no necessity for sacrificing either logic or instinct."

Althea had driven the pony down the steep paved lane, between the red-roofed cottages of the fishing village. When they had left the cart at the inn, the girl helping to unbuckle the harness with her strong white hands, they strolled down to the little harbour, until it

would be time to climb up to the kirk, where Baldwin had whimsically asked to be taken. The harbour was quite deserted because of the Sabbath; the herring boats were moored close together, guarded only by the usual barking dog; their brown sails and nets and big gourd-like buoys hung out to dry. On a patch of meagre grass some large nets were spread out on poles; the poles, some straight and some crooked, and the nets, here bulging out, there tightly strained, forming between them a sort of grotesque spider's web galley, as Althea pointed out, sails set and prow tilted upwards, as if starting for some fantastic, lunatic seas.

"Doesn't it make you think of what you were saying about people's theories?" she asked; "and aren't we all of us going off to sea in a gallant ship made of nets and poles, with a cobweb hull and a rigging of thread?"

"Very much so indeed," answered Baldwin, laughing; "and that's what I've been arguing all along, my dear Lady Althea. We are very odd creatures, we ordinary mortals, when we come to think of it, and not at all so different from the people who hunted the Snark or went off to sea with the Teapot and the Quangle Wangle. We look at a threepenny bit, before accepting it or passing it on to our neighbour, lest it should prove false; but we never dream of doing as much by our opinions, and accept those and pass them on, false or not false as may happen. There is nothing more astounding than the sort of childlike profligacy which exists in what I should call the region of intellectual morality. Why, there isn't the most trifling detail of housekeeping or dress about which even the best of us are not infinitely more careful than about the principles upon which all our conduct in life is founded. People have scarcely any notion of making the best either of their brains, or their means of information, or of their moral impulses. As to the latter, they are continually being wasted or turned to actual mischief for sheer want of easily obtained knowledge. Every day I am more and more struck by the fact that the most devoted and enthusiastic creatures are usually the most unthinking and prejudiced, merely because they have never been taught that intellectual responsibility is a necessary part of moral responsibility. They judge and act in the dark, and even when they do no practical mischief, they serve to fatally discredit the cause they are advocating."

Althea nodded. "I have noticed that myself," she said, "particularly in relation to your cousin Dorothy. I think Dorothy quite the noblest woman I have ever met; and yet her enthusiasm only makes me feel inclined to cry, just because I understand why it might make other people laugh. I remember the difference there was between discussing moral questions, whether nice women ought to tolerate immoral men, and all that, with Dorothy and with my sister-in-law.

Helen, who is a good, clean-minded creature, but with no more enthusiasm than a 'pint pot. Well, my sister-in-law's arguments seemed to have just twice as much moral value, because she knows the world, has seen evil and knows how insidious it is, and how easily mixed up with 'good'; whereas poor Dorothy expects what you call horns and a tail."

They stopped for a moment, and leaned upon the parapet of the pier, looking at the sky and sea: the grey sea framed in, separated from them by a line of black rocks, jagged, wicked, with wicked plague spots of yellow lichen and seaweed in their hollows: rocks crouching, claws and teeth sharpened, ready to tear and kill. It seemed strange, as the girl pointed out, that anything so solid as these black rocks should grip that ungraspable sea, that delicate dimness with only a scarce visible bar of palest brown to separate it from the dim, grey, melting sky. Strange also how anything so evil as those rocks could embrace, much less imprison, this delicate loveliness. But this diaphanous grey sea loveliness may be evil itself. . . . The tide was slowly coming in; and, as it did so, the water broke itself into long strands (like yarn on the posts of a rope-walk) and gathered itself into fibrous cables, currents along which its atoms were hurrying landwards, doubling the semicircular promontory; a wicked steelly blue where they chased round the rocks, gradually growing (or rather reappearing from behind the headland) pale, diaphanous, dim, a grey made up of all the delicate pinks, and blues, and browns of creation, in the open space of the sands. The sky hung loosely over the sea: dark, watery clouds, melted away here and there to mere smoke wreath; and its darkness heightened the steel-blue of the impetuous on-pushing current, and made wanner the wan, white pallor of the part merely heaving with the tide. The movement of those rushing dull-blue bars was gradually communicated to all the rest; the sea was divided all over into watery strands, paler or darker, but grey always, and dim, till at last its surface seemed to bear in the distance strange things, floating raft-like; the waters dividing into fantastic mirages of wan coasts, pale wintry meadows watered by wide-shining streams, dunes, and lagoons. . . . Then, with the falling of the first scant raindrops, everything subsided into uniformity under the loosely hanging dark sky.

They clambered back through the village, to the hill where the little Gothic church, its steeple well dwarfed between its shoulders, seemed to project as little as possible on that bleak green shore, squatting, burrowing for fear of the wind among the grass of the little graveyard. As you approached you saw through one wide mullioned window the shadowy mullions of the window opposite, and the outer light beyond, as if you were looking into a church filled with pale sea

water, filled with the atmosphere surrounding the ghosts of the drowned ; an eery effect which reminded Althea, as she told Baldwin, of the story of the village tailor who looked out one winter night, and saw a ship go suddenly down, sink straight till all her masts had disappeared and her crew had bubbled up again, a rapid vision ; and also that farther along that coast is Aberdour, outside whose port, full fifty fathoms deep, "lies gude Sir Patrick Spens, with the Scots Lords at his feet."

"I want you to tell me some more. It seems somehow all to hang together with what you said about those fungus people. But I don't clearly understand," said Althea, as they waited in the porch till the congregation of Scandinavian-looking fishing folk had all gone in ; "tell me more about the threepenny bit which we examine, and the opinions which we don't. It never struck me before that what people call self-culture was anything except a selfish question ; do you mean to say that it matters much to others ?"

"Certainly," answered Baldwin, as he looked at her tall, majestic figure, standing out dark in the arch of the porch, framed in against the background of pale green grass, of white sky and sea. "Certainly self-culture, in the right sense of the word, is not the cold and selfish thing you imagined. In our day, when the world is crying out for renovation, when instincts for good are everywhere groping in the dark ; when beliefs and aspirations are struggling blindly all round ; nowadays when effort and explanation become more imperiously necessary hour by hour—it behoves each of us to be, to the best of his power, in working order, in marching trim. The practical solutions of the great social questions which mean misery or happiness are perhaps not for this generation nor the next, nor the next after that. But whether those solutions will come, and how and when, depends upon us and our immediate successors. It behoves every individual, therefore, to acquire to the utmost a general lucidity of mind, a power of reasoning correctly, of sifting away prejudice and falsehood, so that all new theories may be understood and judged at their value. And besides this general lucidity of mind, it behoves us all to acquire a well-organized system of knowledge, into which all new facts may be fitted, obtaining at once their real value and bearing, coming at once into contact, direct or indirect, with all similar facts, and thus eventually with our theories and practice of life. But this is only one half ; we are bound to be in morally working order as well : to accustom ourselves to sympathize, to renounce, to aspire ; in order that we may understand and be just, that we may, when the moment comes (and it comes with every reform and improvement), sympathize thoroughly, renounce easily, and inevitably move upwards. The gospel remaining still unpreached is that of our duty towards

our own mind, and consequently towards the mind of others, the gospel of lucidity."

Althea's brown eyes had widened out with that curious light. But she merely smiled. All this seemed to her, educated in sceptical indifference to all things, beautiful, but far-fetched and futile: a sort of delightful, unpractical poetry.

"You are like a priest," she said; "come in and hear what your rival, the minister, has to say."

"If he speaks out his convictions, I respect him from the bottom of my heart," answered Baldwin, with his hand on the door, "and that is more than I can say of most of us rationalists, myself frequently included."

The church of drowned men, as Althea called it, was built without an apse, a dreary, top-headed edifice, more like a gallows than a cross; and its granite pillars and mullions were grown yellow with weather-stain and lichen. Against the dead, dull grey wall, where had once stood the altar, was the pulpit. The minister, a gaunt, rather deformed creature, with the shaven, warped face of a dwarf, spread his bulging black sleeves on the red cushions, folding himself, so to speak, on to the big gilt Bible; and looking, thus vaguely enthroned in the half light, like some strange squatting idol. The apseless church seemed to double the value of the voices which sang the hymns gravely, earnestly, all the pitches welded into a solemn medium, equally unlike the nasal bass chanting of Catholic priests, and that fretting, as with spots of white, of the Anglican choristers' treble. The sermon that followed was immense, argumentative, subtle, yet practical. The point of it was that on the greatest subject of all, God and the salvation of their soul, men and women are silent to one another; discussing all other matters, inquiring into all other interests, but living in isolation of soul about this, brother with brother, father with children, husband with wife.

"Listen; he says the same thing as you," whispered Althea to Baldwin, where they sat in an empty pew by the door.

In the dull moments of the sermon, and they were many and long, the girl opened a volume of Browning which she had brought with her for the purpose, and placed beside the Bible on the pew edge. The place was the end of the speech of Pompilia.

The asceticism, the earnestness of this service, the insistence on God, and our brethren, and our souls; the absence of all mythology and liturgical juggling, of symbolical formulæ and mesmeric passes, like those of Catholicism and the sham Protestantism of to-day, impressed both Althea and Baldwin, and seemed to bring to fuller comprehension the often read words which they were reading. And of the two, perhaps, Baldwin felt the most. In the little bare church, with the minister's voice, between the grave singing of the

hymns, booming out the necessity of spiritual brotherhood, under that wan sea light falling on the grey, lichen-stained walls and arches, he felt suddenly, by the side of this strange, sweet, strangely candid, and virginal grown-up child (the more candid and virginal for Heaven knows what insight into the rottenness of rich and idle society), the value of Pompilia, of Caponsacchi, as he had never felt them before.

"Do you remember those last lines of Pompilia's speech, Lady Althea?" he said, as they walked behind the congregation across the little green, treeless graveyard—

"Through such souls alone,
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light,
For us in the dark to rise by: and I rise."

"Yes," answered Althea dreamily; "I was thinking of them also. It would be something rather worth doing, a real thing, don't you think, to be such a soul, even for a minute, to anybody?"

They walked a long time in silence, merely looking about, or absorbed in thought, until they had got the pony harnessed once more, and the cart a long way. The storm had cleared off, and the sun was shining behind a thin film of white, raining down in great whitish beams upon the high-lying cornfields and sheep-dotted pastures; the sea lying pale, luminous, impalpable beneath, almost white, but tipped with shining facets where it was enclosed by the long deep-blue bar of coast and cloud. Pale, whitish still, but just suffused with blue in the open, where the blue Bass Rock seemed not so much to rise from, as to lie lightly upon, the surface of the water.

"You see, Mr. Baldwin," began Althea, keeping her eyes fixed on the reins, as they rolled quickly along; "all that you say is well and good when applied to exceptional people . . . no, let me explain, I mean not merely particularly clever, but also particularly good people—the people that God stooping shows His light through, like Caponsacchi. These creatures are privileged, and their privilege, like all others, ought to imply an obligation; they are rather stronger than their fellows, and are therefore bound to lend them some of their strength. But the great majority of people are in quite a different position; they have just intellect and heart enough for their own needs, and they have absolutely no means of coming in contact with any one save their nearest surroundings. If I do my duty, for instance, it affects, at the very most, two or three people; indeed not as many, for my family are out of touch with me and think me scatter-brained: the very utmost I can perhaps ever do, is to make Harry see things a little from my point of view, and lead a cleaner life than most boys; but that's merely because the poor little chap is so fond of me, and because we happen to care for the same books and pictures."

Baldwin could not help smiling, as he repeated to himself, "Through
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such souls alone" . . . while the girl was earnestly trying to impress him with her utter unimportance.

"Well, and don't you see, my dear Lady Althea," he said when she finished speaking, "that in influencing your brother you are influencing the world at large? We are, each of us, separate atoms, if you will; but we are atoms continually pressing upon each other; and the sum total of this pressure, transmitted unconsciously from creature to creature, is the world's movement. Let us suppose that you impress Harry with a sense of the possibility and duty of leading, though a man, a life as pure as is demanded of a woman. Do you not see, that even if Harry never attempt to convert to his ways a single one of his companions, he will influence nevertheless every one of them susceptible of influence, by showing such lads as are capable of clean living, that clean living is possible, is practicable, and is the result of being neither a curate nor a muff? Don't you see that you will have contributed, to the extent of several souls in all probability (for the life of Harry means the life of Harry's children), to the organization of a condition of general moral opinion such that only those who are born vicious need be vicious, while those who are born good may remain good?"

Althea did not answer, but Baldwin could see that her lip quivered a little; she wished to believe, but she feared to do so.

"But look," she said after a long pause; "you cannot deny that even the greatest men can do little, very little, in this world. Think of men like St. Francis, or like Robert Owen: why, all their efforts have been engulfed by the brutality and selfishness of the world. And then tell me, but quite honestly you know, do you think it worth while for a quite unimportant individual to do the most that he or she can in a world where even the very greatest are comparatively powerless?"

Baldwin nodded. "I see your argument; and, at the first glance, the fact that, as you say, even the greatest men in this world can do little or nothing unless supported by the mass, does seem to diminish sadly, to cast a slur upon, the value of the individual. But look again and ask yourself the reason why the single individual, however great, is so comparatively weak? It is because, in reality, the single individual is so strong: even the meanest, smallest, has an enormous weight and strength; and without this weight and strength of each constituent individual, the crowd would be yielding for ever. It is because all men are strong, that no one man can force them; it is because there is life and power throughout the mass, that the individual exception is virtually powerless. Are we unimportant because we are part of the mass? But the life of the mass is our life, its strength is ours, its quality is our quality. And in this fact, dear Lady Althea, in the fact that we are the mass, and that such as we are,

we, its component atoms, it also is—in this fact that so much of our goodness and happiness is due to others, and so much of their goodness and happiness will depend upon us, lies the reason why we must form opinions and apply them; the reason why we must not live and let live like our friends the fungus people—live honestly and let others live dishonestly.”

“Then every individual has a value? I hope it’s true,” added Althea pensively. “I do hope it’s true. You see it takes away that horrid feeling that life is all a sham, men and women merely so many puppets jerking idiotically about. It makes them real, somehow, real like all these things, real like the sea and sky and the grass and trees.”

The cart, as it whirled along, drove before it a swarm of twittering little birds, which settled, little brown bur-liv’e blobs, on the hedgerows and haystacks; rising again on approach of the wheels, a perfect whirl of wings and of twitter, to alight again on the hedgerow or haystack beyond.

VERNON LEE.

FREEDOM OF BEQUEST.

"Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus."

THE nineteenth century is accomplishing the gradual extinction of the statutes, conceived in a spirit of oligarchy, which two hundred years ago replaced the usages of feudalism. And as, in the later stages of their history, languages, reaching back across the gulf of time, affect the archaic, so with the spirit of modern legislation. The keynote of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in law as in philosophy, was individualism—that a man may "do what he will with his own." Of this gospel there are yet, in the misappropriated name of Political Economy, some expounders; but their voices, grown weaker year by year, have failed in the face of measures wrung from the statesman's larger sense of public necessity. The Irish Land Acts, the Factory Acts, the Education Acts, the Employers' Liability Act, the Married Women's Property Acts—all these are commonplace evidences of the newly vitalized principle, a principle conflicting with the doctrine of the immediate past, but the basis of the civilization of our Teutonic forefathers and older than ancient Rome. "If one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," is St. Paul's expression of it, and it is summarized for us curter moderns in M. Comte's ugly word "solidarity."

The more primitive a society the more marked the recognition accorded to this truth. But, as the social organization changes, distinctive lines become blurred, and in the scramble to assert individual rights public responsibilities are thrust aside. Out of such a phase our country is beginning to emerge. The ancient ties and traditions of feudalism having disappeared, and public administration having fallen into the hands of empiricism, a society was formed in which the history of Caleb Williams was a possibility, and of which Bishop Butler wrote: "I suppose it may be spoken of as very much the

distinction of the present age to profess a contracted spirit and greater regard to self-interest than appears to have been done formerly."

When, with time, this empirical spirit gives way to scientific legislation, and the interests of some classes of the community, but just now insignificant, become, in the light of their numbers and relations, so far-reaching, the mental vision reverts with enlarged scope to the standpoint of earlier times. At first statesmen, in their anxiety to do something, have been tempted to plunge into experiments projected with the haste of ignorance, and wasteful and inconclusive as the National Workshops of 1848, or blundering and half-hearted as the semi-Socialistic schemes of Prince Bismarck. In England we move with greater caution, and sometimes, it must be added, with greater wisdom. We commit ourselves less trustfully to a new departure, and here, consequently, more than elsewhere, is the rejection of social atomism and reversion to the standpoint of social unity as yet far from complete. In many of our institutions the independent growth of our law, unshadowed by the compelling majesty of the Roman code, has led and still adheres to the extremest limits of individualism.

Among social responsibilities none is more constant, none more natural, none more moralizing in its exercise, none of greater moment to every member of the community than the responsibility of parents to children. Yet to this responsibility, though in some spheres it has of late learnt to enforce it, the English law, almost alone among the legal systems of the world, abstains from conceding a consistent recognition. Enough has been said and written of the flagrant injustice of the law of primogeniture and of the custom founded upon it. There is daily practised an exaggeration of this wrong, which is devoid of even its shadow of justification. The English law defies not only ancient custom but modern caprice. For a father to heap personality upon one child and to repudiate his duties to the others is often a cruel, always an immoral, act. There is no need to set forth at large its demoralizing effect upon the recipient. That is written in the history of those bitterest of all, domestic dissensions; in rancour handed down from generation to generation, not infrequently in the utter impoverishment of the descendants of the founder of the family fortunes by the transfer of the whole from estranged relatives to marriage connexions. "He heapeth up riches, and cannot tell who shall gather them." So manifold are the evils of this liberty to inflict injustice that it is forbidden by the laws of all nations but one besides our own, and actually practised only by ourselves. The law of primogeniture, part of the law of the land at the time of the revolt of the American colonies, was abolished in America at the instance of Jefferson soon after the Declaration of Independence, and equal partition of realty and personality was made the law of succession to

intestates. And American custom has followed the change of law. It is worth while to inquire how it has come to pass that the English people (not the people of Great Britain),* who never tire of extolling their own domestic virtues, admit at the present day the freedom of a father to "do what he will with his own," to set aside his natural obligations to his own children, to beggar the greater number of them for the sake of one, or even of an entire stranger.

It is argued by conservative reasoners, that the existence of a custom is its own justification; that it responds to social needs. One is not constrained to fortify with "wise saws and modern instances" the answer that the skeleton sometimes remains when the flesh is gone. The ancient law of primogeniture owed its origin to the military burdens of landholders, and to the advantage the State derived from certainty as to the persons by whom these duties were to be discharged. That this was the exclusive consideration is shown by the simple fact that the heir originally derived, not from the ancestor, but from the lord. The owner of land could not devise his property by will until so late as the reign of Henry VIII. In theory it reverted to the superior lord. Primogeniture was, therefore, not, as now, the law for exceptional circumstances, but the law for all circumstances where realty was concerned. Looking at the needs of an age of war it had its justification. If law obeyed the maxim *Cessante causâ cessat et effectus*, it would no longer exist.

It were an easy form of retrospective speculation to sketch *à priori* how the law of personalty would be likely to follow the law of realty. The ostentation of the Middle Ages, the extravagances of knightly caparison, of which the Dresden collections give some idea, all tended in favour of a gravitation to the realty of what little personalty there might be—still with a large motive, the service of the State. Yet centuries passed before society became forgetful of its interests, and the hearts of parents were hardened. Those who love to stand upon the ancient paths may reflect upon the fact that, during the greater part of the history of England, the law enforced the duties of parents and limited freedom of bequest.

Hereditaments could not pass elsewhere than to the heir, and *Solus Deus heredem facere potest, non homo*—the heir could not be selected, but was a person ascertained by law. But the common law, as, according to Glanvil, it stood in the reign of Henry II., divided a man's "goods" into three equal parts, one part being the portion of his children or lineal descendants, another of his wife, and the third at his own disposal. His capacity of disposition extended to one-half if he died leaving no wife, but on the other hand the remaining moiety belonged inalienably to his children in

common, "each of them a rateable part, *provided that such child be not his father's heir, or were not otherwise advanced by him in his lifetime.*"* The shares of which he could not deprive wife or children were justly called "reasonable shares," and for this reasonable share each child, save the heir, enjoyed the right to sue.

That which in the twelfth century was the common law of the land may be supposed to have been the practice of a period anterior to the Conquest, since the "memory of man" was longer-lived in those days than now, when lawyers' memories are confined to their books. A passage in Bede† describes the division of a testator's estate into three parts, of which he left one to his wife, one to his children, the third he retained for his own disposition. Since the time of Glanvil references to the law are plentiful. The right of children to a due share of their father's personalty is one of the rights intended to be for ever conserved to Englishmen by the Great Charter.‡ Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, the author of the "*Natura Brevium*," a Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VIII. (1523-1538), citing Magna Carta and Glanvil, accepts it as the law of the land. But there are indications, shortly after this, of its incipient desuetude in certain parts of the country. In the reign of Henry VIII. a statute was passed empowering the king to appoint commissioners for the reform of the ecclesiastical laws. The commission was issued, after the accession of Edward VI., to thirty-two persons; but, the king dying in the year following, the outcome of their labours did not receive the royal assent. The compilation, suppressed during the reign of Mary, was printed in that of Elizabeth, under the title of "*Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*." In the preface it is stated that Cranmer executed almost the whole volume himself, which justifies his reputation as one of the first canonists in the kingdom. The code laid down very precisely the limitations to freedom of bequest, thus suggesting the suspicion that divergencies had already crept in. Whether by will or without, the distribution of the deceased's goods was to be upon the tripartite principle of Glanvil and Bracton. The father enjoyed a free disposition of one-third; in the absence of children or of a wife, of one-half; and only when childless and a widower, of the whole. The commissioners also proposed to legalize disherison, but under the following stringent conditions: Disherison should be invalid, save for just reason; violence of a son to his father or

* "*Of Gavelkind*," by William Somner, edited by White Kennett, D.D., Bishop of Peterborough, 1726. The book was written in 1647.

† Bede's "*Ecclesiastical History*," v. 13, "where, mark, the third part is there (in the Saxon version) said to belong to himself, plainly insinuating that the other two as rightly appertained to his wife and children, each of them a third."—SOMNER.

‡ "*Magna Carta*," s. 26. "*Salvis uxori ipsius et pueris rationalibus partibus suis.*" "*Pueris*" includes daughters, being used for "*liberis*": see a learned note in Butler's edition of "*Coke upon Littleton*" (1823), vol. iii. 2, 267.

signal injury, incest, waste to his father's property or calumny of his good name; gross immorality on the part of a daughter before the age of twenty-five (but not afterwards)—these causes and these alone were considered to justify a parent* in testamentary repudiation, an act of inhumanity which, sometimes in its full extent, more frequently in less degrees, is tolerated at the present day with little but passing comment.

The premature death of Edward VI., which prevented this confirmation of the ancient obligations of parents, may be taken as marking the moment of their decline. The statute of Henry VIII., by which devise of lands was first legalized, had led to the habit of will-making: there was a rapid accumulation of personalty during the succeeding reigns, and respect for vested interests suffered many and grave shocks. Hence, in 1628, we find Sir Edward Coke, in his "*Commentary*" upon Littleton, impugning the universality of the limitation of bequest, alleging it to be a custom of particular places rather than the common law of the land. On the other hand, Sir Henry Finch in 1613, the year of publication of his "*Description del Commun Leys d'Angleterre*," lays it down expressly to be the common law.† But from this date its decay in the South of England must have proceeded apace, for William Somner, the author of a very learned treatise on the cognate law of Gavelkind, writing in 1647 of the "reasonable part," says, "it is now, and that not lately, antiquated and vanished out of use, both in this (of Kent) and other counties." No doubt it was found to curtail the profitable length of the ponderous settlements which in the middle of the seventeenth century were becoming fashionable. Yet down to the reign of William and Mary freedom of bequest was as much the exception as the rule, for the rights of the children remained untouched throughout the province of York, the principality of Wales, the cities of London and Chester, and, perhaps, in some other places.

The Journals of Parliament contain no record of the debates which we may presume to have taken place upon the occasion of the first great statutory infraction of the ancient and most wholesome limitations to freedom of bequest. But the preamble to the Act (1 William and Mary, c. 2) giving powers of free testamentary disposition to the inhabitants of the province of York, shows that it did not contemplate the unjust dealing towards younger children which, over a large extent of England, it for the first time made possible.

"Whereas by custom within the province of York the widows and younger children of persons dying inhabitants of that province are intituled to a part

* Wives had no testamentary rights.

† Blackstone sums up emphatically in favour of Finch's view. "Bracton mentions that as a particular exception which Sir Edward Coke has hastily cited for the general rule. And Glanvil, Magna Carta, Fleta, the Year Books, Fitzherbert, and Finch do all agree with Bracton that this right to the *pars rationalis* was by the common law, which also continues to this day to be the general law of our sister kingdom of Scotland." (ii. 492).

of the goods and chattels of their late husbands and fathers (called her and their reasonable part), notwithstanding any disposition of the same by their husbands' and fathers' last wills and testaments, and notwithstanding any jointures made for the livelihood of the said widows by their husbands in their lifetime, which are competent, and according to agreement, *whereby many persons are disabled from making sufficient provision for their younger children : for remedy whereof,*" &c.

The jointures, plus the widow's reasonable part, thus bearing hardly on the younger children, the law, by an enlargement of the testator's powers, intended to better their position. Its effect has been precisely the contrary, and experience shows us that the larger rights of the mother could not have been so unfavourable to the interest of her younger children as the uncontrolled discretion of the father, whose sense of duty runs more risk of perversion from the promptings of vulgar ostentation. It was not long before this social revolution was carried into Wales, where since the days of native independence, according to the learned, younger children had enjoyed their equitable dues. The Act effecting this change (7 and 8 William III. c. 38.) adds, to the justifying causes alleged by the earlier Act, the lawsuits arising concerning such custom. It may be permissible to raise the doubt, in passing, whether, since the date of the Act, disputes as to undue influence have not been infinitely more numerous and more embittered.

There remained now, as survivors of the ancient principle, only the cities of York and Chester, which had not been included in the first Act, and the city of London. The statute 2 and 3 Anne c. 5, which removes the exemption from the city of York, discarding the preambles of the other statutes, suggests, rather than expresses, uniformity to be the principle aimed at. The honourable exception of the city of London came to an ignominious end in a summary clause inserted in an Act of George I. for regulating elections. No Act, however, appears to touch the city of Chester or any other places outside Wales and the province of York, of which the ancient custom can be proved. For all practical purposes, then, the rights of younger children to testamentary recognition by their fathers became extinct in England and Wales a century and a half ago.

The laws affecting freedom of bequest now in force in the various States of Europe have, in the opinion of jurists, been derived directly from the Roman law or indirectly through the Code Napoléon. In his "History of Ancient Law," Sir Henry Maine has finally refuted the seventeenth century doctrine that the power of testation is a natural right. He calls attention, too, to the fact that "a will never seems to have been regarded by the Romans as a means of disinheriting a family or of effecting the unequal distribution of a patrimony." The very expression "*suus heres*," whose "own" the devolving

property is said to be, points back to that co-proprietorship of descendants which is a feature of the patriarchal family. The object of a will, therefore, was to provide for those who were morally, though not, according to ancient law, technically, members of the family, such as emancipated sons, daughters, and so forth. In the days of the family community, these, by their emancipation or marriage, had passed from under the family roof-tree, and some solemnity was therefore necessary to enable them to take their portion of the inheritance. When the memory of the common household and its legal incidents had passed away, the ties of relationship, primitively lost sight of by the very conditions of a change of status, were allowed to reassert themselves. To disinherit a child was not possible by a mere omission. On the contrary, when such an omission occurred the law assumed it to be an oversight and awarded to the disinherited his portion. Disinheritance, whether partial or complete, was a grave act, only validated upon just cause shown. Children—though this right was not confined to them—were allowed to bring a “Plaint of an Undutious Will” against a disposition that either disinherited them or unfairly cut down their shares. The minimum which a testator was compelled to leave each was one-fourth of the property which the plaintiff would have been awarded in case of intestacy, the rules of which, within the limits here considered, roughly accord with those of our Statute of Distributions. A will drawn on the model of one of those so common in England would only have been justifiable in Roman law on proof of one of the offences following committed by the complainant:—1. Assaulting the parent. 2. Other serious or disgraceful injury inflicted on the parent. 3. Accusation of crime brought against the parent, except in case of treason. 4. Witchcraft. 5. Attempting the parent’s life. 6. Incest. 7. Informing against a parent and putting him to great costs. 8. Refusing to become surety for a parent to procure his release from prison. 9. Obstruction of a parent in the making of his will. 10. Certain social degradations. 11. Neglect of an insane parent. 12. Neglect to redeem a parent from captivity. 13. Heresy. Of these disinheriting offences the fourth and the thirteenth are purely ecclesiastical and remote from modern life. The ninth dates from the period of the civil law already referred to, when the natural claims of the children of intestates might be passed over, unless specially provided for, and intestacy on the part of a parent became, in consequence, a dereliction of paternal duty. But it indicates that struggles took place in many a Roman family, such as occur increasingly in England, to maintain the exclusions enacted by an antiquated law. The twelfth is familiar to most English readers as the motive of “*Romola*.” Putting these on one side, there remain substantial causes as alone justifying that

disherison which is at once a violation of parental duty and of filial right.

During the decay of the Roman Empire the barbarians of Europe were accommodating their primitive institutions to the principles of the Roman law. The

"Facundus juvenis Gallorum nuper ab arvis
Missus Romani discere jura fori"

was not long in introducing the use of wills; an innovation which must have done much to precipitate that decay of the ancient conceptions of family co-proprietorship which set in from the time of first contact with Roman social life. Of this change the Church, which derived the chief advantage, was the most zealous promoter. The records of ecclesiastical councils in the thirteenth century abound with denunciations of heirs who withhold from the Church her share in the goods of a deceased. Long before this the territorial isolation known as the feudal system, which had come into existence upon the break-up of the empire of Charles the Great, had introduced that distinction in the rights of children which, unknown to Roman law, has subsisted in England to the present day. The eldest son became after a time heir *de jure* to the paternal estates. But this, which passed into the rule of the North of Europe, was unable to oust the Roman law from those countries which had long been subject to Roman civilization. In the Custom of Poitou the right of primogeniture only extended to one-fifth of the fiefs: in the South of France, as in Lombardy, it remained unknown. And so far as movable property was concerned, the customs of France prescribed, in varying degrees, limitations to parental freedom of bequest, intervening for the protection of the children. This imposing tradition of centuries was confirmed and extended by the decree of the National Convention, dated April 8, 1791, declaring the right of children to equal division of parental goods, whether real or personal. This decree is of interest as having been passed after a debate in which the political testament of Mirabeau, but just dead, was read by Talleyrand; a discourse in which was recommended a limitation of the parental property subject to free disposition to one-tenth. Subsequent acts of legislation, into the details of which it is unnecessary to enter, varied this "réserve," to use the term known to French law. Finally, the Code Napoléon, while giving each child an equal share of the part of his property over which it did not allow the testator to exercise powers of disposition, imposed with regard to these the following restrictions: Where one legitimate child survives him the testator can deal with one-half of his property, real or personal; with a third, where he leaves two children; with a fourth, only where he leaves three or a greater number. Under the term "children," by the subsequent article of the Code, are un-

cluded descendants of whatever degree, who, however, take together as representatives of the stock from which they spring.

Confining the inquiry strictly to the rights of children, we find the principle of the "legitim," or legal portion of the children, existing in all continental countries. In some a distinction is drawn between goods inherited and acquired, a testator enjoying a greater freedom of disposition in the case of the latter. Although we have discarded the "legitim" for ourselves, yet in the civil code elaborated for the Ionian islands under our protectorate in 1841 it appears, following the lines of French law. The civil code of Italy reserves one-half for children in equal shares; the Spanish law, four-fifths; the Portuguese, two-thirds; the Prussian law, one-half; the Austrian, one-half. Holland and Belgium follow the French code. In Denmark the law reserves three-fourths for the children, making, however, a special exemption in the case of nobles, whom it allows a freedom of bequest to one child to the extent of one-half. In Russia there is the most freedom, the code of Nicolas I. only exacting a "legitim" in the case of property inherited by the testator, which is subject to equal division. Lastly, in Scotland, the "legitim" has existed from time immemorial, as "bairns' part of gear." Under this right, where the father leaves a widow and children, the latter take one-third of the personalty; where there is no widow, one-half; and this cannot be defeated by any *mortis causa* conveyance of movables. "Common ideas," says Vico, "arising simultaneously among peoples mutually unknown are like to have a common origin of truth," and a consentaneousness so general involves a presumption of conformity to the prescripts of natural justice.

It has been seen that by a variety of local customs the Roman law of bequest had been for ages kept alive in the memories of French lawyers. When the National Assembly extended it to land, and finally established it as the general law, it put a coping-stone upon the new social changes. It enlisted the interests of the many minor scions of aristocratic houses, just as Henry VIII. carried over to the Reformation a nobility enriched with the spoils of the Church. In the White reaction which followed the Restoration an attempt was naturally made against this essential portion of the new France which had grown up since '89. That puny and tyrannical régime began by the creation of hereditary peerages in tail male. At length, on January 31, 1826, the speech from the throne announced an attack on the rights granted by the Revolution to the majority of Frenchmen. "The progressive partitions of landed property, essentially contrary to the principle of monarchical government, tend to weaken the guarantees given by the Charter to my throne and subjects. Means will be presented to you for re-establishing the harmony that ought to exist between the political and civil law and

for preserving the patrimony of families without restriction upon the right of free disposition." The law, as proposed, simply restored the right of the father to "make an eldest son," but only within limits which secured a competence for other children.

Even in a society which was nothing if not reactionary this endeavour at a restoration of ancient rights, and a denial of modern justice, not to the extent prevailing in England, but under severe restrictions, provoked an outburst of dissatisfaction. In the Chamber of Peers the most illustrious were among its opponents. The names of Choiseul, Lally-Tollendal, Crillon, and De Broglie, had lived too long in history to need, their inheritors thought, a sustenance sucked from the calets of their houses. "A general cry," said De Broglie, "rises throughout France, proving the unpopularity of the object; the rich dislike it as do the poor; fathers regret it as do their children, younger sons complain of it, eldest sons feel it an offence; in a word, the condemnation is general. Such a law is dead ere it come into being. An unanimous vote of the two Chambers could not give it life." The Chambers were flooded with petitions condemning the innovation as unconstitutional, a violation of nature, of morality, and of religion, as exciting cupidity, jealousy, family dissension, and so forth. The hereditary nobility themselves rejected it by a large majority, and Paris illuminated for two nights.

The French law of succession has, since that time, sustained numerous attacks. But these, it is to be noted, have been almost exclusively directed against the equal partition of realty, a law which never yet obtained in England, and to the introduction of which there are patent economical objections. It may be suggested that a law that will alienate a certain portion of the paternal personalty from the son who succeeds to the inheritance will prejudicially affect agriculture in this country. The tenant for life's difficulties, at any rate to some extent, are met by the Settled Land Act. As for the farmer, so long as English farmers are left with insufficient security for their capital, investment in their industry is checked, for none but the landlord can with safety sink money in the soil. But how has limitation of bequest affected Scottish agriculture, where tenant-right is equally defective? Every one is familiar with the Scottish farmer's reputation for energy. He builds, he drains, he reclaims, and Scottish rentals have risen at a greater rate than those of England. The system of leases provides him with but an inadequate security for his superior expenditure. But from what source does this expenditure come? Why is it that the Scottish farmer has been able to make such large contributions to the permanent improvement of Scottish estates? The answer is to be found in the law limiting bequest, which, while it has left the landlord with a smaller, has provided the farmer with a larger capital. The result,

even under conditions not in all ways encouraging to enterprise, has been a superior agriculture on a comparatively unfertile soil, a more capable race of farmers, and, for the landlord, higher rents. If then it be asked whether the Scottish law limiting bequest has been productive of any results, I reply emphatically in the affirmative. Many writers have dwelt upon the invasion of England by Scottish talent which marked the last century and stirred the spleen of Dr. Johnson. In the seventeenth century the law of "legitim" had enabled the cadets of Scottish houses to equip themselves for commands in the army of Gustavus Adolphus or for service in the Scottish Guard of the French kings. The activity of Scottish enterprise which followed, within a generation of the pacification of Scotland was due, no doubt, to the comparative excellence of their education. But their education itself sprang, as influences for refinement commonly do, from social and economical circumstances. To originate a national education a people must have attained a certain uniform grade of well-being. Though not high, and in the eyes of *grands seigneurs* of England and Ireland pitifully scanty, such existed through the law of "legitim" among the people of Scotland. Out of this arose that intellectual force which has for so many years given the Scottish race, when account is taken of its numbers, indisputably the first place in the empire in general progress and contentment. It is true that among the agricultural population the decay of the primitive clan-communism and the avarice of individual proprietors has inflicted a vast distress and helped to create a modern urban proletariat. Yet the percentage of pauperism to population is only one to forty-two in Scotland as against one to thirty-five in England and Wales, and the population of the comparatively poor country has shown itself not only more competent to gain a subsistence, but better able to afford the outlay of emigration.

These objections to a "legitim" of personalty being thus disposed of, it remains but to mention the only other grounds on which opposition may rely. It will be said that restrictions upon arbitrary testamentary disposition are restrictions upon the rights of property. Mr. Childers, in a speech at Edinburgh on the 29th of November, 1886, while predicting that this was becoming a "burning" question, added: "I have myself been educated in that school of political economy which considers the liberty of testament as one of the first rights of a freeman"—a strange declaration before a Scottish audience! Those who think with the "Liberty and Property Defence League" will be of opinion that such restrictions "have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished." I candidly admit the truth of the objection that this is an interference with the rights of property, so far, at least, as they have been understood in England for less than two centuries; but I deny its weight. The

suggestion that a legal claim of the child is an infraction of the authority of the parent belongs to the same school of thought. People are disposed nowadays to think that enough has been said and written of the duties of children to their parents. The world is too weary to rate highly the questionable benefit of existence, and modern laws do well to intervene for the protection of those who are but too often the issue of selfish thoughtlessness. Some of a father's duties to his children, the State, with that awakened eye to its interests at large already spoken of, has found it expedient to enforce. He who has it in his power must provide aliment for his children in his lifetime. On what principle do we impose burdens upon his resources during his life and remove them when expenditure is a tax upon him no longer? Indeed, it may well be asked upon what grade of relative importance the interests of the parent country of the empire stand. Children legitimate in our colonies are yet illegitimate in England; the tenant-farmer of India secures the fruits of his labours, in England much of them may be wrested from him; and by a recent law, the children of India can claim those rights from their parents which the children who will be their rulers are yet denied.

It is said by some that excessive subdivision of property results in general pauperization. The general pauperization which England has to fear is pauperization resulting from excessive accumulation. The greater the accumulation, the greater the proportion of wealth devoted to unproductive expenditure, and the less in proportion the employment for the workmen. A family which can afford to saunter half the year abroad, embarrassed by its possessions and prodigal upon foreign objects of vertu, is of no more economical value to the country than a middle-class family of home-dwellers—is of far less economical value than ten such families whom its superfluous income might maintain. If things go on as they are, with shiftless, restless younger children multiplying yearly, continental Socialism may receive some unlooked-for allies, for our present law of bequest is a consecration of that social atomism against which Socialism is a protest. "The power of testamentary disposition implies the greatest latitude ever given in the history of the world to the volition or caprice of the individual."* But the time has passed for the autocracy of individualism. Comtism is but one sign among many that the philosopher king may one day reign again. And nowhere has the point of view from which legislation should approach this subject been more clearly laid down, for all time, than by Plato for his ideal commonwealth. "Now I, as the legislator, regard you and your possessions, not as belonging to yourselves, but as belonging to

your whole family, both past and future ; and yet more do I regard both family and possessions as belonging to the State ; wherefore . . . I will legislate with an eye to the whole, considering what is best both for the State and for the family, esteeming, as I ought, the feelings of an individual at a lower rate." The right of free bequest was established to fit a doctrine of ephemeral social utility ; it is economically injurious to the State, repugnant to the moral sense, and against the common consent of mankind.

I. S. LEADAM.

THE AGE OF THE PENTATEUCH.

I.

I do not propose in this article to take any part in the controversy between Dr. R. S. Poole and Dr. W. Robertson Smith, as to the date of the Pentateuch. I wish to proceed on different lines and on altogether independent grounds. I do not start with a theory. I do not feel bound either to accept the traditional view of the antiquity of the six Books, which stand at the beginning of our Bibles, or to cast in my lot with the critics who have assailed it, and to whose learning and ability I yield the amplest tribute of admiration, even when I am unable to accept their conclusions. My object is rather to examine the latest theory of the construction of the Hexateuch—the name which now must be substituted for the Pentateuch, the Book of Joshua being held to be an integral part of the work—and to test it in certain salient particulars. Ever since Jean Astruc, the French physician, by his famous discovery that in the Book of Genesis, and the first six chapters of Exodus, there were different documents characterized respectively by the use of the Divine names, Elohim and Jehovah, laid the foundations for a criticism of the Pentateuch, scholars have been unwearied in their efforts to arrive at some satisfactory result as to the composition of the work, and the dates of the various documents which have been here fused and welded together. In the whole history of literary criticism no question has excited more interest than this. Even the interest awakened by the controversy respecting the Homeric poems has been feeble and transient, compared with the interest which has gathered about the Five Books which go by the name of Moses. During the last half-century in particular, the investigation of the various problems which these books suggest has been carried on with an ardour and a thoroughness and a subtlety of literary discrimination, to which

it would not be easy to find a parallel. And, although the newest school of criticism professes as its last achievement to have solved the problem, and to have succeeded not 'merely in disentangling the several authors who have contributed in turn' to the formation of the Hexateuch, but also in establishing the dates of the several portions and the final redaction of the whole, still there is no reason to suppose that criticism has said its last word upon the subject. The school now dominant has some formidable opponents. The arguments of Kuenen and Wellhausen, notwithstanding the ability with which they have been arrayed, have not convinced scholars like Dillmann and Delitzsch; and the only points on which it can be said that there is a general consensus, are: (1) that the Six Books are a composite work; and (2) that portions of it are later than Moses or Joshua.

It must in all frankness be admitted that there is much to be said for the theory of which Wellhausen is the coryphaeus. He it is who has brought it to its present perfection. Not that he is the sole parent of the theory, which, in point of fact, has many fathers. Several scholars, labouring independently, have arrived practically at the same results, though no one had presented those results with the same masterly combination of the various lines of argument, or with anything like the same literary skill. But that so many critics, working without concert and along different lines and by different methods of investigation, should have come to conclusions which, at least in their main outlines, are precisely similar, is, to say the least of it, evidence of the plausibility of such conclusions, if not evidence of their truth.

The history of the formation of the modern hypothesis is not without interest. Its birth dates from the publication of Graf's work, "*die Geschichtlichen Bücher des A. T.*" in 1865. Graf, however, was in part, at least, the exponent of a theory which he had heard propounded thirty years before in Reuss's Lecture-room at Strasburg. The theses which Reuss had laid down, though he had not then given them to the world, were these:—

- (1) The historical element in the Pentateuch must and ought to be examined by itself, and not be confounded with the legal elements.
- (2) Both the one and the other might have existed without being reduced to writing. The mention in ancient writers of certain Patriarchal or Mosaic traditions does not prove the existence of the Pentateuch; and a nation may have a law based on custom without any written code.
- (3) The traditions of the Israelites are of greater antiquity than the laws of the Pentateuch, and were earlier committed to writing.
- (4) The chief interest of the historian must attach to the date of the laws, because here he is more likely to attain to certain results: hence the witnesses must be examined.
- (5) The history, as told in the Books of Judges and Samuel, and in

some measure also in Kings, is in direct contradiction with the so-called Mosaic Laws; consequently they were unknown when these Books were written; à fortiori they did not exist in the times from which they profess to date. (6) The prophets of the 8th and 7th centuries know nothing of the Mosaic Code. (7) Jeremiah is the first Prophet who knows anything of a written law, and his citations are exclusively from Deuteronomy. (8) Deuteronomy (iv. 45—xxviii. 69) is the Book which the priests professed to have found in the temple in the reign of King Josiah. This code is the oldest part of the legislation comprised in the Pentateuch, in the form in which we possess it. (9) The history of the Israelites, so far as the national development was determined by written laws, must be divided into two periods, before and after Josiah. (10) Ezekiel is anterior to the redaction of the Ritual Code, and the laws which gave a definite organization to the hierarchy. (11) The Book of Joshua is very far from being the most recent part of the entire work [the Hexateuch]. (12) The editor of the Pentateuch is very certainly not Moses."

It is due to the veteran Professor to say that he has modified his views on some of these points; he admits that he has learnt much from his own pupils, and in particular that he was mistaken in accepting the then current, and indeed unquestioned, view, that the basis of the Pentateuch was the work of the Elohistic historian, completed by the Jehovistic historian, and that he had not considered sufficiently how the legal element with which he had exclusively concerned himself came to be joined to the historical.

Graf, like his master, confined his attention to the legislative element, as furnishing the most solid ground for his investigation. He recognised that a true analysis of the Pentateuch must begin with Deuteronomy, the publication of which, shortly before the year 622, he considers, is sufficiently established by the narrative in the Second Book of Kings. The code comprised in chapters v.—xxviii. (at least with the exception of chapter xxvii.) of the Book of Deuteronomy and preceded by a special title, chapter iv. 45—49, is a separate and distinct work; the true kernel of the Mosaic legislation, the oldest attempt at codification on a grand scale to be found in the Pentateuch. There were no doubt earlier laws, but in the final redaction which we possess of them, there are only some chapters of Exodus (xx.—xxiii., xiii. 1—16, xxxiv. 10—27) which represent these earlier laws, and it can be shown that the authors of the new code were acquainted with them, and had even modified them. Other laws, far more numerous, are posterior to these, and date either from the Exile or from a still later epoch. To this category belong considerable portions of Exodus, the greatest part of the Book of Numbers and the whole of Leviticus. In Leviticus, indeed, there is a series of chapters (xviii.—xxii., xxv., xxvi.) which in all probability were written by the prophet Ezekiel.

The main feature of this hypothesis was, that the laws concerning the cultus and the priesthood and many others which gave to Judaism its characteristic direction were not Mosaic; they were framed for the little community of the Restoration, not for the nomads of the desert, nor for the nation on its final settlement in Canaan, nor even for the contemporaries of the prophets.

Graf's attempt to split up the *Grundschrift*, or "main stock," was, in Kuenen's words; "the Achilles-heel of his whole hypothesis." Was it possible thus to sever the historical and legal portions of this document? According to Graf the narrative belonged to the ancient pre-Jehovistic writing, whereas, the legislative portion was as late as the Exile. But, as Kuenen remarks, the two are "dominated by essentially the same conception, and resemble each other so closely that they cannot possibly be severed by a period of three or four centuries" (p. 22). Hence, it followed that if the legislative portion was post-exilic, so also was the historical. Graf, before his death, admitted the force of Kuenen's objections to his theory. He wrote to him to say, that the possibility that the Jehovist might have been earlier than the Elohist had never occurred to him; that the opposite hypothesis had been taken for granted, till it was regarded almost in the light of an axiom; but that if the contrary position could be established, it would work a complete revolution in the criticism of the Pentateuch, and in particular of the Book of Genesis. And finally, in a paper which did not appear till after his death, Graf announces his complete conversion to the theory that the *whole* of the "main stock" or Elohist document is really the latest stratum of the Pentateuch. It is nothing but habit, he says, which prevents us from recognizing this fact. We find it difficult not to regard the story of Creation in the first chapter of Genesis as the foundation of all that follows, and therefore as the earliest portion of the whole, whereas it is, in fact, a later story prefixed by way of introduction. He then runs through the Hexateuch in order to show that the Elohist is not only acquainted with the earlier Jehovistic narratives, but that his object is to supplement them so as to unite them into a single whole. (This part of his theory, it will be seen, is rejected by other critics.) But the point on which Graf insists is this, that it is inconceivable that the laws of the Pentateuch should have existed for ages—a silent or buried code—having no practical influence whatever on the national life. He argues further that "the transplanting of the foremost representatives of the priesthood with Jehoiaquim to Babylon, where they were deprived of the support of a civil and ecclesiastical organization of their own, was the very thing most calculated to throw them back upon half traditional, half theoretical methods of collecting, systematizing, developing, and completing the precepts of their religion, and so stimulating that theoretical reconstruction of history

and legislation,' which, according to Nöldeke, is the most prominent characteristic of the 'main stock.' Ezekiel at the opening, and Ezra at the close (or, at least, at a decisive turning point), of this period of Babylonian activity, furnish the irrefragable proof that it is not a mere creature of the imagination" (Kuenen, pp. 30, 31). "With this short paper of Graf's," says Kuenen, "the problem may be regarded as assuming its true form. His great essay had recalled the criticism of the Pentateuch to its true path, and his frank recognition of his errors had prevented its being drawn away again on a side issue."

About the time that Reuss was propounding his theses in his lecture-room at Strasburg, two other critics, Vatke and George, had taken up the subject, and, knowing nothing of Reuss's work, had struck out a path in the same direction. They, too, contended not only that the Deuteronomic legislator was of the age of Josiah, but also that the Priest Code containing the bulk of the ritual legislation of the Pentateuch, must be brought down to a date subsequent to the Exile. Their arguments attracted little or no attention at the time they were advanced. De Wette launched his sarcasms at these youthful scholars and went his way. But they have their posthumous revenge. Wellhausen professes himself the disciple of Vatke. The theory then first propounded by Vatke and George, and independently also by Reuss and his pupil Graf, has received its final shape in the hands of Kuenen and Wellhausen, and is briefly as follows:

The Hexateuch consists principally of three elements, separated from each other by wide intervals of time. These are the Priestly Code, Deuteronomy, and the work of the Jehovist. But the order in which these various elements had hitherto been placed must be entirely reversed. The fundamental error of the older critics was that they placed the first Elohist—the Priest Code—first in the series. On the contrary, according to the new school, the Jehovist (with whom the second Elohist is included) is the earliest, then Deuteronomy, and the Priest Code last of all. Each of these constituent elements has its marked characteristics. Deuteronomy and the Priest Code are mainly legislative, the Jehovist is mainly narrative, but in all alike there is a mingling of narrative and legislation. Thus, for instance, the Decalogue (Exod. xx.), the Law of the Two Tables (Exod. xxxiv.) and the Book of the Covenant (Exod. xxi.-xxiii.) are comprised in the Jehovistic record; and, on the other hand, both the Priest Code and Deuteronomy are by no means bare collections of laws, but the various collections of laws have their appropriate setting and framework of history; the law has its roots in the history; the law and the history illustrate one another, and furnish internal evidence as to the date of the several compositions. None of these can be regarded as Mosaic, except so far perhaps as some Mosaic laws may have been

incorporated in the earliest document. Kuenen even refuses to admit that the Decalogue is Mosaic (p. 244), but says that if we are to regard the writer who summarised Yahve's commands in the Decalogue as an original and creative author, we must place him in the eighth century; he belongs, so far at least as the nucleus of his work is concerned, to the course of the Assyrian period, Deuteronomy to its close. The Priest Code is substantially the work of Ezra after the return from the Babylonian Captivity. Between Deuteronomy and the Priest Code comes the legislation of Ezekiel (chaps. xl.-xlviii.); but it is still a moot point with the critics what is the exact relation of one portion of the Priestly Torah, that contained in Lev. xvii.-xxvi., to Ezekiel. The similarity in style and vocabulary is so marked and striking, that some critics have inferred that Ezekiel himself was the author or redactor of the collection of laws in Lev. xvii.-xxvi.; others would place it earlier; others again, as Kuenen, conclude that "the Law of Holiness," as this section of Leviticus has been aptly termed, arose in the second half of the Babylonian Captivity, in all probability shortly before its close, and that it was the work of an author who copied Ezekiel.

We thus obtain the following successive stages in the legislation of Israel. (1) The earliest law-book (Exod. xx.-xxiv. and xxxiv.), which must be assigned to the age of Isaiah at the latest; (2) the Book of Deuteronomy, which was written at or shortly before the time it was alleged to have been discovered—viz., the eighteenth year of Josiah, B.C. 622; (3) the code of Ezekiel; (4) the collection Lev. xvii.-xxvi.; and finally (5) the whole of the rest of the legislation comprised in the Pentateuch. The historical portions of this work (including also a large part of the Book of Joshua) are, as has already been remarked, interwoven with the legislative, and belong in the main to the same periods respectively.

In short, as Wellhausen puts the theory briefly, the Mosaic law is not the beginning but the end of the history of Israel; it is not the starting-point and the basis of the national life; it is the starting-point of the Jewish Church, as it was framed after the Exile, with its elaborate ritual and worship. The law of Judaism is also the product of Judaism. Jews and Christians alike have been entirely mistaken as to the origin and history of Old Testament literature. It has been ante-dated by centuries. In particular the position of the Pentateuch in relation to the other Books of the Canon must be reversed. Not "the Law and the Prophets," but "the Prophets and the Law" would be the correct description of the Old Testament. What has hitherto been regarded as the eldest portion of the Canon must now be regarded as the latest. To assert that Moses was the author of the Law is about as rational as to assert that St. Paul is the author of the Lutheran Confession. Ezra and the Priests asso-

ciated with him are the real authors of what is called the Mosaic legislation.

Such is a brief outline of the latest theory of the composition and date of the Hexateuch. That it is supported not only by a vast amount of learning, but by much critical acumen and many plausible arguments, it is impossible to deny. It has a certain fascinating completeness in itself, and, moreover, it accounts for many things that are puzzling and not easy to explain on the traditional theory of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, or even on that, which acknowledging different documents in its composition, regards the Priest Code as the earliest of these documents and not as the latest. The laws of the Pentateuch arranged in the manner proposed, as several distinct codes, seem to have a natural growth. The absence of direct reference to the Mosaic institutions in the earlier historical and prophetic books is accounted for, the earliest written code not being earlier than the eighth century. The close connection between post-exile Judaism and the Levitical law-book is explained. All this must be admitted. The theory, however, is not free from difficulties of its own, and some of these I shall shortly proceed to indicate. But before doing this, it may be well to remind my readers, that there are certain main positions which are taken for granted, as essential to the completeness of this theory.

1. First it is laid down that the traditional view, according to which the Pentateuch is regarded as a separate work, must be abandoned. Joshua is an essential and integral portion of the great historical and legislative work which, beginning with an account of the Creation of the world, gives the origin of the Jewish nation, traces its history in Egypt and in the wilderness, and ends with the occupation of Canaan. The chief reasons for uniting Joshua with the preceding Books are—(1) that it records the settlement in Canaan, which is the natural close to the first stage of the history of Israel; and (2) that it is marked by precisely the same peculiarities of composition which are found in the other Books. The Hexateuch, then, and not the Pentateuch, is the proper designation of the work which is now under discussion. I know of no serious objection to this view. It may be accepted, I think, without prejudice to the arguments of those who refuse to accept the conclusions of Wellhausen and his school.

2. It is assumed that the Hexateuch is a composite work. This may be freely conceded. Critics of all schools, orthodox and unorthodox, are pretty generally agreed, that at least four different documents can be traced in its composition—viz., the principal Elohist, or author of the Priest Code, to whom the greater portion of it is due; the Jehovist, who is not merely a supplementist, but an original authority; a second Elohist whose work has been taken up by a redactor.

and so incorporated with that of the Jehovist that it is not always easy to distinguish them ; and lastly, the Deuteronomist. As the Jehovist and second Elohist form practically one work, it is customary to denote this by JE, the Priest Code being denoted by P (Wellhausen's Q), and Deuteronomy by D. The final editor may have been one of these, or he may have been merely the collector of these various originally independent writings. But at any rate the result is not a homogeneous whole ; the work has been pieced together out of a number of separate documents, and may have undergone, moreover, a series of modifications at the hands of different editors. I say this may be conceded. There will always be considerable difference of opinion as to details, but in the main the position is unassailable, that the *Pentateuch* is a composite work.

3. There is abundant evidence that this work, *in its present form*, is much later than the times of Moses and Joshua. Such notices as these interspersed in the narrative of Genesis : "The Canaanite was then in the land" (Gen. xii. 6) ; "These are the chiefs which reigned in Edom before there was any king in Israel" (Gen. xxxvi. 31) ; or, again, in the other books, "There arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses" (Num. xiii. 6, 7, Deut. xxxiv. 10) ; the statement that the twelve stones set up in the Jordan "are there unto this day" (Josh. iv. 9) ; and that Rahab "dwelleth in Israel unto this day," and other similar notes of time, are indications that the work has undergone editing and that the editor has brought it down to his own time.

4. It must also be admitted that there are three principal codes of Israelitish law, the first and simplest being the small corpus contained in Exod. xx.-xxiii. ; the next, that of Deuteronomy, chapters xii.-xxvi., which is in many respects little more than a repetition and expansion of the earlier code ; and lastly, that which is scattered through Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, and which is chiefly concerned with ritual and worship.

But granting all this, granting that there are these several documents in the *Pentateuch*, and these several codes of law in the *Pentateuch*, the question at issue is : What is the relation of these several documents and codes one to another, and what antiquity is to be assigned to each ? Is the order, P, JE, D, which, till lately, was very generally accepted, and which is still maintained by a scholar like Delitzsch, the true one, or must we accept the order JE, D, P, which is that of Wellhausen and Kuenen ? Is Deuteronomy to be referred to the age of Josiah, or perhaps of Manasseh ? Is the Levitical ritual, as we have it, substantially Mosaic, or is it of post-exile date ?

It must be carefully borne in mind that we are dealing with the *written documents* as they are before us. "The point," says Well-

hausen, "is not to prove that the Mosaic law was not in force in the period before the Exile. There are in the Pentateuch three strata of law and three strata of tradition, and the problem is to place them in their true historical order." So far as the Jehovist (or the composite document usually styled JE) and Deuteronomy are concerned, there is no longer any question. The Jehovist is the earlier, and Deuteronomy rests upon it. But what are we to say of the Priest Code? Is this the earliest or is it the latest portion of the Pentateuch?

I do not propose to travel over the whole of the ground involved in these questions. It would be impossible to do so within the limits of this article. I shall confine myself mainly to a single question—viz., the age of Deuteronomy. This, it is admitted on all hands, is the point on which the whole controversy turns.

But first of all let us just look at the theory as a whole. According to it the bulk of the Pentateuch and Joshua in their present form are post-exilic.

What follows? In the first place, Ezra, or whoever was the first redactor of the Hexateuch, must have been aware at least of some of the facts. When he set to work to construct this elaborate legislative and historical romance, he must have presumed on the complete ignorance of the majority of his readers, and he must have been determined so to marshal his materials as to obliterate entirely their chronological order, and to leave to all future generations a monument of ingenuity, a literary puzzle, which they might take to pieces and reconstruct at their pleasure. The redactor, whoever he was, could not have been ignorant that Deuteronomy was not a Mosaic work at all, but was first composed and edited in the reign of Josiah, yet he deliberately places it last in the code of laws professing to come from Moses, as if on purpose to mystify his readers. He must have been well aware that "the Law of Holiness" (Lev. xvii.-xxvi.) was "an independent corpus marking the transition from Deuteronomy to the Priestly Code"; in fact, that it was the connecting link between Ezekiel and the Priestly Code, so that, as Wellhausen (p. 379) observes: "Jehovist, Deuteronomy, Ezekiel are a historical series; Ezekiel, Law of Holiness, Priestly Code must also be taken as historical steps, and this in such a way as to explain at the same time the dependence of the Law of Holiness on the Jehovist and on Deuteronomy"; of all this, I say, he must have been aware; and yet he adopts an arrangement of his materials which completely obscures their proper mutual relation. No reason whatever is given by the critics for this extraordinary proceeding, except that it was done "in the interest" of the Priest Code; in other words, I suppose, in order to get it generally accepted. Kuenen merely says: "When hē' (the redactor) set his hand to the work,"

the Deuteronomico-prophetic sacred history (DJE) had long been recognized and highly revered, whereas the priestly historico-legislative work had only quite recently been promulgated and put into practice. The problem was how to make P share in the reverence that DJE already commanded. In other words P must be incorporated with DJE. This was required in the interest of P, and there can be no doubt that it was carried out by some one imbued with the spirit of the document. "It [the redactor], then, belonged to the school of *Ezra*, to the priest-scribes of Jerusalem. And, indeed, they were the only men to whom it could ever occur to execute such a work; for no one else would either feel called to it or be competent to undertake it." And he then proceeds to ask whether the redactor follows "the rules which flow spontaneously from this view of his task, viz.: (1) whether DJE is kept as far as possible intact, and (2) whether, when unity of design imperatively demands some sacrifice, the changes are made in the spirit and in the interest of P. These questions he answers in the affirmative. But why such a proceeding was necessary he does not attempt to explain.

So again, if the Priestly Code is not Mosaic, but post-exilic, no plausible reason has been given why the '*Ohel Moed*, or "Tent of Meeting," should occupy so large a place in it. Nothing can be more elaborate or more minute than the account of its construction as given in Exodus. Its various parts, its dimensions, its coverings, its boards, its bars, its pillars, and its sockets, its curtains, and the material of which they were to be made, the number and the colour of them, even the very manner in which they were to be looped; the very precise and particular directions given for the construction of the ark, with the mercy seat and cherubim; the table of shewbread, the candlestick with its lamps and instruments, the altar of incense, the preparation of the holy oil and the incense, the altar of burnt offering, the laver of brass, the clothes of service, and the holy garments for the priest; and, in a word, the whole of the furniture of the Sacred Tent down to its smallest details, all this is described in Exodus xxxv.-xl. with the utmost care, and in such a way as to leave the impression on the mind of the reader that he has an actual structure before him. And yet we are told that the Tabernacle never existed but in the imagination of the writer. It is a fiction of the time of Ezra. There may have been some rude Mosaic tent, of which the tradition remained; but this elaborate Tabernacle never existed. The redactor of the Pentateuch wished to find a foreshadowing of the Temple in Mosaic times; though why he should have done so is not very clear; but having this wish, he reduced the measurements by exactly one-half, and filled up the description from Solomon's Temple. What possible object could this elaborate invention have served, unless it were to claim Mosaic sanc-

tion for the post-exile cultus and ritual? But why was this necessary? Solomon's Temple, its furniture, and its vessels were all perfectly well known, as we see from the narrative in the Kings. Why not rest contented with restoring them? Why set to work to construct out of these a purely imaginary Tabernacle, and to write of it such an elaborate description, for no conceivable purpose but the mere exercise of a profitless ingenuity? Or why in particular should the ark be described so fully as it is in the Levitical Code, and such importance be attached to it, when, as we know it perished in the destruction of the first Temple, and no attempt was ever made to restore it, nor is any allusion made to it in Ezekiel's ideal Temple.

In the relation of the Temple to the Tabernacle there is one striking circumstance, of which the higher criticism takes no notice, but which appears to me of considerable importance. The measurements of the Temple were in all respects, as Mr. Ferguson was the first to point out, exactly double those of the Tabernacle. Which is more probable, that a writer of the time of Ezra should have shown such masterly ingenuity as to have drawn the Tabernacle in all its points as exactly half the size of the Temple; or that the Tabernacle having really existed in Mosaic and post-Mosaic times, and its measurements being well known, Solomon in building his Temple, which was to be to the Jews settled in Palestine what the Tabernacle had been to their fathers in the wilderness, the centre of all their worship, should have taken care to follow its proportions line for line, only making the one building exactly double the size of the other? The latter proceeding is perfectly intelligible and rational; for the former no plausible reason can be given. Indeed, a very striking parallel to the proceeding, which seems the obvious and intelligible one, is furnished by the excavations which have recently been made in my own cathedral. We came there upon remains of the old Saxon church; we have been able to trace its outline very accurately, and we have ascertained that the measurements of the ground-plan of the present Norman cathedral are exactly double those of its old Saxon predecessor. This is perfectly intelligible. But would any one, setting to work to describe an imaginary Saxon church, have ever thought of constructing it as exactly half the size of the present Norman building?

We are reminded, indeed, that the early history never mentions the Mosaic Tabernacle at all. Not only is there no reference to it in Judges and Samuel, but whereas the Chronicler says that Solomon on his accession offered upon the altar of the Tabernacle at Gibeon, the compiler of Kings, on the contrary, not only omits all allusion to the Tabernacle, but expressly says that he offered "upon a high place, and excuses him for this, on the plea that at that time no house to the name of Jehovah had as yet been built" (1 Kings iii. 1-4).

But as the *'Ohel Mo'ed*, Tent of Meeting (or Tabernacle of the

Congregation, as the A.V. renders it), is mentioned in 1 Sam. ii. 22, this passage is quietly set aside with the remark that it is "badly attested and from its contents open to suspicion," inasmuch as the passage is not found in the LXX., and further because everywhere else in 1 Sam. i.-iii. the Sanctuary at Shiloh is termed *Heykal*, "that is to say certainly not a tent." But why is this distinct statement of 1 Sam. ii. 22 to be rejected merely because the verse is wanting in the LXX.? Or what is there contradictory in the use of the term *Heykal*, which may be used of any larger structure? We have only to suppose that the Tabernacle was surrounded by buildings of a more permanent character, the name of *Heykal* being given to the whole of the sacred enclosure, *together with the Tabernacle*, and the Tabernacle itself being described as the '*Ohel Moed*, and the whole difficulty vanishes. And again, why are we to set aside the express statement of the Chronicler? According to Wellhausen (pp. 39-41), the statement in Chronicles (2 Chron. i. 3) that Solomon offered at the high place that was at Gibeon, "for there was God's Tent of meeting which Moses the servant of Jehovah had made in the wilderness," is in express contradiction to the statement in 1 Kings iii., that Solomon went to Gibeon to offer there, "for that was the great high place." But where is the contradiction? The Tabernacle had been placed at the Bamah in Gibeon. The site of a Canaanite sanctuary was chosen for the site of the sanctuary of Jehovah. *Because the Tabernacle was set up there*, it became "the Great Bamah," "the great high place." Both narratives tell us that Solomon went to Gibeon to offer there; both mention that there was "a high place," there, which made it suitable for sacrifice; but the narrator in Kings says nothing about the Tabernacle being there, while the narrator in Chronicles gives us this information. And this is the whole extent of the contradiction on which so much stress is laid.

And now let us turn to Deuteronomy. Deuteronomy, as I have said, is the pivot on which the whole question turns. If we can settle the date of Deuteronomy, the controversy is at an end.

Is this Book, then, rightly ascribed to Moses? Have we here his last great discourses, his recapitulation of the laws which he had given to Israel during the forty years' wandering in the wilderness, with such modifications as a larger experience and different circumstances might suggest or require? Or is it the composition of some unknown author at or about the time when, according to the history, the Book of the Law was discovered in the Temple? The former is not only the traditional belief concerning the Book, it is the impression which the book itself intends to convey. The latter is the view which has so completely established itself in the domain of "the higher criticism" that Wellhausen does not hesitate to write that "in all circles where appreciation of scientific results can be

looked for at all, it is recognised that it was composed in the same age in which it was discovered, and that it was made the rule of Josiah's reformation, which took place about a generation before the destruction of Jerusalem by the Chaldeans" ("History of Israel," English translation, p. 9). A thorough and impartial investigation of this point therefore is necessary, if we are to come to any satisfactory conclusion.

In attempting this investigation, I shall assume the literary unity of the book as a whole. All are agreed that the great legislative nucleus, chaps. xii.-xxvi., is the work of a single author. There is some difference of opinion as to the historical preface (chaps. i.-iv. 40) and the hortatory introduction which follows (chaps. iv. 40-xi. 32);* but the only point on which there can be said to be anything like a consensus among the critics is that Deut. xxxiii. is not by the same author as the rest of the book. This, however, does not touch the main question at issue. That the book may have undergone editing I am not concerned to deny, nor that in the editing it may have received some addition or modification; but in the main it is one book. Far more distinctly than any other book of the Pentateuch, it carries within itself the evidence of unity of authorship. Can we settle who was the author? I shall begin by examining the evidence furnished by the Book itself. What then does the Book say about its authorship? First of all we read (I quote only from those parts of the book which Kuenen considers to be by one author, the author of the code): "This is the law which Moses set before the children of Israel. These are the testimonies, and the statutes, and the judgements, which Moses spake unto the children of Israel when they came forth out of Egypt; beyond Jordan, &c. . . . And Moses called unto all Israel and said unto them, hear, O Israel, the statutes and the judgements which I speak in your ears this day," &c. (chap. iv. 44-46, v. p.) In like manner the Mosaic origin of the Deuteronomic law is vouched for in chapter xxvii. verses 1, 9 and 11. And as if this were not enough, we are expressly told that "Moses wrote this law," and delivered it to the custody of "the priests, the sons of Levi," with a command that it should be read before all the people at the end of every seven years, on the Feast of Tabernacles (chap. xxxi. 9-12), and further that when he "had made an end of

* Kuenen contends for unity of authorship, at least, from chap. iv. 45 to the end of xxvi. He says: "The objections to the unity of authorship which have been urged most recently by Wellhausen and Valetton are not convincing. The position occupied by the author of xii.-xxvi. is faithfully indicated in the superscription iv. 45-49. The hortatory character and diffuseness of v.-xi. by no means compel us to ascribe it to another author. In details, v.-xi. and xii. xxvi. completely and yet spontaneously agree. Finally, in language and style they present just that degree of agreement and difference that we should be justified in expecting on the hypothesis of a common origin" (p. 112). Kuenen gives a list of Deuteronomic words and phrases, but says truly that such a list can never adequately characterize the style of an author, the true impression of which can only be gained from the work read as a whole. Dillmann also argues strongly for unity of authorship.

writing the words of this Law in a book until they were finished," he commanded the Levites that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord to take this book of the Law and put it by the side of the ark of the covenant, that it might be there for a witness against the people. It has sometimes been contended that the expressions "this Law," "all the words of this Law," embrace the whole Pentateuch, but according to the most ancient Jewish tradition they refer primarily to the Book of Deuteronomy. In any case Deuteronomy claims for itself not only a Mosaic origin, but so far as the legislation at least is concerned, a direct Mosaic authorship: "Moses wrote this Law."

The general character of the book is entirely in accordance with this statement. If a later author has embodied the discourses of Moses, giving them a setting of his own, and perhaps clothing the legislation in its present rhetorical form, there is no reason to doubt that we have a faithful record, at least of the substance of those discourses. The situation is carefully preserved throughout. The laws are issued in the wilderness, the people have not yet entered Canaan. Canaan is always "the land which Jehovah giveth thee to possess it" (Deut. xv. 4-7; xxi. 1-23). The laws are framed with a view to the time when the people are "come into the land" and shall possess it (xvii. 14), or, when Jehovah hath "cut off these nations, and thou succeedest them, and dwellest in their cities" (xix. 1); then and not till then will the laws come into operation (xii. 1, 8, 9). The central place of worship and sacrifice is not one which Jehovah *has* already *chosen*, but one which He *shall choose* to put His name there (xii. 5, 10). If Deuteronomy was composed about the time when it was said to have been discovered in the temple, the writer must have been possessed of no small amount of literary skill to transport himself so entirely into the age of Moses.

But again; all legislation bears traces of the time when it is framed, and must be adapted to the circumstances and requirements of that time. This is rightly insisted upon by the critics. But if Deuteronomy belongs to the reign of Josiah or Manasseh, what are we to make of the injunction to exterminate the Canaanites (xx. 16-18), and the Amalekites (xxv. 17-19) who had long since disappeared?—an injunction which, as Prof. Green says, "would have been as utterly out of date as a law in New Jersey at the present time offering a bounty for killing wolves, or a royal proclamation in Great Britain ordering the expulsion of the Danes."*

"A law," he continues, "contemplating foreign conquests (xx. 10-15) would have been absurd, when the urgent question was whether Judah could maintain its own existence against the encroachments of Babylon and Egypt. A law discriminating against Ammon and Moab (xxiii. 3, 4), in favour of Edom (ver. 7, 8), had its warrant in the Mosaic period, but not in the time of the later kings. Jeremiah discriminates precisely the other way, promising a future restoration to Moab (xlviii. 47) and Ammon (xlix. 6), which he denies

* "Moses and the Prophets," p. 63.

to Edom (xlix. 17, 18), who is also to Joel (iii. 19), Obadiah, and Isaiah (lxiii. 1-6) the representative foe of the people of God. The special injunction to show no unfriendliness to Egyptians (Deut. xxiii. 7) is insupportable in a code issued under prophetic influence at a time when the prophets were doing everything in their power to dissuade the people from alliance or association with them (Isa. xxx. 1, &c.; xxxi. 1; Jer. ii. 18, 36). The allusions to Egypt imply familiarity with and recent residence in that land; an impressive argument for obedience is drawn from the memory of bondage in Egypt (Deut. xiii. 5, 10; xx. 1); warnings are pointed by a reference to the diseases of Egypt (Deut. vii. 15; xxviii. 60). And how can a code belong to the times of Josiah which, while it contemplated the possible selection of a king in the future (Deut. xvii. 14, &c.), nowhere implies an actual regal government, but vests the supreme central authority in a judge and the priesthood (xvii. 8-12; xix. 17), which lays special stress on the requirements that the king must be a native and not a foreigner (xvii. 15) when the undisputed line of succession had for ages been fixed in the family of David, and that he must not 'cause the people to return to Egypt' (ver. 16), as they seemed ready to do on every grievance in the days of Moses (Num. xiv. 4), but which no one ever dreamed of doing, after they were fairly established in Canaan?"

What are we to set against all this?

1. First of all, that the phrase "beyond Jordan" in chapter i. shows plainly enough it is said, that the writer was on the west side of the Jordan. The book therefore is written in Palestine. It has been replied to this that the phrase "beyond Jordan" is used as a current description of the Eastern territory, irrespective of the position of the speaker or the writer, just as Cisalpine and Transalpine Gaul did not "change their names to the old Roman Generals as often as they crossed the Alps." But the cases are not parallel. "Beyond Jordan" does denote not one side only but both sides of the river, according to the place of the writer or speaker. Thus in Deut. iii. 25, Moses, who is on the Eastern side of Jordan, says to God, "Let me go over, I pray thee, and see the good land *that is beyond Jordan*," meaning of course Western Palestine; whereas in the eighth verse of the same chapter "the two kings of the Amorites that were *beyond Jordan*," the phrase denotes the Eastern side of the river. So again in Numbers xxxii. 19, the Reubenites and Gadites, speaking from their position on the East side, say: "We will not inherit with them *beyond Jordan* (on the other side) and forward; because our inheritance is fallen to us *beyond Jordan* (on this side) eastward." Indeed the frequent addition of "westward" or "eastward" to the phrase "beyond Jordan" (comp. Joshua v. 1, xii. 7, xxii. 7, with xiii. 32, xx. 8, 1 Chron. vi. 63) is indisputable proof that "beyond Jordan" was not a standing designation of Eastern Palestine, as Transalpine Gaul was of the Roman Province beyond the Alps.* It seems then but

* Dr. Douglas indeed says: "I suppose the phrase means simply 'across the Jordan,' and it was used by Moses sometimes of the eastern and sometimes of the western side, according to circumstances easily intelligible by his readers or hearers, according as he had in his mind their physical position to the east of Jordan, or their ideal position in."

reasonable to conclude that a writer who tells us that Moses spake certain words "beyond Jordan" was himself living in Western Palestine. This, however, is no proof that he does not faithfully record the discourses of Moses, or that when he says, "Moses wrote the law," he is putting his own words into the mouth of Moses.

2. The Book is in style quite unlike the other Books of the Hexateuch: it stands absolutely alone. If it is the work of Moses, the other Books cannot claim his authorship. It is not enough to say in reply that Exodus and Leviticus for instance are either formal narrative or legislative enactment, whereas Deuteronomy consists chiefly of rhetorical discourses; for Deuteronomy is in its main portion a code. But we may maintain that the *substance* of the code is Mosaic and yet grant that a later writer has made free use of his materials, and set them forth in his own diction. Indeed, we have only to read the later chapters of the Book of Numbers, from the 28th onwards, to be convinced that the writer who gives us there "the commandments and the judgments which the Lord commanded by the hand of Moses unto the children of Israel," is not the writer of Deuteronomy. The situation is the same. The people are "in the plains of Moab by the Jordan at Jericho" (Num. xxxvi. 13; Deut. i. 1, 5), but the Moses of Numbers and the Moses of Deuteronomy are not the same. The difference between Deuteronomy and the other Books, it has often been remarked, is like the difference between St. John's Gospel and the other Evangelists. The colouring of St. John's language extends even to his record of our Lord's discourses. But the record is not the less faithful on that account. The manner is different, but the Divine character is exhibited as clearly in the discourse in the Synagogue at Capernaum as in the Sermon on the Mount; in the last words in the Upper Chamber as in the Great Prophecy on the Mount of Olives. Deuteronomy may be in the strict sense Mosaic, though we may be compelled to admit that in its present form it was not written by Moses.

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the proper land of Canaan to the west of it, the land in which their forefathers lived, and to which all their thoughts and aspirations turned, as that which was now to be their home. — *Why I still believe that Moses wrote Deuteronomy*, p. 30. But such a loose mode of expression must have been infinitely perplexing, and we have seen, as a matter of fact, that when the Reubenites and Gadites speak of their own territory as "beyond Jordan," they add "eastward" to make it clear. If a reporter, writing from Lambeth, were to say: "These words spake the Archbishop of Canterbury on the other side of the Thames," no one would for a moment suppose that he was reporting what the Archbishop had said at Lambeth, though to the majority of Londoners Lambeth is "on the other side of the Thames."

(To be continued.)

THE LIBERAL PARTY AND ITS PROSPECTS.

THE old order is rapidly passing away, and a new order is as rapidly taking its place. This is one of the few things which it is possible to say with something like certainty of the situation in this country. In politics the unexpected so frequently happens that the task of trying to look ahead is always a difficult and often an unprofitable one. Still, it must be undertaken on those occasions when the alternative is resignation to opportunism in the face of impending difficulties which require a definite policy. The present appears to be one of such occasions. The leaders of the Liberal party do not seem to be occupying themselves with any other question than that of Irish Government. And yet, with an extended franchise, not one but many more difficult questions are impending. The relations of labour and capital are apparently about to be forced on our attention with practical and formulated demands. What is to be the attitude of the party towards them? The answer to this question may prove to be of profound moment as regards the future of Liberalism.

About the future constitution of the Conservative party there is room for but little doubt. Lord Randolph Churchill, like other men who have been remarkable, is but an expression of the tendencies of his time. The Tories are no longer the party of the landlords. The landlords still rally and will continue to rally round their standards, but only as one of a multitude of special interests which do the same from an instinct, not of satisfaction or sympathy, but of self-preservation. The Liberal party has been enunciating with daily increasing distinctness the proposition that the special privileges of many of these special interests ought not to continue to exist. It is hardly to be wondered at that the Tory party has gained them. For example, in the great cities the publican is probably, from his constant association

with working people, a Radical in his sympathies. But his trade is threatened by the Liberals, and he therefore votes Tory. Again, to take an example which is likely to appear with more distinctness in the future than it does at the present time, the employer of labour who dreads damaging restriction in the terms on which he can purchase labour power for use in his factories or mines, naturally tends towards the new Conservatism. Now the special interests are very numerous, and are to be found in every rank of life. There are special interests in large numbers even among the newly enfranchised. The small mining contractor, himself a workman, is one example. The skilled workman who requires to hire unskilled labour, adult or otherwise, is another. Again, between skilled and unskilled workmen there is recognized a distinction, not merely in wages but in status, which gives rise to another kind of illustration of the same thing. The consequence is that there is a much larger material upon which it is possible for the modern Tory party to draw than is popularly supposed. I have always thought the assumption a rash one that the working men would continue to vote solidly or even substantially solidly with us after the feeling of gratitude for that extension of the franchise which the Liberal party procured for them had been forgotten. A large majority of these voters we shall probably continue to have with us for many a day. But the middle-class vote, which since 1885 has, in England at all events, been to a very great extent indeed Conservative, is so enormous and so constantly increasing, that any considerable secession of new special interests from the working classes would almost neutralize the power of the latter. And universal suffrage, while it would of course add largely to the working-class vote, would also tend to promote such a secession on the part of those who were best off. The truth is that the names Tory and Liberal are rapidly ceasing to possess definite connotations, and are coming to have purely relative meanings. To which party a particular person belongs depends on how far his desire for equality extends. As we progress further, the necessity for progress becomes less and less glaring to persons familiar with the old order of things, and it becomes more and more difficult to predict from what quarter the party of resistance to change will not find recruits. This party is rapidly coming to include every species of voter. The country squire, whose watchwords are Church and State, the shopkeeper who hates what he calls mob rule, the farmer who wants a protective duty on corn, the manufacturer who wants Fair Trade, the miscellaneous multitude who want to do what is genteel, the workman who wants a duty imposed on imported sugar to countervail the foreign bounties, the man who is dependent for a job on the great house, the skilled artificer who objects to political power getting into the hands of the mere labourer, and many others of similar classes, all cast their suffrages with the Tories. Extend the franchise still further, and you

increase the number of these classes, and proportionately extend the limits of the Tory party.

In all this there is nothing that is unnatural, or that should alarm the most sensitive Liberal. The point in the present situation of his party lies not in the mere fact that notwithstanding the extension of the franchise the proportion between the two parties has remained so nearly as it was, but in the degree to which the vote which supports Liberalism has become a class vote. It was to be expected that the majority of the upper and middle, and specially interested classes should vote Tory. It was not to be expected that so small a minority of these classes should vote Liberal. The general reasons already indicated do not account for the circumstance that this is so. There is a large number of people in both the upper and middle ranks of life who really do desire progress and equality, and who would make personal sacrifices if these were necessary in order to make possible a general levelling up. There is also a large number of people in these ranks whose interests are not materially bound up with any of those special interests of which mention has been made. There ought to be nothing to prevent the great bulk of these people from voting with us. The former class cannot have effect given to its sympathies and wishes by a Tory party, which is hampered at every step by the resistance of its staunchest supporters. Of the latter the Liberals might at least expect to gain a considerable number. Yet the fact remains that, of these voters, in England at all events, the Liberal candidates poll comparatively few. The special considerations attaching to the Irish question throw little light on this problem. The Gladstonian party lost far more largely in 1886 from Liberal abstentions than from any increase in the Tory vote. The number of persons who went permanently over to the other side at the election of that year was probably relatively inconsiderable. And it is by no means clear that at the next election there will not be a retransfer of such votes as did go over, and, in addition, such a number of Conservative abstentions as will give Mr. Gladstone a large majority. The true explanation appears to the present writer to lie in the circumstances under which the election of 1885 took place. It was then apparent that, whether it liked it or not, the Tory party would have to take up the Midlothian programme if it was to keep its feet. Now, of course, there was all the difference in the world between the ways in which that programme might be rendered. Its accomplishment was all that the old-fashioned Liberals desired. The unauthorized accompaniments furnished by Mr. Chamberlain they dreaded, and besides this the want, in their opinion, of definiteness in Mr. Gladstone's utterances, made them fear that he might carry out the authorized version in a reckless and revolutionary spirit. What weighed with them, most was probably not the dread of ap-

particular measure, but, the fact that they did not know and could not see where they were being led to. All manner of things were said in the name of Liberalism, some of them bad and some of them good, but none of them definitely repudiated. Consequently these people, and many others, even among the new voters, who thought with them, voted with the Tories. Their reward was the Dartford programme.

Now, has the situation changed? It is open to much doubt. We Gladstonian Liberals appear not altogether unlikely to gain a victory on our Irish policy, but the battle when it comes will apparently be fought on this issue only, an issue which is the source of what some of us believe to be an increasing enthusiasm and strength in our ranks. There will come a time when the Irish question is out of the way, and when we shall fight on our general policy. If I am right in attributing the falling away from our ranks in 1885 not so much to the advanced character of our programme as to its indefiniteness, are we better off now? I do not think so, and I believe that unless our leaders declare themselves in more precise terms we shall in the future have an experience similar to that of 1885. At Nottingham, Mr. Gladstone referred to the work which lay before the Liberal party independently of the settlement of the question of Irish Government. But not only did he not go into details (as indeed he could not), but he plainly told us that he had no expectation of carrying out that work himself. We remain then in a condition of uncertainty as to our aims, drifting to all appearances we know not whither. Now it is all very well for a party to be indefinite when it commands the complete confidence of its supporters. But that is just what the Liberal party does not do in the case of the classes of people to whom I have referred, classes who are essential for the purposes of a permanent majority. It is the fashion to say that these are the moderate Liberals, and that we do not want them. But it is not of what are thus called moderate Liberals that I am speaking. No doubt there are Liberals who have left us on perfectly specific issues, such as Disestablishment. These we do not hope or even wish to get back. They would only hamper us in what we have to do. But there are thousands of others who deny any Divine right in the Church to be established, who would like to see ecclesiastical endowments applied to educational purposes, who are with us on every specific proposition which has been put forward by any responsible public man on our behalf, and who yet vote against us because they do not know where we are drifting to, or what may be suggested next. They are material out of which excellent and zealous Liberal support might be easily derived, if their requirements, simple in themselves, were complied with. These requirements are that political leaders should lead and not follow, and that it should be made plain that such pro-

grammes as that of Mr. Henry George form no part of the policy of the Liberal party. It is impossible to deny that the complaint they make possesses some foundation in fact. The extreme Socialist party is evidently determined to make an attempt to mould the new voters to its wishes. Nationalization of the land makes its appearance in the list of many a London Working Men's Club. Nationalization of ordinary capital and State-regulation of wages appear hardly less frequently. And this kind of thoroughgoing throwing overboard of the economical doctrines with which the history of the Liberal party has been associated is not confined to London and the great cities. It has shown itself in a well-marked form in various industries in the North of England. But it has probably never shown itself anywhere in Great Britain with so complete an organization as among the miners of Scotland. The movement in this quarter has attracted comparatively speaking so little attention, and is yet so instructive, that it is worth while to trace briefly its history, a history which throws a good deal of light on the difficulties with which the Liberal party has to contend.

For some time past the miners of the North of England and of Scotland have been displaying a good deal of dissatisfaction with their Unions. In Northumberland, where these organizations have been brought to a condition of great efficiency, and where they have been until lately highly successful in regulating both hours and wages to the satisfaction of both men and masters, there was evidence some months ago of a break-down in the general confidence. The strike against the recent reduction in wages in Northumberland got beyond the control of the organizations, and, like most strikes in a similar condition, failed to accomplish its purpose and finally collapsed. A feeling of irritation and dissatisfaction on the part of the men with the programme of their leaders was the result, and there was evidence of a demand on the part of many of the former for direct State interference as a substitute for organization. In Scotland the Miners' Unions have never been so complete or efficient as the Unions of the North-east of England. The latter have been extraordinarily successful in one very important point, the regulation of the hours of labour. In place of the old system under which the men worked in a single shift for unduly long hours, there has been substituted, through the medium of the organizations, a double-shift system, under which the miners work only for about seven hours. In Scotland, for some reason, no such beneficial arrangement has ever been brought about. In the West of Scotland in particular the condition of the men is often one of the greatest hardship. There are pits in which the employers compel them to remain below ground for over ten hours, and the organizations have been too feeble to cope with this evil. In the East of Scotland, although the organizations have been but little better, the employers have pursued a wiser policy, and the

general practice has been that the miner's day should not exceed eight hours. Still the sympathy with the miners of the West is so great, and the confidence in efficiency of the Unions so small, that the policy of an eight hours' limit by Act of Parliament to adult labour underground has become enormously popular. How powerful the feeling in its favour has become is shown by the fact that nearly the whole of those Scotch members who represented mining constituencies voted in favour of the "eight hours" clause in the Mines Regulation Bill of last Session independently of party, the clause being seconded by a Conservative. Indeed, in some of these constituencies the choice for the member lay between doing so and most seriously endangering his seat. Now if the clause had been thus popular on the mere ground that work underground was in its nature unhealthy and accordingly stood on a special footing, the vote would have possessed comparatively little significance. But this was not the argument of the new voters. They declared that their power of organization was not to be relied on; that the franchise had been extended to them to be used; and that they meant to use it for the purpose of getting more efficient protection from the employers through the medium of the State.

So far the agitation for State interference had been confined to the question of hours of labour, though it was apparent from some of the speeches made even in the House of Commons that it was about to be extended. Occasion presently arrived. Early in the summer of this year a dispute arose at Broxburn, in West Lothian, between the Broxburn Oil Company and the shale miners whom they employed. The Company had in the previous autumn given the men an advance of twopence for each ton of shale raised. This advance the Company now alleged that, owing to a serious fall in prices, which undoubtedly had taken place, it was necessary to take back, and in addition to take off a further twopence. The men replied by pointing to the fact that the Company had been paying dividends of from 15 to 25 per cent. The dispute, which had also extended to some minor questions, became general, and the miners employed in nearly all the shale mines in Scotland struck. The strike was only settled after it had lasted for over twenty weeks. In the end of August the present writer had occasion to examine the state of affairs with a view to mediating, and to negotiate for several weeks, during which he was in constant contact with both masters and men, and had opportunities of closely observing the features of the strike. On the minor points, and particularly that of hours, on which there was a general agreement upon a nine hours' day from "bank to bank," no question of principle came in, and it was comparatively easy to bring the parties together. But on the question of wages his intervention was a complete failure. Each party took

its stand on a question of principle. The representatives of the masters declared that the reduction was an absolutely necessary one, that at the then prices it was not only impossible, to earn the old dividends, but that the reduction was essential to save the Companies from loss. It is possible that the men might have been then, as indeed they were ultimately, brought to acquiesce in some compromise based on this contention, which it was plain could be brought to the test of fact, had the masters been willing for the future, to adopt a sliding scale of wages based on prices and to be adjusted from time to time with the representatives of the Miners' Union. But it became obvious that the masters had no confidence in the Miners' Union, and were determined to remain in the position of buying labour power, like any other commodity, on ordinary market terms. They at that time apparently looked upon the miners' organization not only as an unreasonable and mischievous body in point of fact, but as having no title to interfere in their bargainings with the individuals whom they employed. Consequently they would have nothing to do with any proposition for a sliding scale which involved recognition of, and negotiation or permanent relations with, the kind of organization which the men insisted on. The men, on the other hand, maintained that the reduction would, contrary to the masters' contention, owing to the increasing difficulties of working the shale, reduce them to the point of starvation, instead of leaving them, as the masters thought, a fair wage. They further declared that the masters were taking the opportunity of attempting to ruin and break up their organization. They insisted that the proper policy for the future was that if any reductions were to be made their representatives should be satisfied, by the methods which had proved so successful in Northumberland and elsewhere in averting strikes, that the condition of business necessitated a reduction, and they further argued that wages should fall with prices only if and so far as they rose with prices. It was obvious that the masters were averse to this kind of arrangement, and that the men were determined to insist on it. The impossibility of bringing them *ad idem* on the issue of fact as to the propriety of the particular reductions, or of effecting a compromise, arose from a difference in the principle which ought to regulate their relations. The masters had no confidence in the men's organization, and wanted, as buyers in an open market, to remain sole judges of what was a fair price to pay for labour. The men had no confidence in the justice of the masters. Capital and labour were at war to the great detriment of both, and it was only the miserable consequences of the war which enabled the dispute to be ultimately compromised in the end of November by a gentleman of great business experience who finally found an opportunity of doing so.

This strike did much to precipitate the opinions of the Scotch miners in general on the use to be made of the franchise. Meetings were

held, and are still being held, all over the mining districts of Scotland for the purpose of adopting resolutions which affirm the insufficiency of combination and trades' unionism, and the necessity of direct interference by Government to regulate the relations of labour and capital. Naturally, as the leaders have reflected on the measures which are essential for the efficient establishment of such regulation, the programme has become more extended and definite. It now appears to embrace: 1. State regulation of the hours of adult labour; 2. State regulation of the rate of wages; 3. Nationalization of mining capital; 4. Nationalization of land. It is claimed by some of the leaders of the movement that in several of the chief mining constituencies this programme will be adopted at the next election as paramount to any party issue, and supported even by the combined votes of the Orangemen and Nationalists of the very numerous body of Irish miners in Scotland. Unquestionably it is a formidable movement, and is receiving very extensive support. And there is not only no present appearance of its dying out, but evidence that it is extending to England. At the general conference of miners' delegates in Edinburgh in October, it was advocated with the apparent sympathy of a large number of the delegates.

Thus there were raised, among a class of most sensible and capable electors, new issues which will be before us at the next election. It seems probable that in Scotland, at least, certain mining constituencies may return members pledged to the new programme, and that certain other constituencies will, as before, put such pressure on members as will make them, whether Liberal or Conservative, accept the milder and less obviously objectionable elements in that programme. If the movement were to spread to voters employed in other industries, it would become a very extensive one. Possibly it would not endure for long, but it would have to be grappled with. And it must be grappled with not by burking it, even if that were possible, but by showing that there is another and a better way of dealing with the great problem of the pressure of population on what may be called without prejudice the "wage fund" of the country. The source of the duty of the Liberal party in this respect is not the fear that Socialism may become the law of the land. Socialism can only be successful if it is revolutionary. There is no half-way position between leaving grown men to bargain about their own interests, and taking the management of these interests out of their hands altogether. Fortunately for those who do not contemplate with equanimity the possibility of an indefinite popular controversy as to its meaning, Socialism has been worked out by one of the acutest economical reasoners of the century into a scientific system. "The Communists," says the author of "*Das Kapital*," in the conclusion of his last "Manifesto," "disdain to conceal their opinions and ends.

They openly declare that these ends can only be reached by the forcible overthrow of all existing social arrangements." We cannot ignore the magnitude and importance of the problem with which Karl Marx and the Socialists have sought to deal in so courageous a fashion. The existing relations of labour and capital, and the consequent distribution of wealth, are in need of a far-reaching improvement, not less in this country than in other parts of the world. But the working people, here at any rate, recognize that there is a slow but sure amelioration taking place in their condition. And impatient as they are to have the process stimulated and accelerated, there are great numbers of them who will most certainly, should the necessity arise, deliberately elect to preserve even the present slow rate of speed, if the alternative is a violent change, however completely bloodless, of which they cannot see the outcome. No one who has had any considerable experience of them can readily doubt that the great majority of the new electors are far from being disposed to revolution. The progress and reform which is to-day their cherished hope, and the desires for a better and juster future which make them Radicals, are widely different from the tendency to bring about a general overturn of existing institutions. It is only because they recognize its good intentions without realizing that it imports such an overturn, that so considerable a number of the working men of the day are influenced by the ideas of the Socialist programme. I believe this to be true even of the miners' movement in Scotland, although there a special explanation is to be looked for in the extraordinary hardships to which a miner's life may be exposed in the absence of protection through proper organization. Looking at the new electorate as a whole, and the real proportion which its influence bears to the upper and middle class vote, I am convinced that the association, if such an association were contemplated, of Liberalism with Socialism, would result, not in the triumph of Socialism, but in the largest and most enduring Tory majority the country has yet seen. Not only would the great bulk of the working-class voters probably refuse to follow, but the entirety of that naturally Liberal upper and middle class minority, to which reference has already been made, would inevitably be definitely alienated.

The Scylla and Charybdis between which the Liberal leaders have therefore to steer their party would appear to be, on the one hand, the entanglement, either in fact or in public opinion, of their followers with even a moderate Socialistic programme. The books and practical experience have alike taught us that there is no half-way house between moderate and revolutionary Socialism. On the other hand, these leaders must throw off that indifference to the relations of labour and capital which has characterized the Liberal party in the past, and which has allowed a Socialistic party to grow up. With

an extended franchise such indifference is no longer possible, even were it capable of justification. One very important point is to determine what we mean by Socialism. The great error which has been made, and which has led to much of the popularity of what is currently called Socialism with some very admirable practical politicians, has been its identification with the bare fact of a departure from the principle of *laissez faire*. It is not right, argue many people, that a Christian country, in which we recognize obligations of another than self-regarding character, should be governed so as to facilitate as much as possible merely the survival of the fittest in the struggle for wealth. And this is an argument the validity of which has unquestionably been recognized by the Legislature in this country over and over again in our generation with the assent of all parties. The Truck and the Mines Acts of last Session recognized it not less than did the Ballot, Licensing, and Education Acts. The truth is, that it is not a mere departure from the principle of *laissez faire* which sensible people mean when they object to propositions as Socialistic or economically unsound! Such departures are even recognized as essential for the promotion of real freedom between contracting parties.

"Laws of this kind," says the late Mr. T. H. Green, in his *Lectures on the Principles of Political Obligation*, "have often been objected to on the strength of a one-sided view of the function of laws—the view, namely, that its only business is to prevent interference with the liberty of the individual. And this view has gained undue favour on account of the real reforms to which it has led. The laws which it has helped to get rid of were really mischievous, but mischievous for further reasons than those conceived of by the supporters of this theory. Having done its work, the theory now tends to become obstructive, because, in fact, advancing civilization brings with it more and more interference with the liberty of the individual to do as he likes. And this theory affords a reason for resisting all positive reforms, all reforms which involve an action of the State in the way of promoting conditions favourable to moral life. It is one thing to say that the State, in promoting these conditions, must take care not to defeat its true end by narrowing the region within which the spontaneity and disinterestedness of true morality can have play (e.g., by legal requirements of religious observance and profession of belief which vitiate the source of true morality, or by legal institutions which take away the occasion for the exercise of certain moral virtues; for example, the Poor Law, which takes away the occasion for the exercise of parental forethought, filial reverence, and neighbourly kindness); another thing to say that it has no moral end to serve at all, and that it goes beyond its province when it seeks to do more than secure the individual from violent interference by other individuals. The true ground of objection to 'paternal government' is not that it violates the *laissez faire* principle, and conceives that its office is to make people good, to promote morality; but that it rests on a misconception of morality. The real function of government being to maintain conditions of life in which morality shall be possible, and morality consisting in the disinterested performance of self-imposed duties, 'paternal government' does its best to make it impossible by narrowing the room for the self-imposition of duties and for the play of disinterested motives."

The truth is that the Liberal party has accomplished the main part of what it has to do in the way of establishing mere freedom from interference for the individual. It has now to win for him the conditions of freedom in a more subtle and far-reaching sense, of the freedom from that ignorance and unnatural lowness of moral and social ideal which are promoted by the bad surroundings amid which too many of our fellow-countrymen are born and grow up. The Socialism which refuses to put reliance on the individual under any circumstances takes its stand on the proposition of Malthus, that population tends to outstrip the means of existence, and that the surroundings which can be procured for his children by the father of a family therefore tend to become the lowest consistent with the preservation of life. We answer by pointing to the condition of our middle classes. There, too, the growth of population would naturally outstrip the growth and so force down the remuneration of labour. But this danger has been met, and more than met, by the effect of an extension of education and political influence, which has so raised the social ideals of our middle-class citizens, that there is for them an ever heightening minimum of comfort and luxury which they deem necessary for existence, and without which they will not take upon themselves the responsibilities of family life. Even among the working people we have seen the faint outlines of a similar process. The most remarkable feature in the report made by the recent Commission on the Depression of Trade was the evidence of progress in this direction which it presented.

"(81.) But what even may be the comparative advantage of the longer hours which are worked abroad we cannot recommend, and we feel satisfied that public opinion in this country would not accept any legislative measure tending to an increase in the present number of hours of labour. There is no feature in the situation which we have been called on to examine so satisfactory as the immense improvement which has taken place in the condition of the working classes during the last twenty years. At the present moment (21st December, 1886) there is, as we have already pointed out, a good deal of distress owing to the want of regular work; but there can be no doubt that the workman in this country is, when fully employed, in almost every respect in a better position than his competitors in foreign countries, and we think that no diminution in our productive capacity has resulted from this improvement in his position.

"(82.) As regards the future, should any symptoms present themselves that foreign competition is becoming more effective in this respect, it must be for the workman himself to decide whether the advantages of the shorter hours compensate for the increased cost of production or diminished output. We believe that they do, and on social as well as economical grounds we should regret to see any curtailment of the leisure and freedom which the workman now enjoys. No advantage, which could be expected to accrue to the commerce of the country would, in our opinion, compensate for such a change.

"(83.) It is, however, right to point out that, while the share of the aggregate wealth produced in the country which now falls to labour is larger than it was twenty years ago, a corresponding diminution has taken place in the share which falls to capital; in other words, that while wages have risen, profits have fallen; and that this is obviously a process which cannot be con-

tinued beyond a certain point. This point has, we think, been very nearly if not quite attained already. A time may therefore come when capital will lose all inducement to lend itself to the work of production; and if the employer is driven out of the field, the labourer will necessarily suffer with him.

"(84.) We may add that, in our opinion, the unfavourable elements in the existing condition of trade and industry cannot, with any justice, be attributed to the action of trades' unions and similar combinations."

This is eminently satisfactory if we put out of account the timid conclusion of the last sentence but one. It shows that the benefits arising from Free Trade are being in a large measure secured for the labourer, and that the foundation upon which Malthus and Marx alike build—the latter in reality with far greater consistency than the former—is by no means an established one. It is for the Liberal party of the future still further to destroy the basis on which both social pessimism and Socialism rest. If Socialism be the alternative, and a workable alternative, to the miseries which the less fortunate classes of this community have undergone at various stages of our political history, by all means let us resort to Socialism, and if necessary to so much as can be accomplished without flagrant injustice of the programme which Marx developed in the Manifesto of 1886. But we shall not accomplish this by any ordinary political means. The indifference and even opposition of many of the very people whom it is sought to benefit, coupled with the violent opposition which such proposals naturally arouse in our middle classes, preclude the possibility of accomplishing anything of the kind through the medium of political agitation; and we are too prosperous for revolution. There remains the other path above described, a path which presents to the Liberal party possibilities of accomplishing great changes, at once beneficial and just, with the enthusiastic assent of a vast number of right-minded men and women who take but little interest in the present projects of that party. I speak only of the Liberal party, because to me, at least, it seems that Toryism is so bound to the special interests which are the main and natural obstacle to the accomplishment of such a purpose, that it cannot take the initiative without alienating the bulk of those through the withdrawal of whose support it would dwindle into a small minority.

Now it is curious to observe that the new problem of Liberalism has really been considered very little by Liberals. The most remarkable illustration of this truth is the fact that we have never yet formulated an educational programme. And yet education is beyond all doubt the most powerful and important lever which we can use in the great process of levelling up. There is no other means of checking the tendency of population to increase to the utmost limit of the means of subsistence, so potent as to heighten, in a manner and to an extent which education can alone effect, and effect almost

without limit, the social ideals and standards of comfort of our labouring classes. No doubt a good deal of fragmentary work in this direction has been accomplished, and there are of course the great educational reforms of Mr. Gladstone's 1868-74 Government. But now, when the opportunity for a great educational programme is presenting itself, there is no one, excepting possibly Mr. Chamberlain, and, within limits, Mr. Goschen, who can be said to have been talking much about it. Probably the bulk of the Liberal members in the House of Commons are in favour of free elementary education, a system which will require a more careful consideration and examination than it has received before it can be established. But comparatively few Liberals, since the time of Mill, have been in serious earnest over the question of how secondary and university education are to be brought within the reach of the masses. Of course this can only be done efficiently by effecting a sweeping diversion of charitable endowments. The power which the law denies to the dead hand to maintain its grasp, excepting for a limited period, over private property, and which it yet permits in the case of a charity, shows that the public is here regarded as the real and only beneficiary, the individual absolutely and solely entitled to this kind of property, and therefore, upon well known legal principles, entitled to change its application. Subject, therefore, to the contracts which have been made with individual administrators, such as are the clergy, for periods which cannot, in general, exceed their lives, the great beneficiary is free to divert endowments which exist only for itself, to the purpose which benefits it most.

Now a party which appealed to the country to declare that this purpose was the establishment of a thorough-going popular system of higher education, a system which should make it possible for every one to start in the race of life on a footing of equality with his neighbours, would have every chance of meeting with a response from the most various classes of the constituencies. Suppose this appeal involved Disestablishment. Instead of Disestablishment being a proposition, the motives for which were not beyond suspicion—as was the case in 1885, when thousands of earnest Liberals did not support it—it would present itself as a measure justified by the most cogent reasoning, and free from the savour of envy and confiscation. It may be doubted whether the Liberal party can ever go to the country with so great a prospect of success as it can on an educational programme, which would appeal in the interest of the commonwealth to all classes alike.

The existing inequality of the distribution of wealth baffles all ordinary efforts. To what is this inequality due? Surely to the fact that certain employments are extraordinarily paid, simply because none but men of high education are fitted to undertake them.

Educate the masses, and you will on the one hand produce many more competitors for such employments. On the other hand, the difference in the degrees of education being at the same time less, there will set in a tendency to raise the status of the labourer, and therefore his wages. In a community consisting of well-educated persons there would, of course, be manual labourers and brain workers just as at present, but the difference in the rates of remuneration would be very much less.

Take again another great social change which has still to be called into existence, adequate reform of the land laws! About this, too, the Liberal party has never been sufficiently in earnest to take the trouble to understand the subject. One of the blots on the administration of 1880-85, was that, with the exception of a few useful measures for the modification of the Law of Settlement, and the simplification of the Law of Transfer—very small items in the necessary programme, and, such as they were, due not to a Liberal but to a Conservative reformer—the subject received no attention at all. We must remember that land is a commodity which is at once a necessity of existence and yet only exists in a limited quantity. Hence we cannot and (as in the case of the compulsory powers of purchase conferred long since on the railway companies) do not recognize in the case of land the supposed title of every man to do what he likes with his own. The right of expropriation for the purposes of the community is one which we should do well to affirm far more frequently than is at present the case. Of course we must recognize the obligation to observe the State guarantees, which Acts of Parliament, as well as the Common Law, confer on the owner of land, by paying him compensation in accordance with the value of what the law recognizes as his. Despite our obligations to Mr. Henry George for having opened the eyes of our people to the monstrosity of the extent to which the soil in this country is private property, to be done with as the owner likes, we cannot leave out of sight that the individuals from whom he proposed, by a benevolent and painless process, to extract what the law had given and guaranteed to them, were not merely our great dukes but mainly the banks and industrial societies, whose investments depended on the security of the title to land. But by working even within the strict letter of the limits of the obligations which justice imposes upon us, we can effect almost anything in the way of change. The general unearned increment in the case of land it may be impossible to distinguish from that in the case of movables; but what is to prevent us from distinguishing, for the future, that special increment which arises from the contiguity and necessities of our growing cities, and has resulted in an increase of the value of the acre in some places from £300 to £10,000? Why should we not declare that the special increment

to accrue after a certain date is in future no longer to be taken into account in assessing compensation on compulsory purchases by municipalities endowed with sufficient powers? Surveyors assess values more difficult to calculate in practice every day. But it is not merely by conferring on representative bodies of different kinds vastly extended powers of expropriation, that the question of the land is to be dealt with. To the ownership of the soil, as our law still stands, there attaches a certain status of both a social and a political character, which is unknown in the case of movable property. Land will never become a widely diffused commodity, assimilated in its incidents to personalty, until the legal foundation of this peculiar status is got rid of. Thus the subject of Land Law reform is inextricably bound up with the reform of Local Government, and the two must be dealt with in conjunction, if real progress is to be made with either. So long as any one is allowed to accumulate vast tracts of the soil for his own exclusive occupation, and to shut out the public absolutely as is done to-day in the Highlands, in defiance of the old customs under which the mountains and glens were, in practice, free to all who chose to visit them, so long will there be, on the one hand, a bitter feeling against the owner of the soil on the part of an increasing population; and so long will that owner, on the other hand, occupy a position among his neighbours in which his influence is greater than consists with the spirit of our times.

In the preceding pages education and the land have been taken as two instances of subjects which have not yet been seriously and earnestly taken in hand by the Liberal party, and which are perhaps, more than any others, essential to be dealt with if the Liberal party is really to enter upon the great task which lies before it in the almost immediate future. That task is the improvement of the position of labour relatively to capital. But though this is to be accomplished mainly by raising the status of the labourer, there is yet much to be done indirectly in a quiet way by lowering the status of the capitalist. The Companies Acts acquire a new political significance in this light. They have already done much to substitute a multitude of small capitalists for the old monopolists of the control over labour power. There seems to be no reason why the process thus begun should not be carried further by the introduction of the plan of limited partnerships, which has for some time been in operation both in France and in America. Such a change in our law as would admit of partnerships with limited liability in private businesses would bring capital to quarters of the market where it is now at a premium, and by the consequent competition which it would create, increase the tendency to measure the reward of capital by the rate of interest, adding, where the capitalist was in active superintendence, an addition proportionate to the ordinary wages of superintendence.

To sum up : What, from a party point of view, Liberals must aim at, if they desire to be supported by a majority of the electors, is to accomplish two distinct things. They have to keep not merely the bulk, but the great bulk, of the labour vote. They have also to get back the support of that minority of the upper and middle classes which does naturally, but at present does not, vote with them. Liberalism must mean for the working classes not merely an appeal to the memory of the great things it has accomplished for them in the past, but the immediate prospect of great and definite changes for the better in their circumstances and surroundings. And this prospect must be presented with a considerable amount of detail if it is to operate as a living force. The generalities of Midlothian and Nottingham must give way to precise statements which will measure and make manifest the differences between the two parties. And these statements must, if they are to accomplish their second purpose, be such as to reassure the middle-class voters who have to be won back. They must declare unsparing war on what is unjustifiable in modern Socialism ; they must repudiate emphatically all that savours of confiscation or the going back on public guarantees. On no other terms can Liberalism hope to remain in a healthy and vigorous condition. No party can bear the strain of a separation between progress and justice.

R. B. HALDANE.

ISLAM AND CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA.

ONE-FIFTH of the human race dwells in India, and every fifth Indian at least is a Mahommedan, yet many people contend that Islam is not a creed which propagates itself vigorously in the great Peninsula. Where do they imagine that the fifty odd millions of Mussulmans in India came from? Not 10 per cent. of them even claim to be the descendants of immigrants, whether Arab, Persian, or Pathan, and of that 10 per cent. probably half are descendants only by adoption, the warrior chiefs who followed successful invaders allowing their bravest adherents, if Mussulmans, to enrol themselves in their own clans. Almost all, moreover, are half-breeds, the proportion of women who entered India with the invaders having been exceedingly small. The remainder—that is, at least 90 per cent. of the whole body—are Indians by blood, as much children of the soil as the Hindoos, retaining many of the old pagan superstitions, and only Mussulmans because their ancestors embraced the faith of the great Arabian. They embraced it too for the most part from conviction. There is a popular idea in this country that India was at some time or other invaded from the North by a mighty conqueror, who set up the throne of the Great Mogul, and compelled multitudes to accept Islam at the point of the sword; but this is an illusion. Mahommed authorized conversion by force, and Islam owes its political importance to the sword, but its spread as a faith is not due mainly to compulsion. Mankind is not so debased as that theory would assume, and the Arab conquerors were in many countries resisted to the death. The pagan tribes of Arabia saw in Mahommed's victories proof that his creed was divine, and embraced it with a startling ardour of conviction; but outside Arabia the bulk of the common people who submitted to

the Khalifs either retained their faith, as in Asia Minor, or were extirpated, as in Persia and on the southern shore of the Mediterranean. The Arabs colonized on an enormous scale, and, being careless what women they took, mixed their blood freely, so that in Syria, Egypt, the Soudan, and the enormous territory stretching from Barca to Tangier the population is essentially Arab with more or less of crossing. The Tartars were persuaded, not conquered, and they and the Arabs are still the dominant races of the Mussulman world which has converted no European race except a few Albanians—with all their intellectual superiority and their military successes, the Arabs never converted Spain—and has gained its converts in China and in Africa almost exclusively by preaching. It was the same in India. Here and there, as in Sind and Mysore, a small population may be found whose ancestors were converted by persecution, and doubtless successful invaders occasionally terrified or bought with immunities large groups of Indians. But that the process was neither general nor steadily pursued is proved by two broad facts—first, that India is not a Mahommedan country, but a Hindoo country in which Mahommedans are numerous; and, secondly, that in no part of the Peninsula can the distribution of faith be fairly considered territorial. Mussulman villages are everywhere found among Hindoo villages, and Mussulman families dwell among Hindoo families in a way which, if India had ever been “converted” systematically, would have been impossible. The early missionaries of Islam could not use force, and, as to the invaders who conquered and remained, they seldom or never wished to use it, for the sufficient reason that it was not their interest. They wanted to found principalities, or kingdoms, or an empire, not to wage an internecine war with their own tax-paying subjects, or to arouse against themselves the unconquerable hostility of the warrior races of the gigantic Peninsula, who were, and who remain, Hindoo. The truth is that Mahommedan proselytism by preaching began in India, then held to be far the richest of the great divisions of Asia, within three centuries from the Hijrah, and has continued ever since—that is, for a period of probably nine hundred years at least, during which the process, now vigorous, now slackening, has never been entirely intermitted. In other words, Islam, though often assisted by authority, has taken three times the time to convert a fifth of the people of India that Christianity, though constantly suffering persecution, took to convert the Roman Empire. Islam probably never advanced with the speed of Christianity when first contending with paganism, and certainly never with the speed with which the faith spread in the tenth century throughout Russia.

Yet the missionaries of Islam from the first had many and great advantages. They were, if judged by our modern standards, exceedingly numerous. The more fervent Arabs, with their gift of eloquence

and their habit of teaching, after the long battle with the outside world had ceased, took to the work of proselytism with an ardour never displayed by modern Christians, and as fast as they made converts they raised up new missionaries, often by villages at a time. Europeans habitually forget that every Mussulman is more or less of a missionary—that is, he intensely desires to secure converts from non-Mussulman peoples. Such converts not only increase his own chance of heaven, but they swell his own faction, his own army, his own means of conquering, governing, and taxing the remainder of mankind. All the emotions which impel a Christian to proselytize are in a Mussulman strengthened by all the motives which impel a political leader and all the motives which sway a recruiting sergent, until proselytism has become a passion which, whenever success seems practicable, and especially success on a large scale, develops in the quietest Mussulman a fury of ardour which induces him to break down every obstacle, his own strongest prejudices included, rather than stand for an instant in a neophyte's way. He welcomes him as a son, and whatever his own lineage, and whether the convert be Negro or Chinaman or Indian or even European, he will without hesitation or scruple give him his own child in marriage, and admit him fully, frankly, and finally into the most exclusive circle in the world. The missionaries of such a faith are naturally numerous, and when they first assailed India they found, as they have done ever since, a large proportion of the population ready at least to listen to their words. India was occupied then, as it is occupied now, by a thick population of many races, many tongues, and many degrees of civilization, but all differentiated from the rest of mankind in this. Cultivated or uncultivated, they had all keen minds, and all their minds were occupied by the old problem of the whence and whither. They were all religious in a way, and all afraid of something not material. Hindooism was then, as it is now, not so much a creed as a vast congeries of creeds, of modes of belief as to the right method of escaping an otherwise evil destiny rendered inevitable, not only by the sins of this life, but by the sins of a whole series of past and unremembered lives. It is the belief in transmigration which Europeans always forget, and which governs the inner souls of the Hindoo millions, who believe in their past existence as fervently as orthodox Christians believe in a future one. The efforts to solve the problem and rescue themselves from destiny were endless, and included millions. Some heresies involved whole peoples. One heresy, Buddhism, almost became the creed of the land. Great heretics made more converts than Luther. New cults rose with every generation into partial favour. New castes sprang up almost every year—that is, new groups of persons separated themselves from the rest of mankind in order, through new rules of ceremonial purity, to insure

further their security against a pursuing fate. The process which now goes on endlessly then went on endlessly till India was a sweltering mass of beliefs, ideas, religious customs, and rules of life all or nearly all instigated by fear, by an acute dread that somehow, after so much labour, so much self-denial, such hourly bondage to ceremonial precaution, the end might ultimately be missed. The essence of the life of Hindooism, if not of its creeds, is fear—fear of the unknown result which may follow upon error either in conduct or in faith or in ceremonial. A single belief, the belief in his pre-existence, which is firmly accepted by every Hindoo, fills his mind with vague terrors from which, while that conviction lasts, there cannot be by possibility any full relief. He is responsible for sins he knows nothing of, and who can say that any punishment for them would be unjust or excessive? If misfortune comes to him, that is his due, and a Hindoo, once unlucky, often broods like a Calvinist who thinks he is not of the elect. The modes of obtaining safety are infinite, but are all burdensome, and all, by the confession of those who use them, are more or less uncertain. •

Amidst this chaos the missionaries of Islam preached the haughtiest, the most clear-cutting, and the least elevated form of monotheism ever taught in this world—a monotheism which accounted for all things, ended discussion, and reconciled all perplexities by affirming that there existed a Sultan in the sky, a God, sovereign in His right as Creator, unbound even by His own character, who out of pure will sent these to heaven and those to hell, who was Fate as well as God. This Being, lonely, omnipotent, and eternal, had revealed through Mahommed His will, that those who believed in Him should have eternal bliss in a heaven which was earth over again with its delights intensified and its restrictions removed, and that those who disbelieved should suffer torment for evermore. Could anything be more attractive to a Hindoo? If he only accepted the great tenet, which, after all, he suspected to be true, for the notion of a Supreme lurks in Hindooism, and is always unconditioned, his doubts were all resolved, his fears were all removed, his ceremonial burdens were all lifted off him, and he stepped forward comparatively a free man. Year after year, century after century, thousands turned to this new faith as to a refuge, tempted, not by its other and baser attractions, to be discussed presently, but by what seemed to the converts the intellectual truth of this central tenet, by which the complexity of the world was ended, for all things were attributed to a sovereign Will, whose operation explained and justified the Destiny which is to a Hindoo the ever present problem of his life. Nothing goes as it should, yet all things must be going as they should; what better or easier reconciliation of those facts than the existence of a Creator who, because He created, rules all as He will? Monotheism explains the mystery of the

universe, and to the Hindoo dissatisfied with Hindooism seemed perfect light.

In teaching this faith the missionaries of Islam had some further advantages besides its simplicity, though they are not those usually ascribed to them. To begin with, whether Arabs or Pathans or Persians or Indian converts, they and their hearers were equally Asiatics, and had therefore a profound, though hardly conscious, sympathy. It may be hard to explain in what the comity of Asia consists, but of its existence there can be no reasonable doubt. Something radical, something unalterable and indestructible, divides the Asiatic from the European. Stand in a great Asiatic bazaar, with men of twenty races and ten colours and fifty civilizations moving about it, and every one is bound to every other by a common distaste for the European, even if he is an ally. There is not a European in Europe or America who does not feel that between himself and the Jew there is some dividing line which is independent of creed or of culture or of personal respect. Of all Christians, again, the most determined and, politically, the most powerless is the Armenian; but he is a true Asiatic, and accordingly, in the deepest recesses of the Mussulman world, in Arabia or in Afghanistan, where any other Christian would be slain at sight, he passes along as safe, from all save contempt, as any follower of Islam. Those evidences seem unanswerable, but there is one stronger still. The faith of the Moslem makes him accept, and accept heartily, every convert, be he Chinese or Negro or Indian, as a brother; but he regards one convert with a dull, inactive, but unsleeping suspicion, and that is the European renegade. The missionaries of Islam were personally acceptable in India because they were Asiatics, and because, though the creed they taught was universal, the rule of life by which it was accompanied was Asiatic too.

I do not mean by this, as most writers do, that the laxity of the sexual ethics taught by Mahommed was specially attractive to the Hindoo. I doubt if such laxity is attractive to any men seeking light, or has ever assisted greatly in the spread of any creed. The chastity of Christianity did not stop its spread in the dissolute society of the rotting Roman world. Of all the greater faiths Islam is the least elevated in this respect, for it allows not only polygamy, but free divorce at the man's will, and concubinage limited only by his power of purchasing slaves. It, in fact, consecrates the harem system, and, except as regards adultery or unnatural crime, legitimizes the fullest and most unscrupulous indulgence of lust. Nevertheless, it has never attracted the more lustful nations of Europe, such as the French; it is rejected by the least continent of mankind, the Chinese, and it has been accepted by millions of women, on whose behalf it relaxes nothing either in this world or the next. It is quite

clear that polygamy is not the attraction of Islam for them, nor are they promised male houri in Paradise, even if they have any chance of attaining to Paradise at all. The truth is, that men desire in a creed an ideal higher than their practice. The most dissolute of European societies foisted upon Christianity a restriction, celibacy, stronger than any Christ had taught; and even among male Asiatics it is doubtful if laxity is so attractive as is commonly supposed. Asiatics care, it is true, nothing about purity, which, among Christians, is as much valued as chastity, and more safeguarded by opinion, the Asiatics holding that lust, like hunger, is neither evil nor good, but a mere appetite, the gratification of which under regulation is entirely legitimate. They are, therefore, tolerant of lustful suggestions even in their religious books, care nothing about keeping them out of literature or art, and do not understand, still less appreciate, the rigid system of obscurantism by which the European avoids the intrusion into ordinary life of anything that may even accidentally provoke sexual desire. But as regards the actual intercourse of the sexes Asiatics are not lax. The incontinence of the young is prevented by a careful system of betrothals and early marriages; even Mahomedanism punishes adultery with death; Buddhism is in theory nearly as clean as Christianity; and the Hindoo, besides being monogamous, regards divorce as at once monstrous and impossible. It is probable that the laxity of Islam in its sexual ethics repelled rather than attracted Hindoo men, while to Hindoo women it must have been as disgusting as to Christians. The strongest proof of the grip that Islam takes, when it takes hold at all, is that in India women have been converted as numerous as men, though the Hindoo woman in accepting Islam loses her hope of heaven and the security of her position on earth both together. This repulsion, however, did not prevent conversion. The Hindoo never regards the sexual question as of high spiritual importance, and his philosophy trains him to believe that all ethics are personal—that that which is forbidden to one man may not only be allowed to another, but enjoined upon him. It may be, for instance, imperative on an ordinary Brahmin to restrict himself to one wife, yet it may be perfectly right for a Koolin Brahmin to marry sixty; and though infanticide is to Hindoos, as to Christians, merely murder, there are tribes, often of the strictest purity of the faith, in which the practice is considered blameless. It is very doubtful if a Hindoo would altogether condemn a Thug, quite certain that he tolerates in certain castes practices he considers infamous in certain others. The Hindoo convert to Islam therefore accepted polygamy as allowed by God, who alone could allow or disallow it, and for the rest he found in the Sacred Law or Mahomedan rule of life nothing that was repellent. That law, to begin with, allowed him to live the caste life—to be, that is, a member of an exclusive society maintaining equality within

its own confines, but shut off from the rest of mankind by an invisible but impassable barrier or custom rigid as law. Such a caste the Indian, always timid, always conscious of being a mere grain in a sand-heap, and always liable to oppression, holds to be essential to his safety, secular and spiritual, and he gives it up with a wrench which is to a European inconceivable. Once out of caste he is no longer a member of a strongly knit, if limited, society, which will protect him against the external world, give him countenance under all difficulties, and assure him all the pleasant relations of life, but is a waif, all alone, with every man's hand against him, and with every kind of oppression more than possible. Where is he to seek a surety, and where a wife for his son? The missionaries of Islam did not, and do not, ask him to abandon caste, but only to exchange his caste for theirs, the largest, the most strictly bound, and the proudest of all, a caste which claims not only a special relation to God, but the right of ruling absolutely all the remainder of mankind. Once in this caste the Hindoo convert would be the brother of all within it, hailed as an equal, and treated as an equal, even upon that point on which European theories of equality always break down, the right of intermarriage. John Brown, who died gladly for the Negro slave, would have killed his daughter rather than see her marry a Negro, but the Mussulman will accept the Negro as son-in-law, as friend, or as king to whom his loyalty is due. The Negro blood in the veins of the present Sultan affects no Mussulman's loyalty, and "Hubshees," who looked, though they were not, Negroes, have in India carved out thrones. The Mussulman caste, as a caste, attracts the Hindoo strongly, and so does the family life of Islam, which leaves him just the seclusion, just the household peace, and just the sovereignty within his own doors which are dear to his soul. He craves for a place where he may be in society, and yet out of society; not alone, and yet free for a time from the pressure and even from the observation of the outer world, which beyond the confines of his own caste is, if not directly hostile, at the best impure; and in Mahommedanism he finds his secluded home untouched. Islam leaves him his old sacred authority over his sons, an authority never questioned, far less resisted, and, what he values still more, absolute authority to dispose of his daughters in marriage at any age he himself deems fitting. This privilege is to him of incalculable value—is, indeed, the very key-note of any honourable and therefore happy condition of life.

It is necessary upon this matter to be a little plain. Nothing can be finer than the relation of an Indian father to his children, except perhaps their relation to him. His solicitude and their obedience know no end, and there is, as a rule, extraordinary little tyranny displayed in the management of the young. The tendency;

indeed, is to spoil them, but there is one grand exception to this habit of tenderness. The highest spirited European noble is not more sensitive about the chastity of his daughters than the Indian of any class, but the ideas of the two men as to the effectual method of securing it are widely apart. The European trusts to his daughter's principles, to an invisible but unbreakable wall of stringent etiquettes, to an ignorance fostered by a mother's care, and to the comparatively late age at which, for physiological reasons, the passions wake in Europe. The Indian knows that every girl born in his climate may be a mother at eleven while she is still a baby in intellect and in self-control, knows that while still a child her passions wake, knows that he cannot keep her ignorant, and knows that he can no more at that age trust her principles than he could trust her not to play with toys, or eat the sweetmeats before her lips. The choice before him is early betrothal at his discretion, not hers, for she is incompetent to choose, or the seclusion in a nunnery which, if early marriage is ever abolished in India, will be the inevitable alternative, as it is now among the better classes in France. He has decided for the former course, and the new creed which approves and ratifies that decision is to him, therefore, an acceptable one. His notion of honourable life is not upset by the notion of his teachers, who upon all such points sympathize with him to the full. As to the ceremonial restrictions involved in Mahommedanism, they are most of them his own restrictions, much liberalized in theory, and one of them receives his conscientious and most cordial approval. Here again it is necessary to be plain. In the present excited condition of English and American opinion upon the subject of alcohol, it is vain to hope that the unvarnished truth will be listened to without contempt, but still it ought to be told. There are temptations which tell differently on different men, and which, innocent for one set, are debasing—that is, utterly evil—for another. There are two moralities about drink, just as, if the effect of opium were different on different varieties of mankind, there would be two moralities about opium. The white races do not suffer, except as individuals, from alcohol. They do not as races crave it in excess, and except in excess it harms them only by causing an enormous and in great part useless waste of their labour. The white races which drink wine do not appear to have suffered at all, and even the white races which drink spirits have suffered very little. It is mere nonsense to talk of either the French or the Scotch as inferior peoples, and the Teutons in all their branches have done in all departments of life all that men may do. Individuals of all these races have suffered from drink in such numbers as to produce an unnatural average of crime, but the races have neither perished nor grown weak, nor shown any tendency to deterioration in intellectual power or in *morale*. The Scotch are better than they were three centuries

ago, and the Jews, who drink everywhere, remain everywhere the same. It is different with the dark races and the red races. Owing probably to some hitherto untraced peculiarity of either their physical or more probably their mental constitutions, alcohol in any quantity seems to set most Asiatics—the Jews are an exception—on fire, to produce an irresistible craving for more, and to compel them to go on drinking until they are sunk in a stupor of intoxication. They appear to delight but little in the exhilaration produced by partial inebriety, and to seek always a total release from consciousness and its oppressions. The condition of “dead drunkenness,” which few even of drinking Northerners enjoy, is to them delightful. “I not drinkee for drinkee,” said the Madras man; “I drinkee for drunkce.” Alcohol is therefore to such races an intolerable evil, and its consumption by them is in the eyes of all strict moralists an immorality. It is the doing of a thing known to be, for that man, evil. This desire to drink for drinking’s sake probably became stronger when the Aryans descended from the land of the grape to regions where it cannot be obtained, yet where arrack can be made in every village; and their early legislators therefore prohibited the use of alcohol with an absolute rigour which produced in the course of ages an instinctive abhorrence. No respectable Hindoo will touch alcohol in any form, and the Mahommedan restriction, which it is said cost Islam the adherence of the Russian people, seems to Hindoos a supplementary evidence of the Divine origin of the creed.

With their path thus cleared, with their great numbers, and with their persistent zeal, the missionaries of Islam ought long ere this to have converted the whole population of India to their faith, and it is a little difficult to account for the slowness of their progress. The best explanation probably is to be found in the dogged resistance of the priesthood, whose hold over the people is riveted by the superiority of their blood and of their natural intelligence, the Brahmin boy, for example, beating every other boy in every college in the country; in the conservatism of the masses, which rejects innovation as impiety; and in the saturation of the Hindoo mind with the pantheistic idea, which is utterly opposed to Mahommedanism and to the whole series of assumptions upon which that creed rests. It is probable, too, that patriotism, or rather pride, has had its weight, and that the Hindoos, vain of their antiquity, of their intellectual acuteness, and of their powers of resistance, have refused to break with the past, which to them is always present, by accepting an alien, though attractive, faith. Whatever the cause, the fact is certain, Islam has advanced, and is advancing, but slowly towards the destined end. Even if there has been no natural increase of population, the conversions cannot have exceeded fifty thousand a year upon an average since proselytism first began—a small number, when the original success

of the faith in Arabia are considered. It is probable, however, that the conversions have been far below that figure, and that even now, when proselytizing energy has been revived by a sort of Protestant revival in Arabia, they hardly reach throughout the continent more than fifty thousand a year. Still they go on. Mahommedanism benefits by the shaking of all Hindoo beliefs, which is the marked fact of the day, and it is nearly certain that, should no new spiritual agency intervene, the Indian peoples, who are already betraying a tendency to fuse themselves into one whole, will at last become Mahommedan. None who profess that faith ever quit it; the tendency towards physical decay visible in so many Mussulman countries is not perceptible in India, and in the later stages conversion will probably be accelerated by a decided use of force.

Whether a Mahommedan is a better man than a Hindoo it is impossible to decide, for though Islam is the higher creed, it is far more inimical to progress—is, indeed, a mental *cul de sac*, allowing of no advance—but that its disciples are higher in the political scale, and will ultimately hold the reins, is a truth almost self-evident. They are only one-fifth of the population, they would have little external aid except from a few Pathans, and possibly Soudanese, and they do not include the bulk of the fighting races—the Sikhs, Rajpoots, Hindostanecs, Beharees, and Marhattas—but, nevertheless, few observers doubt that, if the English army departed, the Mahommedans, after one desperate struggle with the Sikhs, would remain supreme in the Peninsula. They are all potential soldiers, they are all capable of self-sacrifice for the faith, and they are all willing to cohere, and to acknowledge one common and central authority. They know how to make themselves obeyed, and, though cruel, they do not excite the kind of hate which drives subjects to despair. They have impressed themselves upon India as the ruling caste. Hindoos superior to themselves in martial qualities will yet serve under them, and when, in 1857, Northern India tried in one great heave to throw off the European yoke, it was to Delhi and the effete house of Timour that Hindoos as well as Mussulmans turned for guidance and a centre. Brahmin Sepoys murdered Christian officers in the name of a Mahommedan Prince. In the light of that most significant of facts it is difficult to doubt that, though the process may be slow, India, unless all is changed by the intervention of some new force, must in no long period of time, as time is counted in Asia, become a Mahommedan country, the richest, the most populous, possibly the most civilized, possibly also the most anarchical of them all. Mahommedanism has never made a nation great, nor have its civilizations endured long, and the history of the Mogul Empire is not of good omen. It produced some striking characters, many great deeds, and a few magnificent buildings, one of which, the Taj at Agra, is peerless throughout the world; but it

rotted very early, and it showed from first to last no tendency to breed a great people. The corruption was greater under Aurungzebe than under Baber, and the ease with which the British conquest was effected can only be explained by a thorough exhaustion of Mussulman *morale*. They were the ruling class, they held all the springs of power, they had every motive for fighting hard, they were certainly twenty millions strong; yet all our great wars were waged, not with Mussulmans, but with Hindoos, Marhattas, Pindarees, Sikhs, and our own Sepoys. Had they possessed in 1756-1800 one-half the energy of the Khalsa or fighting section of the Sikhs, the British would have been driven out of India, or out of all India except Bengal, by sheer exhaustion on the battle-field. Still, if India becomes Mahommedan, it may develop (as every other Mussulman country has done) an energy which, though temporary, may last for centuries, and if its dynasts are Arabs or native Mussulmans instead of Tartars, it may rise to great heights of a certain kind of Oriental civilization.

The intervening spiritual force which ought to prevent this conversion of an empire to a false and entirely non-progressive creed is of course Christianity, and, now that the facts are better known, a cry of alarm has risen from the Reformed Churches at the slow progress of Christian proselytism in India. Surely, it is argued, there must be some defect in the system of bringing our faith before this people, or there would be greater results from efforts in themselves great, and supported by the entire Christian world in Europe and America. Why are the Christians so few, and why is there no sign that any nation in India is embracing Christianity, or that any indigenous Christian Church is attracting, as Buddhism once did, millions of followers? Many writers, provoked by this cry, have endeavoured to show that it is ill founded, and have published quantities of statistics intended to prove that Christianity does advance more rapidly than any creed, but no one who knows India will deny that the complaint is essentially true. The number of Christians in all India is larger than is commonly supposed. There are 660,000 belonging to the Reformed Churches, and the conversions, if we include the aboriginal tribes, are becoming more numerous in proportion than those of Mahommedanism; but Christianity has taken but a poor grip on Hindoo India. The creed has, except in Tinnevely, no perceptible place in any one province. Its votaries are nowhere really visible among the population. Its thoughts do not affect the life, or perplex the orthodoxy, of other creeds. No Indian Christian is a leader or even a quasi-leader among the Indian peoples, and a traveller living in India for two years, and knowing the country well, might leave it without full consciousness that any work of active proselytism was going on at all. Christianity has not failed in India as some allege, but it has failed as compared with reasonable expectation, and with the energy expended.

in diffusing it, and it is worth while to examine quietly and without prejudice the probable reasons why. To do this more easily, it is well to sweep away in the beginning one or two popular fallacies. One of these is, that white Christians in India are the conquering race, and that Christianity is therefore detested as their creed. That is not true. That the English in India are regarded by large sections of the people as "unaccountable, uncomfortable works of God" may be true enough, but they are not despised, are not held to be bad, and do not, in the majority of cases, in any way disgrace their creed. To the bulk of the native population they are little known, because they are not visible, their numbers, except in the seaports and a few garrison towns, being inappreciable, but those who know them know and admit them to be a competent people, brave in war and capable in peace, always just, usually benevolent, though never agreeable, and living for the most part steadily up to such light as they have. Even if they were worse it would make little difference, the Hindoo being quite capable of distinguishing between a creed and its professors, and seeing that his own people also as well as the Mahomedans constantly fall in practice behind the teaching of their own faith. As for the position of the white Christians as a dominant caste, that is in favour of their religion, for it shows either that a great God is on their side, or that they enjoy, in an unusual degree, the favour of Destiny. The fact—which is a fact, and a very curious one—that the white Christians, for the most part, do not wish the Indians to be converted, has no doubt an influence, of which we will speak by-and-by, but in general estimation among Indians this prejudice is not counted to their discredit, but is rather held to be a reason for trusting in their unsympathetic impartiality. The Hindoo, too, though he has neither reverence nor liking for the social system of his conquerors, which is far too much based on individualism for his taste, has a great respect for their material successes and for their powers of thought, which in many directions, especially in governing and making laws, he is disposed to prefer greatly to his own. Taking it broadly, it may be affirmed that the fact that Christianity is the conquerors' creed makes no substantial difference one way or the other. It is again affirmed that Christianity is too difficult and complex a creed, that it demands too much belief, and that its teachers insist too much upon the acceptance by the neophyte of its complexities and difficulties. I see no foundation whatever for that statement. The difficulties of Christianity to Christians are not difficulties to the Hindoo. He is perfectly familiar with the idea that God can be triune; that God may reveal Himself to man in human form; that a being may be at once man and God, and both completely; that the divine man may be the true exemplar, though separated from man by His whole divinity; and that sin may be wiped off by a supreme sacrifice.

Those are the ideas the missionaries teach, and the majority of Hindoos would affirm that they were perfectly reasonable and in accordance with the general and divinely originated scheme of things. There is nothing in Christian dogma which to the Hindoo seems either ridiculous or impossible, while no miracle whatever, however stupendous, in the least overstrains the capacity of his faith. There never was a creed whose dogmas were in themselves so little offensive to a heathen people as the greater dogmas of Christianity are to the Hindoo, who, moreover, while hinting that the Second Commandment involved an impossibility in terms, a material representation of the universal Spirit being inconceivable, would allow that the ten constituted a very fair rule of life. The road is smooth instead of hard for the Christian theologian, and it is the perfect comprehensibility of its dogmas which makes the Hindoo's unwillingness to believe harder to understand.

The real difficulties in the way of the expansion of Christianity in India are, I conceive, of three kinds: one due to the creed itself, one to the social disruption which its acceptance involves, and one to the imperfect, it may even be said the slightly absurd, method hitherto adopted of making proselytes.

1. It is most difficult to make the theological impediments to the spread of Christianity in India clear to the English mind without being accused either of irreverence or of presumption. Every missionary has his own ideas of those difficulties—often ideas he does not express, derived from great experience—and he naturally thinks any other explanation either insufficient or erroneous. The attempt, however, must be made, the writer premising that his belief is based on conversations with Brahmins of great acuteness, continued through a period of many years, but with Brahmins exclusively. No man not a Christian becomes a Christian to his own earthly hurt except for one of two reasons. Either he is intellectually convinced that Christianity is true—a conviction quite compatible with great distaste for the faith itself—or he is attracted by the person of Christ, feels, as the theologians put it, the love of Christ in him. The former change happens in India as often as elsewhere whenever the Christian mind and the Hindoo mind fairly meet each other, but it does not produce the usual result. The Hindoo mind is so constituted that it can believe, and does believe, in mutually destructive facts at one and the same time. An astronomer who predicts eclipses ten years ahead without a blunder believes all the while, sincerely believes, that the eclipse is caused by some supernatural dog swallowing the moon, and will beat a drum to make the dog give up the prize. A Hindoo will state with perfect honesty that Christianity is true, that Mahommedanism is true, and that his own special variety of Brahminism is true, and that he believes them.

all three implicitly. The relation between what Dr. Newman calls "assent" and what we call faith is imperfect with Hindoos, and conversion may be intellectually complete, yet be for all purposes of action valueless. Missionaries are constantly ridiculed in India for saying that they have hearers who are converts but not Christians, the idea being that they are either deluding themselves or dishonestly yielding to the English passion for tangible results. They are in reality stating a simple truth, which embarrasses and checks and, sooth to say, sometimes irritates them beyond all measure. What are you to do with a man whom you have laboured with your whole soul to convince, who is convinced, and who remains just as unconvinced for any practical purpose as he was before? The Hindoo, be it understood, is not skulking or shrinking from social martyrdom, or telling lies; he really is intellectually a Hindoo as well as a Christian. Some of us have seen, it may be, the same position of mind in the case of a few Roman Catholic agnostics, but in Europe it is rare. In India it is nearly universal, and the extent of its effect as a resisting force to Christianity is almost inconceivable to a European. The missionary makes no headway. He is baffled at the moment of success by what seems to him an absurdity, almost a lunacy, which he yet cannot remove. The other obstacle is, however, yet more serious. The character of Christ is not, I am convinced, as acceptable to Indians as it is to the Northern races. It is not so completely their ideal, because it is not so visibly supernatural, so completely beyond any point which they can, unassisted by Divine grace, hope to attain. The qualities which seemed to the warriors of Clovis so magnificently Divine, the self-sacrifice, the self-denial, the resignation, the sweet humility, are precisely the qualities the germs of which exist in the Hindoo. He seeks, like every other man, the complement of himself, and not himself again, and stands before Christ at first comparatively unattracted. The ideal in his mind is as separate as was the ideal in the Jews' mind of their expected Messiah, and though the ideals of Jew and Hindoo are different, the effect is in both cases the same—a passive dull repulsion, scarcely to be overcome save by the special grace of God. I never talked frankly with a Hindoo in whom I did not detect this feeling to be one inner cause of his rejection of Christianity. He did not want that particular sublimity of character, but another, something more of the sovereign and legislator. It may be said that this is only a description of the "carnal man," and so it is, but the carnal man in each race differs, and in the Hindoo it gives him a repugnance, not to the morality of Christianity, which he entirely acknowledges to be good, though incomplete as not demanding enough ceremonial purity, but to the central ideal of all. This is, when all is said, and there is much to say, the master difficulty of Christianity

in India, and the one which will delay conversion on a large scale. There is no Christ in Mohanmedanism. It will be overcome one day when Christ is preached by Christians unsaturated with European ideas, but till then it will be the least removable of impediments, though it produces this result also, that when it is removed the true convert will display, does even now in rare cases display, an approximation to the European ideal of Christ such as in Europe is scarcely found, or found only in a few men whom all the sects join to confess as saintly Christians.

2. What may be called the social difficulty in the way of Christianity is very great, and is exasperated by the medium through which it is propagated. The convert is practically required to renounce one civilization and to accept another not in his eyes higher than his own. He is compelled first of all to "break his caste," that is, to give up irrecoverably—for there is no re-entry into Hindooism—his personal sanctity, which depends on caste, and his fixed position in the world, and his kinsfolk and his friends, and to throw himself all bare and raw into a world in which he instinctively believes nine-tenths of mankind to be, for him, impure. He must eat and drink with men of other castes, must hold all men equal in his sight, must rely on friendship and not on an association, must be for the rest of his life an individual, and not one of a mighty company. There is no such suffering unless it be that of a Catholic nun flung into the world by a revolutionary movement to earn her bread, and to feel as if the very breeze were impiously familiar. Be it remembered, a low-caste man feels the protection of caste as strongly as a high-caste man, and the convert to Christianity does not, like the convert to Mahommedanism, merely change his caste; he loses it altogether.

There is in India no Christian caste, and there never will be. Not to mention that the idea is in itself opposed to Christianity, there can be no such organization unless the Europeans will admit equality between themselves and the natives, and they will not. Something stronger than themselves forbids it. They may be wrong or right, but their wills are powerless to conquer a feeling they often sorrow for, and the very missionary who dies a martyr to his efforts to convert the Indians would die unhappy if his daughter married the best convert among them. In presence of that feeling a Christian caste is impossible, for the Hindoo, a true Asiatic, will not admit that with equality in caste inequality in race can co-exist. It has often been suggested that this obstacle to the spread of Christianity is wilful, and that the converts might keep their caste, but the plan has never been worked, and never can be. I firmly believe caste to be a marvellous discovery, a form of socialism which through ages has protected Hindoo society from anarchy and from the worst evils of industrial and competitive life—it is an automatic poor-law to begin with, and

the strongest form known of trades union—but Christianity demands its sacrifices like every other creed, and caste in the Indian sense and Christianity cannot co-exist. With caste the convert gives up much of his domestic law, the harem-like seclusion of his home, much of his authority over wife and children, his right of compelling his daughter to marry early, which, as explained above, he holds part of his honour, most of his daily habits, and even, in theory at all events, his method of eating his meals. A Christian cannot condemn his wife to eat alone because of her inferiority. Everything is changed for him, and changed for the unaccustomed, in order that he may confess his faith. One can hardly wonder that many, otherwise ready, shrink from such a baptism by fire, or that the second generation of native Christians often show signs of missing ancient buttresses of conduct. They are the true anxieties of the missionaries, and it is from them in nine cases out of ten that the ill-repute of Indian Christians is derived; but European opinion about them is most unfair. They are not converts, but born Christians, like any of our own artisans; they have not gone through a mental martyrdom, and they have to be bred up without strong convictions, except that Christianity is doubtless true, without the defences which native opinion has organized for ages, and in the midst of a heathen society in which the white Christians declare their children shall not live. One such man I knew well, who showed much of the quality of the European, a big, bold man, though a Bengalee by birth, utterly intolerable to his kinsfolk, and an outcast from all native society. He fought his battle for a good while hard, but he grew bitter and savage, became, among other changes, a deadly enemy of the British Government, and at last solved all the questions which pressed on him so fiercely by turning Mahommedan. A native Christian village in Canara some years since followed the same course, and it may hereafter be a frequent one.

3. The greatest obstacle, however, to the rapid diffusion of Christianity in India is the method adopted to secure proselytes. The Reformed Churches of Europe and America have devoted themselves to the old object with some zeal* and commendable perseverance, but they have entirely failed to secure volunteers for the

* Some zeal. It is not very much. If we had the means of deducting the contributions of about 2000 families who are the mainstay of all missionary bodies and of all charities, the amount raised by the churches would not appear large, and it is raised with extreme difficulty. The churches, pressed by home wants and conscious of great ignorance, will, as a rule, give nothing unless stimulated by special addresses, and the expense of that stimulation takes a quite unreasonable percentage from mission funds. The individual contributions so raised are exceedingly small, and the demands of the contributors for immediate results are ludicrously unreasonable. They will not wait for the oak to grow, and a good many of them are as bad as the Scotch merchant who at last rejected a request to support the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. He paid once; he paid twice; but on the third application he said, "D— it, are thae Jews

is sa' a convertit yet?"

work. Owing to causes very difficult to understand, missionary work in India scarcely ever attracts Europeans possessed of even a small independence, and the number of those who maintain themselves and work for the cause, seeking no pecuniary aid from the churches, may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The churches, therefore, acting for the most part independently, but still acknowledging a federal tie of good-will which induces them to avoid interfering with one another, have organized what is practically a proselytizing "service" for India, consisting now of about seven hundred men, differing, of course, greatly among each other, but most of them as well educated as average English or Scotch clergymen, most of them married, and all of them honestly devoted to their work. The charges sometimes brought against them in England, but never in India, are not only unfounded, but nonsensical. Now and again a missionary, tempted by the high rewards offered for his special knowledge, or detecting in himself some want of true vocation, embraces a secular career, and is thenceforward regarded by his brethren as a backslider. Now and again a missionary, disenchanted or conquered by that disgust of India which with some Europeans becomes a mental disease, returns to the West to commence the ordinary life of an Established or Dissenting clergyman. Now and again, but very rarely, a missionary falls a prey to some temptation of drink, or desire, or gain, and is cast out, his comrades "inquiring" in such cases with all the severity and more than the care of any judicial court. But the churches are, for the most part, admirably served. The missionaries lead excellent and hard-working lives, are implicitly trusted by the whole community, European and native, and rarely resign until warned by severe illness that the period of their usefulness is overpast. Many of them become men of singular learning; many more show themselves administrators of high merit; and all display on occasion that reserve of energy and devotion which more than any other thing marks that the heart of a Service is sound. Most pathetic stories are told of their behaviour in the great Mutiny, but I prefer to tell a little anecdote which is known to me to be true, and is most characteristic. The Rev. John Robinson was, in 1850 or 1851, an unpaid missionary, recognized as such by the Baptist Church, but maintaining himself as a translator. He was suddenly summoned one day to the Leper Asylum to baptize a dying convert. The message was intended for his father, but the father was sick, and my friend went instead, in fear and trembling, baptized the dying man, consoled him, and then was seized with a throe of mental agony. It is the custom of many missionaries on receiving a neophyte, especially if sick, to give him the kiss of peace. Mr. Robinson thought this his bounden duty, but he was himself a half-breed, his mother having been a Malay convert, and he was

absolutely persuaded of the Indian theory that leprosy, though non-contagious in the case of a white man, is frightfully contagious in the case of one with native blood in his veins. He hesitated, walked to the door, and returned to kiss the leper on the lips, and then to lie for days in his own house, prostrated with an uncontrollable and, as experience has often proved, not unreasonable nervous terror. A superstitious fool, the doctor thought him, when he had wormed the truth out of him during his fit of nervous horror. True soldier of Christ, say I, who, when his duty called him, faced something far worse than shot. The body of the missionaries have that quality in them, and those who deprecate or deride them do not know the facts. But, excellent as they are, it is not for the work of proselytism that they are adapted.

In the first place, they are too few. Every missionary has a wife, a house, a conveyance, children who must be sent home; and must, being so situated, live the usual and respectable European life. That costs on the average £500 a year per house;* and the churches, which, if they are really to reach all India, need at least 5,000 agents, cannot, or at all events will not, provide for more than 700. In the second place, the missionaries are Europeans, divided from the people by a barrier as strong as that which separates a Chinaman from a Londoner, by race, by colour, by dress, by incurable differences of thought, of habit, of taste, and of language. The last named the missionary sometimes, though by no means always, overcomes, but the remaining barriers he cannot overcome, for they are rooted in his very nature, and he does not try. He never becomes an Indian, or anything which an Indian could mistake for himself: the influence of civilization is too strong for him. He cannot help desiring that his flock should become "civilized" as well as Christian; he understands no civilization not European, and by unwearied admonition, by governing, by teaching, by setting up all manner of useful industries, he tries to bring them up to his narrow ideal. That is, he becomes a pastor on the best English model: part preacher, part schoolmaster, part ruler; always doing his best, always more or less successful, but always with an eye to a false end, the Europeanization of the Asiatic, and always acting through the false method of developing the desire of imitation. There is the curse of the whole system, whether of missionary work or of education in India. The missionary, like the educationist, cannot resist the desire to make his pupils English, to teach them English literature, English science, English knowledge; often—as in the case of the vast Scotch missionary colleges, estab-

* I defy living man, not being secretary to a Mission, to state accurately what a missionary costs. His salary can be easily ascertained, but in addition to this he receives an allowance for his house, for his conveyance, and for passage money when sick. Add the cost of his share of general expenses, the charitable allowance for his widow, and the grant-in-aid to the school for his children, and the total will, I feel assured, not be less than the sum I have mentioned.

lishments as large as universities, and as successful in teaching—through the medium of English alone. He wants to saturate East-erns with the West. The result is that the missionary becomes an excellent pastor or an efficient schoolmaster instead of a proselytizer, and that his converts or their children or the thousands of pagan lads he teaches become in exact proportion to his success a hybrid caste, not quite European, not quite Indian, with the originality killed out of them, with self-reliance weakened, with all mental aspirations wrenched violently in a direction which is not their own. It is as if Englishmen were trained by Chinamen to become not only Buddhists, but Chinese. The first and most visible result is a multiplication of Indians who know English, but are not English, either in intellectual ways or in *morale*; and the second is that, after eighty years of effort, no great native missionary has arisen, that no great Indian Church has developed itself on lines of its own and with unmistakable self-dependent vitality, and that the ablest missionaries say sorrowfully that white supervision is still needed, and that if they all retired the work might even now be undone, as it was in Japan. Where 3000 preaching friars are required, most or all of them Asiatics, living among the people, thinking like them as regards all but creed, sympathizing with them even in their superstitions, we have 700 excellent but foreign schoolmasters or pastors or ruling elders. What is wanted in India for the work of proselytizing is not a Free Church College, an improved Edinburgh High School, teaching thousands of Brahmins English, but an El Azhar for training native missionaries through their own tongue, and in their own ways of thought exclusively—a college which should produce, not Baboos competent to answer examination papers from Cambridge, but Christian fanatics learned in the Christianized learning of Asia, and ready to wander forth to preach, and teach, and argue, and above all to command as the missionaries of Islam do. Let every native church once founded be left to itself, or be helped only by letters of advice, as the churches of Asia were, to seek for itself the rule of life which best suits Christianity in India, to press that part of Christianity most welcome to the people, to urge those dogmatic truths which most attract and hold them. We in England have almost forgotten those discussions on the nature of God which divided the Eastern Empire of Rome, and which among Christian Indians would probably revive in their fullest force. It is the very test of Christianity that it can adapt itself to all civilizations and improve all, and the true native churches of India will no more be like the Reformed Churches of Europe than the churches of Yorkshire are like the churches of Asia Minor. Strange beliefs, strange organizations, many of them spiritual despotisms of a lofty type, like that of Keshub Chunder Sen, the most original of all modern Indians, wild aberrations from the truth, it may

be even monstrous heresies, will appear among them, but there will be life, conflict, energy, and the faith will spread, not as it does now like a fire in a middle-class stove, but like a fire in the forest. There is far too much fear of imperfect Christianity in the whole missionary organization. Christianity is always imperfect in its beginnings. The majority of Christians in Constantine's time would have seemed to modern missionaries mere worldlings; the converted Saxons were for centuries violent brutes; and the mass of Christians throughout the world are even now no better than indifferents. None the less it is true that the race which embraces Christianity, even nominally, rises with a bound out of its former position, and contains in itself thenceforward the seed of a nobler and more lasting life. Christianity in a new people must develop civilization for itself, not be smothered by it, still less be exhausted in the impossible effort to accrete to itself a civilization from the outside. Natives of India when they are Christians will be and ought to be Asiatics still—that is, as unlike English rectors or English Dissenting ministers as it is possible for men of the same creed to be, and the effort to squeeze them into those moulds not only wastes power, but destroys the vitality of the original material. Mahomedan proselytism succeeds in India because it leaves its converts Asiatics still; Christian proselytism fails in India because it strives to make of its converts English middle-class men. That is the truth in a nutshell, whether we choose to accept it or not.

THE HOMERIC HERÊ.

I. HER OLYMPIAN RANK.

*THE Herê of Homer exhibits to us in the liveliest form several important principles: partly, the reflection of divine and supreme prerogative from the husband upon the wife; more largely, the foundation of a great personality upon the ruins, as it were, of other personalities, handed down by older traditions, but with aspect, character, and attributes essentially recomposed; and lastly, the incorporation, in a figure of the first majesty and queenliness, of the largest amount of the weaker feminine peculiarities.

She represents nothing that was grand or noble in prior mythologies. She is made up of more incongruous materials than any other among the greater Olympian gods, and thus there are elements of conflict grouped together in her character. She is a powerful instrument in the hands of Homer for a particular purpose, but it is plain that she did not command his veneration.

If we compare her with Pallas, the one goddess who besides herself enters powerfully into the theurgic action of the "Iliad," the contrast is even more glaring than the association is close. Herê has a marked titular superiority, with not only an inferior measure, but a total absence of the qualities, excepting energy, which make Pallas so majestic and so great.

If we compare her with Leto, whose position is so much less conspicuous, and whose action in the poems is almost null, we nevertheless find that Leto attracts the deep reverence of the poet, that she is never mentioned but with honour, never treated but with care; that she is on all occasions carefully shielded from disparagement. Herê, on the other hand, is exhibited in lowering aspects, and is even made the subject of a legend, that she has been severely wounded in the

right breast by Heracles, without any notice taken or punishment recorded of such an offence ("Iliad," v. 392-4). And not only are threats repeatedly launched at her by Zeus in his anger, but, in connection again with Heracles, she had, according to the legend in book xiv. (18-30), been subjected to severe corporal punishment by the Thunderer. She was suspended from heaven with chained hands, and the torture of anvils attached to her feet, even to the indignation of the rest of the Olympian Court.

Her rank in Olympus is, however, undeniably and clearly marked. She is its queen as the wife of Zeus. But she is also related to him as his sister. How are we to explain this strange combination in the case of deity, which, in the case of human beings around him, we cannot doubt that the poet would have regarded as among the more revolting of conceivable violations of the natural order, which is evidently for him the highest of all laws? In reply to this question I offer the following observations :

1. Under the actual conditions of human nature, increase of power is apt to be emancipation from restraint. In the conception of the Olympian heaven we have a conspicuous instance of the weight and prevalence of this tendency, and the moral law, thrown into the shade by splendour, privilege, and force, is less operative upon gods than upon men. They take out a kind of licence or dispensation for excess.

2. As Olympian society followed in its construction the laws of human society on the Achaian model, it was a poetical necessity that the Court should have its king and queen, that unity as well as hierarchy should mark its composition, and that the queen as well as the king should hold under a full and incontestable title. But the Heræ of Olympus would not have fulfilled this essential condition had her parentage been like that of Leto or Demeter, had it been left in obscurity, or had it been inferior like that of Semelê or of Danaë. Thus the poet submits in this arrangement to a sort of *force majeure*.

3. There is nothing more marvellous in the whole of the poems than that lofty conception of marriage, on which the "Odyssey" is principally based ; and in close association with this we have there and in the "Iliad" strong and clear conceptions of the family order in all its bearings, with whatever belongs to it. Yet it is to be observed that these are not so much human as Achaian. When we pass beyond the inner zone, we find ourselves in a region of relaxed obligation. Even in Scherîê ("Odyssey," vii. 63-7) Alkinoos marries his niece by blood, the daughter of his brother ; and though Aiolos (x. 2) is dear to the immortal gods, he gives his six daughters to be the wives of his six sons, and all continue to form the family circle round him and their excellent mother (*kednê*, *ibid.* 5-9).

A second sign of the rank of Herê in the Olympian Court is conveyed by the seat she occupies in the circle of gods. It is, indeed, not expressly, yet I think conclusively, defined, as being on the right hand of Zeus. When Thetis was summoned to the Court ("Iliad," xxiv. 100) she sat down by the side of Zeus, Athenê making way for her. This, I conceive, sufficiently conveys that Herê was on the right, and that she did not make way.

A third and final sign, that Herê has the first rank is clearly found in the fact that, when she enters the Olympian Court or Council, the assembled gods rise from their seats, to show her the respect which they also pay to Zeus.

It may be right also to mention, in the same view, what seems to be a certain degree of participation in the prerogatives of Zeus. She does not abound in original gifts.* One which she possesses would not seem to place her in so forward a position. But she is a sharer in the attributions assigned to the head of the Thearchy. And this both negatively and affirmatively. Negatively, for, like Zeus, and Zeus only, among the gods, she is never placed in direct conflict with mortals, and never exercises by personal contact any influence of whatever kind upon them. Affirmatively, for, touching here on a very special office of her husband she, together with Athenê, thunders in honour of the king of gold-rich Mukenê † ("Iliad," xi. 45). And she exercises, unlike divinities of a lower order, direct action on the mind (for example) of Agamemnon by way of inciting him ("Iliad," viii. 217).

She is also entitled, like Zeus, to use the services of other deities. She desires Hephaistos to desist from his action against the River Xanthos (xxi. 379). She sends Athenê to deal with the great strife in the Achaian Assembly ("Iliad," i. 193). She uses Iris as her messenger to Achilles (xviii. 234). She commands the Sun (a Nature Power) to close the day of Trojan successes by setting; and he unwillingly obeys ("Iliad," xviii. 239).

These ascriptions are not carried through with an unbending consistency. She harnesses her own chariot, and acts as driver for Athenê (v. 720, 731). And she shouts to stir up the Achaian army; which is not in the manner of Zeus (v. 734). But relatively to other deities, the Homeric view of her Olympian rank is upon the whole definite and clear; and it is certainly a descent from supreme majesty when, unlike Zeus, she assumes the human form, and appears as Stentor to incite the army by a shout (v. 734-6). The honour of being born of her, of having her for mother, is like that of having Zeus for father (so says Hector), and like the very special honour, which was paid to Athenê and Apollo (xiii. 825-7).

II. CHARACTER.

Among all the great personages of the Olympian system, there is none more strongly mythological than Herô. By this I mean that all which is in her is to be referred to secondary or imaginative sources, and that we look in vain, so far as she is concerned, for any of those rays or streaks of a brighter light, which are by no means wanting even in the Zeus of Homer. It is unnecessary at the present moment to consider whether these fragments of illumination are relics of an older traditive religion divinely made known, or whether they are products of a subjective faculty, of the hunger of a religious appetite gradually providing for its own sustenance. No high conception of the *noos theoudês*, of piety to God, of self-government as practised by the *echephron*, of the moral law of relative duty, enters into the mind or speech of Herô: The best that can be said for her action is this, that the national side which she takes in the war is on the whole the side of righteousness. But there is no sign of her having taken it on that account. On the contrary, we may fairly say that she did not; first, because another reason is assigned (xxiv. 25); and, secondly, because, when Zeus desires a just measure of restitution and peace, she bursts into unmeasured wrath (iv. 24).

Apart from the effect which Homer imparts to his picture of Herô by a great stroke of poetic art, the elements of the character are in a prevailing degree those which tend to littleness, and not to greatness. She is vain, sensual, jealous, passionate, and deceitful; and in several of these defects she appears to surpass rather than fall behind others with whom she might be compared; or at least to partake, and in herself to combine, faults which are distributed among them. Wounded vanity, the

"Judicium Paridis, spectaque injuria formæ,"

is the source of a hatred towards Troy, which knows no bounds. There is another very odious exhibition of this quality, which touches Herô in her quality of mother. The gratitude of Hephaistos to Thetis is founded on her having helped to save him from the cruel parent who sought to hide him, which may mean to put him out of the way or to stifle him as an infant, because he was lame ("Iliad," xviii. 395-9).

In the first "Iliad," vigilant even to fretfulness, she treats the great historic appeal of Thetis to Zeus as if partaking of an intrigue, under the influence of a jealousy, not causeless, but here out of place, and wholly beside the mark. In the fourteenth book she uses the temptation to animal enjoyment, undoubtedly, as a means to a high end of policy. But in the prosecution of her purpose she seeks for charms by an application to Aphroditê; a polluted source, for in this

divinity the extremes of passion, and nothing but the extremes of passion; save the single gift of personal beauty, are exhibited. Even at this point Herê induces compliance with the wish by a fabulous profession that she wants the *kestos* in order to bring about a restitution of conjugal rights between Okeanos and Tethys, who have quarrelled and parted (xvi. 200-10). Indeed it may be thought that simple lying does not content her, and that she goes perilously near the verge of perjury in the case of the bath which she takes in order to appease her exasperated husband, after he awakes on Ida (xv. 36-46). She swears, in terms of superlative solemnity, that the active intervention of Poseidon in the battle against Hector and the Trojans was not on her motion. This is true in the letter. She, however, had not only rejoiced in it (xiii. 153-6), but had arranged and executed her elaborate design for laying Zeus asleep in order to prolong it.

In general, she plays the part almost of a scold and termagant against her husband. So well is this understood, that when he has been stirred up to the extreme of exasperation against the joint disobedience of Herê and Athenê, he launches his wrath principally against Athenê as a corrigible person, but regards Herê as an habitual offender, from whom nothing better could be expected, and in some sense a chartered libertine (viii. 407). In the violence of her passion she exceeds every other deity. When she and Athenê are alike angered at the project for the restoration of Helen and the establishment of peace, Athenê, inwardly murmuring, or inaudibly muttering, "keeps herself to herself;" but Herê bursts out into passionate remonstrance with the covert menace (iv. 29), which was all she could venture on, of making herself and others disagreeable to Zeus. It is on this occasion that Zeus in reply points to the brutal element in her hatred against Troy, and says, "Couldst thou eat Priam, and his family, and the other Trojans, raw, then indeed thou mightest be appeased."

With certain exceptions, the epithets applied to Herê in the poems turn upon the qualities, and corroborate the view, which I have thus far presented. She is *dolophroneousa* (xiv. 197 *et al.*), *memauia eridos kai aülês* (v. 732), keen for the battle and the shout after the manner of a human partisan; full of mischievous tricks (*kakotechnos sos dolos*), xv. 14; *amechanos* (*ibid.*), fractious or unmanageable, impracticable; *aptoepês* (viii. 206), rough-tongued.

The elements, then, out of which, materially, the major part of the character of Herê is compounded, are of a very low quality. But we may now turn to the great poetic idea, by means of which she is partially redeemed, and made altogether effective, for the purposes of the "Iliad."

* αἱ δ' ἐπὶ μένουσ' Ἀθηναίη τε καὶ Ἥρη.—iv. 20.

Of all the Olympian deities of Homer, she is the most intensely Achaian; and that the impression of this character remained upon her long after him, we may judge from the fact that she continued, even in historic times, to be the great goddess of the Argives, who, notwithstanding the change of metropolis from Mikenai to Argos, are "by excellence" the representatives of the great Achaian tradition. Elsewhere, as we find from the pages of Pausanias, she was but little worshipped.

Indeed, it is not enough to say that Herô is the most national of all the deities; or to say less than this, that the entire basis of her character is laid in nationality, and that this lesson is unequivocally taught alike by her activity in the "Iliad," and by her withdrawal from the scene in the "Odyssey." She is in truth not the incorporated intelligence, but yet she is the presiding genius of Achaianism. Like the historical Speaker of the House of Commons, who had no eyes to see nor ears to hear save as the House of Commons bade him, so Herô lives and moves and has her being in Olympos for Achaian purposes, and, within the precinct of the poems, for these alone.

Reference has already been made to certain of the epithets attached to Herê in the Poems, which throw light upon her mental and emotional qualities. There are others which touch her at various points. She is *potnia*, august, in "Iliad," i. 551, 562, and in twenty-three other places, on account of her rank. She is *chrysothronos*, golden-throned, in "Iliad," i. 611 and xiv. 153, in virtue perhaps of her derivation of traits and incidents from Zeus; and we have an illustration of the extreme refinement of Homer's use of epithets in the fact that on both occasions she appears in close personal relation to Zeus. She is *presba thea*, the senior goddess, and daughter of great Kronos (e.g., "Iliad," v. 721), again with reference to her majestic station. She is *eukomos*, of beautiful hair, in "Iliad," x. 5 only, and *leukolenos*, white-armed, in very many passages: and these are the only compliments paid to her personal beauty. Her standing epithet *boôpis* will be considered under another head. But the most characteristic among all the epithets of the Homeric Herê is that which sets forth in a single word the basis of her Homeric function. It is the word *Argeîê*, which might, with substantial truth, though not grammatical accuracy, be rendered "national." It is used in "Iliad," iv. 8 and v. 908, both these being passages where her attitude is strongly, it may be said even fiercely, national. In the whole of the poems, I find but one case which touches the Olympians, and which bears an analogy to this. It is in the great prayer, where Achilles addresses Zeus as Dodonaian and Pelasgic. These epithets I take to convey in substance something far beyond an ornamental use or the mere statement of a matter of fact. Dodona is the cradle, the birth-spot of the Achaian nation. Pelasgians are the race whose occupation

of the country is prior to that of the Achæians. In their different forms, the one local and the other racial, both terms mean archaic, as the word *Argeiê* applied to Herê means national. This word conveys the meaning of nationality far better than the word Achæian would, because the prevailing sense of the Achæian name was diffusive, whereas Argeian describes the special seat within which the national power and life was at the time concentrated, and unites the local with the racial signification. This view is sustained by Homer's use of the same epithet for Helen. When he wants to describe the women of Hellas, of the Peninsula at large, they are Achæian ("Iliad," ix. 395),

πολλὰι Ἀχαιῖδες εἰσὶν ἄν' Ἑλλάδα τε φθίην τε.

But when he has one, peculiar and paramount, to present, she takes her name from the stronghold of the national power, the *omphalos* or centre of its life, and she is * Argeian Helen, as Herê is Argeian Herê. In an outline of the action of Herê, I shall have occasion to show how consistently this character is maintained.

There is, however, in the poems another case of an apparent analogy, which I must notice for the purpose of putting it aside. In "Odyssey," viii. 288 and xviii. 292, Aphroditê is *Kuthereiê*, the goddess of Kuthera. This goddess, whose portraiture in Homer is, I think, intentionally feeble, is again connected with place in "Odyssey," viii. 360-3; not, however, with the little island near the Laconian coast, but with Cyprus, and with Paphos in Cyprus, as her own abode. Neither of these names represented an idea, or a great interest, for the poet or his countrymen. I therefore conclude that there is nothing emphatic in such local names, beyond this, that they mark the course by which a singularly depraved Eastern worship was by degrees travelling towards the peninsula, and tend, together with many other signs in the poems, to mark Aphroditê as hardly yet, in any full sense, an Achæian goddess.

The nationality of character which I have ascribed to Herê is maintained with the fullest stress of the faculties which are awarded to her. In all higher attributes she is far below the level of Athenê, and she does not exhibit policy and insight, nor the access to the inner human soul. These are gifts to which she makes no claim. So in regard to physical gifts, she has, like Poseidon, a long sight, and from Olympos ("Iliad," xiv. 153) she sees Zeus sitting on Mount Gargaron. Nor is she said actually to tread the earth; but her journey to Lemnos is, greatly unlike the journey of Athenê (for example) in the first "Iliad" (194, 221), from heaven to the camp, and then from the camp to heaven. It is divided into stages, like a royal progress. She passed over Pieriê and beautiful Emathiê, she sped along the tip

* "Iliad," ii. 161, "Odyssey," iv. 184, and in eleven other places.

of the snowy mountains of the horse-rearing Thracians; at Athos she swept down upon the billowy sea, and so she arrived at Lemnos. But in the wakefulness of constant care, in strength of zeal for the promotion of her aims, in the daring exercise of her utmost power, she is not behind even the great Athenê. Indeed, in the quality of craft, for which Athenê herself claims supremacy over every god (see *Odyssey*, xiii. 298), it may, I think, be fairly said that Athenê's weapons are those of long range, as where she disposes everything remotely, like a Providence, for the destruction of the suitors; but with weapons of short range Herê might even be a rival, for nothing can be more ready and complete than the detection of the combination of Zeus with Thetis in book i., or the seduction and (if the word might be used) sleepjacking of Zeus in the fourteenth.

It is not, then, with a high, far-reaching intelligence that Herê pursues her aims, but with that lower ingenuity which belongs to instinct, and with a dogged persistency which returns again and again to its point, much like that, though the transition is a wide one, which is reproduced in the half-idealized character known as John Bull. And here, on one side of our sympathies, Herê has a claim upon them, which is not obtained by the lofty conception of intellectual power in Pallas Athenê. In that conception there is less of human clay than in almost any other of the Olympian divinities. But in Herê there is a great deal: a great deal of our nature, and a great deal of our infirmity. For her character is often, if not always, on the borders of excess. This trait is marked by the epithet *daimonîc**—a word of varied application, but having its different senses bound together by one tie common to them all: the state of mind to which it is applied is never normal. It is used entirely in the vocative, to friends and foes, in affection or in objurgation; but it always purports to be the appeal of reason to some form of unreason, and it implies some influence, whether deadening, bewildering, or maddening, or simply overdone, which has drawn the person addressed off the platform of an entire self-possession. It never occurs among divinities, except as a rebuke from Zeus to Herê in "*Iliad*," i. 561, and iv. 31; and it here implies that she has for-

* As there is no more curious word in Homer, I here give all the other cases of its use. It is affectionately exchanged by *tu quoque* between Andromachê and Hector ("*Iliad*," vi. 407, 486) and between Odysseus and Penelope ("*Odyssey*," xxxiii. 166, 174). It is applied by Odysseus respectfully to chieftains but roughly to the soldiery ("*Iliad*," ii. 190, 200). Also used by

Il. iii. 399, Helen to Aphroditê
vi. 326, 521, Hector to Paris
ix. 40, Diomed to Agamemnon
xiii. 448, Idomeneus to Deiphobos
xiii. 10, Aias to Hector.
xxiv. 194, Hekabê to Priam.

Od. x. 440, Crew to Odysseus
xviii. 15, Odysseus to Iros
xix. 71, Odysseus to Melantho
iv. 774, Antigenes to the suitors
xviii. 405, Telemachos to the suitors.

Finally, the sense alters in the single case where the epithet, instead of standing alone, is attached to a genitive noun. Eumaios, in "*Odyssey*," xiv. 443, called Odysseus *daimonîc xeinôn*, prince of guests or strangers, where the word is indicative of simple excellence. It still means one out of the common bounds.

gotten herself through excitement, that she is moonstruck or possessed.

Notwithstanding her exterior majesty, she represents theanthropy, not by any means in its finest, but yet in one of its fullest, forms. We may say with truth that next to nationality, and with the large conventional allowances required by her Olympian station, humanity is the most marked characteristic of the Homeric Herê. Humanity, without a moral soul, or, the eagle⁴ flight of intellect; but with a varied and tangled mass of passions, susceptibilities, and propensities, united by this common bond. By the mode of their development they one and all testify to the fact that, in the model upon which the poet works, an adequate self-training and self-regulating power is no longer at the helm of conduct and of character for our race. To borrow a figure from the "Odyssey,"* where Phrontis, son of Onctor, who is the pilot, has fallen into the sea: Counsel, child of Well-being, has lost its hold.

III. ATTRIBUTES.

A section on the attributes of Herê, as distinct from character, from action, and from investigation of archaic signs, must be almost a blank. She has no properly Olympian function, such as those which are specifically, and sometimes abundantly, given to other divinities, unless we regard as fulfilling this condition her command over the Eilithuiai. She could accelerate birth, or retard it. This would of itself be but a poor equipment for the sister and the spouse of Zeus; I shall presently inquire whether it may not have another meaning. At one time it appeared to me that this and all other control, which we find her sometimes exercise over certain powers of Nature, was assigned to her as a satellite of Zeus, shining with an allowance of reflected light. Further consideration has led me rather to regard it as a survival, of which I will presently endeavour to treat.

IV. ACTION OF HERÊ.

We will take first the action of Herê in the "Iliad," which is continuously sustained, from her sympathy with the army perishing under pestilence, in the first book, to her attempts in the last to frustrate the general desire of the Olympian Court for the redemption of the body of Hector.

When she sees the Danaans perishing by the plague (this is the characteristic military name for the soldiery), she puts it into the mind of Achilles (*ἐπὶ φρεσὶ θῆκε*) to summon an Assembly. This act raises a political question not relevant to the present inquiry. But the direct suggestion deserves notice. We find it employed by her in one other case. In book viii. 217, when Hector has assumed a

* iii. 282.

menacing position, she stirs the mind of Agamemnon to urge forward the force. In both these cases she acts upon a mind favourably predisposed. But her power does not extend to arresting an impulse which she disapproves or putting in action, by inward force, one who is reluctant to be moved. Consequently, when she has pressure to apply, she makes use of an intermediate agent; she sends Athenê to restrain the enraged Achilles ("Iliad," i. 195), and also despatches Iris (xviii. 167-9, 183-6) to suggest (196-201) the novel and extraordinary expedient of his exhibiting himself unarmed.

Such limitation of the power of immediate action on the human mind is very general among the Homeric deities. Still, in the case of the suitors generally, Athenê, by the use of a purely internal influence, which apparently goes straight to the seat of heart and thought, prevents the formation of any disposition to amend; and, by a yet more remarkable exercise of power, when Amphinomos, the best among them, is about to quit the evil company altogether, she reverses the current of his disposition, and he returns to the seat which he had quitted (xviii. 153-7).

We have also, in "Iliad," i. 195, an illustration of her true nationality. It might be supposed from her thundering in xi. 40, that Agamemnon was a favourite of hers, but, in order to arrest the Plague, she stirs up Achilles to take a strongly hostile part against him, before he had himself suffered any personal injury or affront. We may observe also that it is Herê, the goddess of the nation, not Athenê, the protectress of the protagonists, who loves both chiefs alike (196). The characteristic care for the nation follows her throughout. She never interferes for or against an individual as such. Agamemnon and Achilles were to her alike; her care was for the people, and for the rulers, I conceive, only as the governors of the people's fortunes. Her favourite time for intervention is when they are suffering or endangered. It is, because the great quarrel in the Assembly of book i. threatens to disorganize the army by the slaughter of Agamemnon, that she interposes to check it. And it is because her Olympian rank does not suffer her, as the spouse of Zeus, to come into direct relations with a mortal, that she interposes through Athenê. But Athenê is her coadjutor, not merely her agent, and the language used to Achilles is (i. 214) "be persuaded by us."

After the interview with Thetis in book i., what Zeus apprehends is the outburst, not solely of a womanish jealousy, but of a feeling that some plan has been got up, which will stay the progress of the Achaian arms. "A pretty business it will be, if you set me against Herê, who always will have it that I am helping the Trojans" (518-9). Herê is cognizant of what has taken place at the interview, and boldly challenges her husband to deny it (555-9). And yet she is not omniscient, but is dependent upon sight for her knowledge, as in the Plague (i. 56) and when with joy she sees Poseidon in the fight

(xiv. 153). It seems then that she divined the proceeding and promise of Zeus by the human faculty of ingenious conjecture.

She is the great pleader against Troy in the Olympian Court (ii. 14, 31). She moves Athenê (156) to check the sudden movement for returning home. The war was her doing (iv. 57). She is bold enough (viii. 205-7) even to suggest to Poseidon a combination of the Hellenising divinities to restrain Zeus by the strong hand. Provoked by the interference of Arês in the war (v. 713), and again when the army is hard pressed (viii. 349), she stirs up Athenê and brings about the joint descent in her chariot. Yet, although she is on such occasions the prime mover, she takes no part in the duel of Hector and Aias, or in the Doloneia, or generally in any case where only individual achievements are in immediate view. But, when it was a question about undertaking the expedition as a whole, her influence appears in despatching Achilles from Phthiê; and, when she sees Zeus on the mountain top enjoying the sight of a battle, in which at the moment the Achaians were the chief sufferers, he becomes to her (xiv. 153) *stugeros*, an object of disgust.

In her great device of book xiv., nothing can be more curious than the mixture of the ingredients. Personal decorations to render herself attractive (166 *seqq.*), humble solicitation of very inferior deities, Aphroditê and Hupnos (Sleep), the invention of a pure falsehood (200-210) in aid of her purpose and in near juxtaposition with the most solemn oath, and progressive bids of bribery (238-41, 267-9) when she finds the god of Sleep mindful of former miscarriage (249-61), and consequently hard to move; all these are the varied means which she employs, but the aim she has in view is throughout purely politic and national.

On the awaking of Zeus, careful to avoid serious consequences which she had experienced on former occasions (xiv. 253-7, xv. 18), she wheedles him by skilfully timed professions (xv. 45), and even undertakes the charge (54, 78) of sending to him Iris and Apollo to execute his designs on behalf of the Trojan advance. For time has been gained, and the Trojans have materially suffered. It was not the first time when, by her female aptitudes, she had (xix. 97) outwitted her husband.

In the eighteenth book, where Hector has been greatly emboldened, she despatches Iris to stir up Achilles. She rebukes Zeus when he is inclined to spare the noble Sarpedon, and balances her remonstrance only by suggesting the special and honourable transport of his body to his home (xvi. 440).

In the supreme crisis of the poem, the charge of Achilles and of Hector individually falls in the proper course to Athenê and to Apollo. And only at one more point of the terrestrial action of the poem are we put in contact with Hêrê. Achilles dares the River Xanthos to assist the Trojans (xxi. 130). The consequence is an

intermixture of the terrestrial action with the divine. Xanthos cannot but be faithful as a Nature Power to those who were largely Nature worshippers, and must be also incensed by the challenge (136), which is aggravated by a boast that a hero descended from Zeus through Aiakos is superior (189-91) to any child of a River. He feels, however, abashed by the greatness of the hero's deeds, and appeals to him not to choke his channels with the Trojan dead. But Achilles sprang into the stream and provoked the fight. He was assisted by Poseidon and Athenê. But Xanthos called in the aid of Simois (307), and Achilles for the first and last time was hard pressed by the united forces of his adversaries. Witnessing his condition, Herê with alarm sends Hephaistos to his aid; and the conflagration devours and absorbs the water (356). The River (369-76), appealing to Herê, promises neutrality, and she then (377-84) calls off Hephaistos. Upon this curious series of facts I will comment in the next section. There are some others, which it will be well also to reserve. It may, however, be noticed in this place that while Zeus is acting out, so far as general laws of destiny or the balance of Olympian power may permit, a "benevolent neutrality" towards Troy, the opposition offered by Herê in the Olympian sphere never relents, and is passionate up to the point at which she is restrained, and restrained only, by apprehension for her own personal safety. She is very near this boundary line in book i. 540, book iv. 24, book viii. 427, and book xv. 13. There are also curious, and as yet inexplicable, points of contact between her mythological record and that of the Homeric Heracles (v. 292, xiv. 250). We may naturally enough account for her association with Athenê in twitting the wounded Aphroditê by her womanish qualities (v. 413). A more extreme anti-Trojan animosity is exhibited by her when, in the Olympian Court, she takes occasion to apprise Arês of the death of his son Ascalaphos (xv. 110, 12). On account of tergiversation, Arês was peculiarly hateful to the Hellenising gods; but there was nothing to be gained by the communication, except to inflict pain, and to expose him to the rough treatment he received from Athenê; so that it appears to be an act of pure spite, the only one perhaps recorded in the entire action, either human or Olympian, of the poems.

I have noticed that the absolute exclusion of Herê from the plot of the "Odyssey" bears a testimony, negative but most emphatic, to the absorbing nationalism of her character. There is no room for her in the sister poem, where the nation is not in question, where everything is either exotic or else purely personal. But the few references lying outside the movement of the narrative are far from being without interest. It may be well to set them forth in order.

In "Odyssey," iv. 513, we are told that, while Aias perished on the

return, Agamemnon escaped the dangers of the sea, for the august Herê saved him from them. In viii. 465 her name occurs simply as the spouse of Zeus; it is the same in xv. 112, 130, and in xi. 603 she is in like manner only introduced as the mother of Hebé. In xii. 72 we learn that she carried the ship *Argo* past the *Placitai*, fatal to all other vessels; and in the curious but dark legend of the daughters of Pandareos, on whom each goddess bestowed the gift appropriate to her office, Herê endows them in a pre-eminent manner with beauty (*eidos*) and with sense (*pinuté*). I reserve the last of these passages for the coming section. The only two that call for consideration here are those of book iv. and book xii. Both appear to testify strongly to the nationalism of Herê. She saves Agamemnon from the sea, as she had saved him from the sword of Achilles, and brings him in safety as far as his own shore, because he was the head of the nation and the centre of the great expedition. She saves *Argo*, the *pasimelousa*, the ship on which all hearts were fixed, because Jason was dear to her, and he without doubt was dear to her simply because, in that first legendary effort of the nation, he was what Agamemnon afterwards became, the leader on whom its fortunes hung.

V. RELATION OF HERÊ TO THE OLDER WORSHIPS.

In dealing with the Olympian divinities of Homer, I employ the word survival in a sense partly figurative and partly historical. Portraits drawn under the shaping power of imagination, yet bearing upon them, with modifications slighter or more vital, such features and attributions as appear by rational inference to have been imported from without into the Olympian scheme, may perhaps without violence be considered as if they were beings which had in a degree undergone a metempsychosis; so large is the change of atmosphere, environment, and even character. And I term survival those particular traits which, like the solar attributes of Apollo, suggest by their want of Olympian congruity or sufficiency that they had a foreign origin, and that they are retained in their present places with relation to the succession and continuity that in a greater or a less degree obtains between the foreign and the indigenous, in other words the older and the younger, personality.

Although, from the manner in which nationality dominates and guides the entire character, she may be regarded as the most truly Olympian of all the Homeric divinities, there are several signs which point to her affinities with other personages moving on the lines of other religions. They are, however, less palpably indicated than in one or two other cases.

The epithet *boöpis*, whatever may be said of what some take for its sister epithet, *glaukopis*, is clear in its derivation, and means in

its first intention having eyes like those of kine. It is not likely that the poet, whose entire system was radically opposed to animalism, and who never endows his heroes with features derived from the brute creation, would have given them to his Olympian personages. Let us, therefore, translate the word as large or calm-eyed, in contrast with the flashing eye of Athenê, illuminated by the splendour of her intellect from within. Still the etymology of the word manifestly suggests that if the Homeric Herê stood in a position analogous to that held in a related mythology by a goddess customarily represented with the head of a cow, this prior form of representation may have supplied the occasion of the epithet. To refine and transfigure the association, to extract from it whatever element of beauty it could supply, is certainly in accord with the general method of Homer. It appears that Iris, in the Egyptian mythology the wife of Osiris, was represented with a cow's head, and it is in every way probable that such images would be among the early importations from Egypt into the Greek Peninsula. We learn from the work of Dr. Schliemann that they are found among the Mycænan remains.

This may be at most the indication only of a single and slender thread. A larger question arises with respect to a number of acts or offices ascribed to Herê in the poems. Of these a portion may be sufficiently explained, like the thundering in "*Iliad*," xi. 40, as belonging to the reflected prerogatives of Zeus. But they are, for the most part, capable of another and more historic explanation. Indeed another explanation is beyond all doubt required in certain of these cases. The *Eilithuiæ*, who discharge for human mothers a kind of obstetric function, are at once her daughters (xi. 271) and her servants (xix. 119); and it is by her absolute command through them over the matter of birth that she executes the grand device, which sets up Eurystheus over Heracles. The management of these agents is the only Olympian office expressly given to Herê. Taken by itself, it seems neither adequate to her rank, nor easily explicable, and we are driven to ask whether it may not be a part, or a particular application, of some larger conception, namely the great regulative power of Nature, which watches over its provinces, which governs production and distribution, and which throughout the poems is concentrated even less in the mythological Gaia than in the merely physical earth. This great presidency, it may be observed, is nowhere assigned to Zeus or to any other deity; and, in the great trichotomy, the Earth is withdrawn, a rather clumsy expedient, from the superintendence and control of the Kronid brotherhood. Probably a purpose underlies the arrangement.

A Gaia such as was worshipped in Troas could not conveniently be supplied with a place in the high court of a theanthropic religion. She may be considered as the female principle corresponding in a Nature-system to the masculine power of the Sun. Homer had to

conduct on a large scale the accommodation of conflicting claims, for the unity of the nation had to be represented in a unity of religion. Let us see in this instance how he has conducted the process. Gender, which was an obvious suggestion in a Nature-system, was also an absolute necessity in a theanthropic religion. There is a place for him to fill, the place of a mother for his family of gods; and there are many competitors for the place. There is the great goddess, queen of the Egyptian heaven, to whom I have already referred; there is Demeter, the Mother earth, the parent of grain, who is favoured with some beautifying phrases, but kept carefully in the shade, and nowhere supplied expressly with a place, either in Olympus or in the Underworld. Then there is also Gaia, whose pretensions, as the all-producing source, would displace those of Demeter; each probably having had her own local predominance. But I judge that Gaia had been the stronger of the two, first by the ample recognition of her as the all-producing in the significant family of epithets, *trapherê* ("Iliad," xiv. 308, "Odyssey," xx. 98), *poluphorbê* ("Iliad," ix. 564), *phusizos** ("Iliad," xxi. 63); and again by her place in an old Theogony as the mother of the giant Tituos ("Odyssey," xi. 575), who had offered violence to Leto. These indications of a strong Earth-worshipping system are corroborated by the fact that Homer does not suffer Gaia to appear, faintly, like Demeter, in remote corners of the scene; but puts her down with other Nature-powers into the Underworld among the retributory deities ("Iliad," iii. 278-80, and ix. 564), where her greatness is recognized by invocation, and at the same time her personality is so handled as to involve no interference with the arrangements of the Olympian Court. Nor am I aware of any reason why we should set aside the apparent relationship between the word *era*, the earth, which carries in its Latin form, *terra*, a prefix, and may at an older linguistic stage have been aspirated, and *Horê*, or, as more commonly given in Greek, *Hera*.

I suggest, then, that Homer, while equipping his *Herê* for a great poetical and national as well as religious purpose, made her the substitute for the Gaia and for the Demeter of older systems, as Apollo is probably substituted for the Sun; and took up within the circle of her offices all such traditions, whether of the Egyptian queen of heaven, or of the pre-Achaian Nature-worships of the peninsula, as he may have deemed it proper to foster, or unsafe to neglect.

The Homeric traits and incidents to which I will refer in testing this hypothesis are as follows:—

* In the Hymns (xxix. 1) we have also the fine epithet, *παμφέρεια*, the all-mother. Further, it has been common to render an epithet of the sea, *atrugetis*, as barren, in contrast to the producing earth. But this would be a disparaging epithet, and as such (I think) out of place in Homer. I prefer the far nobler sense of "untrampled." The word will be remembered in Shelley's beautiful lines "Written near Naples."

1. Her relation as mother ("Iliad," xi. 270) to the Eilithuiæ, which makes Herê the goddess of births.

2. The isolated and seemingly incongruous fact that it is she who endows the horse Xanthos with the privilege of speech ("Iliad," xix. 407).

3. Her place in the great conspiracy against Zeus, which I have already examined in the pages of this REVIEW ("Iliad," i. 400).*

4. The curious fact that she suggests to Poseidon, in "Iliad," viii. 200-7, the combined use of force to defeat the will of Zeus, and is rebuked for the suggestion in the reply of that by no means submissive divinity (208-11).

5. In allocating to the daughters of Pandareos the great gifts of beauty and sense.

6. The dominion over Nature exhibited:

a. Perhaps in the command of the services of Iris;

b. In compelling the sun to set;

c. In sending Hephaistos to assist Achilles;

d. In saving Agamemnon from the storm.

Let me here observe that, according to modern ideas, the fertility of the earth is confined to its vegetable products. The ancient conception was wider far. When the family order was methodized in the celestial system, Earth was the mother of a family of giants, and this idea Homer represents to us in the case of Titans, son of the far-famed Gaia. When the idea of marriage was embodied in the scheme of Nature-worship, all production, of whatever kind, fell to Gaia as the mother, logically; the father, whether Heaven or the Sun, engendering all, but producing nothing. And of this conception we have, if a single, yet a very clear trace, when the Poet tells us ("Iliad," vii. 99) that we, our bodies, will finally be resolved into water and earth. Thus it would seem that the life-giving was also the life-regulating force, in the simple biology which sufficed for the day and office of the poet.

With the aid of these ideas, it seems that we may reduce into order, and refer to a common principle, the seemingly promiscuous acts performed by the Homeric Herê. In relation to the Eilithuiæ, her motherhood is, in this view, no longer isolated, but is a portion, and an instance, of a very wide and far-reaching capacity. The still more fragmentary office of endowing the horse Xanthos with a voice falls under the same observation. It is an exercise of the productive function in enlarging (for an Achaian purpose) the sphere assigned to the action of a living creature; nor is this position invalidated by the fact that the Erinyes, whose championship of the moral order is far more profound and inward than any merely Olympian idea, resent the impropriety, and prevent the prolongation of the speech (xix. 418). The third incident, and the fourth as greatly dependent upon it, find their explanation in an examination

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, June 1887.

of a most remarkable legend. The endowments given to the damsels belong to the distributory function, though I cannot explain the intervention of two other goddesses. When we come finally to the instances to which I have already referred, in which Heré exercises special powers over Nature, I do not exclude from view the principle of reflection of function from Zeus upon Heré. In such a case as that of the thunder ("Iliad," xi. 40), this would seem to be the proper, if not the only, explanation. For the air functions of Zeus are somewhat jealously guarded by the poet, and thundering is the most special of them all, and is nowhere invaded except by Athenô, who has it on grounds wholly apart from the present discussion. But the province of Poseidon is under no such careful rule for the prevention of trespass, and the deliverance of Agamemnon from peril of the sea may belong to that power of ordering which appears to be allied with the producing power. The remaining cases deserve special remark.

Heré does not give command to the gods in general, and we are therefore prompted to look for a reason why she commands or employs certain gods. In the case of Athenê the reason is obvious. They work systematically for a common purpose, on a footing which, with some admixture of give and take, is on the whole a footing of equality. The other cases are those of Iris, Hephaistos, and Helios. Now if Heré represents jurisdiction over Nature, which orders as well as produces, then in ordering the Sun to repair to rest she is in the discharge of her proper duty; for the Sun in the "Iliad" is wholly shorn of sovereignty, and is a merely ministerial power.

When we take the case of Hephaistos, we have to remember that as a son he may obey his mother. But it is also to be borne in mind that he is a god of elemental associations, and that his name has not escaped from the elemental scene of fire; so that the order for his interference, as well as the eventual interposition of Heré to prevent the River Xanthos from utter absorption, may be due to the office inherited by Heré from her predecessor Gaia, as the working head governess of Nature.

The same remark applies to Iris. There is hardly a more beautiful conception in Homer, and there is not one more strictly Achaian and Olympian. But behind the Iris of the poet there is always the gleaming of the rainbow. She is idealized form and based upon a purely natural phenomenon, the butterfly of the skies, born if not to "flutter and decay," yet to exhibit colours which as soon as exhibited are withdrawn. It may therefore be that Iris is the messenger of Heré, not simply as the queen of the Olympian Court, but as her subject by an older title, the title of the Mother of all that lives in the external world, possessed in that capacity of a parental authority to give command in relation to the functions severally assigned them.

MR. KINGLAKE'S CRIMEAN WAR.

"**M**ANY know—and some envy—the blissful look of content that lights on the face of a soldier when slain by a gun-shot wound. But the toils of a commander are toils of the mind—of the heart. The expression which fastened on Lord Raglan's countenance in the moment of death, seemed to tell of—not pain, but—'Care.'" These are the words of the simple and pathetic account of Lord Raglan's last moments, in the eighth and last volume of the "Invasion of the Crimea." Care indeed! Well might it be so. An old man borne down by a weight placed carelessly on his shoulders by an incapable administration! More than thirty years ago Lady Raglan confided to Mr. Kinglake the papers of the deceased commander, with one request only—that he would publish the letter which her husband addressed to her immediately after the repulse of our troops at the assault on the Redan: it appears in 1887, in the last volume. Seven years elapsed before the first volume was given to the world, with a characteristic preface. Mr. Kinglake accounted for the delay. "His knowledge," he told his readers, "of what he undertook to narrate, had been growing more and more complete. But far from gathering assurance at the sight of the progress thus made, I am," said he, "rather led to infer that approaches which continued so long, might continue still longer, and it is not without a kind of reluctance that I pass from the tranquil state of one who is absorbing the truth to that of a man who at last stands up and declares it. The time is now come."

The work of thirty years is now complete. The composition is so large that there is difficulty at first in taking in all the details, but gradually there arises before us a conception of great beauty—the ideal of a perfect man, combining gentleness and tenderness with adaman-

tine firmness. It is a representation of the principle of good, displaying the same careful treatment as that of its terrible antithesis, the principle of evil, on the same canvas. The other figures, with the exception of those of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and of Todleben, may say of themselves, in the words of Cassius:

"We petty men creep under his huge legs,
And seek about to find ourselves dishonourable graves."

In the central figure, we have before us a labour of love from the hand of an artist, inspired by feelings like those which animated the breast of a Fra Angelico, in depicting the agony of some martyred saint. There is the want of perspective and proportion which characterizes the work of the early ecclesiastical painters, and the canvas is filled here and there by pictorial episodes as they may be called, such as are to be seen in the tryptichs of the earliest Florentine masters, which, perfect though they be in execution and finish, distract the attention and mar the effect. Shapes of demons and monsters are seen side by side with the saint and the angels; they are introduced apparently to give effect by contrast to the beauty of the principal figure.

It was owing to the merest accident that Mr. Kinglake became acquainted with Lord Raglan (the circumstance is recorded in the first edition of the "Letters of a Staff Officer"), just before the battle of the Alma, and that he was enabled to accompany headquarters; but he left the camp immediately after the opening of the first bombardment. The circumstances and the surroundings of the introduction created a lasting impression on a susceptible nature. From the moment of his return to England, Mr. Kinglake became the champion of the much assailed, and often unjustly assailed General; devoting thirty years and more of his life to the laborious vindication, now completed and given to the world. For an account of the termination of the campaign, the student must look to other authorities. It was, however, announced on the title-page, that the history would end with the death of Lord Raglan. Mr. Kinglake has not "left untold the story of" his "Cambuscan bold," but he has not finished the history of the war, and he concludes what he has to say at one of the most eventful, if least satisfactory epochs, of the siege of Sebastopol.

It would seem as if he was animated throughout by a most violent dislike to the policy as well as to the person of the French Emperor. Doubtless he rejoiced over the happy accident which delayed his seventh and eighth volumes till after the appearance of M. Camille Rousset's work—a work written by a staunch Republican and anti-Imperialist—which enabled him to revel in the demonstration it afforded to him of "the revolting disloyalty" of the Emperor towards Lord Raglan and his allies. "Chortling in his joy," Mr. Kinglake gives several long chapters to a description of the character—from his point of view—and of the

early career of his pet aversion, the Emperor, and of his associates, and inserts in the first volume an account of the *coup d'état*, which had as much to do with the invasion of the Crimea as it had with the siege of Troy itself. The Emperor's misfortunes serve as feathers to the arrows discharged at his prostrate form; but it is only just to say that while he was "towering in his pride of place," he was a mark for the ridicule and contempt of Mr. Kinglake. A poor dreaming impostor, a masquerading adventurer, destitute of courage or counsel, "turning of a pale sea-green colour in the moment of danger"; "a man with the bearing and countenance of a weaver—a weaver oppressed by long hours of monotonous indoor work, which makes the body stoop and keeps the eyes downcast"—"his features were opaque," his figure and port mean; in him there was no good thing from beginning to close of his troubled life—"plotting brain and weak meddlesome hand." The end of the Empire may be pointed at as one vindication of the judgment of the historian. But the Empire gave France eighteen years of prosperity, and in some sense, of rest, such as she never enjoyed for many decades before. After the Crimean war the Emperor humbled Austria in the dust, and gave to Sardinia the strong arm and the victorious sword which enabled her to realize the dream of a united Italy. An Englishman must confess that Louis Napoleon was a constant and faithful ally.

The controversies and passions which raged during the war have long since died out, with most of the actors in it, and there is now a general impression in the public mind that the war itself was a mistake—an impression which will be confirmed by an attentive perusal of Mr. Kinglake's pages. From the very beginning it ought to have been evident to any one, who made even a superficial examination of the situation, that in a joint expedition by France and Great Britain the English commander could not hope to have always at his disposal a force equal to that under the orders of his French colleague. If, indeed, he were a Marlborough or a Wellington, he might aim at and maintain an ascendancy in the counsels of the allied Generals. To show that Lord Raglan had those qualities, Mr. Kinglake devoted himself. And he has egregiously failed. In proportion as he has brought into relief the loveable traits of his hero, has he established the absence of the commanding qualities which were needed to enable an officer in his position to make way against adverse influences. The historian indeed seems to have been conscious that a man who had been from boyhood, and for more than thirty years, under the weight of the Duke of Wellington's influence was not altogether the most fit General for the command of an army. "The gain of being with the Duke for so many years was not without its drawback." "To have been administering the current business of a military office in peace time was a kind of experience which was far from being a good pre-

parative for the command of an army in the field." Lord Raglan was sixty-six years of age. Nearly forty years had elapsed since he saw the last shot fired in anger; his experience had been that of a subordinate—trusted indeed, but still a subordinate—in the Peninsula, where probably he did not learn to regard the soldiers of France with great liking. The late Duke of Wellington, speaking of his appointment to me in 1856, said: "Had my father been alive, he would never have allowed such a thing! He would have laughed at the idea of Fitzroy Somerset commanding an army!—an excellent office-man, a capital military secretary, but he knew nothing of handling troops." Why he was selected is a secret, buried somewhere in Whitehall or in Downing Street. He spoke French fluently, which was not a universal accomplishment amongst our English generals. As he had fought against the French when in the field, it was considered wise to give him the control of an army which was to work against a common enemy with the troops of France. To put a finishing touch to his qualifications, it was known that Lord Raglan viewed, with an unfavourable eye, the new *régime* in France. A Bourbon or an Orleanist, yes! But a Napoleon on an imperial throne could not be admired by the old aide-de-camp and military secretary of the Duke of Wellington.

What the truth Mr. Kinglake had to declare in 1863 was, is not easily ascertained. There is the one very obvious fact which greatly mars the value of his laborious record as history, and which afforded occasion to a grave French historian, quoted in his pages with respect, to express his regret that Lord Raglan's papers had been entrusted to one who—in striking and painful contrast to Todleben, who has written of France and her soldiers as a generous rival, not as an enemy—had made such an unworthy use of them—" *il est fâcheux que les papiers de Lord Raglan soient tombés entre des mains qui ont en fait une si triste usage.*" And that judgment is, I think, well founded. With the exception of the first volume, which is devoted to a piquant account of the "transactions which brought on the war," in which the beauties of the writer's style, his sarcasm, his humour, his imagery, are conspicuous, the history may be described, in effect, as a "glorification" of a single hero, in which accounts of feats of arms and incidents of battle are introduced as accessories.

The preliminary selections for the conduct of the English army followed the inscrutable method indicated in the choice of the General-in-Chief. A noble lord, who had not seen any service except that which he witnessed as an amateur with the Russian headquarters in the war against Turkey in 1829, was chosen as Divisional General of cavalry.* His brother-in-law, who had never seen any service at

* Lord Lucan proved himself vigilant, capable, and he claims with reason the credit of the Heavy Cavalry charge.

all, a man of impetuous temper and limited intelligence, with whom he was notoriously at variance, was appointed to the Light Brigade. Sir George Brown, an old Horse Guards Adjutant-General, sixty-six years of age, was picked out to command the Light Division. To the Duke of Cambridge was assigned the 1st Division, consisting of the Guards and the Highland Brigade, the latter under the direction of Sir Colin Campbell, whose influence may be fairly said to have extended far beyond the limits of his command. An able old Peninsular officer, who had not done as well as was expected at the head of the curious military organization, called the Spanish Legion, Sir De Lacy Evans, was appointed to the 2nd Division; Sir Richard England, whose name was associated with a very unfortunate operation on the north-west frontier of India, was appointed to the 3rd Division. The actual Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards, Sir George Cathcart, who proved to be an excellent soldier, was given the command of the 4th Division. The personal staff of Lord Raglan was composed of high-spirited young fellows, connected with him or his family. The army—the strength of a *corps d'armée* of to-day—was magnificent, but there was no reserve whatever. The army of Imperial France was not by any means equal to that which had effected the conquest of Algeria, far less to the army which had on so many fields held its own against the levies of the world. At the outset it was, in the words of its own General, “utterly destitute of the means of undertaking any operations whatever.”

There could not be a greater contrast between two men than between Lord Raglan and St. Arnaud. The portrait of the latter is almost fascinating—a soldier would like such a General dearly—for a soldier such as those who followed Cæsar, Alexander, Marlborough, or Bonaparte, does not prize moral qualities as highly as he ought—“skilled in the duties of military administration, knowing how to hold tight under martial law a conquered or a half-conquered province.” “Of violent energies, a spirit so elastic that when pressure of misery or of a bodily pain was lifted off he seemed as strong and joyous as though he never had been crushed,” with extraordinary activity of body—he danced and sang—played the violin—wrote verses and songs—he was skilled in gymnastic feats. Seeking every opportunity of distinction, “speaking with luminous force and charming animation, his keen, handsome, eager features so kindled with the mere stir and pomp of war,” that he appears in Mr. Kinglake’s pages—secret and criminal though he was, with an evil name and antecedents, utterly unprincipled, assailed by such charges that the writer who records the fact hints that they could not have been true—as the beau-ideal of a soldier.

When men began to insist upon the capture of Sebastopol, there were vague ideas in their heads of a descent on a fortified arsenal,

a bombardment, an assault, and victory! Presently there loomed on their eyes the solemn reality, to be dealt with at length, of a mighty citadel, defended by a great engineer and a devoted army. Then the siege of Troy was talked about. In one respect, indeed, there was a parallel in the allied camps to the incidents of the siege invented or chronicled by Homer: the dissensions of the chiefs wrought great havoc on their armies. In dealing with these, Mr. Kinglake strives to show that the French were always wrong, and that Lord Raglan was always right. The theory of the historian is, that perverse and incompetent French people were always striving to gain advantage over "our people," and that they descended to baseness and treachery to effect their object; but that wherever Lord Raglan's influence was exerted he at once established "his ascendant." Men bend to his "sway" like rushes to a Favonian breeze—these truculent Frenchmen come to him in trouble and he "comforts" them—in fact, they cannot bear to be away from him. But they are very naughty all the same, and are continually thwarting their revered comforter. As examples of this evil conduct, we are told of an intrigue of St. Arnaud to obtain the command of the Turkish army; of another intrigue to get hold of the English army; of a marvellous piece of wickedness in the removal of our buoys laid down for the landing at Old Fort; of a design of the Emperor to keep his troops for four months in trenches before Sebastopol, until he could come out to command the army in the field. That St. Arnaud, like any general in his place, should have sought the command of the Turkish army is not to be wondered at. It is possible he would have used them to more advantage than Lord Raglan, who had such want of confidence in, or antipathy to, the Osmanli, that he made no—or a very bad—use of them when they were at his disposal.

The proposal that the senior of the allied Generals should take the command of the force, when French and English troops were acting together, is represented by Mr. Kinglake as a deep-laid design on the part of St. Arnaud to get the command of the English army out of the hands of Lord Raglan! The project obviously referred to the operations of detached columns, and the principle of it was acted on subsequently on several occasions. The allegation that the English buoys were wickedly removed, was disposed of by Admiral Mends, who conducted the landing, though Mr. Kinglake by no means accepted the authoritative contradiction. The mare's-nest constructed out of M. Rousset's materials, in which the story of the wilful sacrifice of precious months and of gallant lives to the "*rêves*"—as the French writer calls them—of Louis Napoleon has been so carefully hatched out by our author, will be examined hereafter.

Lord Raglan was Commander-in-Chief of the British army at the

battle of the Alma, at Balaklava, at Inkerman, and during the siege, up to the assault of the 18th of June. Let us see what was the nature of his vaunted "ascendancy" in council, and of his generalship in the field as set forth by his eulogist.

It is maintained by French authorities, military and civil, that the plan of attack at the Alma, suggested by St. Arnaud, was accepted by Lord Raglan—the enemy's right to be turned by the British, the left to be turned by the French. That St. Arnaud had his plan, and that Lord Raglan appeared to accept it, is admitted. It would be funny, if it were not treating of such a serious matter, to read Mr. Kinglake's account of the conference between the French and the English General the night before the battle. To most people it would seem natural, nay, vitally essential to the success of a military operation of the sort before them, that the allied Generals should take counsel together and come to an understanding with each other. Mr. Kinglake scoffs at the notion of this preposterous Frenchman daring to approach Lord Raglan with a suggestion or a plan, and he describes—it is to be hoped erroneously—with evident delight, the demeanour and attitude of the British Commander-in-Chief on the occasion. "He sat quiet, with governed features, restraining—or only perhaps postponing—his smiles, listening graciously, assenting or not dissenting, putting forward no plan of his own, and in short eluding discussion. This method perhaps was instinctive with him, but in his intercourse with the French he followed it deliberately and upon system." A very pleasant colleague to work with, truly! This course, we are told, was based upon "his true native English dislike of all premature planning." "He did not at all long to ruffle his mind with projects"! And yet he was within half a march of an enemy whose position he had not reconnoitred! Bosquet was to start at five o'clock in the morning. The time for the British to begin their march was fixed at seven o'clock. Lord Raglan was not able to keep his promise. The British advance was bungled. At the very outset the deployment of this well-drilled army was a muddle: the divisions overlapped, one took the ground of another. As Mr. Kinglake says, "for much of the delay which occurred there were good reasons. But not for all"! "Sir George Brown had been directed on the night of the 19th to advance on the morrow at seven, and he imagined the order would be repeated in the morning. He waited accordingly." "The English troops moved slowly." So meanwhile the French army halted and made their coffee. But what of Evans's Division, which was next the French left? The day of the battle Sir De L. Evans told me that "he had been forgotten"! Prince Napoleon's corps next to him was ready to march two hours before Evans received his orders.

In the battle, the incidents of which are set forth in nearly 300

pages, Lord Raglan, if Mr. Kinglake is to be believed, had no share, with the exception of getting up two guns on a ridge on which he found himself by accident. Nevertheless, one is carried away by the sight of the joyous, spirited British General and his Staff cantering gaily along, quite apart from the army engaged with the enemy, under a "studious cannonade." No one who reads the description can doubt that the historian, who was invited to join in the exciting sport, was as keen, if not as accustomed, as any of his companions. It is unprofitable to renew the discussion as to what might have been, or ought to have been, done after the battle. But Mr. Kinglake provoked controversy by laying the inaction at the door of the French. Had Lord Raglan been so minded, he had, I think, ample means of pressing the pursuit. There were the whole of the Cavalry, the Highland Brigade, almost unscathed, one Brigade of the Light Division, the whole of the 3rd Division, part of the 4th Division, the field artillery—still fit. Then came the curious contrast on the afternoon of the battle between the French refusing to move, and Lord Raglan refusing to advance without them; the French impatient to pursue next day, and Lord Raglan then refusing to go on. So the 21st passed—and the 22nd—nor was it till the 23rd September that the Allies left their bivouac on the south side of the Alma. When the allied armies set out on their march the leaders knew they had beaten one Russian army, and that Sebastopol lay before them, with two rivers—the Katcha and the Belbek—intervening. But of any "plan" of assault they were innocent—of the strength of the position, even of its visible defences, they were ignorant. "Upon condition that the Allies would lay instant hands upon the prize, the battle gave them Sebastopol." Why did they not stretch out their hands? According to a memorandum by Mr. G. Loch of a conversation with Sir E. Lyons, many months after the event, Lord Raglan proposed to St. Arnaud on the second day, September 21, to advance and attack the North Fort by a *coup de main*, but St. Arnaud said his troops were tired. "Lord Raglan was disappointed," &c. On the 22nd "Lord Raglan was in low spirits." He told Sir E. Lyons the reason was that he had been urging St. Arnaud to advance across the Belbek, and that the latter objected, &c. Mr. Kinglake, though he says "St. Arnaud was the hinderer," admits that our wounded were not then embarked. But St. Arnaud (according to M. Rousset) wrote: "*Les Anglais ne sont pas encore prêts le 22, et je suis retenu ici comme à Baltchick, comme à Old Fort.*" And when on the 23rd the Allies did march, they halted ere the day was half spent on the Katcha. It was not till the evening of the 24th, when the Allies had massed on the Belbek, that the fiat went forth. Sir John Burgoyne's memorandum dominated the situation, and Sebastopol was, according to Todleben, saved—the

north side—for ever. Lord Raglan's early predilections were in favour of an attack on the south side.* These came back on him when the French hesitated to attack the Star Fort. Mr. Kinglake thinks the flank march lost us Sebastopol. "I do not represent that Lord Raglan himself thought ill of the measure." All the world knows when, where, and how the idea of the flank march originated, but military men will study it in connection with the synchronous flank march of Menschikoff—"our people" skirting the north side to gain the south of Sebastopol, and the Russians just escaping contact with the column of our march, so nearly hitting it that the advance guard—headed by Lord Raglan and his Staff!—tumbled upon the Prince's rear-guard at Mackenzie's farm.

One of the two Generals of the Allies was a dying man—St. Arnaud had ceased to exert any influence on the situation. His successor, Canrobert, who proved himself a valiant man of war in Italy and in the battles before Metz, was, according to Mr. Kinglake, a flabby, moluscous creature; but he exercised as much control over the course of the armies as his colleague.

The bombardment of the 17th of October was to have been followed by an assault if the Russian batteries were silenced. But they, on the contrary, completely silenced the French batteries. The British ripped open the Redan, and by three o'clock the work was a ruin. Todleben says we could have taken the place. Burgoyne has recorded the same opinion. The French opinion, according to Rousset, is "*On peut dire qu'il n'a tenu qu'à Lord Raglan de la rendre*" (the victory of the British batteries) "*décisive. Le Grand Redan, ce jour là, pendant plusieurs heures a été devant lui comme une proie offerte, et qui ne pouvait être sérieusement contestée. Il y a eu pendant le siège de Sébastopol beaucoup d'actions d'éclat et de dates honorables à porter au compte de l'armée anglaise; seule la journée du 17 Octobre a failli lui donner la gloire sans partage.*" Later on we shall see Lord Raglan assaulting the Great Redan, not because he thought it would be successfully assailed, but because he did not like to incur the risk of letting the French say he had not helped them.

The bombardment having failed, it was resolved to proceed by regular approaches, and on these the French on our left entered with great alacrity, but the English position was not favourable, and our flank from the plateau to Balaklava was long and weak. Meantime the Russians were planning an energetic offensive to raise the siege, and Liprandi was preparing for his attack on Balaklava. Lord Raglan was warned by Rustem Pasha on the 24th of October that 25,000 Russians were coming down on us from Baidar. Lord Lucan sent a letter with the news to headquarters. The

* "I have *always* been disposed," he says himself to the Duke of Newcastle, "to consider that Sebastopol should be attacked on the south side."

answer first elicited from Lord Raglan was only a message of acknowledgment sent out to Lord Bingham in the words "Very well." Afterwards the Chief "requested any new occurrence might be reported to him, but no fresh orders resulted from the information." And so the first thing that aroused Lord Raglan next morning was the sound of the Russian guns in the valley, and he arrived on the edge of the plateau overlooking it only in time to see the Turks flying from the captured redoubts and the portion of the plain between the Tchernaya and the Woronzoff road in the hands of the enemy, up to the very foot of the allied position. A great commander, nay, a prudent general of ordinary capacity, would never have allowed a handful of men to be placed without support in the imperfect field-works, misnamed redoubts, which invited the disaster of Balaclava. The Turks were sacrificed to the negligence and incompetence of those who had the fate of the luckless Osmanli in their hands.

The Heavy Cavalry charge was a very fine feat with which Lord Raglan had nothing to do, except looking down and on it. Mr. Kinglake almost succeeds in rendering it ludicrous where he describes the attack of the two leading regiments: "The Scotch Greys gave no utterance except to a hollow, eager, fierce moan of rapture—the moan of outbursting desire. The Inniskillings burst in with a cheer." The fatal order which was the cause of the destruction of the Light Brigade—an order so confused and muddled that it caused first a wrangle and then a disaster—is sufficiently condemned by its results. It was written by General Airey, but it was dictated by Lord Raglan. This keen-sighted, able General, "whose peculiar and instinctive faculty for the reading of a battlefield enabled him at once to grasp dim, complex scenes," quite forgot that he had the advantage of seeing from high commanding ground that which the Generals down below to whom he sent his order, could not see at all. "*Pons et origo malorum.*" Lord Raglan was only prevented abandoning Balaclava by poor Mr. Filder—his Commissary-General.

But his attention was not awakened to the dangers of our Inkerman flank by the action of the 26th of October, which was but a reconnaissance for the great onslaught of November 5, or by the instant and repeated representations of Sir De Lacy Evans respecting the insecure position of the English. Then came Inkerman at last. Some 500 pages of the fourth volume are given to the description of "the soldiers' battle." It was a surprise; it was not the General's merit—it was not the fault but the misfortune of the Russians—that it was not for the Allies a conclusive catastrophe. Orders there were few or none. The battle was raging when Lord Raglan reached the road by the Windmill. But Collingwood Dickson's two 18-pounders? They were, of course, ordered up by Lord Raglan. But it is not to him

the credit can be assigned of having the guns mounted and available for that mortal crisis. And it must in justice be stated that their fire was materially helped by Boussinière's twelve heavy guns on the ridge in silencing the Russian artillery.

The storm of November 14 completed the work of Inkerman. A winter siege—and early in October Lord Raglan was warned by an Englishman long resident in Russia what he would have to expect—was upon us. "One has no heart to go back to the details of that terrible time, which Mr. Kinglake styles "The Winter Troubles."

M. Rousset relates how lavish of help and of offers of help the French were, but Mr. Kinglake does not make much mention of them. That Lord Raglan, within the measure of his capacity, took steps to feed and cover and clothe his army, must be admitted; but with an unlimited command of money, with the absolute control of the sea, with the ports of the Euxine close at hand, with a great capital within twenty-four hours of his Crimean harbour, the hard cruel fact remains that the British army nearly perished, "The miserable, pitiable, heartrending condition" of the force, reduced at one time, despite reinforcements of several thousands, to less than 10,000 men, was avenged in the overthrow of a Ministry. To the anger and indignation of the country before which they succumbed, the meagre nature of the information respecting the sufferings of the army which Lord Aberdeen and his colleagues placed before Parliament in no small degree conduced. Whilst people were sick with anxiety—craving for news, beyond all other things, of the Camp before Sebastopol—they were gravely informed by the Duke of Newcastle, or some other Minister, that the weather there was better or worse than it was at the date of the last despatch. But they had nothing else to communicate. Mr. Kinglake's researches have failed to produce one document sent from Head Quarters, "secret" or otherwise, which would have enabled the Government to understand the situation, and to place Parliament in possession of the truth.

The great reinforcements sent to the French soon enabled them to attack the front from the Woronzoff road to the Quarantine Bay, whilst we, weakened and worn out, were obliged to surrender to our Allies our right at Inkerman. Burgoyne then proposed that the French should take over our Left Attack and that the British should confine themselves to operate against the Malakoff. This proposal led to a demand from Canrobert to Lord Raglan "to state specifically what he could undertake to do in a given time" in carrying out the plan of operations. "This missive" with its "set interrogatories" seemed to Lord Raglan, according to Mr. Kinglake, if answered, to be likely to lead to "antagonistic correspondence"—why one cannot well see—"imperilling the French alliance." Lord Raglan met it by an "indirect communication," and averted what he thought "a great

evil"—an exchange of epistles between the two headquarters. It was "the object of his almost every thought" to maintain a thorough accord between the French and the English—the way of attaining the object now resorted to appears to be ill calculated to establish an *entente cordiale*. But whenever Lord Raglan commits any mistake—such as even his eulogist is forced to acknowledge—he is coerced by the necessity of maintaining the alliance. The reader is tempted to ask where, then, was the "witchery"—the irresistible "ascendant"—he is alleged to have exercised over the French councils?

On January 1st an agreement was entered into between the Allies that active operations should begin instantly; that the Russian left should be attacked as well as their right, and that the Malakoff should be crushed before an attack was made on the Redan. But "Général Janvier" appeared on the scene: the English were, under stress of their great suffering, obliged to seek the aid of French troops (January 21) in their works. Canrobert's impatience was encountered by an "immensely protracted delay;" the winter, sickness, and suffering and death—these were not to be denied. But a still more powerful agency was soon brought to bear on the baffled besiegers. Just as the Allies were preparing to seize upon the positions to further the attack on the Malakoff, Todleben seized on the Mamelon and the *Ouvrages Blancs* on February 22, and fortified them. Canrobert had abstained from occupying the ground till it was too late. When he did attack the embryo work he was repulsed, and it was not till June 7 that the menacing counter-approaches on their right front were stormed by the French, with great loss. Todleben well deserves the high praise accorded to his genius by Mr. Kinglake; but in his system of counter-approaches he did no more than carry out in a masterly way the teachings of Vauban. It was on the French the weight of his attacks was directed, and out of the thirty-four lodgments, developed very soon after he commenced his aggressive defence, only two menaced the British. So February passed. Then came the sortie of March 22, in which the Russians inflicted on the French a loss of 600, and on us a loss of 70, killed and wounded. Canrobert prevailed upon Lord Raglan—whose "ascendancy" gave way as usual—to accede to the wish of Omar Pasha to transfer his 17,000 Turks and thirty guns from Eupatoria to the plateau of Sebastopol. But ere this, Niel's plan, which aimed at a complete investment of the place was becoming a factor—a plan which would have saved the Allies losses greater in the aggregate than those at Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, and the Tchernaya together. Mr. Kinglake avers that the siege was now, in fact, at an end. Therefore, according to the author, the bombardment of April 9 was a farce—a cold-blooded sacrifice of his own soldiers—by the Emperor. It is almost exasperating to peruse

the sophistical innuendo "surmise," "suggestion," and "inference" in support of that theory of a writer who had under his eyes the siege journals detailing the operations which, with indefatigable energy and at great loss of life, the French were pressing to meet the growing power of the Russians. For ten days the attack continued, with incessant combats at night, the explosion of mines and counter-mines, in which the Russians lost 6130 men, the French 1585, the English 265. But the Russians repaired at night the damage done by day. Even Mr. Kinglake confesses, with a wry face, that our batteries were not ready, and that they completely failed this time against the Great Redan. We at all events could not have attacked that work. Niel was adverse to an assault; Canrobert faltered; Lord Raglan had no "ascendant." Mr. Kinglake says that the French did not assault because they were under the influence of Niel's plan, a programme which aimed at the conquest of Sebastopol by the operations of an army in the field, and which was signed on the 26th of April at Buckingham Palace, by the Ministers of France and England in the presence of the Emperor. The recall of the French from the first expedition to Kertch placed Canrobert in a difficult position with the English. "*Ils sont mécontents*," he wrote, "*du contre ordre, ce qui rend les relations difficiles*." The expedition was intended by Canrobert as a compensation to Lord Raglan for the refusal of the French to assault, which was the result of the news that the great army of reserve, collected by the Emperor at Constantinople, would soon land in the Crimea. Lord Raglan was strongly in favour of a movement from Eupatoria, but he refused absolutely to operate by the valley of Baidar on Simferopol with the English and the Sardinians. The decision of Lord Raglan was based on the belief that 30,000 French and 30,000 Turks could not hold the trenches against 37,000 Russians; finally he demanded of Canrobert, and of Omar Pasha, that they should take over the English trenches.* That settled the programme. It gave the last blow to Canrobert.

Pélissier, his successor, a man of blood and iron, receives better treatment from Mr. Kinglake than any of the French Generals—indeed, he almost praises him. His advent to power was signalized by the energetic action against the Russian counter-approaches, and by the despatch of the joint expedition to Kertch. The brilliant assault upon the Mamelon and the White Works by the French, on the 7th of June, and the capture of the Quarries by the English, was the first mark scored against Todleben's great defence. On that day the French lost 5500 men, the English 700.* In the composition of the force, for that assault of the Quarries, the disaster of the Redan eleven days later on was foreshadowed in characters of blood!

* It is somewhat significant, that out of that number 47 were officers.

It was only the goddess Fortune, to whom Mr. Kinglake so often appeals, that enabled our scanty force to gain and hold the work, which moreover was close to the advance sap of our third parallel.

The fourth and last bombardment of the 17th of June wrought havoc on all the enemy's works, and slew 4000 men. Sebastopol was ripe for assault. When night came on the fire was still kept up on all the enemy's lines.

The French General was, however, all this time under "torments" inflicted by the Emperor, "torture" of mind so great that Mr. Kinglake starts the theory that he was what is vulgarly called "put out of his mind," and that for eight days he was an idiot! For so is the broad, plain fact conveyed, under many ingenious words. Proofs: that he abandoned the project of attacking the right of the Russians—that is, the town front—and resolved to confine the assault to the Little Redan, the Malakoff, and the works intervening. Mr. Kinglake infers that he did so because he feared the French would run riot through the streets after they had taken the Bastion du Mat and the Quarantine. Better reason would have been the tremendous fire to which they would have been exposed from the great forts at the other side of the harbour, the steamers, and the batteries. Secondly, Pélissier removed Bosquet from the command of the troops on the right, to take charge of a corps to watch the Russian field army on the Tchernaya. Third and greatest aberration—he made a sudden change in the plan of the assault to which Mr. Kinglake attaches an overwhelming influence in determining the disastrous result.

It is very doubtful whether a cannonade for two hours after day-break on the morning of the 18th would have reduced the Great Redan to impotence and cleared the way for an attack; it would have rather served as an *alerte* and warned the reserves. Lord Raglan was now full of confidence, but in the evening Pélissier informed him that he did not intend to open fire at daybreak, and that he would deliver the assault as soon as it was dawn. There is, I think, no good ground for Mr. Kinglake's surmise that the Russians re-armed their batteries on the night of the 17th of June; when even the fire was overpowering they were wont to retire their guns from the embrasures. He does not say a word about the cause of Pélissier's determination to assault at daybreak instead of opening fire and continuing it for a couple of hours ere he launched his columns at the place. General St. Jean d'Angely had informed him that it would be impossible to get the French columns of assault, amounting to 18,000 men, into the trenches without giving full notice to the enemy. It will be observed that Lord Raglan did not propose any plan or take any initiative; his ascendancy had now

quite vanished, if ever it existed, even over this bewildered and persecuted Pélissier.

Sir George Brown made the dispositions for the assault. Never, surely, was such a preparation for such a task! One hundred riflemen, fifty soldiers carrying wool bags, 120 soldiers and sailors with ladders, a main column or storming party 400 strong, with a reserve of 800—that on the left or the proper right flank of the Great Redan! A similar portentous force was told off against the eastern flank! They never had a chance! The leading men did not pass the abattis, if they reached it! Todleben declares the columns were quite inadequate for the work they had in hand. Our men were swept away by what Mr. Kinglake calls “blasts of mitrail”—for he will not condescend to use a French word, and so makes one of his own—reinforced by heavy musketry fire. It was a sad 18th of June; the French lost 3500 men, the English 1505; the sole bright spot—and it was evanescent—being the success of Eyre’s column near the head of Man-of-War Harbour.

And then—when all was done—there was reserved for our people and for their General a humiliation which it is not even now pleasant to think about.

Three days after the assault, Lord Raglan “imparted” to Pélissier his resolution to give up the attack on the Redan altogether—and announced that “it only remained to be decided what shall be the active part which the British troops shall take in the forthcoming operations.” Seven days afterwards—on the evening of the 28th—Lord Raglan died.

The account of his last moments is most touching; it ends with the words that I have quoted at the commencement of this article. There can be little doubt that grief at the loss of friends, and bitter disappointment at the failure of an attack which he knew could not succeed, and which he ordered against his own judgment, had a crushing effect on a gallant fearless spirit which no personal danger could daunt.

If I have thought it necessary, in these remarks, to expose what appeared to me to be the injustice, exaggeration and partiality of the historian, I have done so with reluctance, because in common with all his readers I admire the intense love of country which animates every page—dangerously like, now and then, though it be in expression, to the disreputable attribute called in French literature Chauvinisme. No one can read this book without feeling that Mr. Kinglake believes every word of what he has written. As for the beauty of the language, which is united to laborious research, attesting the genius and the diligence of the writer, no praise can be too great. The descriptive power of many passages can-

not be exceeded, and in dealing with the episodes of battle Mr. Kinglake's warlike nature is so excited that he hurries his reader from scene to scene as if he were on a runaway charger. Of tricks of phrase, of iteration, fantastic and tiresome, there are rather frequent instances, but these are "*maculæ solis*." The brightness and finish of the work show the hand of the master. All in all it is delightful reading, and the gallant deeds of gallant men are recorded in language which will ever enshrine their memories amongst English-speaking people, all over the world, in "The Invasion of the Crimea."

W. H. RUSSELL.

THE NEW YORK POLICE.

TO those whom William Cobbett liked to address as "most thinking people," the problem of the extension of local self-government—which is, for good or for evil, the question of the hour in the United Kingdom—presents no difficulty greater than that involved in the control of the police. It might not be easy adequately to answer one who asked why, if the recent centralization of the administration of the prisons has been generally approved, and if the army and the navy, the police of the exterior, are under the control of the central government, the police, the army of the interior, should necessarily be subject to local authorities. But it has been generally assumed that in the nature of things this must be so, though the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police and of the Irish Constabulary, in comparison with the average borough police, to say nothing of the relatively feeble county police of Great Britain, might well lead to another conclusion. It would be perfectly possible, under certain circumstances, that a body of police, governed by local authority, and that authority elected on a wide suffrage, should be found a danger to the public peace instead of being its guardian; but, on the other hand, it must not be assumed that the control of the police by a democratic community, acting through its elected local representatives, is inconsistent with a very stern repression of popular disorder, or with a very efficient system for the detection and arraignment of criminals. Nay, a strong and efficient police force may exist in connection with a local and thoroughly democratic administration which in many respects is deplorably bad. The great city of New York is a case in point. Here the condition of the streets, as regards their pavement, and the obstructions to be found on them, is disgraceful; but the order of the streets, so far as it is under the control of the police force, is a credit to the community.

Before the year 1857, the police of New York were an opprobrium to civilization. The patronage was worked in the interest of one of the most corrupt gangs of low grade politicians that ever existed. The men wore no uniform, and could only be distinguished by a badge, a silver star, which was easily removed. They were wholly at the mercy, and were consequently the obedient servants, of a horde of office-seekers, who battered on the public and were alien in spirit, as they were mostly by birth, to the institutions of the United States—which, let it here be said, is in effect one of the most truly Conservative nations of the world. At length the Legislature of the State of New York came to the rescue, and one-and-thirty years ago, in spite of much opposition from the gang, which had great influence at Albany, passed an Act for the reconstruction of the police force. The Mayor of New York city, at once the leader and the creature of the gang of alien politicians, refused to recognize the Act, and it was not until he and his myrmidons had been besieged in the City Hall that the legislative provisions were allowed to come into effect. Within six years the loyalty of the new police was subjected to a sore trial. From the beginning of the Civil War, New York city had very little heart in the cause of the Union. It was in general sympathy with the Solid South; and the "copperheads," as the Northerners who were more or less in favour of the Confederate States were called, had the control of the local offices. General Lee's nearly successful invasion of Pennsylvania had created the greatest sensation throughout the North, and the destruction of Milroy's brigade of the Union Army was the signal that the Northern States must send a vastly larger force into the field, if they were not to be beaten by the superior generalship of the Southern soldiers. Hence drafts, on a hitherto untried scale, were ordered, and New York city set itself to resist the drafts.* Rioting began, and was soon found formidable. The rioters had the secret sympathy of almost the entire local executive; but the police stood firm. The drafts were lawful, and were enforced; and thus the greatest crisis in the history of the Union was surmounted largely by the single-minded dutifulness of the police of New York. That force has since proved itself worthy of the confidence of the people. It has had many minor trials, none of which were more remarkable than the railroad, or, as we should say, the tramway, strikes of March 1886, when the communications of the city were paralysed, and the strikers were backed, in their attempt to prevent the cars from being run, by a mob which at one time numbered as many as 30,000 men. The strikes lasted, with a few brief intervals, until August; and during this period of nearly six months the police effectually protected the non-union men, who were what is called "operating" the lines. In the course of

the present winter, there was ample proof on one occasion in Union Square that the police are not in the least in sympathy with those who grandiloquently assume to be "the people." There was an Anarchist meeting in the Square, and a large body of police was present for the purpose of protecting liberty of speech, even when the speech directly attacked the institutions of the country. There was an outcry in the crowd, and a portion of the police, under the misapprehension that a riot was imminent, charged the men who assembled under the red flag, and sent them scattering by the hundred. The New York police distinctly despise the preachers of anarchy as much as any Americans do, and what the feeling of Americans generally on the subject is may be readily seen from the recent events in Chicago, and from the attitude respecting them of all but one in a thousand of the newspapers of the country.

It may be doubted whether the New York police are not too ready to resort to force. The "club" is perpetually in evidence over five-sixths of the city by day as by night, though the rules and regulations expressly order that the bâton shall be carried in the socket of the belt or in a pocket, and "shall only be drawn therefrom when specially ordered, or when required for the self-protection of the officer, or for use in urgent cases." Yet the day club, which is generally of rosewood, and the night club, a very formidable weapon of locust, or acacia wood, are for ever to be seen in the hands of the men, who use them freely on the very slightest provocation, so that a slang name for a policeman is "clubber." It is very certain that the London public would not submit to the violence of the police which is quite common in New York. On "Labour Day," when the trades unions of the city marched in procession along Fifth Avenue, some of the police were perfectly brutal in their treatment of the holiday-makers who gathered to see the show. Under the windows of the Union Club there was a body of people, largely composed of women and children, who edged forward at Twenty-First Street to see what was coming next in the procession. A very tall and burly constable, who wore on his arm four stripes, signifying that he had at least twenty years' service, ordered the spectators to fall back. Before his words could have been heard by all of them, he threw himself ferociously at the throng, left shoulder down, with his right arm waving the club above his head, drove back the perfectly amenable and well-dressed folks, and then shook his club at them. Such violence is of daily occurrence; but, if one calls the attention of a New Yorker to it, the answer invariably is that, as the city is the gathering-place of the scum of the Old World, it will not do to check the authority of the police, and that aggrieved people have always their remedy through a complaint to the commissioners. New York is very proud of its police, and it may well be so; but, to

a Londoner, it looks very much as if the police had New York by the throat in a way which would not be tolerated on the banks of the Thames.

With the exception of a recent statute permitting the increase of the city police within certain limits, the constitution of the force is now governed by the Charter of 1873 and by a very well-drawn Consolidation Act of 1882, which brings into one volume all the special and local laws affecting the public interests of New York city, and is well worthy the imitation of the authorities of London and the British Parliament. The police are governed by four commissioners, each of whom receives \$5000 a year. These commissioners are appointed by the mayor for a term of six years, and are removable, for cause, by the mayor with the concurrence of the Governor of the State. Removals are not unknown, and the present president of the Police Board was removed by Mayor Grace some years ago, but held on because the Governor did not concur. The mayor himself is only elected for two years, and so not only does his nominee serve under two succeeding mayors, but the selection of a new commissioner is limited by custom. It has been an honourable understanding between the Democratic and the Republican parties that two of the commissioners shall be always of one stripe and two of the other. No attempt has ever been made to violate this understanding, as to which statute law is necessarily silent; and Democratic commissioners have therefore been appointed by Republican mayors and Republican commissioners, as recently, by Democratic mayors. The reason for this unwritten rule is not far to seek, though it will sound strange to British ears. The police commissioners are the authorities for making the election arrangements and examining the election returns. There are in New York 812 election districts, and to each of these the commissioners have to appoint four inspectors and two poll-clerks—that is to say, 4872 election officers, who are equally divided between the two recognized parties. Prior to the election last November, the newly formed "Labour Party," led by Mr. Henry George, attempted to obtain the appointment of officers from its own body, which would have led to the choice of 7308 polling officials; but at the last moment the attempt was defeated. The examination of the character of each proposed inspector or poll-clerk is strict, and equally strict is the care of the commissioners in choosing polling-places, or putting up booths where proper rooms cannot be obtained. Each election costs the city about \$170,000, or £34,000—that is to say, at the rate of three shillings for every registered vote; and no complaint has been made of late years of the impartiality of the returns, while one attempt to alter a return was punished by prolonged incarceration in the State Prison. The pay of the commissioners is small in comparison with their continuous, laborious,

and responsible duties. Mr. Stephen French, the president, a staunch Republican, who owes his appointment to a stoutly Democratic mayor, is responsible for the discipline of the force. To him come all complaints, however trivial, against an officer. He holds a regular public court on definite days, at which these charges are heard and disposed of. His power extends from the infliction of a small fine to instant dismissal, and he must attend to the rules of evidence, for his judgments are liable to be overruled by the ordinary courts of law, which, sometimes, though not often, have ordered the reinstatement of an officer. To Mr. French's department belongs the correspondence of the office with other police authorities at home and abroad, and there is probably no busier man in New York. Mr. Voorhis, another commissioner, has charge of all buildings and their construction and repairs—a task for which his training as a builder fully qualified him. He also purchases all supplies, and his time is wholly occupied. Mr. John McClave, the next commissioner, is the treasurer, as well of the Police Board as of the Police Pension Fund, and has no time to spare. The fourth commissioner, General FitzJohn Porter, is chairman of the board of trustees of the Police Pension Fund, and, in fact, administers the fund, which is made up from various sources. All the fines imposed on the men go to it, and a fourth part of all sums received by the city's excise—that is to say, for licences of liquor shops, porters, pedlars, &c. The fund is not rich; indeed, it is sometimes in low water; but it enables the commissioners to give \$600 a year for life to any patrolman whom they may choose to retire after twenty years service, while they must retire the men at the age of sixty.

The police on admission to the force must be between twenty-one and thirty years of age, American citizens for one year, resident in the State of New York for one year, able to read and write intelligibly—"understandingly"—free from all taint of crime, at least 5 feet 7½ inches in height, 138 pounds in weight, and 33½ inches round the chest, of good health in mind and body, of good moral character and habits, and certificated as eligible by the Civil Service Board of Examiners. The qualifications are very strictly observed, and it may fairly be said that not even the influence of one or more of the commissioners could put a man on the force who was not fit for it so far as preliminary examination can detect. The pay is excellent, and a recital of the sums given in the various grades must tend to make our own police in London more than envious. The door-men and third-grade policemen, or patrolmen, get \$1000 a year, paid monthly, say 200 guineas; the second-grademen \$1100, and the first-grademen \$1200. In charge of so many patrolmen are roundsmen, who have no extra rank or pay, but are like what we call lance-

corporals ; and they may be, and frequently are, put back to duty as patrolmen for the slightest neglect, or even favouritism. From the roundsmen are chosen sergeants, who get \$1600 a year. A force of sergeants and patrolmen is allotted to a precinct, or, as we should say, a division, for which a captain is responsible, and he gets \$2750 per annum. There are thirty-five precincts and one sub-precinct, and over the captains of these are four inspectors, of whom one is detective-inspector. The annual pay of each inspector is \$3500. In charge of the whole force, subject to the orders of the board, is a superintendent, Mr. Murray, a very able officer, who gets \$6000 a year, or \$1000 more than any of the commissioners. There are eighteen surgeons, each of whom receives \$2250 yearly. The total strength of the force in 1886 and 1887 was rather more than 3216 men, whose pay came to \$3,887,027, besides \$20,000 to the commissioners, \$33,550 to the clerical staff, \$11,400 for telegraphers, and \$19,340 for menial help—the entire cost of the police being \$4,235,867. For the year just past the cost will probably reach \$4,400,000, but the accounts are not yet made up, and the report of the commissioners for 1887 will not be ready before July next, or about a month before Sir Charles Warren will present his—as usual, just too late for examination that session.

To obtain this amount the police commissioners lay before the board of estimate and apportionment a detailed estimate, which is always cut down by the board. This board of estimate and apportionment is “the treasury” and “the exchequer” of the city. It consists of the mayor, elected, the comptroller, also elected, the president of the board of aldermen, again elected, and the president of the board of taxes, appointed by the mayor. Whatever demand this board makes on the board of aldermen the latter must pass ; indeed the aldermen of New York have next to no real power, save to grant licenses for newspaper and peanut stands in the streets. The main taxation is on real property ; but of course this spreads itself in the natural way, and tenants pay largely increased rents, instead of being liable for rent and for taxes, or, as we say, rates, separately. Every section of the city’s government is really under the thumb of the board of estimate and apportionment, which is the local form of the *imperium in imperio* that every Republic has got to tolerate if it looks for steady rule. All the sections complain that they cannot get enough out of the board to keep them efficient, and the police section has a good deal to say on this subject. But another view may be taken of it by those who learn that the police commissioners are the only officials in the city who are ever known to have a surplus, and that they have, on occasion, helped other departments out in the annual reckoning to the extent sometimes of \$50,000. Had the police funded these sums instead of handing them over to

make up the deficiencies elsewhere—surely a rather loose system of finance!—they would now have a sum sufficient to keep all the material parts of their organization in good order—the station-houses properly repaired, the rent of station-houses and other buildings reduced, if not abolished—and yet have a capital sum the interest of which would serve to meet contingencies that have, as it is, to be provided for somehow or anyhow.

The \$1,400,000 directly benefits, or affects, a population estimated to be not less every night than 1,750,000 souls. To these must be added at least 500,000 who, residing in Brooklyn or other parts of Long Island, in Staten Island, in the counties above the Harlem river not yet absorbed by the great and growing city, and in New Jersey, come into New York on business five or six days each week. Then there is a floating population, which the authorities reckon at 100,000 each night: emigrants, traders from the interior, pleasure-seekers “from Wayback,” and so forth. Thus the police arrangements of New York provide for the daily governance of 2,350,000 people, or rather more than half the population that is to be daily provided for in the London police district, including the city of London. But the people who have to pay for the force must be taken at one and three-quarter millions, and thus the police cost their employers \$2.51 cents, or say ten shillings and sixpence, per head. Mayor Hewitt, an active leader of the party which chiefly depends on the Irish vote, said a few days ago, in his frank and cynical way, that the police would not cost nearly so much if it were not for the Irish in New York. And, indeed, my countrymen do seem to provide much more than half the work of the police, if we may take either the reports in the papers, or the experience of a few hours now and again in the police courts, as a guide. In the year 1886 out of 73,928 persons arrested, 20,266 hailed direct from Ireland, against 8596 from Germany, 2369 from England, 687 from Scotland, and 448 from British Provinces. Of the 33,768 arrested and belonging to the United States, 30 per cent. at least were of Irish extraction within two generations. On the other hand, Irishmen muster largely in the ranks of the force—how largely may be guessed from the fact that out of 120 men who died or retired in 1886, no fewer than 44 bore distinctively Hibernian names. And it is confessed that, upon the whole, the Irish recruits make the best policemen. They are rather given to violence, to lording it over their “posts,” or in London parlance “beats;” but they are generally bright, intelligent, courteous to inquirers, and amenable to discipline, and they are the best men for more than one kind of special service. Yet they are often in petty trouble, and I am told that of the \$6530 of fines in 1886, more than half came from Irish constables. The sum just named represented 2142 days’ fines of

three ranks. The number of charges made was 2593, and they resulted as follows: dismissed from the force, 23; fined, 1301; reprimanded, 455; complaints dismissed, 804. Last month one man was fined two days' pay for not reporting a dead dog on a street in his beat; another was fined for standing in a doorway, carrying on—as was alleged—a flirtation with a maidservant. Thus it will be seen that no breach of discipline is too small to be brought under the notice of the president of the board.

The New York police have many things to do besides patrolling the streets; indeed more than our London police would care to be saddled with. It will be better to take the departments of the force in order. First must be named the detective department. Up till 1879 there was, indeed, a detective bureau in New York, but it was woefully inefficient, and property, in particular, was very unsafe. In that year there took place the Manhattan Savings' Bank robbery, in which a policeman was concerned, and in which the thieves got away with \$4,000,000 worth of securities. Hitherto any robbery of this or any great magnitude had been mainly dealt with by Pinkerton's Detective Agency, a purely private but very smart organization. The captain of the precinct in which the bank was situated—at the corner of Broadway and Bleeker Street—took the matter up, ran the "crooks" to earth, convicted them, and recovered every cent of the property. An idea occurred to Commissioner French, then almost new to his work. He drew up a bill, went to Albany, got the Legislature of the State to pass it, and so constituted in 1880 a detective bureau, in charge of which was placed the captain who had done so well. Inspector Byrnes has now completed seven years hard labour in this bureau, and it is not too much to say that he is to-day one of the most famous men in the United States. He stipulated for and obtained *carte-blanche*, and chose for himself out of the force forty detectives, all of whom took the rank and pay of sergeants. He has now ten other men on probation, liable to go back to patrol duty if they are found not up to the mark. He and his forty men are more of a terror to evil-doers than all the rest of the force—nay, than all the police in America. He spends from two to three hours a day in the company of professional thieves. He gains their confidence: it is found that they can keep nothing back from him, for one intentionally or inadvertently "splits" and tells all he knows, so that any given thief is never aware how much Mr. Byrnes really does know, and speaks frankly in the hope of saving himself to some extent. Not only the professional "crooks" do this; amateur criminals fall into the same course. Thus the conviction of the aldermen charged with accepting bribes could not have been effected but that Alderman Jaehne told Mr. Byrnes the whole story in an hour of heedless confidence; and he and some of his brethren are now in Sing Sing con-

vict prison, where some others of the late corporation are likely soon to join them and "do long time" likewise. It has been feared that the efficiency of the bureau depends too much on the individuality of its chief; but, when I pressed him on this point, he told me that he has two assistants from whom he has no secrets, and that either of these could take up his work at any time. None of the rest of the men know what their comrades are doing, and they are forbidden to tell one another except under instructions. Nothing can better illustrate the dread that professional thieves have of the bureau than the following statement. When it was constituted, robberies of securities were of weekly and almost daily occurrence in the neighbourhood of Wall Street, the Lombard Street of Manhattan Island. Mr. French and Mr. Byrnes went to the chairman of the Stock Exchange, and asked him to give them a room in that building, the floor of which had been immemorially sacred to the feet of brokers, who had paid handsomely for the privilege of admission. The room was given, and from that day to this—an interval of seven years—the portion of the city given over to finance has not lost one ten-cent piece through regular "crooks." In the year 1887 the bureau recovered and restored to its owners property in the whole, as I am officially informed, exceeding in value \$500,000. In 1886 the total amount recovered was \$127,330. In that year the bureau made 733 arrests for felonies, and 331 for misdemeanours, apart from the arrests by precinct officers; and on the 1064 prisoners were inflicted imprisonments amounting in all to 773 years and 24 days, surely a wonderful record for a section consisting of but forty officers. Mr. Byrnes, himself the son of an Irishman, prefers Irishmen for detectives, and next to them native-born Americans; but he agrees with Mr. French that detective ability, like any other kind of genius, is of no particular country, and that a detective cannot be trained unless he has a great natural gift—in a word, with the poet, he must be "born so." No small portion of Mr. Byrnes' work lies in communication with foreign countries, and his relations with what we call Scotland Yard, really Whitehall Place, are frequent and pleasant. He has a particularly high opinion of Chief Constable Williamson, and is beginning to develop sincere admiration for Mr. Commissioner Monro. Considerable expense attends a large proportion of these communications, but New York never makes any charge for helping the police elsewhere to men or information. This comes within what may be called "the comity of constables," and every year this comity is severely tried.

Among the functions of the New York police, not already named, are several which deserve some special attention. Taken together, they furnish a singular amount of what is called paternal government. But for some of the arrangements there is this excuse—that

New York has for six months in the year almost a tropical climate, and that a very little delay is dangerous in sanitary matters. The Board of Health has for one of its members the president of the Police Board; but it works independently, and is very efficient in the inspection of tenement and other houses, and in the enforcement of the health laws, the sanitary code and vaccination, and in disinfecting; while its corps of milk and meat inspectors is always active. It is mentioned here, because to it the police lend thirty officers as a tenement-house squad, these men being for purposes of pay and work under the sanitary bureau, but for purposes of discipline under the police commissioners. In 1886 they made as many as 143,117 inspections and 7415 complaints, while they received 4158 complaints, and abated the nuisance alleged in 1185 cases. They made 116 arrests, and obtained 76 convictions, with fines amounting to \$1942. These officers are liable to be called on in emergency for police duty, and in the last-reported twelve months they did so serve for in all 620 days. The sanitary police inspect common lodging-houses, as our police do in London, and the extent of this branch of their duties may be learnt from the fact that in 1886 these 302 lodging-houses, with 9853 rooms, gave accommodation to no fewer than 3,716,294 persons. Besides these the various station-houses, answering to our casual wards, gave shelter to 73,507 males and 57,996 females in the course of the year. Poverty indeed abounds in New York, and one officer has said to me that he believes there are in winter time over 100,000 persons every night in the city who do not know where to-morrow's breakfast is to come from. My own impression, based on a good many nocturnal rounds this winter, is that this estimate is exaggerated; yet in certain parts of the city poverty is as unpleasantly apparent as it is in corresponding quarters of our own metropolis, and begging is hardly less so in any quarter. Women are very seldom found as mendicants, but men are often beggars from men and bullies towards women. The happy hunting-grounds of these fellows are the parks, as New Yorkers call not only the magnificent Central Park, but all the little squares throughout the city. Over these, ridiculously enough, the ordinary police have no power. They are supervised, under the department of public parks, by the park police; a body which wears a grey uniform, is generally held to be corrupt, and has been recently accused in a half-page article by the *New York World* of blackmailing innocent sweethearts and being in alliance with improper characters. In summer time it is hardly safe to sit down after dark on a bench with one's wife; in winter, the man who crosses one of the so-called parks for a short cut about midnight takes a very serious risk, in spite of the general use of the electric light, and perhaps partly on account of the very blackness of the shadows it casts. The remedy for all this is to put the parks

under the ordinary police, and it seems probable that this will soon be done. It cannot be too soon.

The bureau of information is an excellent department of the police work. It was only started in 1885, and it takes charge of all records of persons missing, children lost, dead found, foundlings, and so on. In 1886 there were 162 persons reported missing—109 males and 53 females. Of these 64 males and 41 females were restored to friends, 4 men and 3 women found in hospital, 13 men and 3 women found drowned, 7 men and 1 woman found arrested, and 18 men and 5 women “not heard from.” No fewer than 140 males and 8 females were found dead, of whom 60 and 4 respectively were subsequently identified, the remainder going to a nameless pauper’s grave in Potter’s Field. As many as 132 lads and 58 girls, runaways from home, were restored, 22 lads and 7 girls being unaccounted for. Fifteen persons in all were assisted to their homes, 3 of these being sent to Canada. Of lost children, 3750 were recovered, and 43 of them sent to public institutions. There does not appear to be any official record of the number of persons killed and injured in the crowded streets; yet it must be large, especially in the lower part of the city, where the tramears are a public danger, and the van demons are as reckless as they were in the City of London before the aldermen took them in hand. In the upper and residential part of the city, above Union Square, complaint is more frequently made of the *insouciance* of private coachmen. Broadway being the great artery, there is provided for it, chiefly to regulate traffic and keep the drivers in some sort of check, “The Broadway Squad,” every man in which is at least six feet high, and all of whom are as well set up as our own City police, which is very high praise.

The ordinance squad has charge of the investigation of applications for licenses, and of the emigrants at the landing-place at Castle Garden, through which all persons arriving with steerage tickets must pass. If they are without means, or friends who will be responsible for them, and they thus threaten to become a public charge, they are almost sure to be sent back at the cost of the steam line which brought them over. There is a batch of Syrians from the Lebanon now awaiting such a fate at Castle Garden. During 1886 the ordinance squad investigated 22,365 applications for licenses; and a recapitulation of the heads under which these applications are grouped will give some idea of the paternal administration of New York city. Emigrant boarding-houses applied for 65 licenses; intelligence offices, 163; ticket speculators (who buy and sell halves of return tickets or tickets for theatres where a rush is expected), 47; hotel and boarding-house and steamship “runners,” 107; merchandise vehicles, 3958; express companies’ vehicles, 2084; “public carts,” that is carts to be let on hire, 9862; dirt carts, used by street

contractors, who remove dust placed at night in barrels outside premises, there being no dust-bins, 1465 ; express-drivers, 68 ; coach drivers, 1395 ; porters, 66 ; pawnbrokers, 104 ; second-hand dealers, 278 ; junk shops (marine store dealers), 173 ; junk boats, 113 ; junk carts, 503 ; hackney coaches, 616 ; auctioneers, 176 ; theatrical licenses, 70 ; and the remainder is made up by 1052 inspections of places where rock-blasting is going on for public improvements. New York being situated on a ridge of rock that contains an abundant supply of garnets, which are, however, commercially worthless. The squad deals with about 300,000 emigrants one year with another.

A remarkable feature of the police organization is the house of detention for witnesses in criminal cases. The police report calls this place "a peculiar prison for the innocent." If a man has the misfortune to be a spectator of an offence, and cannot give security for his appearance at the trial, he has, under the laws of New York State, to be kept in charge by the police. In 1886, witnesses to the number of 317 were committed ; their average imprisonment was seventeen days, and the cost of their meals was \$12 17 cents per head. The house is under the charge of a sergeant and several officers, and its existence seems to be a simple invasion of the fundamental personal rights of individuals as guaranteed by the constitution, and understood and accepted without written authority in every free country. The police are themselves opposed to the maintenance of the house, but the State laws leave them no option, and thus a stranger in New York is liable to prolonged imprisonment merely because he happens to see somebody quite unknown to him injure somebody else equally uncared for by him.

Another anomaly of the police system here is that the sanitary "company" has to examine both boilers and engineers. It examines 5500 engineers a year and grants certificates of competency to some 5000. It also examines about 5500 boilers and tests hydrostatically 4900 at the cost of \$2 each, which goes to the pension fund. In 1886 it rejected 269 boilers and 559 engineers. That the sanitary company "takes no chances" with either boilers or engineers is proven by the fact that throughout the whole period there was no boiler explosion in New York. A system which works so well excuses the anomaly it presents. The lost property office, which is different from the detective bureau's property department, restored in 1886 \$31,235 worth of property from the head office and \$868,085 worth from the various precincts and squads. It is strange that this amount is not greater. The conditions of life on New York Island almost prohibit what the law requires—namely, the removal of vehicles at night from the streets. People have nowhere to store them ; stable rent is as dear as house rent, which is enormously high ; and consequently carts and waggons are left out all night, not only encumber-

ing the streets, but, as some recent cases have shown, furnishing lurking and dodging-places to young thieves. The present mayor has threatened owners of vehicles till he must be tired of fulminating on the subject, but there is no improvement visible; and no improvement seems possible unless some arrangement can be made for the nocturnal use for storage of some of the wharves at which work goes on only in the daytime. Even this, though it might palliate, would not wholly abate the nuisance.

During the year 1887 some progress has been made in the provision of police alarms to every block of houses. Each fairly well-to-do house has a small electric alarm by which may be given a fire signal, or a messenger-boy may be summoned; these alarms being provided gratis by the telegraph companies on the chance of custom either for telegraph messages or notes to be delivered by hand. But in addition to these there is a fire alarm in every street, generally at the corners, and now the police are putting up electric police calls. As yet they are experimental, but they will, in one form or another, before long take their place in the streets of all great towns. The system which has been tried here most extensively is a telephone system. A round tower of rolled plate iron is set up, having a height of about seven feet and a diameter of two feet six inches. The patrolman on the post has a key, and when the door is opened and closed behind him he can say what he wishes either to the station-house of the precinct or to headquarters. But the noise of a great city, especially one largely paved with granite, makes the telephone a very uncertain means of talking, and it cannot be said that the towers are a great success. Another plan under consideration is to have a dial with an index finger. When the finger is at rest the electricity is off; when it is moved, it actuates a finger on a dial at the station-house, the various phrases on the dial roughly indicating what the patrolman wishes to communicate. Chicago has an electric system at work, and consequently it can in a few minutes send to any given spot by patrol waggons a dozen constables in case of fire or alarm. New York has the waggons ready, but not the electric system to make them thoroughly effective. During the last few days the commissioners have had some consultations on the subject, and probably in the course of the spring one and a recall system will be adopted. Yet here it is right to say that no system yet presented is found either all that it might be or all that it is represented to be. But electrical engineers cannot believe the problem to be an insoluble one. The conditions are simplicity, certainty, privacy (comparative at least), and responsibility, by which is meant that the identification shall be easy of the post from which the signal is sent.

The river police of New York is probably as efficient as any force

of the same sort in the world. It has a side-wheel steamer, which, in case of mutiny anywhere this side of Sandy Hook, can carry enough men down the harbour and the bay to make a sure work of suppression. It also carries a fire-engine and hose, which have frequently been of use in an emergency. Besides the steamer, there is a flotilla of row-boats; and that these small boats have not been inefficient in capturing river pirates or smugglers, let a pile of boats in the courtyard of headquarters bear witness, for each one of these—more than two score of craft of one sort or another, from whalers to punts—testifies to a capture afloat in the year 1887. But the work is very hard on the men. The tides and currents run very strong. The intense heat in summer, and the terrible cold in winter fast tell upon the men, and the waste of power is consequently great. It is so even on the Thames; but here, with stronger currents and a more extreme climate, it is enormous. And the Commissioners have made up their minds that, come what may, the majority of the row-boats must give place to steam launches. The capital sunk in them will not be great, and the economy effected by them in wear and tear of men and in enhanced efficiency will soon repay the outlay. It is simply ridiculous that in two such ports as London and New York the river police have in these days to depend mainly on row-boats to take them from point to point in the course of their duty, or to enable them to patrol such an extensive water frontage as they have in both cases to inspect.

The key-note of the New York police service was struck by the President of the Board when, in reply to a question I put to him a few days ago, he said, "We are never satisfied." Ceaseless development is the condition of success. As the population grows there must be more men to guard the public security; as the city grows—and for many a year it has only been able to grow in one direction, that is to the north—improved means of communication are as necessary as an increase of men. When burglars took to the blow-pipe in opening safes and in entering banks, society invented deposit vaults, which are watched day and night. So as forgers and swindlers and sneak thieves get more cunning, the police must be more and more provided with the means of checking them. Science has placed enormous explosives in the hands of would-be criminals at a low cost; the police must have all the more power to search for such miscreants, and anticipate them in their devilish work. In a city in which there are so many pawnshops, and liquor and beer saloons, the duties of the police require the support of a strong public opinion. And the Commissioners can hardly complain of the want of this support save in one respect. They have been well backed up in closing the more iniquitous "dives" and disreputable resorts; and the provision of the law that no liquors shall be sold in any place of amusement is found

to work very well. But public opinion does not back the police in their attempts to suppress gambling. "Bookmaking" at horse races has been put down apparently, no doubt, but not betting; and no one who moves about in New York can fail to know that gambling goes on in spite of all that the police can do, and very heavy gambling too, especially at poker and faro. The arrests average one a day, but the convictions amounted to less than one and a half per week in 1886. The police justices, elected from a class in which gambling is the one amusement, and if not gamblers themselves then habitual associates of notorious gamblers, take very good care that "the sports," by which is meant those who like fast living, shall not suffer heavily when caught. In such cases, they all but invariably lean against the police, where they can find a chance to do so; and if they cannot, then they impose the smallest possible penalties. Yet the police do not relax their exertions, and gamblers have to be a little less open about their doings than they used to be. But it is not surprising—when the convictions are on a descending, though the arrests are on an ascending, scale—that in every class of society gambling should be found, from Fifth Avenue to the lowest slums. Gambling apparatus, and apparatus for swindling gamblers, are openly sold, and according to a recent decision there is no law to stop the traffic. But this is not the fault of the police, who, at any rate, have done their duty. Indeed the sense of duty, the *esprit de corps*, of the New York police is very high. They are strictly governed, but they have their rights even as against the commissioners; and they are a conspicuous example of the fact that a very democratic community may have a very severe and well-handled police, if only care be taken to keep it free from the pestiferous influence of small politicians. The police must be, in fact, on such a basis that, while subject in all their doings to the law and the officers of the law, no single office-holder, no single creature of the popular impulse of the moment, can cause them to vary their course. It would be better if, as has been happily achieved in New York, the police could be made perfectly independent of party, even when a particular party has long held power. But perhaps this is too much to hope for in every case.

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

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NATIONALITY.

TWO circumstances have concurred to produce the present article. While maintaining the cause of the legislative and executive union between Great Britain and Ireland, I have felt the want of discussing the subject of nationality from a more general point of view than can be adopted on platforms, and my interest in that subject, as connected with the foundations of international law, is not of yesterday. The following reflections, which have sprung from these origins, contain no direct treatment of the topic of the day. If this should not prevent their being read, they may be found to contain some things which both parties to the Irish question will admit; but such will hardly be the case with all their contents, for though if it is real cannot be colourless.

Regarding a nationality as a population having a just claim to some degree or other of political recognition, the first remark to make is that there is no external sign by which such a population can be recognized, and the trouble of thought about it saved. In this matter, as in all others, sound politics refuses to sanction rule-of-thumb processes. The most obvious mark, that of language, has a certain relation to the subject, through the difficulty of uniting populations speaking different languages in one popular and parliamentary government, carried on by discussion, oral and printed. But while the example of Switzerland shows that this difficulty is not always insuperable, on the other side the mark fails altogether. The proposition that all who do speak the same language can be united in one popular and parliamentary government has probably never been asserted, and argument would be wasted on any one who ventured to assert it, in face of the facts about England and the United States, Ontario and Australia. Geographical position as a test, even when

combined with language, does not advance the solution much further. What is the width of the sea, the height of the mountains, or the depth of the river, which amounts to a political severance? What are the area and population, and what is the compactness of shape, which may compensate the want of natural frontiers in supporting a claim to distinctness? Is a frontier to be deemed natural with reference to the obstacle it places in the way of social and commercial intercourse, or, which may be a very different thing, with reference to its aptness for military defence? These questions need only be stated in order to show their inherent vagueness. It would always be easy to answer them so as to suit the conclusion which, in any given case, might be desired on quite other grounds.

But of all the imaginable rule-of-thumb solutions for the question of nationality, that of race seems now to be the most popular. The association theory of psychology, which reduced the mind and character of man to what is written by experience on a blank sheet of paper, modified and fixed by association, was not long ago the ruling one in England. Even yet its last word may not have been spoken in connection with the development of the species, but as a sufficient explanation of the individual man, giving a philosophical support to the assertion that all men are born equal, its diametrical conflict with the facts of heredity has caused it to drop out of sight within living memory with a rapidity somewhat remarkable in the history of opinions. But though its decline has been followed by much talk about race, our knowledge of that element in the problem did not enlarge with equal rapidity. Scarcely had we begun to emancipate ourselves from a psychology which, however its leading authorities may have conceived it, did certainly, as currently held, make race impossible, than we plunged into a different error. Comparative philology and the speculations founded on it were then, I will not say at their height in Germany, but at the height of their importation into England. So to the practical negation of race succeeded the crudest of all theories about it, that which identified distinctions of race with distinctions of language. We were Teutons or Celts according to the language which we spoke, or which our male ancestors had spoken, within historical times, for small account was taken of the question whether a body of conquering immigrants had brought many women with them. Still less account, if possible, was taken of the questions whether, in many countries of Western Europe, there was not a large basis of population which had come down from times anterior to the first introduction of any Teutonic or Celtic language, and whether the historical instances of a people having changed its language without much admixture of blood were not sufficient to lead to the belief that many similar changes must have taken place in prehistoric times. Teutons or Celts we were to

be, and in this rough-and-ready fashion we were enlisted under one or other of the banners, unconscious that they floated over a bog lying equally outside the true frontiers both of history and of politics, though filibustering expeditions were directed from it into either domain. Already, however, the prevailing views on the question of race have been profoundly modified since the Teuton and Celt epidemic raged most violently. Comparative physiology has taken its place in the discussion by the side of comparative philology, psychological observation has moderated psychological theory, historical documents and prehistoric remains have been more critically examined, and art, especially architectural art, has been studied in its relation to the popular character of which it is the expression. The diversity of sources from which light has come has made a judicial spirit more than ever necessary for summing up their data: and what, for our present purpose, has been the result? It is that if, for tests of nationality, language is insufficient and geography vague, race fails equally for a different reason.

The distinctions now existing among mankind have taken shape by a process bearing much resemblance to that by which the lithological components of the earth's crust have been differentiated. While the gaseous sphere cooled and shrank, it was only at first that the forms which appeared within it could be determined by the free behaviour of the elements contained. The parts which successively became liquid or solid gave rise to resistances which affected the further formation of masses. So the first tribal or political groups which appeared among men may have been due to differences beyond which modern knowledge has not penetrated, and may have strictly corresponded with those differences; but soon the pressure of circumstances, whether geographical surroundings or the contact of other human groups, must have become a factor, always important and often dominant, both in the differentiation and in the grouping. The groups have been perpetually melted down and recast under a conflict of forces, partly internal, including the physical as well as the mental and moral characters of each group for the time being, and partly external, including the action of neighbours as well as the climate and the soil. If it cannot be said that the external forces have more and more prevailed over the internal ones, this is only because the results of the former have been continually enmeshed in the latter, so that the internal characters of to-day are at least in the main the effects of external causes. Thus the formation of political groups and the formation of races are features of the same process. Either may at any given time and in any given part of the world be developed in advance of the other. The unity of the race may precede the unity of the group and lead to it, as in the case of Italy, which attained its political unification because there

was already an Italian people scattered under different sovereignties. Of the unity of the group may precede the unity of the race and lead to it, as in the case of England, which by virtue of its long political unity has made the English race, as distinctive as any in the world, out of prehistoric Briton, Celtic Briton, Roman, Saxon and Angle, Dane, Norman, Fleming, and Huguenot. Consequently, to insist on race as the necessary test of nationality is to insist on one of the features resulting from a single natural process being kept in constant subordination to another, contrary to what we see to be the natural course of that process.

The fact that a number of men, forming the majority in a district more or less well defined, claim a political treatment under which they shall be more united among themselves than they actually are, and more separated from all others except those whom they may wish to retain for the purpose of ruling them—whether at the time they are the subjects of one sovereignty, as the population of the three southern provinces of Ireland, or of several sovereignties, as that of Italy before its unification—proves in itself nothing more than that existing arrangements are not perfectly adapted to existing circumstances. But such imperfect adaptation is the condition of all change, healthy or unhealthy. Without it there could be neither growth nor decay. Consistently with the claim supposed, the case may be that a distinction of race has been formed or is forming of which politics ought to take account, or that arrangements which promise to be ultimately beneficial have not yet completely moulded the people concerned into accordance with them. The decision which of these possibilities represents the truth is one that, like every other on which human action depends, can be properly arrived at only by taking a comprehensive view of all the relevant facts, and by avoiding all short cuts on the route, though they may be recommended by the imposing generalities of so-called science, political, ethnographical, or other. Of all the instances in which such a decision has been arrived at and carried into practical effect, perhaps the most remarkable and instructive is that of Italy, just referred to. The making of Italy belongs to our own times, and is exposed to none of the uncertainties of remote history. It was the work of a people possessing a high literary development, able and accustomed to analyze and express the principles on which they chose to place their action. If we compare it with the corresponding movement in Germany, earlier begun and still far less complete, it was commenced and carried through in a surprisingly short space of time, wrought, we may say, at a white heat, which stimulated the Italian mind to make the keenest use of its literary and philosophical power. Another circumstance which added to the same stimulus was that, while the movement in Germany could start from a nominal unity which had never been allowed

wholly to perish, in Italy so many centuries had elapsed since even nominal unity had been lost that the movement had to be justified by arguments in which nothing was assumed. And the result was a theory of nationality which, though presented in forms not familiar to English habits of thought, will probably be found to be consistent in substance with what has hitherto been said.

According then to Professor Pasquale Fiore, than whom there is no more authorized exponent of the theory of nationality which pervades all modern Italian juristic literature, the same principle which compels individuals to form the ordinary associations of civil life also impels populations to associate with their like, the likeness consisting, for this purpose, in their having, along with the general end of human society, "a special mission determined by the predominant development of their natural aptitudes, which constitutes the civil vocation of the association." Thus "a society, so far as it proposes to itself a predominant idea, and is employed in forming its moral unity, constitutes what is called the nation." "God has made humanity for an end, and to each particular nation He has confided a special mission in harmony with the general end." This national bond does not necessarily depend on race, soil, or language. It is wanting between populations so nearly allied in these respects as the Spaniards and the Portuguese; it is present among the very diverse elements which compose the Swiss nation. Hence no *a priori* delimitation of nations is possible. "We understand by a nation, a free and spontaneous association of persons who, by community of blood, of language, of aptitude, by an affinity of civil life, of temperament, of vocation, are apt and predisposed to the greatest social union." The nation thus constituted acquires the right to union and corporate existence when the moral force which unites its members is so developed that they are universally conscious of it. But a population, even though naturally belonging to a certain nation, must not be forced into union with it, any more than it ought to be prevented from uniting with it: consent is equally necessary for incorporation with the naturally like and for submission to the naturally unlike. The political organization may take either of two forms. There may be a complete political union, or each member of the nation may preserve a certain local autonomy, subject nevertheless to the central power, directing all the members towards the unity of the nation-entire. The latter form is a preparation for complete political unity and a transition to it. No nation is rightfully the superior of another, and therefore, from the right of nationality, which has been thus explained in its internal character, flows the right of autonomy and independence as regards other nations, or that of external sovereignty.*

* The passages more especially referred to will be found in the French translation,

Special missions or predominant ideas, such as in the system just developed are made the basis of nationality, may be abundantly illustrated from Eastern examples. Mahometans, Hindoos, Chinese, and many other peoples, differ fundamentally from each other and from the Englishman or Frenchman in their social aims and in the institutions they approve for giving effect to them. Even as between Christians, it would be difficult for a society based on the Slavonic *mir* or village community to enter into a national union with one which repudiated the principle of that community, and we have seen in the case of the United States that no stable national union is possible until it is settled whether slavery shall be allowed or prohibited. But it would seem at first sight that in Western and Central Europe the type of civilization is too uniform for those distinctions to exist which the Italian theory demands. A closer view, however, may do much to correct this impression. The constitution of the family, including the questions of civil marriage, of divorce, and the authority of parents over their children; are the subjects of profound differences which some countries find dangerous to their internal peace. The same may be said of the degree in which the individual should be left at liberty to act and contract for himself, or should be controlled by legislation; or in which, in the absence of controlling legislation, the freedom of minorities should be allowed, theoretically or practically, to be restrained by voluntary combinations, such as those of workmen or tenants. To put an extreme case, we may suppose on one side a Roman Catholic population, or one retaining the Catholic love for strict organization and external unity in religion, desiring that individuals who differed from them should be refused the power of divorce even for the gravest causes, and claiming for the Church a control over education, at least practically by means of subsidized institutions, holding high the authority of the father over his children and of the family over its members, desiring State regulation and encouragement for trades, and permitting combinations of various kinds to impose their will on dissentients without check; demanding, if Roman Catholic, that the power of the State shall be used in behalf of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. In face of this we may put a Protestant or free-thinking population, displaying the greatest energy as individuals, and impatient of all avoidable ~~aims or interference~~ public or private, with liberty of action. About differences such as these, even when they occur singly, men do not acquiesce cheerfully in the vote of the majority unless the habits of popular government and respect for law have been ingrained in them by long ages of use. If the supposed contrast were fully realized, it

"Nouveau Droit International Public suivant les besoins de la civilisation moderne," par Pasquale Fiore, traduit de l'Italien par P. Pradier-Fodéré, t. i. 1868, pp. 113, 152, 114-119, 122-125, 185-186, 190-201.

needs but a little observation of contemporary events to assure us that between two such populations, not geographically divided, and at all approaching equality in strength, there would soon be fighting in the streets, while, if they were geographically divided, only a vast preponderance of force on one side or on the other could hold them politically together.

What has now been said might suggest the conclusion that the social idea contemplated by the Italian theory cannot be the base of nationality in Western and Central Europe, not because distinct social ideals are not found there, but because they are there found to form cross divisions in nationalities which have a recognizable existence in spite of them. The theory, however, appears to have just that truth which can be expected from a theory on such a subject. It expresses a principle which, though not always realized, has a constant tendency to realize itself. The sentiment of nationality is correlative to that of patriotism, the former being the consciousness of forming a moral unity, while the latter is the attachment to the visible unity formed in accordance with the moral one. There are times, like those of the Reformation and of the French Revolution, when patriotism is submerged by what has been called cosmopolitanism, but which is in fact only the attachment to an ideal not coincident with the nation, excluding those parts of the nation which do not share that ideal, and including foreign populations so far as they share it and no further. These are crises in the development of races and political groups, which may be terminated either by rearrangement of frontiers, or by such a victory in any country of one ideal over another—sometimes indeed by such an abandonment of all ideals through utter weariness—as stamps itself on the people, and renders it idle to go back to their descent or to their other antecedents in order to deduce the character of the race thereafter. Thus have Englishmen and Scotchmen, Frenchmen and Germans become what they respectively are in the end of the nineteenth century. In the time of crisis the social ideal is separated from the nation, but this is the exception which proves the rule. At other times, the principle that the social ideal is the main constitutive element of the nationality is true in proportion as the condition is normal or tends towards the critical. We are in entire agreement with Professor Pasquale Fiore in looking for the base of nationality, neither to spoken language, nor to linguistic affinities, nor to race in the sense of traceable descent, but to the character of the people.

In his famous lectures on education, delivered at Berlin in 1808, which did so much to rouse the German spirit against the domination of Napoleon, Fichte presented a view in striking contrast to the theory we have been considering. "He thought it an advantage rather than a disadvantage that the nation and the State should be

distinct."* It is not difficult to trace the connection between this view and the principle which he enunciated in the same lectures, "that the distinctively German quality in the Germans should be represented as precious, and deserving to be preserved with the utmost care, rather than something accidental which education was to smooth away."* When the nationality is co-extensive with the State, it is right and feasible to aim simply at the best, whether in education, in government, or in anything else, without making it an object either to preserve or to smooth away any distinctness from foreign types which the nationality may show. All distinctness that can properly be wished for is sure to be preserved incidentally by preserving the State, without in any way cramping or warping the development of the people by refusing to assimilate whatever of good humanity at large may offer for acceptance. But where the nationality is not organized externally as a political group, powerful agencies are at work to modify and undermine what is special to it, and the pride and delight which human nature takes in all distinctive characteristics are enlisted in opposition to those agencies, so that the conservation of peculiarities becomes an aim in itself, thwarting the pursuit of the best. Hence Fichte's thought, consistent as it is with itself, is scarcely to be commended from a general point of view. It had its justification, no doubt, in the particular circumstances of Germany on the morrow of Jena and Friedland. The political system was then imposed and controlled by a foreign power, the moral influence of which was altogether inferior to that of distinctive Germanism. The hope of one day achieving independence lay in cultivating the latter, and that Germanism stood apart from political organization had the fortunate result of enabling it to be cultivated, and used as a rallying point, without too soon exciting the suspicion of Napoleon and his advisers. The Germans themselves would not now agree in its being an advantage that the nation and the State should be distinct, at least when the practical question is that of tolerating the incorporation of Germans in States which they do not govern.

The view that the free development of the nation leads naturally to the complete separateness of the State is so strongly held in the Italian political philosophy, that Professor Pasquale Fiore's utterances on this point, which have been already briefly indicated, merit a fuller notice. He teaches that a nation has two essential rights, one that of internal sovereignty, which he explains as the right of forming its moral unity and organizing itself politically in a manner conformable to its civil needs, the other, for which he more especially reserves the name of nationality, being what he calls the right of autonomy and independence as towards other nations, or of external

* Secley's "Life and Times of Stein," vol. ii. pp. 31, 35.

sovereignty. The latter he considers to flow necessarily from the right of removing all external obstacles which might impede the complete exercise of the primitive rights of the nation. He asks—“How can dependence and nationality be reconciled?” He admits that a people is at liberty to incorporate itself with another, but he asserts that if it determines to retain a separate political personality it can never alienate the rights resulting from the character retained. It may place itself under the protection of a stronger nation, but an unequal alliance is illegitimate, and federation is the only mode of guaranteeing the rights of a nation not strong enough to be independent with safety of which the Professor speaks with approval. He maintains that it is taking too narrow a view of the right of external sovereignty, to make it consist in the right to have foreign relations and diplomatic representation, and that the latter right is really a consequence of the former. And hence it would appear that the only federation he can admit would be one in which all the federated peoples contributed substantially to the direction of foreign affairs, and were conspicuous units in the eyes of the world, while even so, as before observed, he represents it as a transitional system.*

It is certainly true that the feeling of separateness which is implied in every claim to recognition as a nationality must tend to seek its satisfaction in a full measure of separation, and that in some instances the points on which that feeling more especially turns are such as to make it very difficult to meet them while preserving any union, however limited, with another people. This would be the case, for example, where the ideas entertained as to the best mode of promoting the national development required the arrangement of tariffs and bounties in a manner antagonistic to the interests or to the views of the only people with which any kind of union could exist. It would also be the case where the feeling of separateness was connected with religious difference, a difference which can rarely fail to affect the line which it is desired to take in foreign politics, since any deep religious conviction must be accompanied with the wish to uphold the influence of that conviction in the world at large. It must be long before convinced Mahometans or Ultramontanes can be indifferent to the temporal power of the caliph or the pope, and their moral ideal unites perhaps a majority of Christians in a longing to restrict the political domain of Islam. On the other hand, the numerical weakness of a nationality, or its geographical situation, may oppose a strong barrier to the tendency of separate feeling to develop into completely separate existence. In the case of a people among whom the rational part of human nature predominated over the impulsive, the practical barrier might even react on the desire, and

* Pasquale Fiore, translated by Pradier-Fodéré, u.s. pp. 199-206, 186.]

produce a contented acquiescence in a modified recognition of its nationality. One thing may be said with general truth, that a community of historical associations can rarely be a bond of political union between nationalities possessing any strong feeling of their distinctness. Such associations, where peoples have advanced far beyond the savage state, cannot be founded on the bare fact of having fought and conquered together. Civilized men require that these glories shall be redeemed from barbarism by moral sympathy with the causes in which they have been won, and those causes are only too apt to touch the very matters in which the feelings of separateness between nationalities have their roots. What may be accepted in Pasquale Fiori's view of the connection between nationality and external independence is that the question of the former is, in its essence, the question of that very process of differentiation and grouping by which the human race has been led from a small and probably uniform original to its present vast development and multiform organization. The question of nationality is the question of the process by which States, the constitutive element of international society, have been made and are daily being remade. As such, the Italians are right in regarding it as lying at the base of international law. But lying so deep, and being concerned with the most complicated subject presented to our observation—man, whether as an individual or in groups—the tendencies which it exhibits are peculiarly liable to be limited and overruled, in their concrete manifestations, by causes which escape calculation and prediction although their nature may be seen. The question is one of those which belong to philosophy and not to science. Its ultimate expression must remain in the region in which it takes its rise. It can never become an ordered series either of deductions or of inductions, stepping-stones leading progressively to increase of definite knowledge; but neither will it cease to offer to our notice principles which no student of politics, national or international, can afford to ignore.

An important part of our subject remains to be considered. When a claim to nationality is put forward, involving at the lowest the claim to a great change in the internal constitution of some country, and probably involving also the rearrangement of international frontiers, those on whom that claim is made can at best have but an outside sympathy with the aims and feelings which are represented as national, and to which it is desired to give effect. Their judgment in the matter will be as partial as that of the claimants, and is sure to be represented by the latter as being more partial. Are there, then, any external signs of the right in such a matter, which, though not so simple and clear as to preclude controversy—all such we saw reason to dismiss in the beginning of this essay—can yet be cited in support or correction of a judgment suspected of partiality in appre-

ciating the intrinsic conditions? There appear to be two or three points of that nature which it will be useful to bear in mind in any actual case; and perhaps the most important is this: Does the population, among which the claim to nationality is put forward, include within its geographical area the different classes on the presence and co-operation of which national well-being depends? Does it include both capital and labour in fair proportions? Is cultivation of the mind duly combined in it with industry? And is the recognition of its nationality demanded, not only by an overwhelming proportion of the whole population within that area, but by a large number in each class, wealthy or labouring, industrial or leisured, literary, scientific or practical? In putting these questions, it is assumed, first, that the population concerned is European or American; and secondly, that both the questioner and the questioned believe in civilization—that is, in certain characteristics of European and American society which it would be treason to the cause of progress to abandon for ourselves, or to comply with any demand of others which would make for their abandonment. If the second assumption is not admitted, its defence rests on considerations with regard to morals and society which cannot be gone into here, because they lie deeper than the subject of this essay. * We may be content with remarking that in the Italian theory itself the special mission of a nationality is represented as being in addition to the general end of humanity, and not as substituted for it. But if the second assumption is admitted, the first is still necessary, because the duty of standing by a degree of civilization attained does not involve the duty of forcible proselytizing in the cause of civilization, and therefore an Asiatic or African population may claim to have its autonomy respected, under circumstances otherwise justifying that claim, although it does not furnish all that in Europe or America are properly considered as the necessary elements of national well-being. With this limitation it is not too much to ask that an alleged nationality shall present, by its composition, a guarantee of its competence to maintain the work of civilization, the protection of which, if not its advancement, is the greatest object for which law and political order exist. In giving this guarantee, the composition of the alleged nationality would incidentally give another—namely, that the feeling of distinctness which it desires to realize in its external organization, being entertained by a people morally complete, is not the result of caprice, but of some real difference in its nature or circumstances, justly requiring some legislative or executive difference which autonomy is necessary to realize. Children may object to rules merely because they are imposed. Barbarous or half-civilized communities may object to law merely because it comes in a foreign garb, without reference to its substance, and although they are asked to co-operate with the so-called foreigner in making and enforcing it. But Euro-

peans must have better grounds of action, or they will be held to have made such poor use of the talent which has been entrusted to them by their position in the most advantaged part of the world, that there will be but small encouragement to entrust more talents to their keeping. And it must not be forgotten that if the claim to nationality could be admitted when made without the concurrence of all classes, the ease with which capital and knowledge can transfer themselves to neighbouring communities which they prefer must prevent their being enlisted in the service of any nationality against their will.

Another indication consists in the immediate objects after which the nationalist party is striving, and the methods it takes for attaining them. To be revolutionary is not necessarily to be inconsistent with a high standard of morality, but where immediate objects and methods actually pursued are revolutionary of the bad kind, it is pretty safe to assume that the nationalism which they taint, if not altogether spurious or beneath the level of other times or continents, can promise no golden future in the Europe of the present day. To enlarge on this point would obviously endanger the character of a general investigation which it is wished to retain in the present essay, and the same reason must prevent more than a few words being said on a third matter, sometimes used as a test, though on the opposite side to the last, namely the force which it may be necessary to employ in order to defeat the nationalist movement. That questions about the employment of soldiers or of military weapons in enforcing obedience to the laws, about trial by jury, and others which relate to force in government, can only be rightly answered with reference to the character of the people which is to be governed, ought not to need much argument to a citizen of the United Kingdom which rules over so many subject races and by so many different methods. There is, however, a natural tendency in the mass of every people to look at such questions from the point of view of their own character and of the habits and institutions which they find suitable to it, more especially when the government is to be applied in their own immediate neighbourhood, or among a population already politically united with them. What it falls within the scope of this essay to point out is that the amount and nature of the force necessary to defeat a nationalist movement cannot afford even a presumption with regard to the true nature of that movement, as deserving encouragement or otherwise, unless the force be excessive with relation to the moral and social condition of the governed. If the governors do not think fit to apply it, for reasons relating to themselves or their own political constitution, that is another matter, and the surrender, whether wise or unwise, ought to be put on its real ground, and not on a higher or different one. This observation is especially to be borne in mind in

reading the chapter "On Nationality as connected with Representative Government," in Mr. J. S. Mill's "Considerations on Representative Government." "Free institutions," Mr. Mill says, "are next to impossible in a country made up of different nationalities." And although he discusses the case of Ireland, and concludes that the maintenance of the union with Great Britain must be of great benefit to that country, he admits that "where the sentiment of nationality exists in any force, there is a *prima facie* case for uniting all the members of the nationality under the same government; and a government to themselves apart." No one need hesitate to accept these maxims of the great political thinker, in the terms and context in which they were delivered. He was not writing about nationality, but about representative government. The latter was his datum for the purpose he had in hand, and he considered nationality only in so far as it affected it. It is true that the mere sentiment of nationality creates a great difficulty, though not always an insuperable one, in working representative institutions on an area with which that sentiment is not conterminous; and it is therefore true that the existence of that sentiment in any force, in those circumstances, puts a *prima facie* question to the defenders of the existing constitution. But it does not follow, in a view independent of forms of government, that the sentiment of nationality, apart from its justification in the character and aims of the people who entertain it, goes any way towards vindicating its own claim to encouragement. It may be the symptom of a new growth, entitled to take its place among the groups and arrangements of political order. It may be a vain clinging to a past which has fallen in the natural course of things, allying itself, as vain retrospects usually do, with what is worst in the present and least promising for the future. It is certain, in either case, to gather round it the platitudes of declamation; but the ascertainment of its true nature will in most instances be one of the most delicate problems that can be presented to a statesman.

J. WESTLAKE.

THE AGE OF THE PENTATEUCH.

II.

THE results at which we have hitherto arrived, with regard to the authorship of Deuteronomy, are merely negative. If the author gives us to understand that he writes in Western Palestine, and if the style of the Book is such that it separates itself entirely from the other Books of the Pentateuch, this only leads to the conclusion that the Book *in its present form* is not directly Mosaic. But the critics go a great deal further than this; they have determined its date. Deuteronomy is the Book said to have been discovered in the Temple by Hilkiah the priest, and it was the work of the priestly-prophetical party somewhere about that time. The great object of the party was to secure unity of worship, and, in order to do this, they must put down the idolatrous worship of the high places. The prophets before this had made the attempt, had denounced the high places, had insisted on the centralization of the cultus at Jerusalem, and Hezekiah had made it a prominent feature of his reformation. He had broken down the altars of the high places, and had "said to Judah and Jerusalem, Ye shall worship before this altar" in Jerusalem.* But his reformation bore no

* 2 Kings xviii. 22. This passage is quietly set aside by Wellhausen (p. 47, note), because of course it implies that Hezekiah's reformation had proceeded on the same lines as Josiah's, and that he too had abolished the idolatrous shrines, and had insisted upon restoring the worship at the central sanctuary. But then this does not suit the critical theory. Accordingly, Wellhausen does his best to minimize the importance of the statement in 2 Kings xviii. 22. "The narrative of the Assyrian siege of Jerusalem is not a contemporary one, as appears generally from the entirely indefinite character of the statements about the sudden withdrawal of the Assyrians and its causes, and particularly from xix. 7, 36, 37. . . . The narrator writes not twenty years merely after the event, but so long after it as to make possible the elision of those twenty years: *probably*, he is already under the influence of Deuteronomy. 2 Kings xviii. 4 is *certainly* of greater weight than 2 Kings xviii. 22. . . . *it may very well be* that the author thought himself justified in giving his subject a generalized treatment, according to which the cleansing (of the Temple at Jerusalem in the first instance) from

lasting fruit. "A violent and bloody reaction followed under Manasseh," and the whole work had to be done over again. With the accession of a pious monarch like Josiah, the hopes of the reforming party revived. But, remembering the failure of past attempts, they endeavoured to lay the foundation of reform deeper than before: they went back to Moses. The priests and the prophets, now united in the good cause, composed a book purporting to be an ancient law-book written by Moses, which would make it clear that the unity of cultus was no modern device, but was peremptorily enjoined by the great Lawgiver of the nation. This Book was then suddenly "discovered" in the Temple, and Hilkiah the priest announced the discovery to the chief secretary, Shaphan, who forthwith carried the roll to the palace, and, at the king's request, read it in his ears. The words of the Book produced a profound impression upon the mind of Josiah: he learned, for the first time, that the toleration of the high places, and the worship there, was a direct violation of the Law of God, and he was so terrified at the menaces which were pronounced against disobedience to the Law, that he immediately set about a reformation in accordance with the legislation contained in the newly discovered Book.

Now I shall not contest the assumption that the Book discovered in the Temple was the Book of Deuteronomy. Some of the arguments, indeed, by which that assumption has been maintained appear to me of little or no force. It is argued, for instance, that the title "Book of the Covenant" (2 Kings xxiii. 2, 21; 2 Chron. xxxiv. 30), which is applied to Hilkiah's roll, is never applied to the whole Pentateuch; but it only occurs besides in Exod. xxiv. 7, and there refers to another portion of the Mosaic legislation and not to Deuteronomy. Moreover, Hilkiah's roll is not only called "the Book of the Covenant," but "the Book of the Law" (2 Kings xxii. 11), and "the Law of Moses" (*ib.* xxiii. 25). It must be admitted, however, that in the only other passage in Kings where reference is made to "the Book of the Law of Moses" (2 Kings xiv. 6), the quotation is from a statute in Deuteronomy (xxiv. 16); and this so far makes for the view that the discovered roll was Deuteronomy. Still it is not conclusive: it only shows that Deuteronomy was *part* of the law book which went by the name of Moses, not that it was *the whole*. Nor can I attach much weight to the objection that it is inconceivable

idols, urged by Hezekiah and carried out by Josiah, was changed into an abolition of the Bamoth with their Maṣseboth and Asherim. *It is well known* how indifferent later writers are to distinctions of time and degree in the heresy of unlawful worship; they always go to the completed products. But in actual experience the reformation was doubtless accomplished step by step. At first we have in Hosea and Isaiah the polemic directed against molten and graven images, then in Jeremiah that against wood and stone, i.e., against Maṣseboth and Asherim, &c." It is only necessary to draw attention to the words I have printed in italics to convince any unprejudiced person of the worthlessness of the whole statement.

that the whole of the Pentateuch should have been read through twice in one day by Shaphan ; * first, when he received it from the hands of Hilkiah, and next when he read it in the ears of the king. For there is nothing in the narrative to imply that the whole book was read ; the secretary might have read to the king those passages only to which the priest had directed his attention. According to the parallel narrative in Chronicles, he read "*out of the Book*"—certain portions, therefore, and not the whole. There is more force no doubt in the argument, that it is in Deuteronomy mainly that are found those appalling denunciations of divine vengeance against idolatry, which would naturally strike the king and arouse his conscience, though these are also found in Leviticus. Of course it is to the interest of the critics to make out that *Deuteronomy*, and Deuteronomy only, was the Book discovered ; for this is an essential link in the chain of their argument ; but all, I repeat, that they can really establish, is that the passages which were as goads in Josiah's conscience were in all probability Deuteronomic, not that no other Books of the Pentateuch formed part of the discovered roll. But, granting that the Book found in the Temple was Deuteronomy, the question recurs, When was it written ? The critics tell us, About the time when it was said to have been discovered in the reign of Josiah, possibly in the reign of Manasseh, but certainly not earlier. And the proof is briefly this : first, that till the time of Josiah there is no evidence that the Mosaic law was known, as it certainly was not observed ; and secondly, that Josiah's reformation was based on a particular enactment laid down in the Book of Deuteronomy. All earlier attempts to get rid of the *Bamoth*, or high places, had failed. But now the king was able to accomplish the task, because he could appeal to the plain command of God, which he was persuaded was as old as Moses, forbidding all worship at a plurality of shrines and fixing it at Jerusalem.

I shall have something to say by-and-by on the first of these arguments. We will look now at the passage in Deuteronomy enjoining the centralization of the cultus, which plays so important a part in the controversy. It runs thus :—

"Ye shall surely destroy all the places wherein the nations which ye shall possess served their gods, upon the high mountains and upon the hills, and under every green tree : and ye shall break down their altars and dash in pieces their pillars, and burn their Asherim with fire ; and ye shall hew down the graven images of their gods ; and ye shall destroy their name out of that place. Ye shall not do so unto Jehovah your God. But unto the place which Jehovah your God shall choose out of all your tribes to put His name there, even unto His habitation shall ye seek, and thither thou shalt come : and thither ye shall bring your burnt offerings, and your sacrifices, and your

* Reuss, "*L'Histoire Sainte et la Loi*," p. 159, who, however, makes the mistake of saying that the priest read the Book to Shaphan (see 2 Kings xxii. 8). It is strange to find Dillmann attaching importance to this argument (p. 613).

tithes, and the heave offering of your hand, and your vows, and your freewill offerings, and the firstlings of your herds and of your flocks Ye shall not do after all the things that we do here this day, every man whatsoever is right in his own eyes: for ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance which Jehovah your God giveth thee. But when ye go over Jordan and dwell in the land which Jehovah your God causeth you to inherit, and He giveth you rest from all your enemies round about, so that ye dwell in safety; then it shall come to pass that the place which Jehovah your God shall choose to cause His name to dwell there, thither shall ye bring all that I command you, your burnt offerings and your sacrifices, &c. . . . 'Take heed to thyself that thou offer not thy burnt offerings in every place that thou seest: but in the place which Jehovah shall choose in one of thy tribes, there thou shalt offer thy burnt offerings, and there shalt thou do all that I command thee" (Deut. xii. 2-14).

All the critics with one voice lay stress upon this passage. It supposes, they say, an existing licence, every man doing in the matter of worship "whatsoever is right in his own eyes." It lays down a new and stringent enactment: "Ye shall not do as we do here this day," but ye shall bring all your offerings to one central sanctuary. Up to the time of the Deuteronomic legislation no such restriction had been imposed. On the contrary, there was a variety of altars at which sacrifices were offered. Even pious kings and prophets had no scruples on the subject, for they were not aware that they were violating any Divine law. Elijah on Carmel, so far from rebuking the people for sacrificing there, repaired the altar of Jehovah, which was broken down, that he might offer sacrifice upon it himself. Now for the first time the command runs: "Take heed to thyself that thou offer not thy burnt offerings in every place that thou seest: but in the place which Jehovah shall choose in one of thy tribes, there thou shalt offer thy burnt offerings, and there thou shalt do all that I command thee." The command runs in the name of Moses; for this gave it greater authority in the eyes of the king and the people. Hence it is cast in a form suitable to the circumstances of its delivery. The people are supposed to be in the plains of Moab, and the injunction is given with regard to their future occupation of Canaan. But this passage alone, we are told, is decisive evidence as to the date of Deuteronomy. The earlier legislation (Exod. xxii.) had distinctly allowed a plurality of shrines. "In every place where I record My name I will come unto thee and bless thee." Leviticus, on the contrary, everywhere *assumes* that worship is restricted to the one central sanctuary. Deuteronomy alone *enjoins* the centralization; therefore Deuteronomy must stand somewhere midway between the earliest code (Exod. xxi.-xxiii.) and the Levitical legislation, which is as late as Ezra; and if so, into what part of the history does it fit so naturally as the reign of Josiah?

That the earliest code did permit a certain amount of freedom in worship cannot, I think, be denied. The arrangements, too, were

simpler. The altar was to be built of earth or of hewn stone; no tool must be used in constructing it, nor must it be approached by steps. No directions are given as to the mode of sacrifice, nor was it apparently confined to the priests. But if worship is not restricted to one spot, neither is it lawful to sacrifice everywhere indiscriminately. A limitation is imposed; it is not "in every place" absolutely, but "in every place where I record (or set a memorial of) My name, I will come unto thee and bless thee." Revelation and worship must go together. This was the primitive law, and this is in accordance with the practice of the patriarchs, and is abundantly illustrated by the later history. Dr. Green indeed argues, that the passage gives no warrant for a plurality of co-existing sanctuaries in Canaan, but that it refers to altars successively reared at different places in the wilderness. It was the warrant "for building an altar at Sinai, where God had so conspicuously manifested himself, and at every future place of supernatural revelation, including the Tabernacle which they carried with them in their journeyings through the wilderness."* But what were these places of supernatural revelation? And why should they be necessary from the time that the Tabernacle was set up at the end of the first year of the wandering? In the wilderness, the Tabernacle was the one centre of worship, at which the whole congregation was gathered; no altars were reared elsewhere by Divine appointment, or in response to a Divine revelation, until after the settlement in Canaan. Whatever may be the explanation of the fact, it is certain that greater liberty of worship is allowed in Exodus, than is allowed in Deuteronomy.

But we are reminded, that whereas Deuteronomy *enjoins* worship at the central sanctuary, all other worship being forbidden, the Priest Code on the other hand everywhere *presupposes* the existence of such a command, the whole structure of its ritual being based on the supposition that the law of the central sanctuary is in force. "It is nothing new, but quite a thing of course." The custom takes the law for granted. Deuteronomy therefore must be earlier than the Priest Code.

Deuteronomy, "says Wellhausen (p. 35), "is in the midst of movement and conflict; it clearly speaks out its reforming intention, its opposition to the traditional, 'what we do here this day;'" whereas the Priest Code "stands outside of and above the struggle; the end has been reached, and made a secure possession. On the basis of the Priestly Code no reformation would ever have taken place, no Josiah would ever have observed from it that the actual condition of affairs was perverse, and required to be set right." Reuss, on the other hand, observes that "the unity of worship and the centralization are enjoined in many places in the other Mosaic Books, and even under

* "Moses and the Prophets," p. 74.

the penalty of death (Lev. xvii. 4, 8), and are realized by the erection of the Tabernacle;" only, as the Deuteronomic legislation makes no mention of the Tabernacle, this is to him proof of the priority of Deuteronomy. "The Redactor who puts his words into the mouth of Moses could not have written the phrase, 'as we do here this day,' if he had seen the other texts." Why not? It is quite curious to see how the phrase, "ye shall not do as we do here this day," has fascinated the critics, and how vast a superstructure they have built upon it. Where is the proof that the state of things here described existed only in the reign of Josiah, and could not have existed in the wilderness? "A law," says Wellhausen, "so living, which stands at every point in immediate contact with reality, which is at war with traditionary custom, and which proceeds with constant reference to the demands of practical life, is no mere vacuity, no mere cobweb of an idle brain, but has as certainly arisen out of historical occasions as it is designed to operate powerfully on the course of the subsequent history" (p. 31). Perfectly true. But as the writer writes from the Mosaic standpoint, he would have endeavoured to preserve something like consistency. He assumes the rôle of Moses, he makes Moses address the people on the East bank of the Jordan, he puts into the mouth of Moses, "Ye shall not do as we do here this day." Even if he meant to point a lesson for his own times, he would have had some regard to the probabilities of the time from which he professes to speak.

I will not appeal to a passage like Amos v. 25, because its interpretation is a matter of dispute, although, as I understand it, the prophet charges his nation with open and frequent violation of the Mosaic regulations respecting sacrifice during those forty years in the wilderness.* But the author of Deuteronomy must in any case have followed a similar tradition. Writing from the time of Josiah as is alleged, he must still have believed that there was religious anarchy in the time of Moses if he made use of it as a warning for his own. The tradition he followed *did* represent a state of things as existing, towards the close of the desert sojourn, which could best be described by putting these words into the mouth of Moses: "Ye shall not do as we do here this day, every man that which is right in his own eyes."

But even if we are not to look for this state of things then, why are we to fix on the reign of Josiah or that of Manassch as a period to which such a description is particularly applicable? According to the critical theory itself the description would be equally applicable to any period up to Josiah's Reformation. It would apply just as well to the time of the Judges or of the early Kings as to the time of Josiah, and, therefore, no argument can be built on that

* And so it was understood by St. Stephen, who quotes it Acts vii. 42.

expression as to the date of Deuteronomy. All that is left of the critical argument amounts to this, that, as Josiah's Reformation proceeded on the lines of the Deuteronomic legislation, therefore Deuteronomy must date from his reign.

But again, we are told that no such law as that laid down in Deut. xii. was ever known or acted upon before Josiah's time.

Dr. Robertson Smith argues that Isaiah knew nothing of the Deuteronomic code, and that we thus obtain "a superior limit" for its date. "The old marks of a sanctuary, the *maççēba* and *ashēra* (i.e., the monumental pillars, &c., set up by the idolatrous shrines), which had been used by the Patriarchs, and continued to exist in sanctuaries of Jehovah down to the eighth century, are declared illegitimate (Deut. xvi. 21; Josh. xxiv. 26; 1 Sam. vi. 14, vii. 12; 2 Sam. xx. 8; 1 Kings i. 9; Hosea iii. 4; 1 Kings vii. 21). This detail is one of the clearest proofs that Deuteronomy was unknown till long after the days of Moses. How could Joshua, if he had known such a law, have erected a *maççēba*, or sacred pillar of unhewn stone, under the sacred tree of the sanctuary at Shechem? Nay, this law was still unknown to Isaiah, who attacks idolatry, but recognizes *maççēba* and altar as marks of the sanctuary of Jehovah. 'In that day,' he says, prophesying the conversion of Egypt, 'there shall be an altar to Jehovah within the land of Egypt, and a *maççēba* at the border thereof to Jehovah' (Isa. xix. 19). Isaiah could not refer to a forbidden *maççēba* as a *maççēba* to Jehovah. He takes it for granted that worship when converted will serve Jehovah by sacrifice (Reymb.) so under the familiar forms which Jehovah has not yet ~~condemned~~ ^{condemned}.

As this passage ~~shows~~ ^{shows} that Deuteronomy was unknown to Isaiah, the ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~Hebrew~~ ^{Hebrew} forms could not have been based upon Deuteronomy. ~~For~~ ^{For} ~~as we have already seen~~ ^{as we have already seen}, Hezekiah did insist on the centralization of the cultus, and did endeavour to sweep away the worship of ~~the~~ ^{the} "high places." Besides, Dr. Smith's argument, as Professor Green has shown, proves too much. For, in the first place, these "pillars" were prohibited likewise by the First Legislation (Ex. xxiii. 24, xxiv. 13), "which required the destruction of Canaanitish altars and pillars, not their purification and re-dedication to the service of God; and, secondly, the thing forbidden was the erection of pillars in the neighbourhood of altars with the view of worshipping them (Lev. xxvi. 1; Deut. xvi. 21, 22)." Moses himself, as he points out, had set up twelve pillars about the altar at the ratification of the covenant with Jehovah (Ex. xxiv. 4). There was nothing wrong in this, no violation of a Divine command. Monuments of this kind were reared merely as memorials of Divine intervention, with no view to worship or sacrifice. Such monumental

* "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," pp. 253, 4.

pillars were not uncommon; and when Isaiah speaks of a pillar of this kind as being erected at the borders of Egypt, it was not for worship or sacrifice, but merely denoted the sacred character of the country, as one which Jehovah claimed for himself.*

But there are other points on which stress is laid as evidence that Deuteronomy was the code on which Josiah acted. Not only is the law of the one sanctuary propounded as an innovation, but it is explained that this law "involves modifications of ancient usage." For instance, the principle of the First Legislation, allowing a plurality of altars, regarded every feast of beef or mutton as sacrificial. A sacrifice was a meal. It consisted of a certain number of guests; it united the members of a family or class, or of any permanent or temporary society. Such meals were naturally associated with certain joyous festivals, and (especially in the earlier conditions of society) with the return of the harvest, or the vintage, or the sheep-shearing. The various occurrences of daily life were occasions for festal banquets, and therefore for sacrifices. To invite a friend to a meal was the same thing as to invite him to a sacrifice. Religious worship thus connected itself with the ordinary events of life. In Wellhausen's words: "Religious worship was a natural thing in Hebrew antiquity; it was the blossom of life, the heights and depths of which it was its business to transfigure and glorify." But he adds: "The law which abolished all sacrificial acts, with a single exception, severed this connection." He admits, indeed, that Deuteronomy "does not contemplate such a result," for in it "to eat and be merry before Jehovah is the standing phrase for sacrificing;" but he contends that the change followed from the exigencies of the case. It was one thing to keep the vintage festival at home on a man's own hills, and another to keep it at Jerusalem. The fact that a man had to take a journey, and to lose himself in a large congregation, gave a totally different complexion to the act; it became a formal thing, separate from daily life. Deuteronomy, without intending it, paved the way for this. It allowed profane slaughtering at home, but not sacrifice. Thus "a man lived at Hebron, but sacrificed in Jerusalem; life and worship fell apart."

But "these consequences, which only lie dormant in Deuteronomy, are fully developed in the Priestly Code. The festive meal has disappeared." Those sacrifices become of importance of which "God received everything and man nothing—burnt-offerings, sin-offerings, and trespass-offerings." Sacrifice now had "its own meaning all to itself;" it became dry and formal; "the soul was fled, the shell remained, and upon the shaping of this every energy was concentrated." "Once cultus was spontaneous, now it is a thing of statute." The freewill offering exists, but it is not pro-

*Green, "Moses and the Prophets," pp. 121, 2.

minent; and even as regards this strict rules must be complied with. For loving freshness and spontaneity of service there is substituted the hard mechanical system of a minute and technical ritual. This is the natural soil and birthplace of the later Judaism. Such is Wellhausen's argument.

But let us look at the problem from the opposite point of view. If the First Legislation does allow, as I have already granted, a certain freedom of worship, this is very soon corrected. To say nothing of the direct injunctions in Leviticus, to which I have already referred, the erection of the Tabernacle is itself the clearest possible indication of the mind of the Legislator. As Wellhausen himself says, "The Tabernacle is not narrative merely, but, like all the narratives in that book [the Priestly Code], law as well." As, therefore, there is this provision made in the wilderness for the centralization of the cultus, it naturally follows that the whole system of sacrifices connected with it should be defined. The Code is emphatically a code for the *Priests*, not for the people. The duties of the priests are the main matters insisted on. Deuteronomy, on the other hand, does not profess to lay down a complete code of worship. It is addressed to the people, and it is addressed to the people with direct reference to the approaching occupation of the Promised Land.

It is just as easy and just as fair to say that the whole elaborate ritual, which grew out of and was connected with the erection of the Tabernacle, was first framed and enacted in the wilderness, and that subsequently and in certain particulars Deuteronomy allowed of a relaxation and enlargement of the national liberty, as to maintain the reverse. If the Tabernacle is history and not fiction, we have the $\pi\omicron\upsilon\ \sigma\tau\omega$ of the whole discussion. In the wilderness it was quite possible for all Israelites to assemble at the central shrine for worship. They did bring their sacrifices to the door of the Tabernacle of the congregation. The minutest regulations were laid down for the conduct of the priests in the whole affair. These regulations would still have force, so far as the priests were concerned, after the settlement in Canaan; but the altered circumstances, so far as the people were concerned, their distance from the central sanctuary in particular, would of course make it no longer possible for the meal and the sacrifice in all instances to go together. The Israelite could no longer, except on solemn and stated occasions, bring his sacrifice to the door of the Tabernacle of the congregation.

But again, the position of the clergy in Deuteronomy, as compared with the other Books, has been urged as an argument for the priority of the former. In Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers there are no priests but the direct descendants of Aaron. The Levites who are not direct descendants of Aaron are not priests; they are charged

with subordinate offices for the service of the Tabernacle, and their functions, which are altogether distinct from those of the priests properly so called (Numb. xviii. 3, 7), are exactly defined and enumerated (Numb. iii. iv.); they are so absolutely the servants of the priests that they are even spoken of as *given* to them (Numb. xviii. 6; iii. 9), an expression which unquestionably denotes an inferior social position, and which, at any rate, indicates the existence of different grades or degrees of dignity. "The priests serve Jehovah, the Levites serve the priests." An attempt on the part of some members of a Levitical family to usurp the functions of the priests is punished with death (Numb. xvi. 10, 32). "This distinction between priests and Levites subsisted beyond all question after the exile, and down to the last destruction of the Temple."* Deuteronomy, on the other hand, it is argued, does not recognize the radical distinction between the two classes. It speaks only of priests; it knows nothing of Levites as a separate caste. The phrase it uses is "the priests the Levites"—that is to say, Levitical priests, or "the sons of Levi" (xvii. 9, 18; xviii. 1; xxi. 5; xxiv. 8, &c.); and this because, in the time of Josiah, there were still, as in the past, non-Levitical priests whom the king laid under interdict. In one passage (xviii. 1) the Levitical priests are even expressly identified with "the whole tribe of Levi." The difference is patent. In Deuteronomy all the Levites have the right to sacrifice at the altar, and accordingly are priests; the one is the name of tribe, the other the name of office. Of any distinction between the two classes there is no trace in the earliest history. The origin of the distinction is plain. The sacerdotal families who had always discharged these functions in Jerusalem were unwilling to admit those upon equal terms who, in consequence of Josiah's decree of centralization, would naturally be attracted to the capital, as we learn was the case from 2 Kings xxiii. 9.

That there is this distinction between Deuteronomy and the other Books must be admitted. The phrase "the Levitical priests" is peculiar to Deuteronomy; it never occurs in Leviticus or Numbers, where we find instead "the priests, the sons of Aaron." It must be admitted that, in Deut. xviii. 1, the whole tribe is regarded as holding the priestly office. The Revised Version is perfectly right in its rendering, "the priests, the Levites [better, the Levitical priests], even the whole tribe of Levi."† The reason for this peculiarity it is not easy to give. Possibly it is to be explained by the general character of the Book, as containing a popular and not a priestly legislation. But, at any rate, the critical theory is forced to admit

* Reuss, *ut supra*, p. 169.

† "The Hebrew makes no distinction between the two, as the Authorized Version does by inserting 'and'—'the priests the Levites and the whole tribe of Levi'—and I do not think that Dr. Green and Mr. Curtiss have succeeded in their attempts to justify this rendering."

that the legislation here is in direct conflict with the interests of the priests in Jerusalem, who were for keeping their own privileges to themselves, and that Josiah was unable to resist their influence, and when he removed the priests of the high places was obliged to refuse permission to the country clergy to officiate with those of the metropolis in Jerusalem, so that here at least Deuteronomy was not the basis of Josiah's Reformation.

There is no evidence then, I submit, in the character of the legislation that Deuteronomy belongs of necessity to the age of Josiah.

But if there is nothing in the internal character of the Book to compel us to place it in the times of Manassch or Josiah, is there anything in the account of the discovery of the Book of the Law in the Temple which would lead us to do so? Let us look at the story as it is told in 2 Kings xxii. This was in all probability committed to writing some sixty years after the events to which it refers; the author, therefore, might very well have learnt what he tells us from the lips of persons who had been eye-witnesses of the circumstances. The story is as follows:—

In the eighteenth year of his reign—that is to say, according to the received chronology, about the year 621 B.C.—Josiah sent Shaphan, the secretary, to the priest Hilkiah, requesting him to deliver to those who had the oversight of the restoration of the Temple the money which had been collected for the payment of the workmen. On that occasion, Hilkiah said to Shaphan, “I have found the Book of the Law in the house of the Lord.” The statement is abrupt, and no clue is given as to the way in which the discovery was made. Shaphan returned to give his report to the king with regard to the payment of the money, and informed him at the same time of the discovery of the book. Shaphan himself, though he had read it, scarcely seems to have been aware of the importance of the discovery, for he says, in a nonchalant way, “Hilkiah the priest has given me a book;” and he reads it before the king. The impression produced on the king's mind was remarkable: he was so terrified at what he heard that he rent his clothes, and forthwith sent Hilkiah the priest, and Shaphan, and other officers of his Court, to inquire of the Lord “concerning the words of the book that is found; for great is the wrath of the Lord that is kindled against us because our fathers have not hearkened unto the words of this book to do according unto all that which is written concerning us.” Accordingly the inquiry is addressed to the prophetess Huldah as the recognized organ at the time of Divine inspiration, and the answer which she gives is that all the judgments upon idolatry threatened in the book shall surely be accomplished; nevertheless, that inasmuch as the king had humbled himself and rent his clothes, and wept before the Lord, the evil threatened should not come in his days.

In consequence of this announcement, the king convened a solemn assembly, "all the elders of Judah and Jerusalem, and the priests and the prophets, and all the people, both small and great, and read in their ears all the words of the Book of the Covenant which was found in the house of the Lord." Then, standing by the pillar, he solemnly bound himself to keep the words of the Covenant that were written in the Book, and all the people stood to the Covenant.

Upon this there follows the account of Josiah's reformation. The work began with the cleansing of the Temple. Strange to say, idolatrous worship had found its way into the Temple itself. Manasseh had built altars for all the host of heaven in the two courts of the house of the Lord, and had even set up therein the graven image of the Ashêrah. These altars the king broke down, and the vessels that had been employed in the idolatrous worship of Baal and of the Ashêrah, and the Ashêrah itself, he brought out of the house and burned them outside of Jerusalem and stamped them small to powder. He also broke down and defiled the high places that were throughout the land, "from Geba to Beersheba," as well as those which were in and about Jerusalem; and he removed the priests of the high places, but did not allow them to officiate at the altar in Jerusalem (ver. 8, 9). At Bethel the reformation was carried out with such severity that he even slew the priests of the high places upon their altars, and burned their bones upon them.

Finally, the king commanded that the Passover should be kept in accordance with the rules laid down for its observance "in this Book of the Covenant."* And the historian adds: "Surely there was not kept such a Passover† from the days of the judges that judged Israel, nor in all the days of the kings of Israel, nor of the kings of Judah; but in the eighteenth year of king Josiah was this Passover kept to the Lord in Jerusalem" (chap. xxiii. 22).

Now, what is the impression left on the mind of a reader of this story? First of all, it is plain that the discovery of the Book was not only for the king, but for every one else, a surprise. They were not aware of the existence of a law forbidding, under such terrible penalties, practices and modes of worship which had been permitted apparently for centuries, and which Josiah himself, one of the very best of Jewish monarchs—one who had not his equal the historian says

* These rules could not have been gathered from Deuteronomy with anything like the same precision and minuteness of detail as from Exodus. The critics insist upon the book being Deuteronomy, because its threatenings are on a larger scale than those in Leviticus: by parity of reasoning it may be urged that Exodus was part of the discovered book, as furnishing fuller guidance for the observance of the Passover.

† Wellhausen very arbitrarily assumes this to mean that no Passover at all had been kept before this. But that is not what the writer says. The Chronicler in the parallel passage makes precisely the same remark, although he had already given at length the account of Hezekiah's Passover, and certainly, therefore, did not mean to say that the Passover was unknown till the time of Josiah. Besides, there is no ground whatever for calling in question the historical accuracy of the narrative in 2 Chron. xxx. It bears every mark of probability.

(chap. xxiii. 25)—had tolerated during the first eighteen years of his reign, without a suspicion that he was breaking a divine law; and this in spite of all that the prophets had uttered against these abuses for three centuries without intermission.

Now for the first time, Josiah becomes aware of the appalling consequences to which he and his kingdom are exposed by their breach of the law of God. And yet, we are reminded, there were priests of Jehovah, and His worship had never entirely ceased. How was it that, although the written document itself had been lost, the priests, as the guardians of the law, had never insisted upon its observance? Tradition in an hereditary priesthood is powerful. It would have been the most natural thing in the world for them to have kept alive the ancient ordinances, and to have done all in their power to insist upon their observance. Can we suppose that for those eighteen years of Josiah's reign, to say nothing of earlier reigns, the priests could have said to the king: "We are quite aware that there was once in existence the Law-book of Moses, but it has unfortunately been lost, and we do not know what it contained?" The priest Hilkiah says, "We have found the Book of the Law," because he has read it, perhaps had had something to do with its composition, and knows what it is. The secretary, on the other hand, says, with characteristic indifference, "The priest has given me a book." Is this the way in which he would have announced the important fact that the Law of Moses, so long lost, had been discovered—"he has given me a book?" *

These objections are not without weight. No doubt there is a difficulty in our way, but it is not so formidable as the critics would make out. What does it amount to? Merely this, that a law which was intended to be the basis of the national life had dropped out of sight. Look at the national history and see how possible this was. During the stormy period of the Judges no provision could be made for the observance of such a law by the nation at large. The tribes were too busy settling their own affairs, and were too often engaged in a life and death struggle with their neighbours, to go up to keep the feasts at the central tabernacle. The Law was not read publicly once a year in the ears of the people. Copies of it would in any case be scarce. So far as a knowledge of it was kept alive at all, it would be kept alive by the oral instruction of the priests. But the fascination of the Canaanitish and other idolatries defied every attempt to check them. There were prophets, and there were kings like David and Hezekiah, who refused to be sullied by any complicity with the impure and cruel rites of the worship of Baal and Ashtoreth, and Moloch. But the mass of the people were always prone to idolatry. When the prophets did appeal to the Law of God, as Hosea and

* Reuss, "*L'Histoire Sainte et la Loi*," p. 157.

Amos did, the people turned a deaf ear to their remonstrances. The national life was deeply corrupted. Why should we expect a general knowledge or a general observance of the Law? The history of Europe at the time of the Reformation might lead us to a more reasonable conclusion. Whence did the people then derive their knowledge of the Scriptures? Chiefly from the sermons of the clergy. Copies of the Scriptures were rare and were laid up in monasteries—how rare is evident from the well-authenticated story of the discovery by Luther of a Latin Bible in the convent at Erfurt, where he for the first time became acquainted with the story of Samuel, and was so fascinated by it that he could not tear himself away from the reading, even when the convent bell summoned him to his duties. The discovery of that Bible by Luther was a real discovery, though it does not prove that nothing was known of the Bible at the time, or that no other copies were in existence.

But if the Book found in the Temple was not a discovery at all, but a recent work, a first attempt at codifying prophetic teaching, the secret of which was in the hands of Hilkiah and Huldah, a book which they palmed off as the ancient Mosaic Law, how can we acquit them of a forgery? No doubt we are not precluded, unless we choose to fetter ourselves by a hard mechanical theory of inspiration, from admitting the possibility of such a literary artifice. If the author of Ecclesiastes, which is now generally acknowledged to be one of the latest books of the Canon, professes to speak in the name of Solomon, there is no reason, it may be urged, why Deuteronomy should not appear under the name of Moses. But the cases are not parallel. Ecclesiastes is the record of a self-torturing spirit dealing with the problems of the world, and struggling to find for them a solution. It does not impose itself as an authority; it does not claim obedience; the mask of an anonymous writer is obviously assumed. But Deuteronomy is a code; it is a law which demands obedience. If an attempt is made to impose this law upon a king and nation, as given by Moses, when the priest who professed to have discovered it knew very well that it was a document written by himself, or by some contemporary, can we acquit him of a fraud? It has been said indeed that "it was of no consequence to Josiah, it is of no consequence to us," to know who was the author of the Book. But can any one believe that the words of the Book would have produced such an effect, as we are told they did, on the mind of Josiah, unless he had been convinced of its authority? Is it not plain that the king did believe that the ancient Law-book of Israel had been discovered? "Go ye," he says, "inquire of the Lord for me and for the people and for all Judah concerning the words of the book that is found: for great is the wrath of the Lord that is kindled against us, because our fathers have not hearkened unto the words of this book, to

do according unto all that which is written concerning us." Those are not the words of a man to whom the authorship of the Book was "of no consequence." It was a law which, on the face of it, professed to come from Moses: "This is the law which Moses set before the children of Israel: these are the testimonies and the statutes and the judgements which Moses spake unto the children of Israel after they came forth out of Egypt," &c. (iv. 14, 15). The whole of the historical preface to the Law-book (chaps. i.-xi.), whatever questions may be raised as to the authorship of particular portions, rests on this assumption. An anonymous code sprung upon the people would have had and could have had no kind of influence. Whatever Josiah may have thought, it is indisputable that the prophetic compiler of Deuteronomy did think it of consequence to claim the authority of Moses for his work; for he calls it "the Law of Moses" (2 Kings xxiii. 25). The prophetic or priestly author would have been just as likely to effect his purpose, if he had come forward with a law of his own based upon priestly traditions, or embodying prophetic denunciations, as by the device which he is supposed to have adopted. Ezekiel did not fall back upon Moses as his authority for his legislation; for he spoke, as every true prophet did, in the name of the Lord.

The Prophets held converse with Jehovah and claimed to be of His counsel (Amos iii. 7; Jer. xxiii. 18, 22), and to be the immediate organs of His inspiration and the accredited interpreters of His will. But if they were thus clothed with Divine power, what need was there for them to fall back on something else in order to produce the moral effects at which they aimed? How would it help them in their efforts at reformation to appeal to the authority of Moses? Moses, we are told, was nothing more than a gigantic shadow looming through the mists of centuries. He had left, perhaps, some fragments of a legislation behind him, but no one could tell precisely what they were. He was a name and nothing more. His work, whatever it was, had had no practical results on the national life. Why, then, should his authority be invoked? It has been said, indeed, that "the authority that lay behind Deuteronomy was the power of the prophetic teaching, which half a century of persecution had not been able to suppress. . . . What the Deuteronomic Code supplied was a clear and practical scheme of reformation on the prophetic lines. . . . The Book became the programme of Josiah's reformation, because it gathered up in practical form the results of the great movement under Hezekiah and Isaiah."* But if this was so, why was not the appeal made directly to that Divine teaching? What appeal could strike home more effectually to the national conscience than that of the Prophet,

* Professor Robertson Smith, "The Old Testament in the Jewish Church," p. 363.

"Thus saith the Lord?" If this failed, and we know it did fail again and again, it assuredly was not from any want of moral and spiritual force in those who came with the message or in the message itself. Yet, if they fell back upon a device such as that with which they are charged, then surely there was a confession of moral impotence such as must seriously have damaged their reputation and their influence. The prophet's tongue, they seem to say, is weak and powerless; therefore, let us seek for enchantments. This people cannot be won from their idolatries and their rebellion by our words; they will perhaps bow their necks to a Code which professes to have been written by Moses and placed in the Ark, and which we will persuade them we have just discovered there, although we know it is no discovery at all.

That a Book produced under such circumstances should have had the effect that we are told it had, is to me quite unintelligible. Josiah was not a mere puppet: he was apparently a prince of intelligence and spiritual insight. How came he to accept the Book without question as the work of Moses, and to make it the basis of his reformation? Let us grant that the Book was not, in the strict sense, a forgery. Let us grant that there was no intention to deceive. According to the narrative of 2 Kings xxii., Hilkiash did not give out that the Book was Mosaic, he simply calls it the Book of the Law (Torah). But if its value was merely "intrinsic, and it was received because it was felt to contain the voice of God, and to agree with prophetic doctrine," again I ask—Why did the mere fact of its coming as a Code give it a force which no prophetic utterance had ever possessed? Why should a Book of Law, backed by the prophets, but without any external credentials, work a revolution which centuries of prophetic teaching had failed to work? To say that "the discovery of the Book produced a great effect, because it touched a chord in the national conscience," is no explanation of the matter; for that is, in fact, to say that the whole of the prophetic teaching had failed to touch a chord in the national conscience.

Besides the Book is expressly stated, by the author of the Kings, to have been "the Law of Moses." When he sums up Josiah's work of reformation, and tells us how he swept away the workers with familiar spirits, and the teraphim, and the idols, and all the abominations which were connected with idolatry, he says that Josiah did this "that he might perform the words of the Law which were written in the Book that Hilkiash the priest found in the house of the Lord;" and then he adds: "And like unto him was there no king before him, that turned to the Lord with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his might, according to *all the Law of Moses.*" Obviously he identifies the Book found in the house of the Lord with the Law of Moses. In other words, the

author or compiler of "the Kings," writing, as I have said, some sixty years after Josiah's reformation, held Deuteronomy to be Mosaic, and believed that his reformation was due to the discovery, in the Temple, of a copy of the Law of Moses.

I pass to another point, the relative age of Deuteronomy and the other Mosaic legislation as contained in the Priest Code. A comparison of the laws in Deuteronomy with the same enactments in Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, shows that these last are the earlier. In Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, the legal formulæ stand alone, or unexplained; in Deuteronomy the explanation is added. Thus, for instance, to the simple command in Lev. xxvi. 1, not to set up "a pillar" (*maççébah*), there is added, in Deut., "which the Lord thy God hateth." Again, the shorter enactment in Lev. xix. 19—"Thou shalt not let thy cattle gender with a diverse kind: thou shalt not sow thy field with two kinds of seed: neither shall there come upon thee a garment of two kinds of stuff mingled together"—is expanded in Deut. xxii. 9-11, "Thou shalt not sow thy vineyard with two kinds of seed: lest the whole fruit be forfeited, the seed which thou hast sown and the increase of the vineyard. . . . Thou shalt not wear a mingled stuff, wool and linen together"—a reason being given for the first enactment, and the second being explained.

Again Deut. xxiv. 14, 15—"Thou shalt not oppress an hired servant that is poor and needy, whether he be of thy brethren, or of thy strangers that are in thy land within thy gates: in his day thou shalt give him his hire; neither shall the sun go down upon it; for he is poor and setteth his heart upon it; lest he cry against thee unto the Lord, and it be sin unto thee"—is obviously an expansion of the original enactment in Lev. xix. 13. "Thou shalt not oppress thy neighbour nor rob him: the wages of a hired servant shall not abide with thee all night until the morning." So, too, the law of gleaning, in Deut. xxiv. 19-22, is fuller and more detailed than that in Lev. xix. 9, 10. In Leviticus it is, "When ye reap the harvest of your land, thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shall thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest. And thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather the fallen fruit of thy vineyard; thou shalt leave them for the poor and for the strangers. I am the Lord your God." Contrast this with the Deuteronomic statute: "*When thou reapest thine harvest in the field and hast forgot a sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it; it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and the widow: that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hands. When thou beatest thine olive tree, thou shalt not go over the boughs again: it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless, and for the widow. When thou gatherest (the grape of) thy vineyard,*

thou shalt not glean it after thee : it shall be for the stranger, for the fatherless and for the widow. *And thou shalt remember that thou wast a bondsman in the land of Egypt* ; therefore I command thee to do this thing." There can be no question in the mind of an unprejudiced reader that the Levitical enactment is earlier than the Deuteronomic, and that the latter rests upon the former, which it expands and modifies.

Besides, Deuteronomy refers constantly to earlier enactments with the formula, "as He said unto thee" (vi. 19, ix. 3, xi. 25, xii. 20, xv. 6, xx. 17, xxvi. 18, 19), which certainly implies, as Dillmann says, the existence of a written code.

It is plain, moreover, from many passages of Deuteronomy that the author is well acquainted himself, and supposes the acquaintance on the part of his hearers, even with the laws affecting the clergy, although they did not come within the scope of his legislation. For instance, in Deut. xxiv. 8, when speaking of the law of leprosy, he observes, "Take heed, in the plague of leprosy, that thou observe diligently and do according to all that the priests the Levites shall teach you : as I commanded them, so ye shall observe to do. Remember what the Lord thy God did unto Miriam by the way, as ye came forth out of Egypt." The reference is not merely (as Kuenen would have us believe) to the oral teaching of the priests (comp. Lev. xvii. 10), but they were to give their decision in accordance with prescribed rules laid down for them by God, with which they and the people are alike supposed to be familiar : "as I commanded them, so ye shall observe to do." And these rules are found in Lev. xiii. xiv., where the same expression, "the plague [or stroke] of leprosy," is used, and nowhere else. To these Deuteronomy refers, beyond all reasonable question. That the law of food in Deut. xiv. 3-21 has been taken from the earlier Priest Code is evident from the recurrence of the expressions "creeping thing" and "after his kind," which occur nowhere else in Deuteronomy, but are common in the earlier Books.

References of this kind might be largely multiplied. Dillmann, in his investigation of the "Sources of Deuteronomy" (in his "Commentary on Numbers, Deuteronomy, and Joshua," pp. 604-611), has given a very complete collection of them, and I cannot do better than refer any one who wishes to satisfy himself on the point to this writer's thorough and impartial inquiry into the relation of the several points of the Mosaic Code one to another.

There is, however, one instance of an historic reference on which I will say a few words, because it is an instructive example of the off-hand way in which the critics clear hedge and ditch in their ride across country. "In Deut. x. 9 and xviii. 2 alike," says Kuenen, "the statement that Levi is to have no territory assigned to him, because Yahwè is his inheritance, is followed by the words 'as he

said to him.' When? Naturally at the moment when Levi was separated for the divine service—*i.e.*, when Israel was encamped at Yotba (Deut. x. 7). There is no reference then to an earlier law, and least of all to Numb. xviii. 20, where the qualifications and revenues of Levi are regulated quite otherwise than in Deut. xviii. 1-8."

But the question here is not how "the qualifications and revenues of Levi are regulated." Circumstances might have changed; there might be reasons for modifying or "altering the qualifications and revenues of Levi," for bringing out a different aspect of them, or putting them in a different light. The point here is that the writer of Deuteronomy is referring to express words of Jehovah: "Jehovah is his heritage, as *He said to him.*" In Deut. x. 8, we read: "At that time [*i.e.*, when the people were at Yotba] Jehovah separated the tribe of Levi, to bear the Ark of the Covenant of Jehovah, to stand before Jehovah to minister unto Him, and to bless in His name, unto this day." These are the duties which Levi was to perform. Then follows in verse 9 the statement, "Wherefore Levi hath no portion or inheritance with his brethren; Jehovah is his inheritance, according as Jehovah thy God promised him." The reference is obviously not to what took place at Yotba, where no promise is made, but to some earlier event recorded in some earlier narrative, "according as Jehovah thy God promised him." And where is this to be found, but in Numb. xviii. 20, where Jehovah says to Aaron, the head of the Levitical tribe, "I am thy part and thine inheritance among the children of Israel?" And when it is found there, to deny the reference of the one passage to the other requires a considerable amount of critical hardihood. The critic tells us that "naturally" these words, "Yahweh is his inheritance," were uttered when Levi was separated to the Divine service at Yotba, and, having made this assertion, he proceeds with his inference, "There is no reference then," &c.; but the "then" hangs upon the "naturally," and the "naturally" hangs upon nothing but the thin air of the critic's assertion.

I have dealt only with the broader and more tangible issues involved in this question; many subsidiary arguments I have left untouched. On two main points I believe the new theory breaks down most completely—*viz.*, that the Tabernacle of Exodus is a fiction of the time of Ezra, and that the discovery of the Law-book in the reign of Josiah was no discovery at all.

Thus far I claim to have shown, first, that there are no sufficient grounds for believing that Deuteronomy was written at or about the time when it was discovered, and, secondly, that it was posterior in date to the Priestly Code, and consequently that this last could not have been the work of Ezra or any of his contemporaries. Even if it could be proved that Deuteronomy was written in the reign of

Josiah or of Manasseh, the bulk of the Levitical Code was still earlier.

It would be easy to carry the argument further, did space permit. I will only add one remark. There is the clearest evidence in the Book of Samuel of acquaintance with Deuteronomy. Hophni and Phinchas break the law by which the priests' dues were regulated, and the very phrases of 1 Sam. ii. 13 are borrowed from Deuteronomy xviii. 3. This is evidence, at any rate, that Deuteronomy was in existence as early as the reign of Solomon. And if it be said, that David and Solomon again and again acted as if no such law as that of Deuteronomy were in existence, it is sufficient to reply with Coleridge,* "One striking proof of the genuineness of the Mosaic Books is this: they contain precise prohibitions, by way of predicting the consequences of disobedience, of all those things which David and Solomon actually did, and gloried in doing—raising cavalry, making a treaty with Egypt, laying up treasure and polygamizing. Now, could such prohibitions have been fabricated in these kings' reigns or afterwards? Impossible!"

If Deuteronomy be earlier than the Book of Samuel, it must be in substance at least Mosaic, though in its present form it may have been written after the conquest of Palestine; and if it refers, as we have seen, to the Priest Code, then the Priest Code must also be the work of Moses, though it may have passed through the hands of many editors.

Let me say, in conclusion, that I do not shut my eyes to the many difficulties which beset the traditional view of the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch: they are very many and very serious; they have too often been slurred over by its apologists, or explanations have been given of them which will not bear the light either of grammar or of history. But the new theory has its own difficulties, which are, to my mind, fatal to its acceptance. I cannot believe that the Tabernacle was invented by Ezra, or that Deuteronomy was written in the time of Manasseh or Josiah. I adhere in the main to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, and I wait for more light on some of the questions which have been raised.

J. J. STEWART PEROWNE.

* "Table Talk," p. 79.

IRISH LAND AND BRITISH LEGISLATORS.

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AFTER years of tinkering at Irish land legislation, a summer-fallow is needed to allow time for maturing some scheme which may fairly be regarded as a final settlement of agrarian complications. Of empirical treatment Irish tenants have already had too much; for, although a great deal has been done on their behalf, it has not been based entirely upon just and firm principles, which alone can command respect; and, moreover, what should have been the first step—the redistribution of the land—has never been attempted. Apart from the fair claim of England, Wales, and Scotland to the full share of attention from Parliament which has so long been denied them, there would really be no advantage to Ireland in any attempt, during the coming session, to carry another Land Bill, because no measure or plan possessing the elements of finality has yet been brought before the country. Enough has been done, surely, to prove the good-will of Great Britain for Ireland and to justify the maintenance of law and order, without which the most perfect of agrarian revolutions would inevitably fail in its purpose. Land Act after Land Act has been passed, until tenants in Ireland have been put in possession of legal rights in their holdings superior to those enjoyed by tenants in any other part of the world. They have even had the chance of being set up in business as landed proprietors, not only without a penny of expense to themselves, but also with a bonus in the shape of reduced rent for the period required for completing the purchase of their holdings. The obnoxious English Church Establishment has been very properly abolished, and every vestige of religious disability has been removed. If as much cannot be said of political disabilities, so long as Irishmen, as a rule, are carefully excluded from

the principal official positions in their own country, the reason is that, even if the Irish leaders would accept those positions, they have shown themselves unfit for the responsibility. If yet another sign of goodwill be asked for, it may be found in the liberal contributions of Englishmen whenever distress has prevailed in Ireland, or when money was needed to help towards emigration from congested districts.

That much yet remains to be done it is the principal object of this article to urge; but short of the dismemberment of the United Kingdom, to which it would be sheer madness to agree, there is nothing in justice that England is not anxious to do for Ireland. Under these circumstances, there is not the slightest excuse for the fiendish dynamite and other murder conspiracies which have been openly concocted in the United States without any attempt at interference by the Government, to the lasting discredit of the Great Republic; and it must further be said that the Irish people, misled by men of petty and malignant dispositions, have shown a degree of ingratitude without parallel in history, by constantly biting the hand which has dispensed to them gift after gift, because it did not give enough. That ingratitude, I am satisfied, is mainly attributable to the machinations of the worst set of leaders with which the ignorant people of any country were ever cursed; and for the sake of those thus misled, it seems to me absolutely necessary, before any further legislation is attempted, to bring the rebels and rowdies of the country into submission. The good results naturally expected from the increased security to tenants' capital and industry conferred by past legislation are scarcely to be seen outside Ulster, and will not be seen so long as the people are induced to suppose that their unscrupulous champions can with impunity defy the Government and the laws of the country. It would be folly to expect the creation of property where property is entirely insecure, and where those who would be industrious, enterprising, and thrifty are under the tyranny of mob law.

Only a superficial critic will accuse me of inconsistency when, after declaring myself in favour of the most stringent measures for the restoration of law and order in Ireland, I immediately proceed to enlarge upon the grievances of the Irish people, by no means yet fully redressed. No one who has not lived in or visited the country can form an adequate conception of the wrongs which the cultivators of the soil have suffered for generations, under a "landlordism" which richly deserved the fate that has overtaken it. Utterly disregarding the truth that property has its duties as well as its rights, the majority of Irish landlords, or agents willing to do dirty work which they themselves would have shrunk from, ruthlessly confiscated the property of their tenants, until the law

stepped in to stop them. As long as the law failed to protect the tenants' property in the soil, the landlords took it in increased rents. There were exceptions, of course; but no agriculturist who sees the miserable patches of land occupied by tenants in various parts of Ireland, and learns what rents have been paid for them, can fail to be convinced that the exceptions were comparatively few. Landlords have done the same everywhere as long as they were able. They have done it in England and Scotland, and they are doing it in the United States; but in the first two countries they have also done a good deal in the way of expending their own capital on the land, and in the third there is plenty of room at present to get away from them.

In most countries, as every one knows, the laws have been made by landowners, and made very much in their own favour. It is the fashion just now to decry dual ownership in the soil, as if it were essentially evil and mischievous. The fact is, however, that the agrarian troubles in Ireland, and a vast amount of wrong and misery in other countries as well, have arisen from the want of a full and frank recognition of dual ownership in a holding which one man lets to another. It seems necessary to repeat what should be axiomatic, so constantly is the truth ignored, that when two men's capitals are mingled in the same piece of land, there must be dual ownership or confiscation. The latter alternative was sanctioned by the law of the United Kingdom until the Irish Land Act of 1870 was passed. It is true that long before that custom in Ulster, and to a limited extent in other parts of Ireland and a few English counties, had recognized the principle of dual ownership; but it was not until 1870 that law took the place of custom in Ulster, and even then it failed to prevent landlords from confiscating, by a rise of rent, the property thus recognized. As to the rest of Ireland, the measure, in effect, recognized the quality of property in the soil, but failed to give adequate security to that of the weaker party. Still, after the Act had been passed, it could no longer be said of Ireland, as a legal authority declared in relation to England before the first Agricultural Holdings Bill was carried in 1875, that the law gave no right to a tenant who spent money on his holding to recover a sixpence on quitting.

The Irish Land Act of 1881 had to do more than secure the tenant's property in the soil, though it failed to do that thoroughly and in all cases. It had also to restore some of the property which had been previously confiscated, or rather to wipe out a portion of the rent charged upon property taken by landlords from existing tenants or their predecessors in title. No doubt in some instances it has gone further, by reducing rents below the amounts at which they were fixed when the land first came into cultivation; but, as a rule,

the reductions up to the present time have not been sufficient to make up for the fall in the prices of agricultural and pastoral produce, People who object to all interference with rents ignore the fact, obvious as it is, that it would be futile to confer upon tenants a right to sell their improvements if landlords were left with the power of putting up rents upon the purchasers to the extent of appropriating what had been bought. At the same time it must be admitted that landlords have been hardly dealt with where the basis on which reductions of rent have been made has been that of the ability of the tenants to pay, rather than that of the fair value to a tenant of average industry and skill. After all, it may be urged, the Land Commissioners who have adopted this course have only followed the landlords' example, the latter, as a rule, having been in the habit of putting a fine upon enterprise by raising rent where they could get an advance from a prosperous tenant, while a lazy or thriftless neighbour's rent remained unaltered. If it be an exaggeration to say, as is commonly said in Ireland, that the wearing of a new suit of clothes by a tenant has frequently been a sufficient provocation for a rise in his rent, it is certain that the building of a new dwelling or the reclamation of a piece of waste land has commonly been followed by such an advance. Nevertheless, the policy in question, whether followed by landlords or by Land Commissioners, must be condemned as unjust and as calculated to discourage enterprise.

The doctrine that all interference with rent is unjustifiable would be a strong one if land were a proper subject for private property, though even then considerations of public interest must be paramount. But under English law all land is the property of the Crown, whatever Lord Bramwell may say to the contrary, landlords holding only "an estate" in it. No doubt in recent times land has been bought and sold as if the holders had absolute right of property in it, except that the State has reserved a right to take it for public purposes after paying fair compensation. The time has come, however, when the license too long allowed in dealing with what is as essential to the very existence of the people as air or water is, must be more strictly controlled and regulated. It is obvious, as has been often stated, that the admission of the landlords' claim to do what they like with what they call their own, would involve the admission of their right to expatriate all who are not owners of land; and, as a matter of fact, this result has taken place in parts of Ireland and Scotland. To contend that the population of any country should exist in it only on sufferance of the landlords would be a doctrine too monstrous for public opinion to tolerate, and yet it is the inevitable logical sequence of the claim to absolute property in land. On the other hand, if the landlords and the thousands of other persons who have invested money on the security of landed property under conditions recognized by law and

by public opinion alike claim that, if those conditions are to be essentially altered, the State should take the land after paying them reasonable compensation, I, for one, fully admit the justice of their contention. Such control over rents as is necessary to secure the property of tenants invested in their holdings, and such restitution of what has been confiscated in the past as can be equitably afforded, are entirely justifiable under any circumstances; but if the State goes further than this, and arbitrarily reduces rent on the landlords' share of the property below its market value, the State ought to exercise its benevolence at its own expense. This view of the case is strengthened by the recognition of the fact that, legislate as we may, we cannot do away with competition rent in reality, except for the benefit of the immediate recipient of the advantage of reduction; for if the landlord's rent be set below its market value, the difference is simply added to the value of the tenant-right, the purchaser of which will in reality be charged as much rent as if the reduction had not been made, though he will pay two persons instead of one. Even if all tenants were made owners, there would be competition rent all the same, in the shape of interest on the purchase-money whenever a holding was sold.

If it were right to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, what has just been advanced might be challenged with a good show of argument. Competition rent is ruinously high in Ireland, it might be said, because of the excessive land hunger in the country; and that in turn has been caused, not by the insufficiency of land for the agricultural population, but by the appropriation for farming purposes by landlords, agents, and other large farmers of the greater portion of the soil, except in Ulster, that is worth farming at all. Having recently visited several of the typical agricultural districts of Ireland, I am able to confirm that statement of the case. In traversing eighteen counties, and going about a good deal in a few of them, I noticed nearly everywhere outside Ulster that the well-situated and naturally fertile tracts of land were in large farms, while the nearly barren mountain-side, the bogs, and the stone-covered tracts bordering upon the bogs, were commonly dotted over with small holdings. In all I had heard or read of Ireland, I had never been led to expect to see such a state of affairs, and it came upon me therefore as a distressing revelation. It was not so in Ulster, and I saw small holdings on good land in a few districts of other provinces, and in a few only. Some of the many people to whom I appealed for an explanation declared with bitterness that the small tenants had been "hunted off" the good land. Rents were put up on their improvements, and when bad times came—notably during the famine—they were unable to pay, and were turned out of their farms, to emigrate, to take refuge in the poor-

houses, or to squat down on the mountains or bogs. Scotchmen and other old residents in Ireland, in whose truthfulness I have confidence, assured me that the story was true, and in that case the unfortunate tenants were unjustly evicted. Landlords, it was said, were glad of an opportunity of consolidating holdings on the best portions of their estates, and agents availed themselves of the chances of acquiring large farms for themselves and of installing friends in other farms which they did not require. But here, again, we have a case for the strict justice of restitution rather than for charity rents.

In fixing rents for a long term of years, with the intention of adjusting them to the fair value of the owner's property and to that alone, it is clear that allowance should be made for variation in the prices of agricultural and pastoral produce; otherwise if prices rose after a rent had been fixed, the landlord would not obtain all he was entitled to, and if they fell the tenant would be paying rent upon his own share of the dual property. It is satisfactory, therefore, to see that in the new Land Act the principle of produce rent is virtually embodied, though its application is illogically limited to three years. The Government made this and other concessions under pressure from the Opposition, protesting that they are not responsible for Mr. Gladstone's legislation, the principles of which they condemned while extending them. They endeavour to excuse their inconsistency by declaring that they accede to a revision of rents only as a temporary expedient for relieving the distress prevalent in Ireland, pending the introduction of a great purchase scheme to which they have pledged themselves, with the idea of doing away with dual ownership and all its perplexities. Whether their purchase scheme will ever see the light, or be accepted if introduced, is doubtful, and defeat would be death to the Government. For that reason, if for no other, it is much to be regretted that the Act of last session was not made more satisfactory than it is as a temporary settlement. One of its chief defects, and a glaring inconsistency, is that it fails to allow the same reduction upon arrears as upon current rents. It is true that the Government offered to let the sliding scale of prices apply to arrears as well as to current rents, provided that other debts of the tenants were also reduced, but there was no principle in this stipulation. If current rents ought to be reduced because, owing to the fall in prices, they are in part rents on the tenants' share in their holdings, the same is true of arrears, so far as they belong to the period that has elapsed since the fall in prices set in. Other debts of the tenants stand on quite a different footing. There can be no pretence that they are charged as a tax upon the tenants' property, as excessive rents unaltered after a great fall in prices must be if they were fairly fixed by the Land Courts.

Although the new Land Act is defective in two or three points, it is a great measure of relief to the tenants, and its reception in Ireland is a disgrace to the men who make themselves the mouth-pieces of Irish opinion. If the tenants had been left to themselves they could scarcely have failed to accept the measure with gratitude as a great concession, such as has never before been made in any country. As Mr. Chamberlain said at Coleraine, "To break down the sanctity of a judicial rent fixed only a few years ago by Act of Parliament, was indeed to adopt a principle more radical than has ever been put before a British House of Commons before." But this was not in reality a greater concession than the breaking of leases. The new Act admits nearly all the leaseholders to the benefits of the Act of 1881, the exceptions being chiefly those who hold leases of over ninety-nine years. In fact, it enables tenants to have their leases cancelled, so that they may have fair rents fixed by the Land Courts, with fixity of tenure, and the right to sell their interest in their holdings. Even perpetuities may be voided if it can be shown that any undue influence on the part of landlords was used in bringing about the arrangements. Thus the leaseholders are at last to receive the fair treatment which should not have been denied them in the first instance. A more doubtfully beneficial provision is that under which a written notice may be substituted for immediate eviction. Until the new Act was passed, a tenant might be evicted summarily for non-payment of arrears of rent, but had a period of six months during which he might pay his debts and claim re-instatement in the holding. The new arrangement makes the period of redemption commence with the service of a notice to quit, the tenant being allowed to remain as caretaker in the meantime, unless, after a month, the landlord removes him under the provisions relating to caretakers in the Landlord and Tenant Act of 1860. The Irish members objected to this change on the ground that it would make the removal of tenants easy without the scandal of eviction. Now the eighty-sixth section of the Act referred to, which relates to the removal of caretakers, declares that if any caretaker does not quit and deliver up possession "on demand" made by the owner, the latter may summon him to the Petty Sessions to show cause for his refusal, and if he cannot do that to the satisfaction of the justices, they may grant a warrant for his removal. If the justices are guided by the spirit of the Act, they will certainly not grant a warrant in any case where the demand for the removal of a caretaker is a mere act of caprice, or without some reason for his removal which did not exist when his term as a caretaker commenced. But there is nothing in the letter of the law to ensure consideration, and the objection to the change was therefore not less. With respect to embarrassed tenants, the Land Court

is empowered to stay evictions and order arrears of rent to be paid off by instalments when the rent is not over £50 a year. As to the purchase of holdings, the conditions are made easier than they were under the Land Purchase Act of 1885, by the reduction of the annual rate of interest on advances from the Government and the extension of the period of repayment accordingly, and this advantage is to be extended to tenants who have already purchased their holdings, if they please. The provisions relating to town parks are not all that could be desired, but are good as far as they go.

The benefits of the new Act are not exhaustively stated in the preceding paragraphs, but enough has been said to show that it is a measure of great relief to the occupiers of land in Ireland; and yet, so far as I have seen, not a word of appreciation of it, as a "message of peace" from England to Ireland, has been uttered at any public meeting of tenants held in the latter country since the Act was passed, except at Mr. Chamberlain's meetings in Ulster. On the contrary, it has been treated with contempt on several occasions, as not worth acceptance, and the energies of Irish leaders and the money of American sympathizers with disorder have been lavishly used in stirring up rebellion. The administration of the Crimes Act is the excuse; but that measure cannot touch a single peaceable and law-abiding member of the community. If that excuse had not been available, it is pretty certain that another would have been made to serve, the object of the Parnellites obviously being to render British government in Ireland impossible.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and success has hitherto, for many years, been with the disturbers of the peace of Ireland. Let the Government steadily and unflinchingly pursue their present firm course of dealing with disorder, and it will be their turn for the rewards of success. With every concession of justice to the Irish people, such as the new Land Act, the power of the Home Rulers becomes less, not only because the people are called upon to make greater sacrifices to please them, but also because the mainspring of their activity, the feeling which prompts their American supporters to supply them with money, is weakened.

If all the money which has been sent from America to Ireland had been used for emigration purposes, it would have been much better spent than a great deal of it has been; for no one who has not travelled somewhat extensively in the country can have any idea of the wretched character of the holdings upon which thousands of families endeavour to exist. During my recent visit I saw vast tracts of land which no English farmer would take rent-free, dotted over with cabins built by the tenants, and commonly rented at amounts which are disgraceful to those who exact them. Such land in reality

yields no rent at all, as there is no margin of profit on its cultivation if the labour of the occupier be set at even the lowest rate of wages current in Ireland. The people not only fail to pay their rents out of the produce of the land, but cannot derive their entire subsistence therefrom, although they eat nothing but potatoes and maize meal, with or without milk. Some of them, keeping no cow, assured me that they were in the habit of boiling a little oatmeal in order to mix the liquor produced with their maize meal "stirabout," as a substitute for milk. Most of the men go to England for three months every year to earn the money for their landlords' exactions, and for clothes too many families are dependent upon contributions from friends in England or America. To speak of "prairie value" in relation to such land is an insult to the prairies, for a great deal of it is utterly unfit for cultivation, and is nearly worthless for pasture. The extraordinary attachment of the poor people to their wretched homes has been traded upon by their landlords, and their so-called rents are really fines paid to prevent expatriation. The predecessors of the existing race of tenants were allowed to squat down upon the barren mountain-sides or the almost worthless bogs, paying a merely nominal rent; but when they had cleared small portions of land for cultivation, laboriously removing the enormous quantity of stone common in the least fertile parts of Ireland, and had erected cottages, the rents were quickly raised. Later on, as they cleared more land, drained portions of the bog, and brought plot after plot into cultivation, the fines levied upon their industry were increased. This was perfectly legal, no doubt, but none the less robbery. If at the present time some of the tenants have been made rogues by their unscrupulous schoolmasters, it must always be borne in mind that their landlords in too many cases set them the example. Two wrongs do not make one right; but it must be admitted that tenants who compel their landlords to accept unreasonable reductions of rent, under fear of getting none at all or of being boycotted, are no worse than landlords were who exacted unfair increases of rent under fear of eviction and consequent destitution. Strongly as I condemn the "Plan of Campaign," I am bound to admit that on the only estate on which it had been successful which I visited, the reduction obtained was not half what it needed to be to give the tenants fairplay, and it is satisfactory to learn that a further concession has since been made by the landlord.

On the other hand, I visited estates upon which the tenants are treated with the utmost liberality, and have had no need to go to the Land Courts for reductions of rent. On one, where a great deal of the land is scarcely worth farming, the people, at least on the most thickly populated portion of the estate, would be much worse off than they are now if they gained their holdings as their own for nothing and lost their landlord.

Nothing impresses the traveller in Ireland who has any knowledge of land and farming more forcibly than the fact that thousands of the tenants could not obtain a decent living for themselves and their families if their holdings were presented to them. There are 143,857 holdings in Ireland of from five to fifteen acres each, and 56,249 not exceeding five acres. Now there are many tenants who, having no children, or only two or three, might manage to exist on ten acres of fair land; but a large number of the little farms are on bogs or mountains, where it would be difficult to make a living on twenty or thirty acres. In Kerry and Connemara, I saw a great many mountain farms of about thirty acres so nearly barren that only half a dozen cattle, young and old, or even less, could be kept upon them; and in Mayo and elsewhere I noticed great numbers of holdings on partly reclaimed bogs, which cannot, in their present condition, support a family. Some of them are capable of improvement, and would be improved if the tenants were made owners or granted security equivalent to ownership; but many are not worth farming rent-free. The new Land Act, in addition to the Act of 1881, will do something towards perfecting the security required, and tenants who have a sufficient area of fair land, or of land which will pay for improvement, will have a chance of what to them will seem like prosperity, if they are not prevented by further agitation from making the most of their opportunities.

A visit to Ulster showed me what security has done for the tenants and the agriculture of that province. With land much less fertile, naturally, than a large proportion of the south of Ireland, and with a much less genial climate, the small farmers of Ulster have done wonders. Thousands of families have been brought up decently on holdings of ten acres, and men with twenty acres have in many instances tided over the long periods of depression better than large farmers. The Ulster custom, which had pretty well the force of law for generations, has been the chief cause of the agricultural prosperity of Ulster. Difference of race, no doubt, counts for something; but there are Scots in the south and Celts in the north, and tenure has had more effect than race. In Ulster I saw large areas of fertile fields which the tenants had reclaimed from almost worthless bog. If all the labour expended upon the work of reclamation had been hired labour the result would probably have been unprofitable; but a small occupier, working steadily year after year, with the assistance of his family, at times when the ordinary work of the farm is not pressing, can do a great deal in transforming a wilderness into a garden in the course of a decade. In Cork County I went over one of the finest farms in Ireland, a great part of it having been reclaimed by the landlord, who farms it, from stone-covered bog and boggy mountain-sides. The cost

was double the present value of the reclaimed land, and the reclamation will never pay the enterprising owner; but a number of small occupiers, with full security, could have done it with profit, because they would have had no labour bills to pay. A great deal of the bog land of Ireland, however, would never pay even a working owner for reclamation. Besides, there are thousands of holdings in the mountainous districts too unfavourably situated to be fit for agricultural purposes, and of no value except as rough runs for cattle, sheep, or goats. .

Seeing, then, that there are in Ireland large numbers of holdings too small, too barren, or too unfavourably situated as to climate to afford a chance of a livelihood to their occupiers under any circumstances whatever, is it not marvellous that in all the legislation carried out or proposed there has been no attempt to take what must be the first step in any land scheme which can become a permanent and complete remedy for the ruinous condition of the Irish people? Mr. Arnold Forster has lately brought forward, with a great flourish of trumpets, a new land-purchase scheme which he regards as a permanent settlement; yet it would do nothing to remedy the evil just referred to. Whether the people like it or not, very many of them must be induced or forced to migrate or emigrate before they can become self-supporting, and as there is no prospect of a scheme of compulsory emigration being tolerated, migration is the only alternative.

It cannot be denied that the difficulties of compulsory migration are great; but they are not insuperable, and they would be greatly diminished by the State buying out all the landlords and becoming sole owner of the soil of Ireland. No doubt nine people out of ten who have not thoroughly considered the subject would incontinently reject such a scheme if it were put before them; but I hope to show that it would be quite as safe for the State as a scheme of peasant-proprietorship, and in many respects preferable.

There is a wonderful faith in "the magic of ownership" among people who do not sufficiently bear in mind the truth that circumstances alter cases. No doubt the condition of the peasant-proprietors in France and some other European countries is greatly superior to that of the Irish tenants, though by no means so desirable as is commonly supposed. So far as I can judge, the system does not succeed in any large country or district, except where the families are small, either on account of late marriage or artificial restriction, or where the returns from the land are supplemented by earnings from some other industry. Subdivision of land and indebtedness to usurers, the great curses of a peasant-proprietary, cause a great deal of abject misery. Mainly from the latter cause, the system brought into being by the emancipation of the serfs in Russia has

broken down, and in Germany, Italy, and elsewhere it has been found necessary to establish Land Banks under Government control to meet the difficulty as far as possible. It is to be borne in mind, too, that the climate in France and other countries in Southern Europe is better suited for the cultivation of fruit and vegetables, the most remunerative crops for small farmers, and for the production of poultry and eggs, than the climate of Ireland is; while in Germany and Switzerland, for instance, the cultivators supplement the meagre returns of their little holdings by means of various handicrafts not known in Ireland. Again, there are better local markets for these products in Continental countries than in Ireland, where manufacturing towns are few and far between. As to subdivision, it could be prevented as long as the purchase was not completed, but not afterwards. Worse still, if possible, a system of petty landlordism, foreign to the usage of Continental countries, would certainly become common among the Irish as soon as they had power to introduce it, and then the state of the country would be far worse than it has ever been yet. Both these serious dangers would be avoided if the State owned the land, letting it only to occupying holders, and prohibiting division and sub-letting.

Whatever system is to be adopted, there must be a redistribution of the land, and a few figures from official sources will suffice to show that there is land enough in Ireland to afford to each occupier who needs it sufficient for a livelihood. In 1886 there were 522,277 occupiers in the country, including those holding less than one acre; and the area of land, after deducting for woods and plantations, bog and marsh, barren mountain-land, water, roads, and fences, was 15,303,850 acres, or an average of over 29 acres per occupier. But 47,195 of the tenants occupied one acre or less, and, as they do not depend upon farming as their principal means of subsistence, only a small proportion of them would need an increased area. Again, there are always numbers of men without families on their hands who need only a few acres, and many more with from ten to fifteen acres of fair land whose holdings need no enlargement even if they have families. Then, if the fisheries and other industries of the country were encouraged and developed, farming would become less and less the almost exclusive occupation of the people. Lastly, a great deal of the land returned as bog or waste is susceptible of improvement.

It is pretty clear that a Special Commission, appointed to redistribute the land of Ireland, would find sufficient for the purpose. Still a large portion of the land now held by landlords, agents, and other extensive farmers—nearly all the best land in Ireland outside Ulster—would be required for small occupiers, and one of the chief difficulties of a scheme of distribution would be that of obtaining

the portion required without injustice. If the landlords were bought out, however, most of the land they use for home farms would be available, and probably also that held by their agents, whose occupation would be gone. Then, under any scheme of State ownership or purchase by occupiers it would be no more than reasonable to require every occupier of more than a hundred acres to give up a portion of his farm in return for the new advantages in tenure which he would obtain. As many of the landlords and other large farmers afford the best examples of farming to be found in Ireland, it would not be desirable to root them all out of the country, even if such a course would be fair. Without proceeding to such an extreme and harsh measure as that, there would be enough land for the people who need it.

Having acquired the land by paying the present owners a moderate sum for it in terminable Government annuities, the State could redistribute and let it at sufficiently low rents to begin with, but arranged so as to vary with the prices of farm produce for the future. The tenants would be free to sell their right of occupancy and improvements, and would not be liable to be evicted except for non-payment of rent or infringement of necessary regulations, such as those prohibiting subdivision without proper authority, and subletting under any circumstances. They would thus have all the security of ownership, and consequently all the inducements to improve their holdings, without its disadvantages and temptations. Of course it would be absolutely necessary to make the tenants understand that, having been given a fair start and placed under fair conditions as to the future, they would have no further benefit or indulgence from the State, but would have to depend entirely upon their own exertions, taking their chance of success or failure with other men of business; also that, if they failed to pay their rents after a specified period of grace, they would infallibly be evicted, receiving, of course, the money which their successors would pay for the tenant-right. Until we have finality in these respects, it will be utterly futile to expect the small farmers of Ireland to make the most of the land and of the advantages afforded to them.

Under such conditions as are above described I am convinced that the risk to the State of becoming the actual owner of all the land of Ireland would be extremely small. Agricultural depression has probably touched its lowest depth, and the value of land is not likely to fall lower than it is if order be preserved in Ireland, even if there should be no great change in tenure. Much less then would a fall be probable under a system embodying the greatest incentives to the investment of capital and industry. Any objection based upon an assumed probability of a general repudiation of rent applies to all land purchase schemes, if to any of them; and any security deemed

necessary, such as one based on the liability of the whole people of Ireland to special taxation to make good any deficiency, could be applied to the scheme now proposed as well as to any other. But the risk would be smaller under this plan than under one of purchase by the tenants, because rents, while varying with prices of produce, could be made lower on an average by the amount requisite for the sinking fund, under the old plan; besides which, the most serious causes of impoverishment—subdivision and sub-letting—would be avoided under State ownership.

One of the chief objections raised against the system of tenure proposed, when it was first put forward by Mr. A. R. Wallace, was that it would place an immense amount of patronage in the hands of the Government, and afford the means of jobbery on a gigantic scale. A more utterly nonsensical charge was never made, because the land would be bought and sold as freely as if it were the property of the occupiers, though subject to certain charges and regulations.

It is earnestly to be hoped that before any new Land Bill is brought forward, our legislators will thoroughly consider the conditions essential to agricultural prosperity, or at least to the chance of it, in Ireland. Whatever the settlement is to be it should be a final one, as far as any settlement can be. The first essential is a redistribution of the land; the second, a general reduction of rents to begin with, the liquidation of arrears where necessary, and graduation according to prices of produce for the future; the third, complete security for capital and labour invested in improvements by every occupier, without distinction of class; and the fourth, the prevention of subdivision and sub-letting. With these essentials provided for, and firm administration, there would be a reasonable hope of an era of prosperity for Ireland such as that unfortunate country has never yet enjoyed; the wrongs of past generations of misrule and oppression would be righted; and the condition of our beautiful "Sister Island," with her naturally light-hearted and yet thrifty peasantry, instead of being the reproach of Great Britain throughout the civilized world, might in time become the greatest pride of our rulers and our people, and a standing example of just and enlightened government.

WILLIAM E. BEAR.

THE WORKLESS, THE THRIFTLESS, AND THE WORTHLESS.

II.

"We talk by aggregates,
And think by systems, and, being used to face
Our evils in statistics, are inclined
To call them with unreal remedies."
E. B. BROWNING.

THE widespread attention which is now being given to the problem, how best to meet the claims of the unemployed without demoralizing the poor, discouraging providence among the working-classes, or reproducing the evil effects of a too unrestricted system of out-door relief, is a hopeful sign that some satisfactory solution will be found. The amount of thoughtful criticism which the London and provincial press has accorded to the previous article on this subject* is an evidence of the prevailing interest taken in this most important question. As many of these notices contain very pertinent objections, whilst in some cases the suggestions made by the writer seem to have been misunderstood, it is hoped the following supplementary paper may not be altogether valueless.

The great end which every philanthropist and every patriot must most earnestly desire, is such a reform in the administration of the Poor Laws as shall result in the separation of deserving destitute persons from the undeserving, and shall ensure that each class shall be dealt with according to its deserts.

It can hardly be denied that the record of the past three winters, so far as regards the administration of the Poor Laws in the metropolis, is a disgrace to all who are responsible for it. The fact that, at every recurring period of bad trade or severe weather, the legal provision for the poor and private benevolence should both fail to prevent

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, January 1868.

widespread and bitter suffering among the workless, and should actually encourage dangerous demonstrations of lawlessness on the part of the worthless, proves conclusively that the system on which these are at present administered has proved faulty. Much mischief has been already done, and persistence in our present unwise course must in the end involve disastrous consequences.

One of the most general objections made to the statements in the previous paper is, that the estimate of the number of the workless applying for relief, as contrasted with the other classes, at two per cent. of the whole is too low; but this percentage was intended as an average only, and not as applicable to all times. When trade is good, it may be said that practically none of this class ever seek relief, and very few when slackness of employment prevails only for a short period; it is when this is prolonged, and their resources are exhausted, that men capable of good work and of respectable character are driven to apply for assistance. No doubt the above average is largely exceeded throughout the country at the present time, and this very fact supplies an additional argument for immediate reform.

In small communities it is comparatively easy for individuals or societies to relieve the poor with discrimination, since the character of every applicant is known; but in London and other large towns this is impossible on any adequate scale, hence the necessity of improving the administration of the Poor Laws made for this special object.

The remarks made in the previous paper on the present administration of relief have been misinterpreted as an attack upon the whole body of guardians of the poor. This is entirely incorrect. The composition of Boards of Guardians differs as much as their rules for relief. Happily, very many persons who undertake the thankless office are amongst the best and most philanthropic of our citizens, and their self-denying labours cannot be too highly estimated. Where such influence predominates the administration is as wise and benevolent as the authorities will permit; but, unhappily, other Boards are dominated by persons who seek office from various unworthy motives, and by these the administration is as bad as the Local Government Board will allow.

The divergent rules which regulate relief in various Unions are the result of this different composition of the Boards, and the first step towards an improved administration is that one well-considered uniform system of dealing with the destitute classes, where the conditions of labour are on a whole similar, should be enforced. The following extract from a recent communication to the *Times* graphically describes this evil:—

“In London and a few of the other large towns the prohibition of

out-door relief that is in force elsewhere in England is somewhat relaxed. Out-door relief may be given to able-bodied men on two conditions—the one that at least half the relief is given, not in money, but in food; the other that a task of work is set in return. But this regulation is only permissive, and, as a matter of fact, less than half the metropolitan Unions avail themselves of its provisions. Further, those that do so at all only do so during the winter months—say, perhaps, from December till the middle of April. So that if a carpenter or a bricklayer cannot find work in August and applies for relief he will be offered an order for the ‘house’ in any Union in London; if his application is made in February in Marylebone or Lambeth he must come into the workhouse; but in St. Pancras or Camberwell he may expect an order for the labour-yard. Here is the first and perhaps the most glaring contrast between one Union and another. The contrast is not rendered less inexplicable when we find that labour-yards, which are supposed theoretically to act as safety-valves to prevent a sudden and serious pressure on the workhouse accommodation, are found necessary year after year, as a matter of course in parishes such as St. George’s, Hanover Square, or Paddington, while they are unheard of in the midst of the poverty-stricken districts of the East-End. On the whole, taking one winter with another, perhaps a dozen Unions out of thirty open a labour-yard every winter.

“But, though they agree on this one point, here their agreement breaks up into the most picturesque variety. The task set, the number of hours worked, the amount of relief given in return, all vary in each different Union, and within the widest possible limits. The commonest task is stone-breaking—a task which, in spite of obvious disadvantages, has these recommendations—it is hard work, requiring little skill, no expenditure on plant, and not much room; further, though of course the work is not remunerative, the stone when broken can at least be sold for as much as it cost to buy. But every applicant for relief cannot break stones, so for those who are physically unfit some easier work has to be provided. Wood-chopping is sometimes set; one Union has a field for digging. But the field is small and the diggers are numerous, and the task is apt to be little better than a farce. In default of more satisfactory work not a few Unions fall back in the last resort on oakum-picking. One Union, indeed, avoids the difficulty by making scarcely any attempt to get any work done at all.

“In respect of the length of time worked, the out-door pauper has a distinct advantage over the ordinary workman. In no trade in London does a week’s work consist of less than 52½ hours’ work. In no stone-yard does it imply more than 45, in the majority only 42; in several it is 36; in one Union last winter it was actually 32.

Moreover, carpenters or engineers have to be at work by 7 o'clock, even in the coldest weather. The stone-yard never opens its gates till 8; and 8.30 or 9 is a still commoner hour. One Union last winter only commenced operations at 10. The theory was excellent—namely, that the men would have had time to go round to seek employment before coming in. In practice, however, it was found a considerable convenience by the class of applicants who preferred to lie in bed till their wives had got the breakfast ready, and when the hour was altered till 9 A.M. the numbers promptly dropped to little more than half.

“At this point the question will doubtless be asked—‘How much does a man earn in a week?’ Strictly speaking, the answer is that he earns nothing. The task set him is not remunerative work at which he can earn wages, but merely a test to prove his sincerity. Accordingly, the relief given him depends not on the amount of work he has accomplished, but simply on his necessity as measured by the number of his family. A single man receives on the average, in money and food taken together, 3*s.* 9*d.*, a man with a wife and three children 7*s.* 4*d.*, and a man with a wife and six children 9*s.* 9*d.* It may be thought that this is too low, but it must be remembered, in the first place, that no allowance is made for rent. If a man has not sufficient credit to be allowed to ‘run his rent’ till he gets back into work, he is supposed to be a fit case for the workhouse rather than the stone-yard. Further, the scale for a man with a large family is only slightly below what the best class of workmen secure for themselves as ‘unemployed benefit’ from their trade societies. If a mechanic can keep the wolf from the door on 12*s.*, 9*s.* 9*d.* cannot be much too small for the applicants to the stone-yard, who are almost entirely unskilled labourers. But the scale given above is the average between two widely separate extremes, either of which it is difficult to justify. For example, a single man is expected to subsist for a week on 2*s.* 4*d.* at Rotherhithe; in Battersea he is allowed 5*s.* 6*d.* for the same period. Similarly 6*s.* 8*d.* will hardly suffice for a man with a wife and six children, but to judge by the standard just attempted to be set up, St. George’s seems to go too far the other way when it allows 13*s.* 8*d.* It is obvious that care has to be taken not to make the stone-yard more attractive than outside labour—a condition of things that was reached by one Union last year, whose guardians (with the best intentions doubtless) were paying only a fraction less than 5*d.* per hour for perfectly useless labour, while contractors in the neighbourhood were only paying their workmen 4*d.* and 4½*d.*

“Lastly, there is a wide difference between the manner in which applications for relief in the labour-yard are dealt with in the different Unions. In some, every applicant who comes—be his

character what it may—is admitted without question and allowed to remain as long as he pleases. In others, the guardians endeavour to confine the use of the stone-yard within the narrowest possible limits. Sometimes a man is only admitted for a few days at a time, or for a maximum of four days a week. If he shows signs of being content to remain where he is, he is warned that next week, if he has not found work for himself, he will have to come into the ‘house.’ Men of known bad characters are refused absolutely, and the stone-yard is kept only as a very temporary resource for those who have a home that is worth preserving. Looking at the question from this point of view, several Boards of Guardians never admit single men into the stone-yard at all.”

From the above statement it is certain that the relief given in the metropolis must in some cases be injurious from its excess, in others cruelly inadequate. It must be both unjust and absurd that the amount of relief a destitute person can obtain from the authorities should depend upon which side of an arbitrary line, dividing two Unions, his house may chance to be situated. If we take, for instance, the case of two men of similar characters living it may be next door to each other, but in different Unions, the one on applying for relief may receive, as in Battersea, 5s. 6d. a week, the other, as in Rotherhithe, only 2s. 4d.; not only the relief given, but the amount of labour exacted, is equally diverse, which must be unfair to some of the applicants. The first step towards reform is therefore evident—namely, to establish, after careful investigation, one uniform system of relief in the metropolis, adequate without being lavish, on conditions repellent without being cruel, and that these should be carefully supervised by the Government authorities; but the spirit which now dominates the Local Government Board must also be changed.

The present idea which appears to govern its action is to make the conditions of relief so degrading and severe that no respectable person, unless compelled by the deepest distress, will ever apply. It is only just to say that this view receives much support from many of the most valuable members of different Boards of Guardians, but the writer is firmly convinced that the rigid carrying out of this principle is the greatest cause of our present trouble, and that, whatever may be the case in ordinary times, to enforce such harsh rules in periods of abnormal distress is both cruel and disastrous.

A striking example of the perverse influence exercised by the Local Government Board is afforded by the following incident. A guardian of the Wandsworth and Clapham Union, feeling aggrieved at the censure which he wrongly considered was cast upon the whole body of guardians of the poor in the January article, addressed a remonstrance to the writer, enclosing the scale of relief prevailing in that Union, which ranges from 10s. 6d. a week for a man with two

children, to 12s. 6d. for one with a larger family, and added that at the last meeting of the Board the Government Inspector said: "You cannot give work but only relief to the destitute; the work in stone-breaking, &c., is a test to prove the destitution, not work for wages." No doubt, strictly speaking, this is correct, for apparently guardians cannot open relief works without the Board's sanction; but so long as the idea thus expressed animates the supreme authority, and is thus enforced by its representatives, reform is hopeless. This spirit is totally contrary to that which animated the experienced men who framed our present Poor Law, as has been already fully shown, and our present trouble is the result of a departure from the wise and humane principles it embodies.

One more instance must be noticed of the foolish adherence to cast-iron rules, in spite of the changing conditions to which various occupations are exposed, and of the evil which results. The depression in the price of agricultural produce has compelled the farmers to discharge a large number of their labourers. Throughout the greater part of England relief can only legally be given to an able-bodied man in the workhouse; whilst the Scotch law prohibits any relief whatever. So, in England these wretched labourers must either become paupers, thieves, or tramps; in Scotland they must either beg, steal, or starve. The metropolitan authorities, and even philanthropic societies, are doing their best to discourage immigration from the country; but in vain—hunger and the wise regulations of the Local Government Board compel the starving labourers to come.

The principal criticisms of the previous paper to which it is needful to refer are, first, that whilst it urges the sending back of vagrants to their own parishes, it does not indicate what is to be then done with them.

Secondly, that the proposed employment of destitute persons in useful work would interfere with those supporting themselves in similar trades.

Thirdly, that no other plan of checking the increase of the thriftless class is suggested, except by emigration, and that this is insufficient.

It has been already admitted that the thriftless class is our greatest difficulty; the increase by births alone is said on good authority to be in excess of that of any other in the community, and unless checked this must in time become a serious danger to the commonwealth; yet this is the very class which is least controlled by prudential considerations; and public opinion has not yet sufficiently expressed itself in condemnation of the criminal selfishness involved in improvident marriages and families beyond the power of the parents to support.

Much may, however, even now be done to mitigate this evil by means of education, especially industrial education, which must, however, be conducted on an entirely different system from that which at

present prevails. The elementary education now given is practically useless to a large proportion of the children of the thriftless class, however valuable it may be, and undoubtedly is, to those of a higher grade. The reasons of this failure are evident: children of the thriftless are for the most part badly fed, and therefore suffer from a deficiency of energy and brain-power; they are also generally irregular in attendance, and receive little aid or encouragement at home; besides, as a rule, they leave school at the earliest possible opportunity, before reaching the higher standards. Their real education then begins too often in the streets, in the atmosphere of thriftless surroundings, and if they read at all afterwards it is but tales of folly and filth. Under such disadvantages, thriftlessness cannot fail to be perpetuated.

A satisfactory remedy for this failure in our educational system, so far as this class is concerned, must be found by extending the time of compulsory education, and by requiring attendance at evening classes till the highest standard is reached. This extension, whilst allowing the children to work for their living during the day, would not only make the education they had obtained in the day-school valuable, but save them from the demoralizing effect of evenings spent in the street during the most susceptible period of their lives. To make this compulsory attendance less irksome, these evening classes should be bright and provide some industrial instruction.

With regard to the lack of energy through want of nourishment, from which many of these poor children suffer, no kinder act can be performed than providing food for them; but here again the great difficulty meets us—can this be done without further demoralizing the parents who, for the most part, are only too glad to shift the support of their children upon others?

In reply to the question how the vagrants and mendicants are to be dealt with after they have been sent back to their respective parishes, the answer is, they must be subjected to penal discipline; the law already provides three months' imprisonment for sturdy vagabonds, and if two or three terms of such imprisonment do not suffice, a longer period must be legalized. Some foreign countries have endeavoured to meet the difficulty by establishing semi-penal mendicant farms, where vagrants are detained for one, two, or three years; they are provided with huts to live in, but food and all indulgences are given only in exchange for work. Some such scheme will probably have to be carried out in England before the mass of vagabondage, largely the result of our too lenient treatment of vagrants, can be brought within reasonable limits. Repeated short terms of imprisonment should not be resorted to, as they are in all cases useless; yet the same term of penal servitude could hardly be given even to the most persistent tramp as is inflicted on the burglar.

Perhaps some modified form of the mendicant farm system as carried out in Holland would prove the best solution of the difficulty, but it would require much consideration before being adopted. The aim of all legislation should be to make the worthless classes realize that they must work, if not in freedom, then under compulsion.

The plague of vagrancy is not confined to England, and has little to do with want of employment. An American gentleman, a leading philanthropist in Chicago, recently informed the writer that it is becoming a burning question in the United States, the authorities being seriously alarmed at its steady increase, and all their remedial efforts having so far failed.

The objection raised that the employment of applicants for relief on useful work would take it from those at the time supporting themselves, could only apply where the work given was limited to a few trades, and might be avoided altogether. There are very few parishes in which the sanitary arrangements are so perfect, the roads, paths and open spaces so thoroughly cared for, the workhouse itself, its yards and outbuildings, in such complete repair, but that a large amount of labour could, in times of exceptional distress, be profitably expended on them.

If the authorities were always prepared with a supply of tools and material, so that deserving men applying for relief could be at once set to work, much good might be done: it would also be a very valuable provision to have a farm attached to each Union, where spade labour could be employed; and if useful work for wage were restricted to persons of good character, who form a small proportion of those that apply for relief, these provisions would suffice, except in times of very exceptional distress, when special relief works, such as were so successful in Manchester during the cotton famine, ought to be provided. But before any progress can be made towards solving the difficulty of the unemployed, a new spirit must be infused into the Poor Law authorities, and instructions such as those given to the guardians of the Wandsworth and Clapham Union, that they could not give work for wages, but only relief, must be reversed.

Strange as it may appear, there is great difficulty in obtaining any exact knowledge of the provisions of the present law: it is the result of a medley of legislation; and a codification of all Acts relating to the relief of the poor and the treatment of various classes of destitute persons is much needed; a digest of these should be published in a simple form, and placed in the hands of all engaged in their administration.

To conclude: uniformity in the amount of relief, and the conditions in which it is given, should be enforced in all districts and towns where the circumstances of the community are similar. The character of all applicants for relief ought to be obtained and registered, and

the kind of relief to be given to each class laid down and enforced by Government. Every Union should be required to provide reasonable work for persons of good character; and as an encouragement, those Unions working satisfactorily might receive a contribution from the Imperial taxes, the withholding of which would be the penalty of neglect. The supervision of the Poor Law administration ought not to rest primarily upon the President of the Local Government Board, who has far too much to attend to, but should form a separate department under his control, but having a responsible head. In one word, the amendments needed in our Poor Law administration are—

Firstly—Relief to be given on one uniform scale.

Secondly—Wage-work supplied to the deserving.

Thirdly—Test-work provided for the idle and improvident.

Fourthly—Penal-work exacted from the vicious and worthless.

Upon these principles our present Poor Law was founded; departure from them has led to our present trouble. In a return to these alone can we hope for an effectual remedy. Meanwhile, every effort should be made to induce the Local Government Board to enforce the administration of the law by the guardians in a spirit of humanity and justice.

It is to be feared that at present the attention of philanthropists is too much concentrated in supplying those bodily wants of the poor for which the law already amply provides, and is diverted from that equally important work which no Boards can accomplish—the raising of their moral condition. There is unlimited scope here for philanthropic effort among the young, the thriftless, the unfortunate, and even among the fallen and the worthless.

The truth seems almost to have been forgotten that “it takes a soul to raise a body,” and that the souls of the degraded must be in some measure refined, even, as has been well said, to make them appreciate a cleaner style. This cannot be done except by individual contact with individual souls; as in the child’s fable it was impossible for Beauty to restore manhood to the Beast till she gave it her love, so true humanity cannot be restored to these outcasts but by the outflowing of loving sympathy.

It seems almost incredible that in wealthy England, at the close of the nineteenth century, so much destitution should exist, and still more that vagrancy and mendicancy should so prevail. It may well be asked, Is this the grand total result of the wisdom of our legislators, the efforts of our philanthropists, the Christianity of our churches? that our streets are infested with miserable creatures, from whose faces almost everything purely human has been erased, whose very presence would put us to shame but for familiarity with the sight; poor wretches, filthy in body, foul in speech, and vile in spirit; human vermin; yes, but of our own manufacture, for every individual of this

mass was once an innocent child. Society has made them what they are, not only by a selfish indulgence in indiscriminate almsgiving, but by permitting bad laws to exist and good laws to be so administered as to crush the weak and wreck the lives of the unfortunate.

Looking at all this terrible human wreckage, the awful warning of the Phantom in the Christmas tale seems once more to be rung out from ten thousand steeples by the midnight chimes: "There is not a father by whose side these creatures pass. There is not a mother in the land. There is no one risen from the state of childhood but shall be responsible in his or her degree for this enormity. There is not a country in the world on which it would not bring a curse. There is not a religion in the earth it would not deny. There is no people in the earth it would not put to shame. Woe to the nation that shall count its monsters, such as these, by hundreds and thousands!"

FRANCIS PEEK.

THE . SCOTTISH CHURCH QUESTION.

LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH is one of the most respectable of our Scottish nobles. He has not, indeed, the brilliant and versatile qualities of the Duke of Argyll, nor the humour and deftness of the Earl of Rosebery. But he has good sense and good business habits, and he is certainly not less esteemed in his own country because he takes a warm interest in the Church which is still the chief symbol of its nationality. By that Church, I do not mean merely the portion of it which is established by law, but that Presbyterianism which still keeps hold of the hearts of the Scottish people, and to no part of which is Lord Balfour wholly indifferent. When I saw then, that a paper on the Church question by him was to appear in *THE CONTEMPORARY*, I turned to it with eagerness, expecting that he would surely lift it out of the province of narrow party tactics into the serener air of thoughtful Christian statesmanship.

For his own sake, I am grieved that this hope has been sadly disappointed. Lord Balfour's article is one that may satisfy a blind partisan who cares only for what he thinks a good hard blow, but who has no conception of the battle that is being fought; while the partisan, on the other side, will not find it difficult to return the blow with interest; but thoughtful readers will ask, Is the old ecclesiastical littleness never to disappear? Are great questions always, in the hands of Churchmen, lay or clerical, to be made small? Is it thus that grave religious problems are to be handled by those who are fain to put forth their hand to stay up the ark? It is not easy, indeed, to see why the paper was written at all, or what good it could possibly do. The only reason I can find for it is, that he wished to make a little political capital for his party out of Mr. Gladstone's Nottingham speeches, and to repeat the parrot-cry that the late Premier would fain bribe people to vote for Home Rule in Ireland by offering to disestablish the Welsh and Scottish Churches. I am not concerned to defend Mr. Gladstone, who can look after himself very well with-

out me. But I may remind Lord Balfour that what Mr. Gladstone actually said then implied no more the bribery of those who favour disestablishment, than what he said in 1885 implied the bribery of those Liberals who support the Establishment. Rightly or wrongly, he held on both occasions that "Ireland stops the way." Formerly he determined that the Church question must wait until the Irish one was settled; and at Nottingham he varied the formula by telling them that they must get this Irish business out of the way if they wished to deal with either Church matters, or the liquor traffic, or various other affairs. Only the over-stimulated brain of a newspaper editor, on the outlook for any crumb of comfort to his party, could ever have dreamed that there was bribery in the one case, or the other. The two stand on exactly the same level. If the Church's opponents were bribed at Nottingham, her friends were equally bribed in Midlothian, only there was no one then clever enough to see it, or virtuous enough to lift up hands of holy horror at the thought of it. But while the editor of a daily paper has little time to think, and cares only to hit out as hard as he can, we expect something different from a noble lord writing leisurely a month after the event. Lord Balfour, however, who might have used the present lull of Church parties to say a wise word which all would have listened to, has only employed it so as to take a small advantage which will serve no one long.

I am not minded, however, to dwell on this, nor yet to controvert other statements which are made in this paper with as little ground of reason. What I wish rather to point out is the stage which this Church question has now reached by consent of all parties, and the duty of all to consider what is to be done, when the issue now raised shall have been decided. Lord Balfour admits that, if the majority of the Scottish people wish disestablishment, then disestablishment must come. He would not probably apply that principle to the Welsh Church, holding that it must stand or fall by the English Church, of which it is only a part. But he recognizes that Scotland may be dealt with as Ireland was dealt with, because the nations are separate, and their Churches therefore separate, so that changes may take place in them, without necessarily affecting the Church of England. But the main point here is, that the question shall be determined by the will of the people. It is thrown into the ballot-box for decision there. On that point he is quite clear, as Lord Hartington also was. He appears, indeed, to be at one moment very confident of the result, in case the people of Scotland were left free to decide it; but at the next he is rather nervous, and evidently full of, alarm as to what Lord Selborne has called "the underground influences brought to bear upon the choice of candidates." He tries hard to believe in the big "Petition" with its 600,000 signatures, and in other so-called statistics of his party. But it is clear that he is not so sure about them as he would have us to believe, and therefore

he insists that the question shall be detached absolutely from all other political issues of the time, and a mandate, pure and simple, given to Parliament on the subject. That is hardly reasonable. The Scottish people have a good many other grievances which they cannot well be asked to set aside till this one is removed. It is not their way, unless in very exceptional circumstances, to isolate one part of national life, and ignore all the rest; and I doubt very much whether it would be possible to get from them the pure and simple mandate which Lord Balfour thinks necessary. Even if he had it, however, he is not quite prepared to say that English members are to stand absolutely aside, and let the verdict be given by the Scottish ones alone, for the Establishment principle is the same in the one country as in the other. There is a curious mixture therefore of boldness and timidity even in his admission that the votes of the people shall determine the matter. He is very sure that the Scottish householders may be trusted to uphold the Establishment; but at the same time he would fain lay down such conditions as would go far to maintain the Church, whether they wished it or no. He is confident that the big Petition was a reality, but he has not the same assurance as to the votes in the ballot-box. Still he concedes that, "if Scottish opinion and wishes were to be declared against the views" of the supporters of the Scottish Establishment, "they would never contend that the connection between the Church and the State should be maintained, contrary to those wishes and that opinion, merely by force of English votes."

A great point has been gained, then, when that is admitted even by so zealous a friend of the "Establishment" as Lord Balfour. It was not so always. Formerly, the duty of the State to favour and maintain "the truth," irrespective of the people's convictions and desires, used to hold a foremost place in the arguments of his party, and that, although the State endowed one form of truth in England, and another form of it in Scotland. It is a very much simpler issue that is now before us, by consent of both parties. What does the nation want? The people may be right, or they may be wrong. A majority is not an infallibility; but it is entitled to have its own way in the disbursement of its own money, and the appointments of its own servants. As to the result, I can, for my part, await it very calmly. There is no unkindly feeling in Scotland toward the Established Church. There is no one who doubts that it has done good service in the past, and is doing good service now. Whatever the decision of the country may be as to continuing its relation to the State, that will not imply any wish to injure its real efficiency as a Church of Christ. It has many friends in all quarters, who rejoice to acknowledge the life that is in it, and the work it is doing; and no greater mistake could be fallen into than that which some of its too zealous partisans commit, when they speak of this Disestablishment

movement as if it were an attempt to destroy a living portion of the Church of God. For my own part, I have always moved in this matter only with a view to the greater efficiency of the "dear auld Kirk" in which I was born. Let the people, then, say whether they wish it to remain as it is, or would rather place it beside its sister Churches on the ground of the religious equality of all good citizens in the sight of the State. What the result of this appeal may be to-day or to-morrow, I do not pretend to say. But I have no doubt as to the issue sooner or later, and I am very sure that the thing which its supporters dread so much will bring a blessing to the Established Church, and to the whole land.

But that this blessing may not be too long delayed, I have always held that the hand of Churchmen outside should not be too busy in the work of Disestablishment. Perhaps it was necessary hitherto that they should bring the question before the people, and even press it on their attention. But now, at least, they may leave it largely to the politician. In Wales, Mr. Gladstone thinks, the question is ripe, and in Scotland it is rapidly ripening for the statesman who is to deal with it, which, however, he himself never expects to do. Let us leave it, then, as much as possible, to the constituencies and the rulers who will have finally to settle it, and let us avoid doing anything that might embitter the quarrel, and postpone the object which we should all have chiefly at heart. For this same question of State-Church or no State-Church is very different in Scotland from what it is in England. Lord Balfour thinks it is *one*, but he can hardly have reflected on the meaning of what he was saying. Abstractly, no doubt, it is exactly the same issue that is before the people—shall there be an Established Church or not? But all the conditions of the question are as different in the two countries as it is well possible to imagine. In England the Nonconformist has a different church government, a different form of worship, and a different faith—at least from the High and Ritualistic portion of the Church by law established. In Scotland, on the contrary, there is now practically no difference between the State Church and her other Presbyterian sisters, except this one point, that she enjoys place and privilege and pay from the nation, which are denied to them, or rather which they cannot with a good conscience accept. They have all the same creed, the same worship, the same government by Presbyters, so that if that which now hinders were taken out of the way, they should naturally coalesce, and form one great and really national Church. That is what we should be aiming at, and wisely preparing for. Surely our friends in the Establishment ought to feel that it would be well worth some sacrifice of advantages which at present they value highly, if they could heal breaches in the Church which once was so united, and bring back the glories of the time, when Scotland was one in the faith and service of

Christ. They may indeed say, "It is not our blame that these divisions still distract the land. We have flung our doors wide open that all of you may enter in. We have secured for the Church of Scotland what ye once contended for, and if ye still remain outside, whose fault is it? What more can we do?" It may be, on the whole, natural that, from their point of view, they should thus look at the matter. But the others see it in a very different light. "True," they might reply, "you have got for yourselves a great deal of what you denied to us. You drove us from the Church of our fathers for seeking spiritual independence and the rights of the Christian people, and now you bid us return because you have cast out that which you were once so keen to retain. Even so far, we are glad that the old Church has been mending her ways, though she may not yet be all we would wish her to be. But we have not lived this past half-century without learning some things never to be forgotten. We have learned that it is wholesomest for the Church to depend on her own resources; that it is good for a Christian to put his hand into his own pocket, not into his neighbour's; that any apparent advantages of an Established Church are not for a moment to be compared to the evil that is done by the rankling sense of injustice they create in those without. Come what may, then, we cannot go back, we dare not go back; we should be trampling on our consciences if we took a step in that direction. We deplore these divisions, these petty rivalries, these unworthy envies, these uncharitable feelings, and we believe they are working unspeakable mischief. But we cannot go to you; you must come to us. And though you may think your present position one you are entitled to hold, you could not possibly feel as if you were sinning by standing where the Church stood for the first 300 years of its history." Would it be possible now to persuade the members of the Established Church that that is how the sister Churches honestly feel, that with them voluntarism is a matter of conscience, not to be violated without sin; whereas the connection with the State is at best a matter of privilege—legitimate privilege, if you will—which a man might give up without loss to his moral nature, possibly even to its gain? At any rate, we hope they will try to believe that it is not an enemy who is knocking at their gate now, but a friend who sincerely believes that it would be better for them—every way healthier and happier—to come out into the free air and the sunshine rather than to remain within the limits which the State has imposed, *Estab.* *ca.* *good* *the de* *the Sta* *Notting* *Chq* *would fain* *to* *to disestabli* *and reckon* *that "competition"* *is an advantage* *in the Church* *end Mr. G.* *the earth* *quake* *come* *and* *shake* *down* *their* *walls.*

Is this reconstruction of the Scottish Church, then, and reunion of its various fragments the whole object at which we aim? Certainly not. That is but a necessary step to the attainment of other benefits. *Notting* *Chq* *would fain* *to* *to disestabli* *and reckon* *that "competition"* *is an advantage* *in the Church* *end Mr. G.* *indeed, are disposed to think that a united Church would not* *together a real good to the country. They take a commercial view* *to disestabli* *and reckon* *that "competition"* *is an advantage* *in the Church* *end Mr. G.*

as in the market. They are afraid that individual freedom might be crushed if there were not a number of sects to choose among. They reckon at any rate that clerical zeal and faithfulness are kept up to the mark by means of them. But they can hardly have acquainted themselves with the actual state of affairs among us, when they speak in this way. They seem to forget what a waste of resources is caused by the existence of three rival Churches where one would suffice, and above all how religion is often degraded by the wretched bidding for a new-comer into a village, and by the administration of charities with a view to proselytize. I do not charge these things exclusively against any one Church. The taint, I fear, is more or less in them all, and is due to the weary "struggle for existence." As to the danger to individual freedom from a Church being too large and powerful, I am not greatly troubled about that. As a rule, the smaller a community is, the narrower it is apt to become. It cannot afford to tolerate differences, because it lives only by maintaining its own peculiar views and practices. The larger a Church is, on the contrary, the more room will be found for diversities of religious opinion, and varieties of religious life. Under any circumstances these diversities will be found, for it is not possible long to repress manifestations of individual character, or freedom of earnest thought. The question, therefore, really is, whether it is better that these should exist in the same Church, more or less softened and rounded by brotherly contact one with another, or whether they should be made all the more hard and sharp by being crystallized into sects. I greatly prefer the former way, which also accords better with the whole spirit of the age. Politically, indeed, we seem to be getting into the sectarian stage, and breaking up great parties into fragments by the self-assertion of individualism. But the Church has, in a great measure, passed already through that process in Scotland, and begins to feel that it is a scandal, and that it is preventing her from doing her proper work.

It is largely, then, for this very purpose—for attaining a happier freedom both of religious thought and religious life—that I look forward hopefully to the unification of Scottish Presbyterianism. That is not the end, but only the means to the end. For it cannot be denied that there has been of late years a very considerable drifting away from old theological standpoints in Scotland. Almost all the more thoughtful and able young ministers have a period of hesitation and heart-searching before they can see their way to sign the formula of Confession. Multitudes of those who would form our most efficient elders, and who are practically doing the work of elders in their several congregations, absolutely decline to put their names to such a document, even as partially modified by late enactments of the Free Church Assembly and United Presbyterian Synod. Moreover, the ordinary preaching of our pulpits does not at all run on the lines of the Church's professed creed. I do not say that the

two are antagonistic, or that the ministers contradict the doctrine of the confession. That would not be true—not at any rate generally true, however it may be with individuals here and there. But the Confession is quietly ignored. The gospel of divine love is substituted for the gospel of divine sovereignty. Men are exhorted to believe unto salvation, but the formal doctrine of justification by faith is very little heard of. You may sit from year's end to year's end in a church without hearing the word election spoken, unless it occur in the chapters which are read; and people would prick up their ears if anything were said about reprobation or preterition. Practically, the old controversy about Calvinism and Armenianism, which shaped in a great measure the Westminster Assembly's Confession, is treated as if it were an unreality—a fruitless conflict about the two opposite poles of one and the same truth. Thus a great change has taken place, if not in the theoretic belief, yet assuredly in the ordinary teachings of the Church—a change of greater moment than any that has happened since the time of the Reformation.

Of course, the leaders in the several branches of the Presbyterian Church are well aware of this, being clear-sighted men of no little sagacity. Some of them, I daresay, do not much like it, and may be greatly exercised what to do about it. Others feel that something must sooner or later be attempted to reconcile the professed creed of the Church with its living faith, lest it should gradually drift into a position of essential dishonesty. But they are all hampered by their sectarian rivalries. The Establishment, of course, is fain to call itself "The Church," and to affect a superiority to all sectarian weakness. In reality, it is just as little-minded and as selfish as any of our other religious communities—as truly a sect, with as much of the spirit belonging to a sect. For while it is absolutely certain that it has departed from the theology of the Confession quite as largely as any of its sister Churches, probably even more, yet it is eager to point to that new drift of opinion among them, and to claim for itself that it, and it alone, holds by the doctrine of the Westminster Assembly. I do not know, indeed, that its Supreme Court has ever given an utterance to that effect, but many of those who are supposed to speak in its name have not hesitated to do so; and hence the shrewd leaders of the other Churches dare not handle this grave question, which concerns the very life of religion among us, except in the most gingerly fashion, lest it should be seized on to prejudice their cause with the people; for among many of them there is still a traditional feeling that the Confession and the Shorter Catechism are almost as sacred as the Bible. In no respect, then, is the unification of the Church of more importance than for the proper adjustment of this vital question. It cannot apparently be done till sectarian rivalries are swept away. At least, it will not be done by those who have the guidance of affairs at present, and to whom these ecclesiastical rivalries would seem to be

almost of greater moment than the moral integrity of the clergy. Of course, I do not believe that it is so in reality. They are upright and faithful men. But they see the one danger far more clearly than they see the other and more serious one. And I suspect it will be hopeless to look for any settlement of this vital matter till the Church is once more united, and is free to order her affairs rightly in the fear of the Lord. I do not suppose she would lose a day in facing this question, were she met in common council. Indeed, the very negotiations for union would inevitably force her to deal with it. The wedding could not take place without a settlement, and clear understanding of the terms on which they were to keep house together. All the several branches of the Church have passed through much the same change of idea. If that idea is poison, it is in the blood of all of them alike. If it is "the sincere milk of the word," they are all desiring it, and living on it. At present there is an uneasy feeling that it is held and taught in spite of a solemn engagement to hold and teach something very different, the truth of which they do not indeed deny, but which they can no more use in the good fight than David could use the armour of Saul. To such men, therefore, and they are probably now the majority in all the Presbyterian Churches, it is of more moment than anything else to get some readjustment of the Confession that shall be in harmony with their actual faith; and that apparently cannot be, certainly will not be in any sufficient thoroughness, until our three Presbyterian sects become one Presbyterian Church.

This I reckon by far the most important point to be gained by the disestablishment of the State Church, and the reconstruction of a national one. Other ends it may also bring about, which are desirable enough in their own way. There is, *e.g.*, an unhappy cleavage in the social aspect of religious life in Scotland. As Lord Rosebery says of the political divisions of the time, the cleavage is no longer perpendicular, but also horizontal. The masses and the classes are standing apart—to the certain ruin of the classes in the end, for the democratic forces are now overwhelming. Most of the upper class have forsaken the Presbyterian Church, and by their own account many of them did so owing to our strifes and divisions. The reunion of the several parties of Presbyterians now standing apart would at all events test whether that was their real motive, and would afford them an opportunity to return. How far they are likely to do so, I cannot forecast. Possibly the larger freedom of a truly national Church, the improved forms of worship, and the feeling that Scotsmen should cling to a really Scottish, historical Church, might influence some to take their place among the rest of their fellow-countrymen. But I am not very sanguine on this head, unless some high tide of Scottish feeling should arise, and swamp a variety of ideas and prejudices which are at present dominant. It is a pity, of course, that so many of the nobility and gentry should separate themselves from the whole stream

of national religious opinion and sentiment—a pity chiefly for themselves, for it deprives them largely of their legitimate influence with the people. Perhaps it may also indicate some weakness in our Presbyterian traditions, that they have failed to conciliate the men of culture and taste—an evil, however, which is being rapidly amended. I should anticipate that a broad and comprehensive national Church, wisely guided to meet all the spiritual wants of a complex social life, would sooner or later carry along with it the bulk of national sentiment and opinion. But it is hard to say what effect it might produce on so peculiar a sect as that of Scottish Episcopacy.

On the whole, then, now that the continuance of State Churches is thrown into the ballot-box, I expect that their day is drawing to an end. It is purely a question of time, and of the growth of modern tendency. Let those who wish their abolition, then, have enough faith in that tendency to be looking forward to what is *to come after*, and to act now so as to facilitate the future readjustment of ecclesiastical affairs among us. Let them avoid whatever would make that settlement more difficult than it need be. Bitter partisanship just now, and ungenerous construction of motives will produce regrets one day, and disappoint our hopes. The smaller fry, indeed, will always run riot according to their nature, but let the wise and prudent, who do not look to disestablishment as an end, but only as a means to serve the higher interests of religion, be careful to keep that larger outlook steadily before them, and to avoid anything that would harm it in the long run. What is needed is the union of Presbyterian Churches in order to the more efficient service of the country, and the moral integrity of the clergy. The latter is of quite infinite moment. Things cannot long go on as they are now, with a creed strongly Calvinistic, and teaching that gives it little or no heed. Again, I say that the peculiarity of the position is, not that the Scottish clergy reject the Confession, but that they give it the go-by, and work on other lines altogether. They regard it as, no doubt, one side of the truth, but not the side that helps them to do their work. It may be theoretically right, but in practice they largely ignore it. That is not a state of things that is wholesome, or that can continue long to exist. And yet little will be done to amend it, till our scattered squadrons are drawn together, and the united army can order the battle anew.

WALTER SMITH.

NOTE.—Since this paper was written, Professor Candlish has carried a motion in the great Presbytery of Glasgow to hold a conference on this subject as to the formula of adherence to the Westminster Confession. Of course, many may vote for such a conference who are not prepared to go any farther. Yet the large majority he got seems clearly to imply that the question at least is pressing itself on the attention of many, and that there is a pretty general feeling that something must be done to get rid of the present state of things, which is both a scandal and a danger. Probably the Free Church will pass some measure such as the United Presbyterian Church passed a few years ago—enough to tide over present difficulties, and leave the real work for a future day. That is all we can expect, till an United Church of Scotland sits down to face it with courage, and settle it at least for a time—perhaps for a century to come.—W. S.

HAS THE LIBERAL PARTY A FUTURE?

NO sensible man can be much exercised as to whether the Liberal party—*quid* party—has a future or not. If the Liberal party is to be the party of humanity—the party that is to redress social inequalities, to make equal laws, to remove the stigma of poverty, to check vice in high places, to allow men to make us rich by their work without our taxing them before they begin, to stand between the employer and the employed, the landlord and the tenant, the poor and the police, why, then may it live a thousand years, and, above all, may the salaries of its officials resist the touchstone of common sense as long as possible! But, an it will not do this, why, let it go, in God's name, and relegate itself to the limbo of all worn-out parties! That the old is passing away is, of course, since time was time, a truism; but it is because the Liberal party seems indisposed to admit this, and is seeking to restrain the new ideas in old brain-pans, that the children's teeth are being set on edge with the sour grapes of individualism, while the stomachs cry out for a satisfying meal of Socialism. *Laissez-faire* is a very pretty device in a book, or a study, but a poor thing in practice; *laissez-faire* the Corn Laws and the Factories Acts, *laissez-faire* the Irish and Highland landlords and the chaos of London no-government, and you will in a short time have to face a civil war or a revolution. The Liberals have of late concerned themselves too little with the condition of the people question, have been too apt to pay too much attention to lines of figures without souls, to say to those who say that party is on the increase, "My dear sir, you must be mistaken. Incomes of £2000 a year are far more prevalent (for it would seem to be epidemic) than they were ten years ago. Let us settle the Irish question, and

get back, for God's sake, to our proper place in Downing Street, and all will yet be well." But although the one consistent and ardent aspiration of the Liberal politician is to throw the adverse party out of its comfortable armchairs in Downing Street and to rest there himself, still we cannot but feel that that inconsistent and dissentient Liberal party, in spite of the well-meant endeavours of those who form it, and who would still thrust into the mouths of a democracy to whom she has given a shadow of power by enfranchisement, the threadbare maxims of Adam Smith and Ricardo, and who would still like to sit comfortably and hatch political eggs in the good old-fashioned Liberal political way, is at war not only with itself and the Tory, but with those vestiges of more advanced political tendency which cling on to the edge of her garment.

The Liberal party, as a party, is severely threatened, and the signal of dissolution, inevitable and complete, will be the death of its leader, who still unites under his banner all shades of Liberal thought, whether tending towards moderation or advancement. But at his death, with no one to combine these heterogeneous elements, with not one man of weight or influence to guide the Liberal party, it is easy to foresee its ultimate fate. Into the Tory ranks will crowd most of these adverse elements, without order, and tumultuously, to array themselves against the common enemy, which time, education, and the past political events of this year are rapidly forming into an enemy of irresistible strength—the democracy and the wage-earners of Great Britain—which, stated simply, means the bulk of the population of Great Britain, and which, regarded as to its ultimate outcome, means civil war—war betwixt the classes and the masses; and events seem to be rapidly tending towards this climax.

I doubt all optimistic views. I believe that never before in England have the relations between the State and the people been so intimate and so strained.—I doubt whether the Spirit of Hate and Fear animating the one, and the Spirit of Menace and Discontent the other, have ever encountered each other before with such virulent pressure as at this moment. The people dislike and distrust politicians—Liberal as well as Tory. They have begun to realize what manner of men these are whom they so tamely submit to rule them, and the submission is being lit up into inquiries and ugly questions, which are being asked at this moment in every workmen's club in the land.

This, then, explains the fear—nay, positive hatred—for those theories which are at present being debated by every intelligent workman in the kingdom: Nationalization of capital, nationalization of land, and State regulation of wages and hours. No wonder that the Liberal party will *transiger* with any one or anything—with coercion in London, with coercion in Ireland—rather than admit

these pestilent and popular doctrines—mark the last adjective, Liberal!—within their political-economical catechism.

That the State is at some peculiar turning-point of its history—that the enfranchisement of the working-man and the power it gives him is being realized by his accommodating M.P.s, Mr. Haldane proves to us.* He says that nearly all the Scotch members who represented mining constituencies voted in favour of the eight hours clause, *independently of party*—mark that!—and adds, “Indeed, in some of these constituencies the choice for the member lay between doing so and most seriously endangering his seat.” Now, can any one seriously think that these men voted for this clause *con amore*? No; they knew that if they did not the miners had the power, the strength, and the organization to throw them out.

If this is wrong, then the whole system of the franchise is wrong; but if it is right, what is to become of the Liberal party in the future? Will it, as a party, go on from step to step and from trade to trade, as they become organized, voting to retain its power whilst limiting the principle, or will it frankly at once recognize that it only exists for the good of the people, and not for its own benefit?

It is alleged that this new movement amongst the miners of Scotland (which is also spreading all over England) is one of the difficulties with which the Liberal party has to contend. Why should this be so? Long ere this, those of the Liberal party who have any perception, must have been prepared for this movement. Did any sensible body of men imagine for an instant that a class of men like the miners, whose conditions of labour are so exceptional, and whose facilities for organization are so extensive, would be content to sit down quietly with the franchise in their possession, either not using it or merely using it to return A. or B. to power? The miners argued thus: We wanted an Eight Hours Bill, we saw at once that only a demonstration of force would constrain any considerable body of men to vote for it. They saw clearly that between Liberal capitalist and Tory aristocrat the miner would be left as before in his darkness every hour of the week in a narrow seam for an indefinite number of hours per day. They knew that the Roman miner, though a slave, was at least well fed and cared for whilst he had strength to work, and they saw that they, in spite of Christianity and Liberalism, were treated as but parts of the machinery of the mine, with this difference, that the machinery had cost money and they had not. What wonder, therefore, that, having appealed from Tory demands to Liberal sympathy, they fell back upon themselves! What else is to be expected from all the rest of the trades in the kingdom?

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, January 1888.

Recollect that the miners, like the rest of the working classes, are not the least taken in when the Liberals plume themselves on the grant of the franchise. They know that had not the Liberals conceded it the Tories would have been forced to do so, and they bitterly resent the incompleteness of the gift and the foolish restrictions with which it was hampered.

Ireland in all these questions is the example that the working-classes must keep before their eyes. They have seen Ireland hold the balance betwixt the parties, and they remember that in the ignoble struggle for place and power that took place two years ago, both parties showed they were squeezable, and they have determined themselves in the future to be the squeezers and not the squeezed.

As they, themselves labour, whilst politicians only talk, they are not averse to State regulation of the hours of work. As their wages rapidly tend to this devoutly to be desired consummation of the political barometer—namely, the reproduction point, they are not afraid of the State regulating wages. This for two reasons—firstly, that the State would only fix a minimum, and that minimum would have to be not less than 5s. a day, whereas now the maximum hardly exceeds that; secondly, because they hope that day by day more of their own class will enter Parliament. They look with little dread at the State nationalization of mineral capital and mineral royalties, because, having no capital themselves, they fail to see why their work should merely go to maintain the life and the faculty of reproduction in themselves, whilst a class of men exactly similar to themselves is enriched by it. Were there any remarkable intellectual superiority of their employers over themselves, then perhaps they would think otherwise; but is it to be wondered at, when the division between them is only of a tailor's making, and they see their employers are as dead to refinement and to acts of humanity as they can be themselves, that they exclaim, "We have been muzzled long enough, chained long enough, worked long enough for them," and that they are now inclined to demand a little of the profits, and a tolerable chance of an old age whose only support shall not consist in the parish shillings?

Can any Liberal—and if he can, I ask what good is he to the people?—defend the system of mineral rents? It may be that there is something to be said for the ownership of the surface of the earth. A landlord can drain, improve, fence; but what can any man do for the minerals? Can he create them? If so, why does he not create them everywhere? Can he increase them? All he can do is to charge a rent—that is to say, impose a tax upon others who wish to work them. There is an old saying of the time of Wat Tyler, "I wolde there were never a priest in Engelande." Be that as it may, the miner might well say, "I wolde there were no owner

of land," for it is by the folly of the lawyers, with their "De cœlo usque ad centrum," that this source of national wealth was allowed to be diverted from the society to the individual.

The cup of our iniquity has been filled to running over in the proposition to nationalize the land. What, touch the land! As soon touch the fixed stars, the heavens, the House of Lords, or the rest of the hereditary bodies!

It would be difficult, however, even for a political economist to nationalize the minerals and not the land, for where do the minerals begin and the land end, or the minerals end and the land begin? Again, at what distance below the surface should the rights of the individual end, and the rights of the State begin?

This is not the place for a dissertation on the means whereby the land may be acquired by the State; but to whom does the land belong? To the wealthy and titled proprietor, who buys and sells it as a speculation (and with it the human souls—or have the poor souls?—on it), who may have some mouldering old house or some modern stucco abomination in which he receives for three weeks in the year that so-called society which follows, like carrion crows, wherever there is food and drink, and appearance of wealth, the men to slaughter pheasants, and the women to rival their professional sisters in the pursuit of the slaughterers, and both of them to laugh at their host when the last cigar is smoked, the last glass of wine drunk, and they have got away with the smallest possible amount of tipping compatible with the social status of an English lady or gentleman. (And there clearly can be no lady or gentleman rich enough to be really self-respecting outside these islands.)

To whom does the land belong? To the owner, who has paid the land and blood money, or to Hodge, born on the soil, who knows no other life, cares for no other land, lives but to enrich with his work and to fertilize with his body in death the acres on which he has passed his life: Hodge, whose aspirations stray no further than the clump of elms out yonder that he sees from his window, who has watched the miracle of Nature being wrought day by day, hour by hour, from his lead-paned window; who on the same spot has watched the change of spring to autumn as solid and as unmoved as a tree, who loves every brown clod in the fields with the love of an animal, greater because inarticulate. The land, *ne déplaie* the Liberal and Conservative parties, would seem to belong as of birthright to Hodge, because it can neither prosper without him, nor he without it—witness his son's case in the cities.

But to return to these self-same pestilent miners—these foolish fellows who care nothing for large families, nor Karl Marx, nor Malthus; fellows whose only idea is to get enough to eat. The unlooked-for weapon has been put into their hands; they mean to

use it, and in the fight all difference of Orange and Catholic, Liberal and Conservative, will be laid aside. °

The miners are not inspired idiots. They thoroughly understand the import of the changes they seek to bring about. They are thoroughly aware that the theories of Karl Marx do not state that population presses on subsistence ; but, on the contrary, point to the opposite statement, that there is enough for all were it more equally distributed, and, whilst thoroughly grasping the fact that union is strength, only value their unions as a means of bringing pressure on Parliament, which, to their uneducated minds, seems not a mysterious Mumbo Jumbo of high-toned and well-dressed individuals, but really the assembly of 600 of the public servants sent there to do their bidding, which, if it does not do so, 6000 underground (in Scotland) are determined to know the reason why.

The new democracy seems not to reverence Liberalism as we once knew it, but Gladstone. It is the name, the personality of the man, that holds them.

His very shortcomings they condone, but nothing but the deepest scorn is manifest for those timorous, miserable, invertebrate animals who, whilst posing as Liberal leaders, are really Tories at heart ; who have seen the poor bludgeoned and outraged in London, the crofters driven to desperation, the Welsh farmers infuriated, and have said not a word ; too timorous to risk a newspaper reviling, too utterly empty to be able to face the pin-prick of public opinion, so that an immediate collapse brings about one thing only—at any price and at any cost return to Downing Street, and a fat salary—incompetent leaders, as useful to a democracy as a blind dog to a blind beggar ; as utterly illiberal and far less honest than the most antiquated Tory, content, for his sole function, to endeavour to force down people's throats, as by advertisement those who sell Bazaar tea would condemn us to drink it, their shallow and petty schemes which can result alone in their own personal achievements. No, if the Liberal party has a future, it must get rid of these nobodies, and show that it has no fear of modern thought ; it must pledge itself to an Eight Hours Bill, institute a municipality for London, nationalize the land, and commence public works for the unemployed ; and then, if it has good luck, it may regain the confidence of the democracy—that is to say, if some other party has not been beforehand in the field.

R. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

SO many and such important things have taken place since I last wrote, that it is difficult to combine them all in a single survey, and still more difficult to arrange them in any definite sequence. They show much of the incoherence which has come to be characteristic of French affairs, and which often leads us to say that with us the thing that generally happens is the unexpected, and the thing that never happens at all is what there was every reason to expect.

The two main facts that stand out before all the rest are these: at home, the fall of M. Grévy and the election of M. Carnot; and abroad, the renewal of the Triple Alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy, and the threatened conflict between Austria and Russia. I will begin with the latter topic, which is almost independent of any questions of internal policy.

I have repeatedly asserted in these pages, that war would never break out between France and Germany directly, Germany having no interest to serve by making war on France, and France being unwilling in any case to assume the offensive, especially in presence of such a fact as the Triple Alliance. The events of last year amply justified this forecast. A series of incidents took place which might easily have led to a conflict, but the conflict was avoided, and the pacific intentions of the two countries were proved in the most striking manner. The Germans, in the first instance, had spared nothing in the way of provocation. Vexatious regulations had been multiplied in Alsace. Frenchmen settled in the province had been expelled; so had Alsatians who had become Germans. Travellers in Alsace were required to obtain a *permis de séjour*, granted only under the most perverse conditions. They had prosecuted one Frenchman—M. Kœchlin—for belonging to the *Ligue des Patriotes*; they had expelled two deputies—M. Antoine and M. Lalancé; they had forbidden the employment of French nurses in Alsace; they had turned the two provinces into a second Austrian Venice. At last two incidents occurred which opened up the gravest international questions. Of the Schnacbele affair we have already

spoken. On the 25th of last September a more tragic incident roused the public indignation. A German soldier, named Kaulmann, told off to assist the Alsace gamekeepers in suppressing poaching, took advantage of the savage orders given him by his superiors, and the immunity allowed in Germany against the civilian sportsmen who were peaceably passing by on the other side of the frontier. One of the was killed, another was severely wounded. Yet, amazed and indignant as we were at the outrage—the gravest aspect of which was the temper shown on the frontier—neither the Government nor the country lost its self-command; and if Germany was unwilling to punish the offender because he was a soldier, she at least showed, by her readiness to pay a large indemnity to the widow, that she did not intend to let this purely accidental occurrence lead to a conflict. Finally, the illness of the Crown Prince has been the occasion of a strong manifestation of good feeling on the part of France. The universal sympathy shown for the illustrious patient, the earnest wishes everywhere expressed for his recovery, and the dread of seeing Prince William, to whom bellicose tendencies are attributed, ascend the throne, are so many proofs of the sincere desire of France for the continuation of peace.

But if a war could hardly break out of its own accord between Germany and France, it is none the less certain that any European conflagration in which Germany was involved might tempt this country to abandon her reserve, and seek to recover by force of arms the provinces which still cling to her with such touching fidelity. The animosity felt by

Germany between France and England, is so much augmented by the fact that she holds in check the two greatest forces of the East and the West—that he has renewed and clenched the alliance made five years ago with Austria and Italy, a triple alliance which he would very gladly have turned into a quadruple alliance, had England been willing to lend herself to it.

This alliance, which professes to be of a purely pacific character, has so far had the effect of producing a critical situation as regards Russia and Austria, and creating difficulty and distrust in the relations between St. Petersburg and Berlin. I am not speaking here of Bulgaria and the Eastern Question in themselves.

Yes: I am speaking only of the feelings of France and to the Triple Alliance. As to Austria, she is taking a step which guarantees her position *à l'avenir* for her forward march towards the East.

It is not easy for Frenchmen to understand the difficulties which she has stipulated for no territorial advantage—whether in the direction of Tunis or of Nice—in exchange for her alliance; and they are disposed to see in the course pursued by her a purely selfish policy—the mere desire of aggrandisement, *per fas atque nefas*. Perhaps they too much forget that the essential interest of Italy lies in her internal policy. The house of Savoy, so recently enthroned in the most democratic of all European countries, and menaced at the same time by the clerical party, looks for support against Ultramontanism and Republicanism at once to a close alliance with the Power which most conspicuously represents the princi-

ples of hereditary monarchy and of Protestantism. Strained as the relations between France and Italy have become—chiefly by the fault of their respective Governments—there remains at bottom a real sympathy between the two countries, of which we have had one quite recent proof in the revival of the negotiations for a commercial treaty.

There remains the question of Russia. Now, what is our position with regard to her? Is there, or can there be, such a thing as a Franco-Russian alliance? Many people have been struck, and even startled, by the tokens of sympathy exchanged of late between the two countries. A Russian man-of-war cannot make her appearance in a French port without receiving a positive ovation; and the Russian officers, even those of princely rank, are no way behindhand in manifestations of courtesy and goodwill. When Katkoff died, wreaths were sent by the Parisian journalists and the Association of Students, and thoughtful and liberal Russians were astonished at the eulogies lavished upon him in France. Even M. Floquet, who once made himself famous by shouting "Vive la Pologne" in the cars of Alexander II., made his retraction by sending the homage of his admiration and his regrets to the grave of Katkoff, the most ferocious of the enemies of Poland. The French Press, generally so ready to take up the cause of all oppressed little nationalities, has nothing for the Bulgarians but harshness or mockery, while it holds forth day by day on the virtues, public and private, of the Emperor Alexander III. Indeed, it is hard to say which is the more surprising—the goodwill shown by the Russians, and even by the Russian Government, for a radicalising Republic, or the fatuous admiration of certain French Republicans for the most autocratic State in Europe. But, in spite of all these manifestations, I think we shall hardly be justified in supposing that a Franco-Russian alliance is as good as made. There is, no doubt, a natural sympathy of character between Frenchmen and Russians. This sympathy became apparent even in the midst of the Crimean struggle, and facilitated the conclusion of the Treaty of Paris. It is equally certain that the French and the Russians have a common antipathy for the Germans, and that the wish to make themselves disagreeable to their common neighbour goes for something in the courtesies exchanged between them. But the Russian Government would think twice before entering into any formal engagement with a Republic such as ours, so uncertain in its principles and so mutable as to its men. In France, on the other hand, if the ignorant and unthinking talk airily of giving Constantinople and getting Metz and Strasbourg in return, practical people know perfectly well that a Russian Constantinople would mean a Russian Asia Minor, and that the Black Sea would then be a Russian lake, open to commerce only by the permit of the Czar, while Russian fleets might sweep the Mediterranean, which they can now reach only by a long circuit, and where they have not a single port of their own. Moreover, the dislike of Germany is not in France, as it is in Russia, a racial antipathy, native, ineradicable; it is an antipathy arising from circumstances; and if, by a spontaneous action unparalleled in history, Germany were to offer back Alsace-Lorraine as the price of a French alliance, the peace of Europe would be infinitely better assured than by any Austro-Italian agreement. But this is not the way of Germany, who did not even give back the North Schleswig territory; and France, though she neither means war nor

wishes war, will hardly see it break out between Germany and Russia without joining in the *mêlée*.

We may, however, be sure at least of this, that she will not enter beforehand on any policy of disturbance and aggression. Under the able direction of M. Flourens, she has maintained amidst the critical circumstances of the past year a most guarded and dignified attitude; while she has shown, by the conclusion of an agreement with England on the Suez Canal question and on the question of the New Hebrides, her wish to be on settled and cordial terms with all the Powers. The convention with England has been hailed with great satisfaction, not on account of the advantages it secures to France—for, rightly or wrongly, it is regarded as favourable rather to England—but because it is taken as the pledge of an understanding that never ought to have been broken, between two nations which have so many interests in common, and which, both by their position and their natural constitution, are so well fitted to unite with and to complete one another.

To all these indications of the pacific intentions of France, we must add yet one more—the state of her army. No doubt the attempt at mobilization made at Toulouse last September gave results which were in many respects satisfactory, and this especially as regards the railway service. But nothing is less like a general mobilization in time of war than a partial mobilization in time of peace. Besides, the perpetual changes in the Ministry of War involve a perpetual dislocation of the service. General Ferry, who had introduced some excellent measures, and to some extent repaired the mischief done by General Boulanger, went out of office just at the moment when he should have been adjusting and consolidating the innovations he had made in several directions at once. In France we change our masters every six months, and we have no permanent Chief of the Staff; so that there is no one thoroughly acquainted with the details of this cumbrous and complicated machine, and able to set it going at a moment's notice. Add to this, again, the general armament, and the passing of a hopelessly inapplicable Recruitment Act, of which nevertheless some portions must be carried out, and which will throw our military organization into confusion for several years to come, and it will readily be seen that if, in the country, there is a certain amount of bellicose sentiment, in the Government itself there can be no other thought than the thought of peace.

Furthermore, the French political world is far too much taken up with internal questions to have much interest to spare for matters of diplomacy. According to rule, the Chamber of Deputies must be dissolved in 1889; and the election of a new President has so completely changed the position of parties that it will be necessary to begin at once to prepare for the electoral struggle. All parties are pausing now, and examining the ground before they venture upon it; and no one can tell as yet in what fashion they will group themselves, or with what success.

The circumstances which led to the recent Presidential election have all the appearance of pure accident, exaggerated by the characteristic hyper-sensitiveness of French feeling. It seems at the first glance as if they might have been prevented. But in reality this is by no means the case. Inconsequent and unexpected as the incidents were, the issue itself is the logical consequence of the actual state of things. At the time when we wrote our last article, the Rouvier Ministry seemed firm

enough ; and, had the majority of the deputies been guided by nothing but a desire for the public good, it would be still in office. M. Rouvier had shown unusual sagacity in the conduct of affairs and considerable talent as a speaker, and he had gained the confidence of men of business. For the first time for many years, a firm and experienced hand was felt at the Exchequer, the taxes came in with precision, and smuggling was detected and suppressed. Yet the Rouvier Ministry held together only by the sufferance of the Right. The majority of the Republicans was with it, but the majority of the Republicans was not strong enough to resist a coalition of the Right and the Extreme Left. As long as the Right maintained that attitude of respect for Republican institutions which it had adopted at the time of the formation of the Ministry, so long M. Rouvier was able to keep the reins ; but the moment the Right resumed its habits of irreconcilable opposition, it was evident that he could but fall. It was the Comte de Paris—alarmed, no doubt, at a movement which was bringing together the Conservatives and the Moderate Republicans—who took upon himself the grave responsibility of throwing a fresh firebrand into the political arena, by his Manifesto of the 15th of September.

This document is certainly one of the most curious compositions that ever emanated from a political leader. One would recoil from its disingenuousness if one were not disarmed by its simplicity. The programme is full of good intentions, and, if the virtue of the Sovereign could be guaranteed by law, no doubt the system it recommends would be very acceptable. It promises all sorts of liberties—local, municipal, provincial, and even parliamentary—liberty of the Press, and liberty of association ; but then it completely abolishes, in an indirect way, the only two guarantees of all liberty—Ministerial responsibility and the voting of the annual Budget by Parliament. When these are gone, no guarantee remains except the royal inclination to respect these liberties. The programme submitted to the French people, whom he supposes—not, perhaps, without reason—to be weary of Parliamentary government, is the programme of Strafford and of Charles I. Or, rather, it is the programme of Charles VII. of France, with a few additions borrowed from the Second Empire. He proposes, in fact, to have the re-establishment of the Monarchy ratified by a *plébiscite*. That is, unless it seems better to have it ratified by the Chambers. On this point the august Pretender does not seem to be quite clear in his own mind, and he ingenuously avows his perplexity. He retains a Lower Chamber elected by universal suffrage, which is to vote the Budget *once for all* ; a Senate, of which the greater part is elective ; and a Ministry, responsible to the King as well as to the Chambers—that is to say, responsible to the King.

This infantile Manifesto would be simply amusing, if it were not that there is something so intensely sad in seeing the Comte de Paris, in sheer lightness of heart, destroy the really noble and impressive position he had won. His character and his life had gained for him universal esteem. His position as legitimate heir to the throne secured him in any case the support of the Legitimists, and, by retaining his character as the representative of constitutional liberty, he might have looked forward to rallying round him at some critical moment the whole body of French Liberals, if the Republic should appear to be falling into anarchy or a military despotism. But, in order to this, two things were

necessary—that he should have the firmness never to desert the cause of liberty, and the disinterestedness to induce his partisans to support a conservative Republic, and not to throw themselves into a revolutionary opposition. Instead of this, he offers a Constitution worse than that of 1852, a clerical and feudal Third Empire, an incoherent system compounded from Hugh Capet and Louis Napoleon. Yielding to the party mania so universal in France, he seeks, not to gain the Liberal and Moderate masses, but to gratify the Extreme Legitimists and the Bonapartists; and in this he resembles those Republicans who are ever seeking to satisfy the ever unsatisfied Radicals.

In the Senate the Manifesto was received with dismay, and the Right refused to abandon its friendly attitude towards the Ministry. In the Chamber, on the contrary, the Right came back from its holiday resolved on mischief. It was easy to see, from the very first night, that the days of the Cabinet were numbered. Then came a chance occurrence, which hastened its fall, and capped the Ministerial crisis with a Presidential crisis.

A secret denunciation had brought to light the existence of a secret agency carried on by a Madame Limouzin, a woman of light character, the object of which was to utilize the credit of influential but dishonest persons in obtaining decorations or Government commissions for vain or greedy manufacturers. One of the persons found to be compromised in this affair was—to the great astonishment of the Prefecture of Police—no less a person than General Caffarel, who had been in the War Department under General Boulanger, as Deputy-Chief of the Staff. General Ferron, who already distrusted M. Caffarel, thought at first to hush up the whole affair, by simply requiring his resignation; but the Press had got wind of the scandal, and the story was given to the public by the *Dix-neuvième Siècle* in a grossly exaggerated form, with the addition of a charge of selling military secrets to Germany. Another officer was said to be implicated—General d'Andlau, a senator of the Oise, the author of a remarkable work on the siege of Metz in 1870, and one of the persons who played an important part in the trial of Marshal Bazaine. He was said to have sold his support to persons desirous of obtaining decorations, and his flight soon afterwards gave credit to the accusation. Some journalists, probably actuated by the fear that the police would not move with sufficient rapidity, took upon themselves to arrest Madame Limouzin. Indeed, all the details of this extraordinary affair read like a novel or a play. The police seized Madame Limouzin's papers, and arrested one Madame Rattazzi and a man named Lorentz as accomplices of MM. Caffarel and d'Andlau; and M. Caffarel was tried before a military commission and deprived of his rank for dishonourable conduct. Meanwhile, the papers were teeming with accusations and with stories of all sorts, true or false; and the heated imagination of the public saw all the secrets of the State given over to pillage, its honours put up to auction, its finance and its public works at the mercy of a band of jobbers and thieves.

One figure stood out from the rest as a mark for suspicion and denunciation—that of M. Wilson, the son-in-law of the President of the Republic. M. Wilson was rich, both on his own side and his wife's; he was an able and influential public man; he had been Under-

Secretary of Finance and President of the Budget Committee. It needed nothing but a correct, and dignified attitude on his part to ensure him a great career—possibly even the succession to the Presidency. Unfortunately, M. Wilson is a person who does not find himself at home in a quiet life. He had discarded some, at least, of the follies which had at one time all but ruined him and brought him under judicial guardianship as a prodigal, and had flung himself headlong into business transactions. He became a mighty speculator; he founded a number of newspapers and of printing offices for his newspapers; then he used his influence to get Government orders for his printers; he made the Presidential palace itself a sort of intelligence office and business agency; he had technically qualified persons to inform him as to industrial enterprises, commercial travellers to spread his newspapers, and a legion of secretaries to answer the innumerable demands for favours that flowed in upon him. Living at the Elysée, he lived, of course, in great part at the public expense—a thing to which he had no sort of claim; and in all his private and business correspondence he availed himself of the postal franchise which belongs exclusively to the household of the President. Under this head alone he was obliged to admit himself indebted to the State to the amount of forty thousand francs. What is graver still, he was in the secret of every detail of State policy, was in possession of the news before it was given to the public, and intrigued in Parliament against Ministers who were not agreeable to M. Grévy. In this way he naturally became the object of many jealousies, hatreds, and heartburnings. The Opportunists never forgave him his intrigues against Gambetta and M. Ferry. The Radicals, who had long been his allies, and to whom he owed in great measure his high position in Parliament, suddenly perceived in the attack on M. Wilson a means of getting rid of the President, who by his weakness had favoured the conduct of his son-in-law; and they hoped to replace him by a President of their own choosing.

Nevertheless, no positive accusation was brought against M. Wilson, until an incident of the Caffarel-Limouzin trial brought him suddenly to the front. It was discovered by Lorentz's counsel that two of the letters put in evidence—letters from M. Wilson to Madame Limouzin—were written on paper manufactured at a later date than that borne by the letters. The original letters, therefore, must have been abstracted, and replaced by letters written after the discovery of the scandal. This new revelation forced the hand of the Ministry, who, out of consideration for M. Grévy, had till then endeavoured to keep M. Wilson himself out of the courts, and obliged them to ask the Chamber to authorize a prosecution. The Prefect of Police, M. Gragnon, who was suspected of having given up the original letters to M. Grévy, was forced to resign. Since then, both M. Wilson and M. Gragnon have been acquitted, on the ground that their action did not come under the head of any offence recognized by the law; but the Bench affirmed that there was no doubt as to the fact of the substitution of the letters. At the same time, evidence poured in from all sides proving that M. Wilson had traded on his influence with the President and the Ministry, and casting suspicion on M. Grévy, as having tolerated the traffic.

But what, in reality, does it all come to—this scandal which created such extraordinary public excitement? It comes to much less than at

first sight it seemed to do. The Commission of Inquiry nominated by the Chamber embraced in its investigation every department of the public service; but, except the charge against M. Wilson, it found nothing of a really serious character. The trials of Madame Limouzin and Madame Rattazzi proved the existence of disreputable agencies, which made it their business to bring together swindlers out of pocket and silly Cræsus craving for honours, and negotiate matters between them; but, though they certainly got a good number of dupes into their clutches, it does not appear that they ever had much credit with the public departments. Favouritism, and the abuse of influence, is to be found in France, as it is everywhere else; but it is a far cry from this to a charge of universal administrative corruption. The public indignation aroused by the discovery of the villainy of MM. Caffarel, d'Andlau, and Wilson may even be taken as a favourable sign of the level of public morality; and it is no insignificant advantage of the Republican *régime* that we can thus bring to justice, or expose to public disgrace, a sort of corruption which in the days of the Empire would either have escaped discovery altogether or have been allowed to go on with impunity. Nevertheless, we must have no illusions. If the mischief thus brought to light has not yet gone very far, we must remember that it threatens to go farther. Under a monarchy, if the *entourage* of the prince is corrupt, as it was under Napoleon III., there is room for much base intriguing in high places; but even then it is generally found simpler and better to court the prince himself, and obtain what is wanted from his favour. With us, the sovereignty is in commission; it is Parliament, it is the electorate, it is the electors themselves. Everybody is dependent on everybody else; A. cannot get elected without the vote of B.; B. cannot get the administrative favours he wants except by voting for A. In this way, under a centralized administration like ours, the representative system easily becomes corrupt and corrupting. Ministers yield to the demands of the deputies in order to secure their support in the Chamber; the deputies legislate for the hustings, and become the tools of influential constituents for obtaining favours and even exemptions; while the electors value their member at just the amount of the privileges he is able to get for them.

This exchange of good offices soon leads unscrupulous persons to the idea of selling their vote or their interest. The democratic movement, by filling our political assemblies with comparatively poor men, has greatly increased the danger of corruption; and many a deputy has been known to take advantage of his position to embark in financial enterprises of no very stable character. Men of business soon find out how to turn such a state of things as this to account; and thus we see men like MM. Marsoulan and Lefèvre Roncier, members of the Municipal Council of Paris, mixed up with the most flagrant jobbery, and our members, and even our Ministers, charged with favouring this or that enterprise from interested motives. Most of these things do not come within the scope of any law. If M. Clémenceau chooses to get a decoration for a partner in his newspaper, or M. Wilson for one of his shareholders, it is not peculation, and it is not fraud. But in these matters the shades of distinction are very delicate; and, unfortunately, the net result of the whole thing is a state of public demoralization which gets worse and worse as it goes on.

Happily, the reaction produced by the recent revelations has been very

great. It showed itself, to begin with, in a burst of indignation against M. Grévy, who had allowed his son-in-law to turn the Elysée into a business agency without either attempting to restrain him or breaking with him altogether. The enemies of M. Grévy—agitators in search of troubled waters to fish in, anti-republicans overjoyed at any discredit that might befall the system they abhorred—saw and seized their opportunity. They resolved to use the general excitement as a means of forcing the President to resign. For this purpose the Right and the Extreme Left once more allied themselves. But there was one obstacle. The Constitution supplied no machinery for dismissing the President, and M. Grévy would not go. He was resolved to protect his son-in-law to the last, and he would not hear of a retreat which would seem like a confession.

In order to reach the President, the blow was aimed at the Minister. The most insignificant question was chosen for the purpose—the date to be fixed for an interpellation by M. Clémenceau. M. Rouvier wished to postpone the discussion till the 24th of November, in order to get through with the conversion of the Four and a Half per Cents. The majority insisted on having the interpellation forthwith, and M. Rouvier sent in his resignation. Thus fell the Rouvier Ministry, dragged down in the confusion of the Caffarel-Limouzin business, though its own conduct had been irreproachable, and it had simply shown, as it was its duty to show, a wish to spare as far as possible the dignity of the President of the French Republic.

The crisis was long and stormy. Once the Ministry was overthrown, it was clear to everybody that M. Grévy must go, for no one could undertake to form a Cabinet. M. Clémenceau ventured, indeed, to think of it for a moment, but his own friends dissuaded him. One after another, those who were called to the Elysée repeated the same advice. The crisis was Presidential, not Ministerial. No combination was possible.

M. Grévy is an expert lawyer, and a shrewd peasant besides; and he had moreover been so long and so loudly extolled for his austere virtues that he had come to think it impossible that public opinion should turn against him. He could not endure the idea of being turned away in contempt within two years of his re-election to the Presidency by the unanimous vote of all Republicans. He was willing to go, but to go at his own time and in his own way, not at the brutal summons of an infatuated public. He employed every possible subterfuge for gaining time. In his interviews with men of various parties, he was by turns insinuating, eloquent, lively, pathetic; he showed a suppleness and a tenacity which amazed his interlocutors. He hoped that, if he could gain but a few days, the divisions of the Republican party, and the impossibility of coming to an agreement as to his successor, would end in creating a current in his favour. It was not till the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, by two simultaneous orders of the day, had practically dismissed him on the 1st of December, that he could bring himself to resign. He did so the next day, in a Message in which the confusion of his mind is betrayed by the incoherence of his style.

It is difficult to pass judgment on a man who has made so lamentable a retreat after having been for nine years at the head of the French Republic. It is the more difficult, from the extreme reserve affected by

M. Grévy during his presidency, and from the fact that, though in reality he never ceased to take an active part in the direction of affairs, he passed in the eyes of the nation for a person whose only idea was to economize a few hundred thousand francs a year out of the Civil List. Whatever may have been the faults of M. Grévy—and it must be admitted that he thought too much of making a profit out of the post he occupied, and systematically withdrew himself from his representative duties; that he showed a deplorable indifference to literature and the arts, and even to useful and charitable undertakings; and that he never really earned the reputation for Republican austerity with which his cold demeanour and retired life had caused him to be credited—he did France a service she ought never to forget. In the midst of conflicting parties he succeeded in acquiring for himself a place apart; and he did this in a manner which was at once clever and easy. His opinions were very Radical; his language and behaviour were very moderate and reserved. He thus conciliated the Radicals by his way of thinking, and the Moderates by his way of speaking. As he never courted notoriety, had nothing of the charlatan about him, and betrayed no ambition of any sort, he gave no offence and stood in no one's light; and in moments of difficulty he was able to come forward as the peacemaker between discordant parties. It was thus that he became President of the National Assembly in 1871 and President of the Republic in 1879—he who, in 1848, had recommended the abolition of the Presidency. In electing him to fill the place, all parties believed that they had secured a President who would be absolutely neutral, and who had no desire to govern. But this was not altogether the case. It is true that his political activity was never ostensible or direct, and that he rendered a real service by accustoming the country to an anonymous government. For nine years he made Frenchmen do without either loving or hating the head of the State, or even troubling themselves about him. But he had a very real control over his Ministers. In England, since the accession of the Georges, the Sovereign has hardly ever been present at a Cabinet Council. Under M. Grévy the Council of Ministers never met anywhere but at the Presidency. He joined in all the discussions, took part in the selection of persons for the most important posts, and, above all, he closely followed the course of foreign policy. It was here that his influence was most happily felt; and it is in great part to him that we owe the persistently peaceful policy of France. It was he who mainly contributed, at the time of the Schnaebeli affair, to restrain MM. Goblet and Boulanger from committing imprudences which would inevitably have led to war. On our home policy he has also had a moderating influence; for, bold as his own views were, he saw that the realization of the Radical programme would discredit the Republic, and, still more, that the Radical leaders were incapable of governing; and he therefore systematically omitted them from his Ministerial combinations. Unluckily, he had no plan of government; his good sense resided in his character, and not in his intellect; delay and passivity were all his method. The only statesman congenial to him was M. de Freycinet, for the very reason that M. de Freycinet represented nothing, but was simply a clever, subtle, insinuating person, adroit in managing men of all parties, and in veiling with fine phrases the emptiness of his ideas and the nullity of his actions. Virile and positive characters were, on the other hand, intolerable to him; and

Gambetta had no more implacable or more formidable enemy than the late President of the French Republic. He had steadily opposed the policy of Gambetta in the National Assembly, when the latter was urging on the Left an alliance with M. Thiers and the Left Centre; and had stood out for a policy of no compromise which must have ended in ruining the influence of the Left; and he never forgave Gambetta the triumph he achieved, and the preponderance he attained, after the death of Thiers, over the Republican party. M. Grévy was the real though secret author of the fall of the Gambetta Ministry. Yet, notwithstanding the part he then played, he would have retained, and justly retained, his political reputation, if he could have brought himself to decline re-election in 1886. It was a splendid opportunity for effecting, for the first time since the death of Louis XVIII., a normal and peaceful transfer of the supreme office of the State. But the Republican party was hopelessly divided; every one recoiled before the effort that would have been needed to support any new candidature, and the choice fell back upon M. Grévy, even though the public was already aware of the compromising influence of M. Wilson. M. Grévy and the Republicans alike suffered for their mistake. It is all very well to say that the orderly manner in which the change was effected did credit to Republican institutions; it does not do credit to Republican institutions that the first three Presidents of the Republic have all been compelled to resign; and there is no concealing that the Republic itself was injured by the discredit thrown on M. Grévy. With all his strong common-sense, his undoubted political integrity, and his unquestionable patriotism, he has been hissed off the stage; while his son-in-law is scarcely out of one prosecution before he finds himself in danger of another.

But the expulsion of M. Grévy was only a beginning; it remained to choose his successor, and this was much more difficult. If Republicans failed to agree on the choice of a candidate, the Right might step in to decide the election, and what possible credit could attach to a President of the Republic who owed his election to the enemies of the Republic? Moreover, after all that had happened to discredit the Executive and to betray the impotence of the Chambers, and after all the anxiety we had gone through in the spring about General Boulanger, it seemed desirable to choose a President with a character of his own, and who should represent in the eyes of the country some distinct governmental principle. Many Moderate Republicans were so strongly convinced of this necessity that they would gladly have elected M. Jules Ferry, the best known of all our statesmen for his energy of character and his opposition to the men and measures of the Extreme Left—M. Jules Ferry, who had ventured openly to say, "*Le Péril est à gauche.*" Others turned their eyes to General Saussier; but his candidature had to be dropped in face of the strenuous opposition roused by the very idea of a military President. The recollection of M. Boulanger's follies was too recent for anybody to think of proposing him. The candidature of M. Ferry roused a fury of opposition in the Radical camp. It was felt that his very name would have an irresistible influence in the country, and would turn the elections in favour of the Moderates. The Radical Press broke out into a torrent of abuse. M. Ferry was the candidate of the Comte de Paris; he was the Pope's

candidate; he was Prince Bismarck's candidate. He was Ferry the traitor, Ferry the Prussian, Ferry the Clerical, Ferry the Orleanist. M. Déroulède, always to the fore when there is any absurdity in hand, agreed with MM. Eudes and Vaillant, the chiefs of the revolutionary party, to take arms if M. Ferry were elected. The municipal councillors, with M. Hovelacque at their head, overjoyed at the opportunity of playing a little part in politics, prepared to summon the Paris deputies to oppose M. Ferry's nomination, and threatened insurrection if it were carried. On the 1st and 2nd of December demonstrations, rather noisy than dangerous, took place at the Palais Bourbon and the Place de la Concorde. Baseless and absurd as it was, all this was not without its effect. A week later a madman, named Aubertin, fired two shots from a revolver at M. Ferry, thinking to rid the country of an agent of Bismarck and the Comte de Paris. But it was to none of these things that the failure of M. Ferry's candidature was really due. Its success was impossible from the first. M. Ferry could not command a sufficient number of Republican votes to make him independent of the support of the Right. Now, that support would have been fatal to him if he could have had it; and, besides, the Right never dreamt of giving it. To make M. Ferry President would have been, in all probability, to lend a hand to the formation of a Moderate Republican majority, and to lose a number of Royalist seats. The Right preferred to go on as we are, with the Republican forces crumbling to pieces, and the impotence of the Government vexing the country, paralysing business, and leaving the door open to a Monarchical reaction. Moreover, many even of the Moderate Republicans withheld their support from M. Ferry, out of timidity and the fear of an alliance with the Right, and favoured a candidate of less decisive views, who should continue the traditions of Presidential neutrality bequeathed by M. Grévy.

The Radicals had their candidate. Their candidate was M. de Freycinet. Not that M. de Freycinet holds Radical principles himself, but a sufficient absence of character and principle seemed likely to do almost as well; and his conduct when he was last in office gave them reason to hope he would make a very manageable President. If at first they put forward the name of M. Floquet, it was only for the sake of offering at the last moment an apparent concession by abandoning him for M. de Freycinet. But the Moderates were even more opposed to M. de Freycinet than to M. Floquet, and they were just as determined against him as the Radicals against M. Ferry. From the first hour of the Congress which met at Versailles on the 3rd of December, it was plain that neither M. Ferry nor M. de Freycinet could possibly succeed. At the meeting held beforehand by the Republicans, M. Ferry had indeed obtained a relative majority over the other candidates, but this relative majority could not mean an absolute majority in the whole Congress. It could be only some neutral candidate. A small group wished for M. Brisson, who, some time ago, when President of the Chamber, was generally regarded as the eventual successor of M. Grévy; but his ill success as Prime Minister had destroyed his chances. He is one of those dull and sombre men who never succeed in anything, however much they deserve to succeed. Finally, M. Sadi Carnot was elected. There were two reasons for his election. The first reason was his name. He is the grandson of Lazare Carnot, the organizer of the

armies of the First Republic, and the son of M. Hippolyte Carnot, who was a Minister in 1848, a member of the Opposition under the Empire, and who is now a Senator and a member of the Institute. There was a certain fascination in the idea of summoning to the head of the State a man who bears an historic name. But the other reason was the stronger. It was this. M. Carnot, when Minister of Finance, was said to have refused, even at the urgent request of M. Wilson, to remit certain dues paid to the Treasury by Messrs. Dreyfus, the guano merchants, friends and clients of M. Grévy. The curious thing is that M. Carnot never really had the opportunity of performing this act of heroic integrity, which recommended him to the choice of the Congress. The heads of his department could not agree as to whether the dues had been legally levied or not; and he contented himself with postponing the decision, which was ultimately given by his successor in favour of Messrs. Dreyfus. So that M. Carnot has been made President of the French Republic for an act of integrity he never committed, and for giving himself the trouble to be born, like the heir of any royal house. Under a Republican form of government, the thing is curious.

However, the choice may be justified on other grounds. M. Carnot is a good engineer; he did good service at Havre during the war of 1870-71; he has since shown administrative faculty as Minister of Public Works and of Finance. He has been a member of the Cabinet under both M. Ferry and M. de Freycinet. Moderate in his opinions, he has made no enemies in any party; and his rigid honesty is not the less undisputed that it never had the opportunity of display attributed to it by the legend. He is rich, and he has a very charming wife, who, notwithstanding a slight deafness, loves society, and likes having receptions. M. Carnot will fill his place with dignity, and he will not recoil, like M. Grévy, from the duties and the burdens it imposes on him. But it remains to be seen whether he has the knowledge of European affairs, the breadth of view, and the firmness of temper which are needed to make all that should be made of it, and to guide this country through the difficulties which lie before her.

He began with a mistake. The unanimity of the votes deceived him, and he took it for an indication of a real desire to lay aside party conflicts and unite in maintaining an orderly and prudent Government till the next election. He did not see that the Radicals never can endure the *status quo*, and never unite with the Moderates except when the Moderates consent to adopt some part of their programme. Instead of simply retaining intact the Rouvier Ministry, which had given proof of its solidity and administrative capacity, and explaining that, as the crisis had been Presidential and not Ministerial, he thought it best to await the indications offered by Parliament before modifying the Cabinet in any way, he wasted ten days in trying to solve the insoluble problem of Republican concentration, and to reconcile Moderates like M. Ribot with ultra-Radicals like M. Lacroix. It ended in his having to put up with a purely Moderate Ministry under M. Tirard. It is just such another Ministry as the last, only with all the members changed, except M. Flourens, who remains at the head of the Foreign Office, and M. Fallières, who leaves the Home Office to M. Sarrien, and takes the Ministry of Justice.

What are we to say of the future? The Radicals are not very likely

to leave the Cabinet in peace. As soon as they saw that M. Carnot was not going to play into their hands, by sending for M. de Freycinet, they stopped singing his praises and began to suspect him of wishing to exercise an illegal preponderance in political affairs. One of two things must happen. Either the Cabinet will hold together by the tolerance of the Right—and then we go back to the situation created by M. Rouvier—or it will collapse under the attacks of a coalition of the Right and the Extreme Left, and we shall find ourselves face to face with the very same difficulties that followed the fall of the Goblet Ministry or the election of the new President. In one word, the divisions of the Republican party, and the strength of the Monarchists in the Chamber, are making government impossible. No Ministry can keep its seat except on condition that it does nothing and that nothing happens. The raising of a serious question is fatal to it; and as serious questions must be raised, no Ministry can be secure. The Government ought either to have the prudence to touch nothing but financial business till after the elections, or the courage to dissolve at once. But prudence it is useless to expect; and as to a dissolution, there could hardly be a worse time for it. If the Republicans could bring themselves to subordinate their personal interests to those of the country, they might all combine to demand a dissolution, declaring that their object in doing so was simply to eliminate the unconstitutional parties from the Legislature. The one vital interest of the Republic is to have a Republican majority in the Chamber of Deputies, as it has in the Senate. Even a Radical majority would be better than no majority at all. The essential thing is a Ministry which shall be the true and undivided expression of the will of a majority, and which can rely on that majority for continuous support. Unfortunately, it is asking too much of the deputies to expect them to commit such a suicide for the sake of the common good. The Moderates might possibly consent to propose a dissolution; but the Radicals prefer to go on making it inevitable, and then denounce it as a *coup d'état*, and pose as its victims. It has been one of the calamities of the Republic that the right of dissolution, which is essential to the working of Parliamentary institutions, and which is the only means of holding in check the caprices of the members or putting an end to the anarchy of a hopelessly divided house, was applied for the first time (by the Duc de Broglie, under the Presidency of Marshal MacMahon) for the very purpose of doing violence to the wishes of the country, and of breaking up a very strong and coherent majority. This iniquitous act has gone far to break the very springs of Republican government, and it will be long before they recover their elasticity. Ministers are afraid to use the weapon which the Constitution puts into their hands; and if they did use it, there are plenty of good people who would think they were witnessing an act of violence on the part of the Executive. The Radicals are quite ready to cry out upon it as a *coup d'état*; while the Moderates are preparing, should dissolution become inevitable, to figure as the partisans of the President, and take advantage of the prestige of an Executive recently installed amidst universal acclamation.

But the name of M. Carnot will be nothing but a screen. The real struggle will be between the partisans and the opponents of M. Ferry; and the real question will be whether or not M. Ferry shall come back

to power. If he comes back, there will assuredly be a movement in the direction of a more Conservative Republicanism; if he does not, and things go on slipping into the hands of the Extreme Left, it will probably end in a state of disorder which may bring back a Monarchy. M. Ferry's position has been considerably improved by recent events. He stood before the Congress as the only political personage whose name had a definite significance; and the Liberal *bourgeoisie* passionately desired his election. There would no doubt, at the first moment, be some troubles to suppress in Paris; but if a great change does not soon take place in the march of affairs we shall find ourselves, a little later on, in presence of far greater troubles. Already the agitators in Paris think it is due to them that M. Ferry was not elected. There might be circumstances in which they would be free to act more boldly, and would find the elements of resistance less prepared to meet them.

The attempt on M. Ferry's life, which so miraculously failed, was a stroke of good fortune. It gave occasion for one more proof of that admirable coolness and pluck which he had already shown during the war; and it created quite an explosion of sympathy with the victim and indignation against the reprobates whose frantic declamations in the press and on the platform had fired the brain of the assassin. The Alsatians and Lorrainers, in particular, took occasion to express their respect and attachment to M. Ferry, and to acquit him of the stupid calumnies which accused him of a want of patriotism. The prejudices which his enemies had succeeded in stirring up against him have all but disappeared; and it may safely be said that his popularity with the middle classes is such as it never was before. They await with impatience the moment when he shall be called to govern. The two most remarkable facts of the last few months are the sudden oblivion into which General Boulanger has fallen, and the reappearance of M. Ferry as a leading figure on the scene.

Arts and letters do not greatly flourish amidst the agitations of a disturbed political life; and we have nothing eventful to note in the intellectual world. Still, these months have not been barren. First, there is the usual allowance of art exhibitions, which go on in unbroken succession all the year round. M. Puvion de Chavannes shows a collection of pictures of moderate size, together with studies and cartoons of his vast mural paintings. The exhibition has been useful in giving us a clearer insight into the character of this very original artist, who, in spite of shocking blunders, has realized so individual an ideal of beauty, and formed so noble a style, in a period when most painters despise any attempt at style, and aim only at the picturesque. The studies here exhibited show that M. de Chavannes' errors in drawing come from the effort after style. When he works direct from Nature his drawing is masterly. Another thing that comes out at this exhibition is the fact that, after all, his strongest point is his colouring. It is sober colouring, in modified tints; but his harmony is wonderful, such as no one had reached before; and this it is which constitutes his distinctive quality as a decorator. At M. Petit's Gallery thirty-three young painters have combined to open a "Salon des Jeunes." Amongst them is Ary Renan, a son of M. Ernest Renan, whose unreal compositions and vivid tones of pure colour recall the work of some of the English Pre-Raphaelites. M. Dinet's landscapes are good. As to M. Friant, I have already

remarked on his work at the Salon. He is, at twenty-five, a portraitist of the first rank, and there is no saying what he may not rise to. The Ecole des Beaux-Arts exhibits a collection of the pictures of Guillaumet, the truthful and delightful painter of Algeria. At Launette's library may be seen M. Lhermitte's charcoal sketches for the illustrations to a new book by M. A. Theuriet, "*La Vie Rustique*." A year ago, M. Launette, whose edition of M. Maurice Leloir's "*Manon Lescaut*" had already raised him to the first rank among artistic publishers, associated the pen of M. Theuriet with the pencil of M. Giacomelli in a volume of marvellous chromotypes, "*Le Monde des Oiseaux*." He has now realized a no less happy association in uniting that one of all our writers who can best speak of rural life with that one of all our painters who can best and most poetically paint it. M. Lhermitte is not to be despised on canvas, but it is in black chalk that he is unrivalled. He has extraordinary delicacy of execution, and the effects of light he produces are marvellous. "*La Vie Rustique*" is full of both poetry and reality, and will delight all lovers of the country which it represents under so many varied aspects.

The next best of the New Year books is the "*Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet*," illustrated by Le Blant, and published by Hachette. This Capitaine Coignet was a soldier who fought in all the wars of the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire, rose by merit to the rank of captain, and amused himself in his old age by writing his memoirs. These papers, discovered by M. Lorédan Larchey, form a really inestimable record of the moral history of France under the First Empire. The unlettered soldier, who never pretended to the faintest notion of orthography, turned out, without knowing it, a capital writer, so clear were his ideas, and so straightforward his character. M. Le Blant, well known for his episodes of the Vendéan wars, contributes a very vigorous and faithful rendering of the most characteristic scenes in the story. Besides the numerous vignettes in the text, there are a number of plates consisting of larger compositions of very various character and effect.

Michelet's "*Jeanne d'Arc*," illustrated by Bida, is another charming book; though it is to be regretted that the eminent illustrator has not given more relief and individuality to the heroine herself.

M. R. Peyre's "*Napoleon and his Times*," published by Didot, has real historic value. It is an impartial and well-informed account of the life of Napoleon, and at the same time a very complete survey of the French society of the period. The illustrations reproduce in facsimile almost all the documents which serve to reveal "the body of the time, his form and pressure." The execution of the illustrations occasionally leaves something to be desired; but the volume forms, nevertheless, a very interesting Napoleonic museum. The same firm is publishing in parts the noble work of M. Lebon on the "*Civilizations of India*."

M. Plon has made a great success with his delightful children's books, illustrated by M. Boutet de Monvel, who has such a clever way of mixing the most delicate irony with his simplicity, and whose fine decorative feeling has achieved surprising effects of colour in flat tints. M. Boutet de Monvel is one of our most original men. He has created a new style of illustration in France, as Kate Greenaway did in England, and his work, though it is less poetic, is quite as original, more skilful, and more varied than hers.

The chief literary event that marked the end of the year was the appearance of the first volume of M. Renan's "Histoire du Peuple d'Israël." M. Renan has already given us the Rise of Christianity, from the time of its Founder to the third century; and he now proposes to supply the natural preface to his work by tracing back the history of the Jewish people, and showing the development of that idea of God which ultimately found its incarnation in Jesus Christ. The new book is to be in four volumes; and the first contains all the legendary part of the history, and brings us down to David. M. Renan, while he brings out with his usual bold and delicate touch the salient facts of a history which has but little direct and contemporary evidence to rest upon, has set himself more particularly to determine the principal phases of the development of the religious idea. It is from this point of view that the book will be most interesting and will excite the most controversy. According to M. Renan, the primitive religion of Israel was the worship of the *Elohim*, a collective name for the invisible Forces that govern the world, and which are vaguely conceived as forming a Supreme Power at once single and manifold. This vague primitive monotheism gets modified during the migrations of the children of Israel, and especially during their struggles for the conquest of Palestine, and at last gives place to the conception of Jahveh, a national God, conceived after the fashion of the gods of polytheism, essentially anthropomorphic, the God of Israel, in conflict with the gods of the surrounding nations. It was the task of the prophets to change this low and narrow conception of the Deity for a nobler one, to bring back the Jews to the Elohist idea in a spiritualized form, and to transform the Jahveh of the times of the Judges into a God of all the earth, universal, one, and absolute—that God in spirit and in truth of whom Jesus, the last of the prophets, completed the revelation.

This new volume of Renan's, which, in a society more interested in the great problems of history and philosophy, would have attracted public attention in the highest degree, has hardly been read as yet by any but men of learning. Modern society is very frivolous, and reads but little. Spoilt by the habit of skimming over journals and reviews, it has come to dread all works of any length, and especially those which require a continuous effort of thought or attention. It is almost inclined to make a bit of scandal a *sine quâ non*. What it likes best of all is either autobiography or fiction; and even in fiction it is on the look-out for allusions and betrayals. It is gloating now with morbid curiosity over the second volume of the "Journal des Goncourt," in which those authors pillory themselves without shame or reserve, and repeat in the most injudicious way every cynical or extravagant remark that may have escaped their friends. They give the most melancholy impression of the literary society of Paris under the Empire. Daudet, indeed, presents a fairer side of it in his charming little book, "Thirty Years of my Life in Paris." There is always something that makes one wince in seeing a man publish himself during his lifetime; but Daudet puts into it such sunny good temper, such insinuating wit and southern vivacity, that one is glad to put by one's scruples, shake hands, and enjoy oneself with him.

Then there are the sensational novels. In the competition that goes on amongst our novelists to see who shall go farthest in immorality and indecency, MM. Zola and Mendès have distanced all the rest: the first

by the unmeasured brutality and grossness of his new story, "*La Terre*," in which the manners of the peasantry are depicted in the most extravagant and untruthful colours; and the second by his wilful perversity and his pretentious and refined immorality. Happily, a reaction has at last set in against these deplorable tendencies. "*La Terre*" gave rise to general indignation, and a group of the younger disciples of M. Zola himself publicly protested against excesses which are a disgrace to the name of naturalism.

But why must the nobler spirits, the finer minds, such as M. P. Bourget, allow themselves to be dragged down by the odious taste of the day, and to pollute their books with descriptions which make them unreadable by women of any delicacy? It is all the more lamentable because the powers of M. Bourget are growing and ripening with every volume he publishes. His last novel, "*Mensonges*," contains the most powerful representations of middle-class life, high life, artist life, and dramatic life; and the central idea of his book—that the seductions of sense are the ruin of intellectual power as well as of character—is neither frivolous nor ignoble.

M. Guy de Maupassant is the very opposite of M. P. Bourget. In place of an emotional mysticism, we have a robust and somewhat hard realism; instead of the delicacies of a nervous and sparkling style, we have sober, strong, and simple language. Both are pessimists; but while Bourget saddens at the ills and vices of humanity, Maupassant seems rather to take delight in exposing its essential and incurable selfishness. His last story, "*Pierre et Jean*," is a very simple and touching drama; but it is a most distressing one, from the determination shown by the author to reduce the whole play of human feeling to a fundamental principle of pure egoism. Pierre Loti, for his part, is not a philosopher at all, yet he too is a pessimist; he contents himself with chronicling sensations, and, as there is nothing in the world more fugitive than a sensation, he leaves a sufficiently sad impression of the vanity of human life. His "*Madame Chrysanthème*" is another of his foreign marriages, and this time it is a little Japanese lady, brainless and frivolous—a pretty little figure copied from a screen; and he takes the opportunity of describing, with that happy art we know so well, the life and landscape of Japan.

The theatrical season has been a brilliant one, though unmarked by any of those great successes which place a work once for all in the repertory of the future. M. Pailleron has not repeated in "*La Souris*" the triumph of "*Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*," though it is perhaps the more finely worked out of the two. He has chosen one of those delicately tinted subjects which, like the "*Philiberte*" of Emile Augier, are attractive only to the thoughtful few. The whole interest of the piece lies in the development of the character of a young girl, who goes by the name of "the Mouse." She falls in love with a man of mature age, whom all the women pay court to, and ends by winning his affection. The whole thing is done in light and lively conversations, in touches of delicate sentiment and analysis. It is a mere trifle—only, it is charming.

In spite of all the skill and care with which M. Pailleron's little piece was put on the stage at the Théâtre Français, the public as a whole prefers something stronger—something that appeals to its nerves and its senses. The success of M. Sardou's "*La Tosca*" at the Porte St.

Martin, and of "L'Affaire Clémenceau"—taken by M. d'Artois from a novel of M. A. Dumas—at the Vaudeville, is due to the somewhat brutal way in which these two pieces excite the emotion of the spectators. "La Tosca" was done on purpose to display the powers of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who shows herself by turns tender, sarcastic, imploring, terrified, angry, and desperate. But it has in addition the fine dramatic feeling, the historical insight, and that quality of *being alive*, which ensures for all the plays of M. Sardou, if not a permanent reputation, a great run for the time being. In "La Tosca" our nerves are shaken by the cries of a man bleeding under the torture, and by the scene in which the heroine kills the man who had offered her her lover's life at the price of her own honour; in "L'Affaire Clémenceau," the interest again hinges on a murder, for the sculptor stabs his wife for her unfaithfulness, though he cannot cease to love her. Perhaps the piece owes some of its success to the other telling scenes, in which Iza poses to her husband for a statue of Danaë, or enters the ball disguised as a page. But the profound human interest of the novel quite disappears in the play, and there remains nothing but a sort of variety entertainment, very stagy, very sensual, very brutal, and very cleverly put together by M. d'Artois.

M. Halévy's "Abbé Constantin," given at the Gymnase, is in a softer strain; and though this delicious trifle has suffered almost as much as "L'Affaire Clémenceau" in its transfer to the boards, it is a great rest to find oneself for a whole evening in the company of people who are good—and so very cleverly good. M. Halévy can do anything he likes with us; he makes us quite believe the most unlikely things, and identify ourselves by sympathy with people who are all that is virtuous and rich and happy and nice. You spend the evening in a charmed world—something between the earthly Paradise and the land of Cockayne; and you dream out the delightful dream without ever waking up to be critical. Whatever may be said of it as a play, it is a charming bit of literature, and that is saying something.

The opera has given us nothing new. The only musical events have been the performance of M. Gounod's "Mors et Vita" at Rouen, and the reproduction at the Concert Colonna of M. Massenet's first and perhaps best work, "Marie Madeleine." Into that work he threw the whole passion of his twenty-five years and the first freshness of his inspiration. He was then still in Rome, and just engaged to the lady who afterwards became his wife, and the oratorio bears the stamp of the religious and emotional enthusiasm awakened in the soul of the young artist and lover by the sight of the Eternal City, and the sublime yet gracious forms of the Albanian and Sabine landscape. Madame Krauss lent all her great dramatic force to the interpretation of this rich and passionate music, and M. Massenet enjoyed at the Châtelet concerts one of the finest triumphs of his brilliant career.

A word must be said of two very interesting theatrical experiments. One of these is the Theatre of Transparencies (*ombres chinoises*) opened at the original "Café du Chat Noir," where M. Salis holds his new Bohemia of impressionist painters and poets of the decadence. These pantomimes in coloured transparencies are not only picturesque, they show real dramatic—not to say poetic—invention, and they do great credit to the efforts of the designers, MM. Carau d'Ache, Sahib, Willett,

and Rivière. The other experiment is the Théâtre Libre, founded for the purpose of giving, from time to time, representations by amateur actors, or actors borrowed from the various theatres, of pieces which, from their original or even eccentric character, could hardly find their way on to the regular stage. Thus they propose to attempt Tolstoi's terrible drama "*La Puissance des Ténèbres*." So far, the only play given at the free theatre which has really succeeded with the public has been a little piece taken from the best of the Goncourt's novels, "*Sœur Philomène*."

In conclusion, we have one death to chronicle which has been a real event in Paris—the death of Mme. Boucicaut. She began life with a little draper's shop in the Rue de Sèvres, married her assistant, and the two together, by dint of their own prudence and capacity, gradually increased their business till it grew into the Bon Marché, the biggest shop in Paris, and very nearly the biggest in the world. The place is a marvel of organization. Mme. Boucicaut lost first her husband and then her son; and she then associated with her in the business her ten principal *employés*, and afterwards turned the Bon Marché into one great co-operative establishment, in which every *employé* has an interest proportioned to his office and his salary. At her death, she bequeathed the greater part of her immense fortune to her *employés*, entreating them to carry on in the same spirit "the work into which she had put all her ambition and all her heart." She gave magnificent legacies to a number of philanthropic undertakings, without distinction of creed, and left the residue, amounting to some ten million francs, to the hospitals. It is no mean sign of the democratic day we live in when a little draperess lives to make such princely largess, and shows a royalty of spirit that kings might envy. The gift of Chantilly to the Institute by the Duc d'Aumale, and the will of Mme. Boucicaut—these are the two titles of honour of the year 1887.

G. MONOD.

FURTHER NOTES AND QUERIES ON THE IRISH DEMAND.

EVER since the question of Irish autonomy, or Home Rule, was fully opened two years ago, when Ireland through her representatives wisely and frankly accepted the design of a Statutory Parliament, I have maintained to the best of my ability that the adjustment of this great question could but be effected by the co-operation of the two historic parties of British politics, to whom it offers an open ground for common action. In particular I have desired and still desire to press this proposition, that there is nothing in the principles of the measure which ought to repel a Tory or Conservative party from its adoption. It is a measure which acknowledges, and consecrates, the traditions of the country that calls for its application. It is a measure which restores ancient and prescriptive rights long enjoyed in principle, and in 1783 most solemnly, and not less unanimously, acknowledged by Great Britain. I descend to a much lower order of ideas when I add, it is a measure which, whatever particular form it may take, must certainly diminish the weight and activity at St. Stephen's of an element which, whether by its nature democratic or not (and on this point there may be serious doubts), is and must be under its present circumstances discontented and estranged, and on that account inclined to promote political and administrative innovations. The last-named reason is circumstantial, and I admit that there are also circumstances in the state of Ireland, which may weigh in the other scale. But the two first lie at the root of the whole matter, and must operate on minds disposed to conservatism, when they can be regarded with tranquillity and outside the vortex of Parliamentary politics.

Again, there are certain portions of the argument, as well as certain classes of minds, that recommend an attempt at what I may

term literary consideration, in preference to handling them in the manner which at present seems to be marked out as the proper one for the furtherance of Irish autonomy: I mean those portions of it which in themselves require only the dry light of reflection, and which are easily separable from appeals to feeling. The movement of a boat does not depend only on the measured action of the rower, but also on the violence of the stream; so these topics, when touched in public assemblies, even though in moderate and careful language, acquire a colour from the very atmosphere in which they are opened, and come to be inseparably associated with the general treatment of the subject, which necessarily involves matters of feeling and of party interest, if not of crimination and invective; weapons which have come even more largely into the arena, since men have turned away from argument upon Home Rule to scrutiny and criticism of the actual administration of Ireland.

These are the reasons which induce me once more to ask of our opponents, through the pages of a periodical without political taint, that they will consent to look into the interior circle of our controversy, and will examine for a while the ideas and facts which lie within and behind its popular and usual terminology.

In a former attempt, intended to be of the same anodyne character, I endeavoured to make good the following propositions:—(I.) That Ireland would do well to renounce all idea of obtaining what she wanted from the fears of England. (II.) That in the interpretation of the Bills of 1886, methods had been followed, and a spirit of construction allowed to prevail against the weaker party, to show that they were dangerous to England, which, if followed by the Irish nation in dealing with those measures, would have much more plausibly shown that they were insufficient and inadmissible—nay, that they were dangerous and oppressive. (III.) That the apparent disposition of Ireland to undervalue her share in Imperial concerns was accounted for, and for the time warranted, by the circumstances of her previous history. (IV.) That neither by an experiment of “firm government” (the Coercion Act had not then been proposed), nor by administrative changes, could the political question of Irish nationality be disposed of. (V.) That a continuance of the present legislative relations between the two islands secures to Mr. Parnell and his friends a monopoly of power over the hearts and wills of the Irish nation, whereas the change that is proposed would call into life and action new and balancing influences of a broader and more diversified character. (VI.) That we have no title to complain of subscriptions from America in aid of the Parliamentary Irish party, who are defending the interests of perhaps the poorest people in Europe against the concentrated wealth of the richest. (VII.) That the Imperial Parliament is not warranted in claiming for itself the

credit, of habitual good intention and enlightened action towards Ireland. (VIII.) That the arguments derivable from the Scottish Union really recommend a change in the subsisting legislative relations. (IX.) That the money-cost of maintaining those relations is extremely heavy; and that the cost in character is heavier still, if character is to be measured by the sense of mankind at large; as it is hardly possible, I believe, in the whole range of literature, through all tribes and countries, to find a single judgment favourable to the general conduct or the attitude of England towards Ireland.*

To these propositions, which have not been widely controverted, I will only add a few remarks in relation to two among them. (1.) The case of the pecuniary cost of our present relations with Ireland is one of peculiar, I should think of unparalleled, infelicity. Ireland is governed, in civil matters, worse than England or Scotland, and at about twice the annual cost per head. It would be difficult to distribute the charge of the navy between the countries. But as regards army charge, it is probably not extravagant to say that, if we separate that portion of the army which exists for ornament of State, and to keep up the machinery of recruiting, from what is properly in the nature of a garrison, we require for the five millions in Ireland nearly as many soldiers as for the thirty-two millions in England and Scotland, and we use them a great deal more. But if we place the proportion needed for Ireland (far too low) at one-half, even then the meaning is that five millions in Ireland need as much control, on behalf of law and order, as sixteen in Great Britain. Ireland must then be debited with one-third part of the military home service charge. The total of the charge will be estimated at a moderate rate, if we place it at twelve millions annually. This would mean, for each head of the population, sixteen shillings in Ireland against five in Great Britain. The civil charge is about sixteen shillings in Ireland and eight in Great Britain: so that in civil and army charges only, taken together, it costs us thirty-two shillings annually to keep the Irishman in a state of chronic discontent, while for little more than thirteen shillings we keep the Englishman better provided, and generally contented. The ratio is that of five to two. But this is not all. While we are at this enormous charge, Ireland loudly and bitterly complains that we have fleeced her, as Dr. Johnson predicted that we should. And I am compelled, after some inquiry into a very intricate subject, to say that, as respects the share of the National Debt charged on her under the arrangements of the Act of Union, her complaint is, in my opinion, one the substance of which it will be found impossible to confute.

(2.) Under another important head we are in the same unfortunate predicament. The vast tribute, which for many years was paid by America to the landlords of Ireland, did not shock the most sensitive;

* *Nineteenth Century*, February 1887.

yet the sums, comparatively trifling, which America has contributed more recently towards enabling an impoverished tenantry to sustain their Parliamentary struggle, have become the subject of indignant denunciation. But America seems to be of opinion that, in the matter of this Irish question, she has some title to complain of us for vexing her with a cause of internal trouble. Whether this be so or not there can be little doubt that she suffers, in her internal politics, from the unsettled state of the Irish question. It is obviously for her interest that the various races and nationalities represented by the crowds of emigrants to her shores should as rapidly as possible melt down and merge into the great American unity. In the case of the Irish portion, the lines of cleavage are numerous between them and the general community. Speaking generally, that vast community is Anglo-Saxon, Protestant, and rich: while the Irish are generally Celtic, Roman Catholic, and poor. But all these distinctions would be gradually softened away and blurred, were it not that one master-sentiment, holding the entire Irish element together, maintains and is maintained by these secondary divisions. It seems that in America there is an increasing interest in Saint Patrick's Day. The intelligent critic, in a recent number of the *North American Review*, who mentions this fact, also writes as follows:—

“The thoughts of the so-called Irish Americans are constantly, if not almost exclusively, occupied with their own race, and with the interests of the country from which they came. The very expression ‘Irish American’ is the most serious symptom of all, for it points to the isolation of the class to which it is applied, the foreign sentiment, the divided loyalty, and the failure to become entirely American, which there is so much reason to lament.”*

This is not a theoretical or sentimental grievance. The inconvenience, experienced as well as apprehended, is that the action of this Irish party in American questions comes to be directed not by American, but by Irish motives. In former Parliaments, the House of Commons has keenly felt the disadvantages of having within itself a body of men, though not much exceeding one-twentieth of its numerical strength, who voted steadily together on all great Ministerial questions, such as those of finance and foreign policy, with reference not to the merits of the case, but to the bearings of the vote on Irish interests. But, in a country so solidly compacted as this, the disturbance resulting was limited to the sphere of party action; it was Parliamentary, not national. It is a far more serious matter if in the United States, which cannot be exempt from the risks that attend what may be called the growing period of national life, a section of the population, amounting probably to one-tenth, has the poles of its action in American controversies fixed or unfixed by the interests of an agitated and struggling Ireland. Suppose the case

reversed: imagine that there was a corresponding party among us, which swayed this way or that, which systematically cast its weight into one or another scale in British controversies, according as it would best serve some particular purpose purely internal to America; and what Tory is there among us who would not legitimately and devoutly wish, and, if he could, would not try to promote, the final adjustment of that American controversy? It is not too much to say that the Irish Americans are subject to the action of many influences, disposing them even to embroil the United States with England. And if happily it should be found that these influences now govern the minds of no more than a handful, surely the reason will be that America observes the confessed and amazing accession of power which, within two years, the cause of Irish autonomy has received throughout the United Kingdom, and hails the reasonable prospect, which this accession opens to them, of an early and effectual settlement.

Having said thus much, in a tone not otherwise than calm, in furtherance of my former Notes and Queries, I will now take upon me to make some additions to the list.

I. And first, discharging all bad blood from my inquiry, I would ask what is meant by Unionism? What is the union which it seeks to procure? Is it a reality, or is it a delusion? From my point of view, nothing is so easy as to find summary answers to these questions. But I am seeking to do that, which is so needful and useful in all questions of controversy. I desire to mount myself for a few moments on the *ness*, the stage, or other eminence, which forms the point of view for the opponent; and to have what kind of outlook, from that point of view, spreads itself before him.

Now it must in fairness be admitted that there is much to incite the adversary to a sanguine and confident reply to the first of these inquiries. Unionism is, in one sense, a great fact. It is the Parliamentary name assumed, and undoubtedly assumed with entire sincerity, by a combination which, eighteen months ago, included nearly four hundred members of the House of Commons; which as yet may include three hundred and eighty, and which will still bear much depletion before the figure of the descending majority comes near to the point of junction on a level with that of the ascending minority. The composition of the party is still more commanding, than are its imposing numbers. It is not a party majority; it includes nearly seventy men, who have been professed and habitual opponents of the Tory party, with which they now devotedly co-operate: and in this important contingent are included many cases of keen and extreme, some of eminent, and one at least of splendid and never to be forgotten Liberalism. The alliance has been tested to the uttermost by the strain of circumstance, and it has borne the strain. This large proportion of the House of Commons has at its

back nine-tenths of the House of Lords; nine-tenths at least of what is termed the wealth of the country, and of the vast forces of social influence; an overwhelming share (in its own estimation) of British intellect, and undoubtedly an enormous proportion of those who have received an academical education in England. Conservatism has for half a century faced in the field, with unequal yet not grossly unequal forces, the unbroken power of Liberalism; how much easier must its task be now, when it has only to encounter "the Gladstonian wing of the Liberal party?" Such a Goliath surely can have no misgivings as to smashing so mutilated and so poor a David.

It seems very difficult to detect a speck in this nectarine, or a rift in this lute. In contemplating the vast and serried array of Unionism I am, however, apt to recollect the Austrian quadrilateral in Northern Italy. It was always "impossible" for Austria to surrender so powerful a knot of fortresses. It was "impossible" for any military power to conquer it. But a very few years had elapsed, when Verona, Mantua, Peschiera, and Legnano, which composed that quadrilateral, one and all formed part of an united Italy. I predict no speedy surrender. I do not agree with those (if any) who think that, so soon as the House of Commons removes itself from the battered field of Irish questions to the more diversified and wide arena of British interests, Unionism (as it is called) will break in pieces. I admit then that there is a ready answer to my inquiry, what is Unionism? It is, if not a principle, a fact. But the affair will, I think, be found much more serious if we can induce Unionism, by a friendly request, to retire into its chamber, and to lock the door, and to be still; and then to ask itself, what is Union?

No doubt, the first impulsive answer would be, that union is strength. But Siamese union is not strength; on the contrary, it is weakness; and there, if anywhere, we undoubtedly have incorporating union. It is not a question whether there is or is not incorporation, but whether the incorporation is normal or abnormal. Austria had an incorporating union with Italy and with Hungary, Russia with Poland, Belgium with Holland. Incorporating union, it is plain, does not warrant the assumption of strength and safety. It must be examined in each case on its merits. Let us look at our own incorporating Union, not in regard to justice or humanity, but simply in order to take a measurement of its strength.

In doing this, can we place our reliance on the "loyal" minority? It is estimated by Mr. Bright at two millions out of five. It possesses by far the larger part of Irish wealth. With such elements, such division of power, the minority ought to hold its own. But, without examining at present the highflown numerical estimate, we have to observe that this minority never on any one historical occasion has held its own. Not under Elizabeth, not under Charles I. in 1641, not under James II.

in 1690, not under George III. in 1798. In every crisis the national or the rebellious movement in Ireland has been put down, but only by the intervention of English military power. Under Charles I. and James II., moreover, they were not put down until England was at leisure to turn her whole strength upon the sister island. In 1798, when we had not our whole strength disposable, it cost a very great effort to put down what may be regarded as the rebellion of a single county: and it is a well-supported opinion that, if the rebellion of 1798 had extended from Wexford through all those parts of Ireland where the national party and sentiment prevail, it could not have been put down at all.

But inasmuch as Ireland now wisely abjures all thoughts of force, it is thought that no analogy prevails between their past occasions and the present one. No analogy, certainly, in this respect, that the separation of the countries was then more or less in view, while now, if still in the abstract possible (as Lord Macaulay thought), yet it is for all practical purposes out of view. But there is the strongest imaginable analogy in this most practical respect; that we still maintain in Ireland a force of mixed police and military, sufficient to hold her down, and that until the political controversy is adjusted, that force cannot be diminished. Its maintenance is necessary perhaps for security, certainly for confidence; for that secondary, relative confidence, which alone English ascendancy can ever inspire or enjoy in Ireland. This is the union we have established with Ireland; and is *this* union strength?

In what sense is it strength? In what sense does it add to our resources? We have free trade with Ireland. But that absolute free trade it is proposed by the Home Rule parties to maintain, and to place it beyond the reach of any latent or possible Irish protectionism; we would have secured it also, had this been in our power, from the less excusable follies that have obtained some vogue in England. Then, we have Irish soldiers, brave and true men, such men as those of whom the Duke of Wellington said that without them the British victories of the great wars could not have been achieved. But we should not have fewer of them, nor less devoted, under Irish autonomy. We should in truth then be removed from all danger of hearing any statement, such as was made in the House of Commons during the past month, and made without contradiction, that an Irish regiment had to be summarily sent away by special train from Mitchelstown, because the men cheered those Irish Nationalists, on whom the Government were at the time bringing to bear the powers of the law. But next, the landlords would quit the country. It may almost be doubted whether this would be an evil, as compared with their remaining there as now to estrange and exasperate the people by their political, and some part of their prædial,

action. But a more rational and cheering prospect is opened by the hope that, when once the centre of their interests and reliances was shifted back into Ireland, from whence only the Union displaced it, they would begin to cultivate good relations with their countrymen, and happily reacquire the influence which they so unhappily have lost.

Where then is this strength which true union is seen to bring, which the present union is alleged to bring, and for the elements and seat of which we have thus far instituted an unrewarded search?

I must go one step further: and ask what manner of fruit we should reap from the Legislative Union, in the event, the improbable but never impossible event, of our being involved in a great war? Would the heart of Ireland beat in unison with our heart? Would she have the same joys and sorrows, in successes and defeats? Taxes must, in such an event, be largely and severely laid upon the three countries, and upon all the classes of their inhabitants. Would those taxes be cheerfully paid in Ireland? If military demands thickened, and especially if military reverses came upon us, could we fall back upon our Irish garrison of thirty or forty thousand men (all told), as a reserve-fund, like the force in all parts of Great Britain, to reinforce our wasted ranks for the purposes of the war? Notoriously the case is far otherwise; and the high likelihood, if not the certainty, rather is that, in order to build or bolster up that confidence which we have chosen to build on the sand in preference to the rock, we must add to the demands from other quarters an increase of demand for Ireland, so that she would be not only as she now is a drain upon our strength, but a drain increasing within our own borders, in proportion to the growth of need or calamity beyond them.

And yet this was not always so. During the war of the American Revolution, we drained Ireland of soldiers, to meet our military exigencies beyond sea. The Irish Parliament itself voted a contingent of four thousand men in loyal obedience to the Crown, paid in putting down the colonists. It was the military denudation of the country which required Ireland to fall back on the principle of popular self-defence, and compelled the Government, divided between opposite alarms, to concede as against foreign invasion a power which it knew would be employed in furtherance of Irish liberties. The viceroy Buckingham wrote that he had official intimation of a meditated invasion of the North, and that he could not supply Belfast and Carrickfergus with more than sixty troopers.* The answer to all this will of course be that, warned by experience, we shall not again strip the country. And, except in dire extremities, this is probably true. But it means that we shall always remain under the necessity of keep-

* Macnevin's "History of the Volunteers of 1782," chaps. i. and ii. pp. 71, 78 seq.

ing a large force in Ireland, however much it may be wanted elsewhere. And I ask the candid Unionist what sort of light does this anticipation cast upon his fundamental proposition, that the Legislative Union, in its present terms, constitutes a portion of our strength?

At Derby, on the 20th of last December, Lord Salisbury delivered an elaborate and brilliant speech, in which he ventured on what his friends and followers have almost uniformly avoided, an excursion into the fields of history. He dealt slightly with a portion of the well-known instances in which local autonomy has proved to be a remedy, more or less complete, for the difficulties arising out of imperfectly assorted political aggregation. He touched more fully on the case of the Union with Scotland; and he propounded a bold speculation, based (as he conceives) on the experience of the great European States, according to which the conduct of England to Ireland, though blameable in many particulars, has in its essence been defensive, and has exhibited the evolution of a law of consolidation, which is higher, wider, deeper, than the acts or fancies of individual men, and which finds its parallels in the unifying processes now accomplished in Germany, France, Spain, and Italy. This disquisition, large in scope and lucid in expression, earned the eulogy of the *Times* newspaper on the 21st of December, as conceived in "the best spirit of philosophical statesmanship." Into the grounds of this encomium I shall now make some inquiry; for I deem that, in order to be philosophical statesmanship, it ought to be in accordance with historical fact.

Let me, however, observe at the outset that Lord Salisbury does not profess to supply us with a history, but with an argument upon history. He is not therefore to be treated, even by those who most widely differ from him, like men who, from ignorance or bias or exorbitant conceit, falsify history and circulate imposture, but as one who, using his liberty of private judgment, propounds arguments which it is well to place in juxtaposition with counter-arguments, that both may be tried in the light of day.

I will begin by endeavouring to present a summary of what Lord Salisbury has said. In order that this might be done with accuracy, I took an early and most public opportunity, in a speech at Dover on the 27th of last December, of expressing the hope, almost the prayer, that this important speech might appear in an authorized report; for surely it is well that, while the ephemeral products of prejudice and passion perish almost as soon as they are born, like foam upon the wave, something like permanence and authenticity of form should be given to a disquisition by a Prime Minister, delivered in the midst of a great world-historic conflict between nations, and shaped "in the best spirit of philosophical statesmanship." The invitation has, I think, since been repeated in the *Daily News*. I have not been fortunate

enough to hear of any response to this appeal; and I have therefore no alternative but to draw my materials from a newspaper report,* which, however, has all the appearance of being full and careful, and which is so clearly cut, and so coherent in its general character, that an accidental slip in some particular expression is not likely vitally to mar the general effect. I believe that my summary includes everything which is most pointed and most pressing in the argument of Lord Salisbury, and I shall ask the following queries on the propositions he has set forth:

II. Whether the existing cases of local autonomy are in truth so barren as the Prime Minister appears to suppose.†

And whether, on the other hand, his organic law of consolidation is not utterly without application to the case as it stands between Great Britain, or rather between England and Ireland?

(1.) Austrian Home Rule, says Lord Salisbury,† works because the Emperor is absolute, or very nearly absolute. The Constitution of the United States is wholly unlike ours. They have an independent executive. Their Federal Constitution issued in the Civil War, and the Civil War in a very material reduction of Home Rule. Sweden and Norway are united, as Hanover and England were, only in the person of the Sovereign. It is such an union as this which, to judge from their speeches, the Liberals‡ demand.

(2.) The relations of Ireland and England are governed by necessity. There is a geographical necessity for union between two States, where the independence of one would be intolerably injurious to the other. At each point of the history, the tendency has been to consolidation. Necessity has made us "compel the Irish." Ireland has always been the "base of operations" for our enemies. So under Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth. Under the Long Parliament, Ireland threatened "the dominant policy" in England. Ireland took up "the defeated and lost cause of James II." Then came another step in consolidation. In 1783 Ireland stabbed England in the back. After sixteen years she wished to take a step further, and give herself to Jacobin France. Mr. Pitt replied with a measure for the Parliamentary Union. We have a right "to wait for the conversion of the Irish to our views."

(3.) It is like the case of Scotland. The risings of 1715 and 1745 were but nominally Jacobite; really protests against the Union. The Scotch are a much more manageable people.

(4.) Our trial is the trial of other nations. The Great European States are made up of small States. Germany had 400. The French any number. The unity of Spain has been often threatened by

* London Times, Dec. 21, 1887.

† At Derby (Times, Dec. 21, 1887).

‡ This is my word. Lord Salisbury uses the inapplicable and offensive name of Separatists. There is, I apprehend, no doubt that we both mean the same set of persons.

Basques and Catalans, but it is being combined into a consolidated mass. Italy was a series of states, "each with a great literary history of its own." The same thing will happen here, as in these four cases. But the generations, as they grow up, must believe that the consolidation is inevitable. "We have for many years, almost for a whole generation, pursued the wrong path in this respect."

It is not possible, within the compass of this article, to treat fully the whole of these compressed and pregnant allegations. With three out of the four groups I shall not attempt it. As regards Ireland and the "base of operations," I contentedly leave to public appreciation such suggestions as (for instance) that the main operations of the Popes and their party against Elizabeth were carried on in Ireland; that the rebels of 1641 did not desire to remain in union with the British Crown; that Mr. Pitt's Act of Union had its origin in the rebellion of 1798; or that that rebellion was due to foreign machinations. With respect to Scotland, I would refer to the partial arguments on the Scottish Union in my previous Notes and Queries. On the daring hypothesis that the movements of 1715 and 1745 (which the Prime Minister will not call rebellions) were in reality movements against the Union, I will only point out that this is a discovery of Lord Salisbury's. Sir Walter Scott has been one among the severer judges of the Union, and in general terms describes it as the seed of the coming wars; but he also says in express terms that the anti-Union sentiment "*came in aid of the zeal of the Jacobites,*" and that the resentment felt was "not so much against the measure itself, as against the disadvantageous terms granted to Scotland."* But I will notice that, among the thousand differences between the Irish and the Scottish Acts of Union, the case might almost have safely rested on this one. The Irish Act was calculated to establish the Episcopal Protestants of the country, a small and tyrannizing minority, with their hated privileges and institutions, in permanent and secure ascendancy over the mass of the nation. In Scotland there was no such enthronement of a faction; the internal balance of social and political forces remained after the Union what it had been before; and the transaction thus avoided the infliction of a deadly wound upon the nation's heart, mind, and historical traditions.

As regards the cited instances of autonomy abroad, I agree with Lord Salisbury that the position of the Emperor of Austria is a weighty instrument in the adjustment between Hungarian and Austrian interests, and that we have nothing which corresponds with it. But must we not reciprocally admit that an adjustment between two Legislatures co-ordinate, independent, and severally autocratic, requires a force of regulating appliances wholly unnecessary between

* "*Tales of a Grandfather,*" chap. 85.

Parliaments, of which one is local and derivative, the other Imperial and supreme. The argument from Austria-Hungary is really in the nature, not of an exact, but still of an *à fortiori* argument in our favour. If two independent and nearly equal States can, by the expedient of autonomy, be made to work as an organic unity, how much slighter must be the strain, where there is no question of constitutional independence, and where in the last resort the superior Parliament retains the power to solve any and every controversy between them in such manner as it may think fit.

With respect to America, it is an entire error to say that the Federal Constitution "issued in" the Civil War. It no more issued in the Civil War than the British Constitution in the French War. It was not produced by anything in the Constitution, but by the institution of slavery. The South seceded, not in order to alter the Constitution, but in order to resist the limitation of the territorial area of slavery. The North made war to secure and enforce that limitation.

If we look at the relations of right between the Central and the State Governments, they are very different from the relations established between the Parliament of the British Empire and the Statutory Parliaments operating in many of the Queen's possessions; for the Central Government is derivative, and the local governments were independent, and were originally supreme. But what America supplies is an example, on the largest scale, of a successful division between Imperial and local functions, even in a case where the Central power is secondary, and is limited to certain stipulated offices. And the argument that arises upon it is again in the nature of an argument *à fortiori*. A gigantic political whole is kept together, and works with perfect efficiency, although the main-spring is relatively weak, for the governing institution has no power to enlarge its own prerogatives, or to override the separate action of the States in their local affairs. Would it not then savour of cowardice to renounce the hope of according local autonomy to Ireland without danger to Imperial authority, when it is that Imperial authority which can, by itself and for itself, determine the limits of that local autonomy, and the means by which it is to be confined within its proper boundaries? Lord Salisbury observes that the autonomy of the States has since the war been restrained. If, then, this restrained autonomy is a safe autonomy, why does he not offer it to Ireland, and throw upon her the responsibility of refusing it?

Next come to the case of Norway and Sweden; which, according to Lord Salisbury, are united only in the person of the Sovereign, as Great Britain and Hanover were. This statement, I presume to say, is absolutely, and even grossly, wrong. Between the Governments of

Great Britain and Hanover there was no more union than between those of Great Britain and Portugal. The King of Great Britain was also, indeed, not of necessity, but for the time, according to the respective laws of succession, the Sovereign of Hanover. Is this the case in Norway and Sweden? On the contrary, the monarchy is organically one; and if the heirs to the united throne were all swept away by the hand of death, a new succession would, under the Constitution, be provided by the joint action of the two Diets, or of a deputation from them. And further; these countries have an organic provision for the severance of Imperial from local affairs; and such as are Imperial are treated by a mixed council of Swedes and Norwegians. Now this is not a case like that of Austria. There an ancient monarchy, rich in great traditions, is girt about with institutions, which Lord Salisbury—I must say in an unfortunate spirit of exaggeration—calls very nearly absolute. These incidents of the case strengthen the hands of the Sovereign, and enable him to exercise some control over unruly elements. In Norway the institutions are democratic; the language specially allies the people with Denmark, not with Sweden; the regal office is not absolute, but strictly and narrowly limited; and not only the monarchy, but the connection between the countries, is a recent one. It dates from 1814; and it had its origin amidst the incidents of war. Moreover, the present King was unhappily engaged for many years in a constitutional conflict with the representatives of Norway, in which he was defeated. Nor can the organization even now, perhaps, be said to be in all points complete; while, as to force, it would be difficult indeed for the four and three-quarter millions of Sweden to hold down the two million highlanders of Norway. Yet such is the virtue of local autonomy that, with this most grave array of difficulties against it, not only have Norway and Sweden never given an hour of trouble or of care to Europe about their affairs, but a sentiment of friendship, and even of mutual affection, has sprung up between the populations, and has largely taken the place of the hostile feeling exhibited in the war of 1814.

Lord Salisbury has passed by in silence the other cases of old world autonomy. The case of Iceland, in connection with Denmark; of Finland, in connection with Russia; even of the Lebanon, and certain of the islands, in their relations with Turkey; cases which show, every one of them, the tendency of local independence, freely conceded, to sober, or to qualify and reduce the most difficult and dangerous problems. Nor does the Prime Minister notice how the very same lesson is negatively taught by inverted circumstances; how an unsatisfied Poland is commonly reputed to be the scandal, the difficulty, perhaps even the danger, of Russia; how Turkey lost Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece; how Austria lost Lombardy and Venetia, and was only saved from losing Hungary by the intervention of the Czar; how Denmark

lost Schleswig ; how Holland lost Belgium. It is true that in no one instance is the analogy formal and precise, for no such thing as formal and precise analogy exists in historical comparisons between one nation and another. But it is also true that in every important instance of conceded Home Rule, either the necessity was less or the difficulty greater ; and it is also true that no one case can be pointed out where Home Rule has been freely conceded, and where it has failed to produce beneficial results.

My conclusion then is that the examples before us, studied in an historic spirit, are not barren, but are fruitful, instructive, and highly encouraging to the policy of a real local autonomy for Ireland.

III. Let me now turn to the organic law of consolidation, which forms undoubtedly the most original and the boldest part of Lord Salisbury's disquisition, and which he has exhibited in the quadrilateral illustration drawn by him from the four cases of France, Spain, Germany, and Italy.

The choice of the term consolidation is skilful, but not accurate. Water in a certain sense consolidates into ice. But it is not forced to form, and it does not form, around a centre. Consolidation may result from processes which are not spontaneous or equable ; but it is in itself an equable and spontaneous process. It was not, strictly speaking, by such a process that three at least out of the four specified countries were united. It was by pressure from a centre, into formation round a centre. And the process is one to be described properly, not by the word consolidation, but rather by the more appropriate and less auspicious word, centralization.

I should be the last person either to question that these centralizations were beneficial, or to deny that a tendency which centralizes may also consolidate. Some might go further and say that the consolidating or non-consolidating effect is the test which establishes the legitimacy or illegitimacy of the centralizing process. Ancient Italy was consolidated by being brought into radiation from Rome ; but none will suppose that ancient Greece would have been consolidated by being compelled into a structural unity round Athens, or Sparta, or Corinth, or Thebes. Probably there will be a general agreement in the opinion that the circumstances of political aggregation among men are infinitely varied, and that each case must be tried upon its own merits, both to show whether countries or peoples should unite, and also to learn into what kind or degree of union they should enter. The elements which should govern the result are many and subtle, and are capable of almost infinitely diversified combination. Among them are race, religion, language, history, sympathy or antipathy in character, geographical proximity, internal conformation of the country, material wants and interests, relief from internal difficulties, relations to the outer world ; last, and perhaps most of all, that

peculiar sentiment of nationality, which modern civilization has done so much to develop, the character and force of which was admirably set forth by Mr. Lecky in an early work,* and which almost assumes, in and for a nation, the office which conscience discharges for the individual, as the tribunal of ultimate appeal. It is not a mere sentiment of race, though race is commonly included in it. It is not simply an ambition to attain independence, or to escape from pressure. In order to ascend to the honours of nationality, there must be all the necessary conditions of what may be termed collective or corporate individuality, tested by reason, and sufficiently confirmed by history. Where these conditions do not exist, the cause must be struck off the roll; where they do, the sense of nationality, it may almost be said, is immortal, and only bides its time.

Now the map of Europe shows us that in cases like those of Hungary and Norway, a vigorous sense of nationality is compatible with effective organic union tempered by autonomy. In the case of Scotland we see that it has not absolutely excluded even the consent of a small minority to be associated with, or swallowed up in, a Parliament of which it is to furnish but a minute fraction; for no one can doubt that that consent is now absolutely free, and that its continuance depends upon Scotland herself. But what I observe first of all, in Lord Salisbury's four palmary instances, is, that no one of them offers to us a case of a developed historical nationality which has been absorbed into one of the larger masses. Many severances, doubtless there have been, where now scarcely a seam remains; many cases where race, or religion, or language, or manners, or local usage and privilege, or where the course of history and politics, have for a time been separate; but not one where there has been a true nationality, like that of Hungary or of Norway, with some stamp left upon the course of human history to attest it.

There may be a few, and only a very few, cases where some of these distinctions, and especially that of tribal usage, have been so salient, that they might, at a first glance, be mistaken for signs of an historic nationality. Perhaps the case of the Basques is the strongest of these. But can the case of the Basques be placed higher than that of the Highlanders of Scotland, before the assimilating measures of the reign of George III.? The Highlanders had a separate language, separate traditions, usages, and social habits; with these distinctions they joined a marked military superiority over their neighbours; yet the candid observer will feel that they did not possess the constituent conditions of a true historical nationality; and they have learned, recently, but fully, familiarly, and freely, to feel that they belong to the integral nationality of Scotland.

Taking again the case of Provence and other neighbouring lands

* In the first edition of his "Leaders of Opinion in Ireland."

long ago, and of Bretagne down to a recent date, perhaps, at the present moment, no one will deny their possession of marked special notes. But specialties, and even marked specialties, do not create a nationality, any more than the shape and size of a single feature determine the character of a countenance. Nationality has this among its many characteristic qualities : it may be trained in action, or it may be trained in suffering. The nationality of Italy, for example, has been trained, in the mental sphere, by that sustained effort, which has resulted in the formation of a splendid literature. But, in the sphere of practical life, it has been trained principally by suffering. To suffering, prolonged through, alas ! how many generations, it is that Ireland owes her singularly keen, developed, tenacious, and absorbing sense of nationality. Of Poland I will not speak further than to observe that none will deny her nationality, and many will perhaps hold that its fibre has acquired tenacity in the same school of painful discipline. Each of these is a distinct entity, in the face, and on the stage, of the world. And here again it may be observed that nationality, like knighthood, earns its spurs : a nation, before it is fully national, must know itself to be a nation ; and it cannot know itself to be a nation except after a sufficient tract of time and of experience, on a certain scale, in a certain understood and defined character. The cases of provincial usages, of what may be termed secondary individuality, to which I have referred, will not bear in any degree the application of these tests.

Here, however, we may stumble on one of the most probable causes of misapprehension in the present question. Of separate action there may be plenty without separate nationality. But it will be found, I think, that separate action of this kind is, not that of the people : it is due to what may be termed local, and principally dynastic, causes. The part played by Bavaria in the modern history of Germany has been largely separate, or what would be called in modern phrase particularist. But no one would think of ascribing this to the possession by the Bavarians of a separate non-German nationality.

Yet I know not how it has happened to Lord Salisbury that in his desire to draw a fair show of fish into his net, he has overlooked, in the case of Germany, the vital fact which places it directly against him in the argument on the Irish question. For the particularities of the German States, even though of a rank less than national, have not been suppressed and swallowed up in an institution like our Parliament at Westminster. Munich has not surrendered all her Parliamentary honours to Berlin. While the Reichstag has modestly been formed for purposes which are Imperial, the German States, in larger numbers, have in many cases their separate independent dynasties, and possess their local Parliaments, more or less efficient,

for local purposes.* So that in Germany the centralization, which has undoubtedly consolidated that great country, is a centralization not more but less effective than that which the policy of Home Rule proposes to leave intact for Ireland; and Germany herself therefore stands high on our list of proofs by instance, that Imperial unity and local autonomy are not in conflict, but in alliance, with one another.

But then it may be said, and truly said, this at any rate is not the case with France. There consolidation has been complete; shall I say ruthlessly complete? There centralization has reached the perfection, to which some of our statesmen apparently wish to bring it among ourselves. Is this the glory and the safety of France, or is it her weakness and her danger? Not many days after the speech of Lord Salisbury at Derby, a member of the French Chamber, not previously known to me, addressed to me a letter of protestation. In this letter he pointed out that the suppression of local institutions, in which the speech exulted, was indeed true, but was not more true than lamentable. Why is it that France had to undergo the most terrible Revolution ever known in history; that four forms of monarchy have since, and successively, failed to assure her political stability; and that she now relies on her democracy to supply that element which other forms of government have made their traditional boast? Why, but because the evil series of the arbitrary kings, who ruled her from the bright days of Henry IV. to the accession of Louis XVI., trampled upon her local and provincial institutions, as well as beat down and debased her aristocracy. Then came the Revolution which would not, perhaps could not, certainly did not, undo this portion of their work, but carried it onwards to its evil consummation. The old institutions may have been incapable of revival, though Mr. Burke deemed them capable of reform. There was in any case plenty of room for constructive power, and for substitutes adapted to the needs of the age. They were not provided; and the men of the Revolution, enlarging the bad tradition of the later kings, brought the country as nearly as they could to that normal state of an Oriental despotism, where the Sovereign dwells in solitary elevation, with the dead-level of a perfectly centralized community all around him. I rejoice to think how France, in a recent crisis, has given us ground for hoping that popular government may yet succeed in securing for her what so many monarchies had miserably missed. In the meantime, while Germany contradicts the centralizing doctrine by her retention of local Parliaments and institutions, France condemns it by her want of municipal, provincial, and generally local life, and by the ills which that want entails.

* The details are given in that valuable compilation, the *Statesman's Year Book*. There appear to be more than a score of German autonomies of different classes (pp. 119-190).

I have already mentioned the Basque Provinces of Spain to show that they are not in point, and do not meet the elementary conditions of the Irish argument. But, as Lord Salisbury mentions also the Catalans of Spain, I presume he refers to the resistance which was at one time offered to the Central Government in connection with certain questions of tariff. It would really degrade the argument before us to treat such questions, with their narrow scope and temporary action, as if they had, or could have, either the comprehensiveness, or the solidity and permanence of grasp on human interests and affairs, which alone could give to them a determining power over the movements of mankind in the great matter of social aggregation. Industrial interests are important, but they are elastic, pliable, and diffused, so as for the most part readily to fall into equilibrium; and it would perhaps be difficult to point to a single European country or people, whose political relationships have been thrust out of their natural course by causes of this kind.

There is doubtless a centrifugal force which leads to local autonomies, larger or smaller, and a centripetal power which watches and struggles to absorb them. Each is in its province and its measure legitimate. Each may exceed its proper measure, but we see no case where the centrifugal or localizing force has so exceeded; whereas, on the other hand, we cannot yet tell whether Italy or Germany has found the exact mean, though Germany has sought it by large allowance of autonomies. And in France and Spain, where there was evidently a call for a centralizing work, and that work has been done, it is obvious to remark that, according to the witness of at least one undeniable test, it has been with very far from anything like full success; for each of these eminent historic countries has been shaken at short intervals, during the last hundred years, not only by much commotion, but by frequent revolutions, which well-distributed autonomies seem to act almost as an amulet in averting.

I will not dwell upon the fact that in no one of the instances cited by Lord Salisbury has there been any maritime severance like that of St. George's Channel. Corsica and Sardinia, historically proved to be too small for Mediterranean independence, will hardly be quoted. Iceland, indeed, is severed from Denmark by sea; but Iceland has a local Parliament. Mr. Grattan, whose very best reason often found expression in epigrammatic or antithetic forms, said—and, as experience has shown, said well—of Ireland: "The Channel forbids union; the Ocean forbids independence."

It is easy to multiply broad distinctions between the four consolidations of Lord Salisbury and the consolidation he proposes partly to maintain, partly to effect, with Ireland. No one of them exhibits a Parliamentary union with another people stretching over sea. No one of them an union effected, like the Irish Union, by force and fraud.

No one of them an union which, after nearly a century, had not gained but lost ground in the affections of the people. No one of them an union, for the sake of which it has been found necessary either to cripple, or altogether to refuse, the privileges of self-government in the minor local circumscriptions. No one of them an union following upon a nearly unbroken series of many centuries of the most cruel wrong. No one of them an union where every political franchise conferred, formed a new base of operations certain to be undertaken for the purpose of changing it. No one of them an union which has, permanently and continuously, and now in an increasing degree, been maintained by the overweening strength of the more powerful against the will of the weaker population.

And this leads me, in conclusion, to notice the utter and unnatural strangeness of the comparison which Lord Salisbury has made between the Italian, and the so-called Irish, consolidation. The aggregation into the Italian kingdom of the populations which had been divided into several States was, above all others, of modern times, spontaneous and free. True it is that Rome was taken in 1870, and the Pope displaced from the temporal power, by the Italian forces. But the resistance to the Italian army was not offered by the inhabitants of Rome. It was offered, and gallantly offered, by a small but brave and skilled army, made up from many foreign nationalities, and actuated extensively by a misguided, if in part religious, zeal, which the French, before giving up their prolonged occupation, had used all their high military skill to organize. With this apparent but not real exception, the Italian populations came together like the long separated members of a family. The statements of Lord Salisbury that each Italian State had had a great literary history of its own, I frankly own myself unable to understand. Florence had such a history. So, perhaps, had Naples. Patronage, at various times, attracted various men of letters to various centres; but the literature, it seems to me, was properly and mainly sporadic, and therefore national. Whatever it was, an Italian spirit breathed in it, and it helped the work. But the union of Italy was national and free; and it passes my skill to perceive how such a process can be an argument or an example adverse to the autonomy of Ireland, sought for by a movement not less free and not less truly national. Where the rights and prerogatives of human nature favour the process, let consolidation have its work. But by those rights and prerogatives the work should be limited; and the attempt to force it upon a steadily resisting nation claims, as I have shown, no more countenance from the general precedents of the European States, than from the laws of prudence, or the principles of justice.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

MR. FROUDE'S "WEST INDIES."

"FOR myself," says Mr. Froude, in a book which everybody has read by this time, "I never listen much to a desponding person." Happily we are not all of the same mind, or his latest literary venture would not have found a market. The prevailing tone of "The English in the West Indies" is one of melancholy, almost of despair. In reading it we are overwhelmed with a sense of opportunities that have been hopelessly lost; of great achievements, the pride and glory of our forefathers in days when heroism had a spell for English hearts, which hardly find a place in the memories of their degenerate offspring; of vital errors in policy, of humiliating blunders in administration; of everything, in short, that can serve by way of example or of contrast to mark a period of slackened resolution and of waning power.

If we allow ourselves to be seduced by an exquisite charm of style into sympathy with the writer's mood, we soon find ourselves encompassed by unpleasant visions, in which we seem to see the end of all our greatness, and fancy we are listening to the moralizings of posterity. These people, we almost hear it said, like Jerusalem of old, did not know the time of their visitation. Heaven had done everything for them. The whole world poured its riches into their lap, land after land passed beneath their sceptre, distant isles and vast stretches of continent, inhabited by countless populations, acknowledged their supremacy. But these good things happened to them when public virtue had not begun to decay; when patriotism kept their hearts aglow; when their sight was clear and their will vigorous, and they had not yet allowed their intellect to be muddled with the detestable sophistries of a later day. Their doom came

when orators were accepted as statesmen, when the principles of government were drawn from the phantasms of philosophy rather than from the dictates of common-sense, and when the canker of party spirit destroyed their capacity for imperial rule.

Assuredly if we adopted Mr. Froude's maxim never to "listen much to a desponding person," we should close his book after glancing at the first few pages. But we do nothing of the sort. We read it to the end, and we do so for the best of all reasons, just because we like it. In spite of his dismal prophesyings he is a pleasant companion. Perhaps his companionship is all the more delightful because he knows how to play so cunningly on our fears. A slight admixture of terror stimulates enjoyment. The vein of censure moreover in which he has the habit of indulging wins our assent for the moment by a tribute delicately offered to our vanity. Nothing is said to provoke so despicable a passion. We are in the hands of too rigid a moralist for that. Nevertheless, by sheer dint of blaming everything and everybody, we are led insensibly to feel that we could do much better, and it is not altogether disagreeable to find ourselves conducted by easy stages to the conclusion that in the discerning faculty we are head and shoulders above the ruck of our countrymen and the politicians who govern them. After a while we get accustomed to Mr. Froude's manner, and it is reassuring. His plaintive passages are distributed pretty evenly throughout the book, and they do not always seem to have any very close connection with what precedes or follows. We soon find that certain views as to the decay of English statesmanship and the absurd character of our colonial rule, instead of coming in as an inference from his personal inquiries, are really the premisses from which he starts. He did not find them in the West Indies; he took them with him from Onslow Square. There are certain indications in the chronological arrangement of the narrative which would lead us to infer that a good number of written folios went in his portmanteau and were slipped into the work from time to time at the right places as it grew. The mere suspicion that we have lighted on a true discovery relieves us from a world of fears. We see that we are in the hands of a literary artist who carries about with him a judicious assortment of ghosts. As soon as we have fathomed his secret we can give ourselves up to pure enjoyment, and are ready to encounter any number of such visionary terrors on condition of being paid for it in the same ample measure of touching pathos and resounding eloquence.

The infinite charm of Mr. Froude's style, though it disarms resentment, cannot reconcile us to his literary methods. They seem to us to be reprehensible on the score of art, and not quite flawless in the smaller morals. He mixes up characters which ought to be kept distinct. He starts in one, then presently changes it for

another, and often combines them both. The politician is a familiar personage. We know his strong and his weak points, his odd ways and, occasionally, his amusing tricks. Tell us that we are going to start on a journey with a politician and we shall be put upon our guard. If we do not like to go with him we can stay at home. Tell us that our companion is to be a philosophical historian, who, having braced his eyesight in the comparative twilight of three or four centuries ago, wishes to apply it to the investigation of contemporary facts, and again we know whereabouts we are. We may assume that our friend will be entirely to our taste, and we start with him on the understood conditions. Now it is little better than a cheat upon us if we are left to find out that our calm inquirer is after all a red-hot politician, who has his dogmas just like a Radical candidate for Deptford, and is bent upon ventilating them on all occasions. We have our own reasons for speaking with tenderness of politicians, but we must protest against their going about in disguise and breaking out in wild tirades against the principles of their opponents when we ought to be enjoying the scenery, or investigating the condition and habits of the people, or registering the conclusions which we have drawn from the facts presented to our observation. It is a breach of contract, but it is something worse. The authority assumed under one character is quietly transferred to another, and opinions are insinuated in forms which defy argument. You hear a groan; it is the groan of an inspired man, it is forced from the depths of his soul by the folly and iniquity which his eyes behold. You are naturally much impressed, but you cannot answer a proposition thrown into that form. You cannot exactly measure the illative force of a sigh. The result depends upon the sort of man you are. If at all susceptible you will be convinced at once. If made of colder stuff you will soon recover your self-possession, and when it dawns upon you that you have been brought to that spot for the very purpose of having these lessons poured into your ear, you may perhaps feel tempted to pitch your philosophical friend over the nearest precipice.

One instance of such a betrayal will suffice. Mr. Froude of post-Jamaica. He has been staying at Government House, where of old, been introduced to the leading men of the place and fêted with dinners. He has since been on a visit to Cherry Garden to their lap, residence of the unfortunate Gordon, whom Governor isles and vast before a court-martial in order to have him speedily, acknowledging tarried so long in the "upper sphere" things happened to them see something of the common people at bay; when patriotism kept other parts of the island. For this purpose was clear and their will place in the interior, some fifty miles from the intellect to be muddled himself in "an exact reproduction of a Warw day. Their doom came

days of railways and brick chimneys." There were no elms, but there were silk trees and mangoes instead. There was a modest inn, a blacksmith's forge, a church with a square tower and three aisles, and a large house which stood for the squire's mansion. Everything was English. The men with their black fingers touched their hats to the visitor; the women smiled and curtsied. Mr. Froude was well lodged at a boarding-house kept by a Miss Roy. "If ever there was an inspired coffee-maker, Miss Roy was that person." He sat with an American lady and gentleman under the veranda in the cool of the evening and smoked; fire-flies large as cockchafers flitting round them among the leaves. He learned that the glory of Mandeville is its oranges. One gentleman alone had sent twenty thousand boxes to New York the year before, and had cleared a dollar on each box. A Moravian minister called upon him along with a friend who had lately taken a farm, and he gleaned from them a variety of useful information. Another American gentleman arrived. He had discovered that there were "dollars in the bamboo." After spending a quarter of a million dollars without finding any, he hit upon a commercial use for the bamboo. The fibres form splendid "padding" for the boxes of the wheels of railway carriages. It is elastic, it holds oil like a sponge, and it never wears out. In this way we are beguiled along, pleasantly and instructively, beginning to see that, whatever becomes of sugar, it is the fault of English capitalists if there is not a future for Jamaica. All at once, without a word of warning, Mr. Froude breaks out into a fulmination against Radicalism. He gives us a version of the modern Radical creed. It is so carefully drawn up that he must have had it in his pocket. Here are some of the articles: "Whosoever will be saved, before all things it is necessary that he hold the Radical faith. And the Radical faith is this: All men are equal, and the voice of one man is as the voice of another. And whereas one man is wise and another foolish, and one is upright and another crooked, yet in the suffrage none is greater or less than another. The vote is equal, the the city co-eternal. . . . This is the Radical faith, which except a a true to keep whole and undefiled, he is a Tory and an enemy of the are in and without doubt shall perish everlastingly." Such is the judicious is thrown at our heads, as we sit among the silk trees secret we see and fire-flies in Miss Roy's veranda.

encounter any up of the historical inquirer with the political partisan paid for it in the ere for the first time in the writings of Mr. Froude. ing eloquence.

defaces almost everything that has come from The infinite charm at-off against his splendid powers. It is resentment, cannot reconcile in, and not to feel grateful to him; but to us to be reprehensible of fade. They bloom to-day, and to-morrow in the smaller morals. The only virtues that will save the works kept distinct. He starts historian from oblivion are those of strict

severe impartiality. Mr. Froude has given us three "The English in Ireland." Never was labour more ~~useless~~ wasted. They stand on our shelves, but they are never opened, never referred to. They are the work of one of our great historians, yet they render us no service in connection with the Irish controversy. They are a political pamphlet, not a sober quotable authority. They are admirably suited to furnish an apology for the passions of one party, but not to appease the passions or to convince the judgment of the other. It is the incessant comment of the partisan that spoils everything. We can laugh at Mr. Froude's Jamaican extravagances and caricatures. It is a new sensation to hear these anti-Radical crackers go off among the mangoes and the fire-flies. We would much sooner attend a meeting under Miss Roy's veranda than at St. James's Hall. But the handling of Irish history demands more sympathy and self-control, at once a keener eye, a firmer hand, and a more evenly balanced judgment. For the absence of these qualities from Mr. Froude's volumes, the neglect into which they have fallen can hardly be deemed a more than adequate expiation.

Mr. Froude has a case against us as regards the West Indies, and in outline it is this: To a great extent we make no attempt to govern them, and in so far as we make the attempt we adopt wrong principles of government. We send out Governors, but we do not allow them a free hand. Their action is held in check by a council, the members of which are wholly or partly elected by the people, black as well as white. The tendency of our policy is to place the administration of our West Indian colonies more and more on a purely representative basis. In Jamaica the powers which were surrendered after the outbreak at Morant Bay were in part restored four years ago, and the whites are trembling with fear lest they should soon have their old constitution forced upon them. It is a gift they do not want, from which they shrink. There are 700,000 blacks in the island, and only 16,000 whites, so that representative government would mean the political extinction of the whites. Rather than risk this disaster, the whites would prefer to be ruled and to have their laws made by the Governor in council. This, according to Mr. Froude, is the only way of satisfactorily governing our West Indian colonies. Men of English race may be left to govern themselves. We should think it an impertinence to obtrude our help upon the people of Canada, Australia, or New Zealand, and if we did the offer would be justly resented. But when a colony is inhabited by people not of our own race, and yet, for political reasons, we do not choose to give it up, the only alternative is to govern it ourselves.

1. Mr. Froude tells us that the blacks in the West Indies are like

children—simple, open-hearted, good-natured, and easily managed by those who treat them well, but that they want guidance, and if left to themselves will assuredly lose the small amount of superficial civilization they have so far acquired. He gives them a good character on the whole. They are not preternaturally lazy: they are willing to work for any one who will pay them regularly, and they are not over-exacting in their demands. The picture Mr. Froude gives of the men and women who coaled the vessel in Kingston Harbour equals anything that could be seen at the London Docks, and they may be taken as fair samples of their race. The blacks in Jamaica have become peasant proprietors. Each household is settled on a plot of land large enough to supply its wants, with a residue which is carried to market. They are rather extravagant in the matter of land. They make a clearing in the forest by burning down the trees, devastating much more land than they mean to occupy, and when the natural fertility of one plot is exhausted they move on to another. But Nature soon redresses its own wrongs. With a hot temperature and abundant moisture, any spot which man has left desolate is quickly covered with a luxuriant vegetation. The black population are contented and happy. Mr. Froude is never tired of describing their easy, cheerful ways. He is especially struck with the graceful forms of the women, as well as with their superior intelligence and industry. If one sex is to be preferred to the other in politics it is the women, and he would rather give the suffrage to them than to the men. It is pleasant to hear such testimony, but there is another side to the picture. Mr. Froude thinks that barbarism lurks not very far away in the background, and that if the blacks were left to themselves it would ere long regain its old ascendancy. If they are like children in their light-heartedness, they are like them also in being easily excited. There is still a feud between them and the whites—the heirloom of the days before emancipation. They have on their side the visible strength of numbers, their suspicions are easily aroused, and with such passionate natures a spark might kindle a conflagration.

The whites are in a wholly different position. They are the discontented element in Jamaica as in the other islands. It is hardly in the nature of things that they should be otherwise. They are an insignificant minority, like so many flecks of foam on a tawny sea. They cannot forget that they or their fathers were once the absolute owners of these black multitudes, who to-day are as free as themselves, and a good deal more independent. In the *Life of Fleeming Jenkin*, which has just been published, we are told how his grandmother, a West Indian lady, used to tie offending niggers to the bedstead, and do her own flogging. Such recollections still live, and in black opinion they have ceased to harmonize with a state of Nature. It is

not easy for a discrowned despot to live among his former slaves. The whites in Jamaica are resentful and suspicious. They have no sympathy with their black neighbours, and no liking for them. All the world knows that they have had misfortunes. We used to be familiar with the wail of the West Indian planter. He has given over wailing, finding it to be of no use, especially at a time when his sorrows are outrivalled by those of the Irish tenantry and the English farmers. But though the West Indian planter does not complain aloud, he none the less nurses his grievances. We took his slaves from him. That was the first blow which shivered his fortunes. We gave him twenty millions sterling by way of compensation, but though that sum might cover the value of the slaves, it was no equivalent for the indirect and larger losses caused by the upsetting of the social fabric. The next thing we did was to equalize the duties on free and slave-grown sugar. Some of us can well remember the shrieks of the philanthropists and the shouts of the victorious free-traders. For the first time in his life the planter was on the side of the philanthropists. Of late years there has been the plague of the sugar bounties. This has proved the proverbial last straw. Nevertheless, we are told that the authorities in Jamaica levy an export duty on sugar, in order to keep up the price! As for the past, the island is strewn with its ruins. In what was once a forest-clearing you see the remains of some old sugar-mill, covered up now with a rich mantle of tropical foliage. The black who should still have been at work there is planting his yams on a neighbouring plot, happy as the day is long, but the owner outstayed his fortunes and has vanished.

On the strength of these facts Mr. Froude builds up a great case against the Government at home and against Englishmen generally. Unfortunately, he does not condescend to state his arguments and prescribe his remedies in the usual way. He handles the subject as a poet. He deals in allusions, in regrets, in dreams. Where a bit of cool reasoning is much to be desired, he takes out his pocket-handkerchief. It is pretty, and in a sense effective, but it is not quite satisfactory. He says it is our fault that the West Indies do not furnish a home for tens of thousands of our people. He says that fortunes are still to be gathered there; that there are vast tracts of fertile soil blooming with dividends for capitalists who will try their luck. In these days, when money is a drug and can be had in any quantity on a fair promise of five per cent., such chances do not often go a-begging, and we cannot persuade ourselves that they have been overlooked. Why have they not been seized upon? Mr. Froude says that the reason is uncertainty as to the political fate in store for these islands. The uncertainty does not relate to the continuance of British supremacy. That is not doubted yet. It has to do with the question whether representative institutions may not

soon be granted to the colonies. That will mean the supremacy of the black race, who will then make the laws and regulate taxation. White men do not like this prospect. They refuse to be governed by the blacks, and they will make no ventures till they know what policy the British Government intends to pursue. Do they mean to apply their Radical theories to the West Indies? Will they insist upon planting in a tropical soil, overflowing with a black population, the upas-tree of household suffrage and the equal rights of man? If so, says Mr. Froude, all hope must be abandoned.

Mr. Froude may be right, but if we disregard his speculations and look only at his facts as he himself reports them, we do not find ourselves necessarily shut up to his conclusions. But we will first be frank with him on the question of principle. None but a pedant would contend that the same form of Government is equally well adapted to people of every race and of every stage of civilization. It has taken us the educational discipline of a thousand years to arrive at our present political capacity, such as it is. Our institutions are of insular growth, the product of our own soil, and the imitations which have been attempted in foreign lands are still in the experimental stage. We are agreed that constitutional government in its full-blown form would not do for India at present; and the same may be said with regard to the West Indian colonies. If English Radicals are wise they will remember their responsibilities. Foresight, circumspection, moderation, in a word, reasonableness, are among the foremost of the political virtues requisite in managing an Empire like ours. At the same time we are bound to act in harmony with our own principles. We have to treat inferior races in a way becoming a people who are themselves free and have faith in freedom. If it is our present business to rule them for their own advantage, giving them the benefit of our superior knowledge and experience, it is also our business to attempt to educate them for higher things. We could hardly escape a sense of self-degradation if we deliberately acquiesced in the low state of development as yet reached by a subject race, and merely sought to use them as the means of producing wealth for other people. Our function is not merely to rule, but to raise. The development of political capacity is, after all, only a branch of the development of the mind itself. The germs of that capacity are found in every human soul. How soon they will shoot and bud depends upon circumstances; and the process may be indefinitely quickened when the circumstances are largely under our own control.

Mr. Froude contends that we ought to keep the government entirely in our own hands as we do in India. The cases are not parallel. The difference in point of population alone destroys the comparison. You may deal with 700,000 people in a way in which

it would not be safe to deal with 200,000,000. India is a huge congeries of races and natives, differing much in historical antecedents, and even in language and religion. The blacks in an island like Jamaica are of the same race and like one another in all respects. We acquired India by conquest, and recollections of the wild freedom of a former day have hardly yet subsided into complete acquiescence in British rule. The blacks in the West Indies do not in the least concern themselves with the way in which the islands came into our hands. Their ancestors were torn from Africa, but it was to have on the whole a better lot, which has been further improved by the gift of freedom a generation ago. They have no wrongs to avenge, no past to dream over, and they are happy. Which is the better way of dealing with them—to govern them ourselves, or to admit them to a share in the government? We waive every question of abstract right, and ask simply which is the better course for them and for us, cast as we are together? There cannot be much doubt as to the answer which must be given, though it is not likely to please Mr. Froude. This black population, though as a whole far below us in civilization and intellectual development, is capable of producing eminent men. Mr. Froude met one of this stamp, the Chief Justice of Barbados. Gordon was another. Where there are a few such men there must be a larger number on a lower level of intelligence, but much superior to the mass. The solution which first suggests itself is that a restricted franchise should be adopted; but a restricted franchise is dangerous anywhere, and would have special dangers in a place like Jamaica, since it would open a career for agitators, who would find a tempting field of action in the multitudes left outside. Admit them all, and the danger is diminished, if it does not disappear. The political guidance that would be necessary for the present might be furnished by the nomination of a certain proportion of members to the Council or Assembly—a proportion, which might be varied according to experience. If the whites want more than their proportional share of influence, they can easily get it. They have only to sink past feuds, and lay themselves out to win the confidence and promote the welfare of the black population. Anyhow, our business is to further the happiness of the greatest number, and to secure their willing adhesion to the rule under which they live.

The way in which Mr. Froude ordered his travels was hardly favourable to original observation. He mixed with ordinary people on his voyages, and at a few hotels, but the greater part of his time was passed in a higher circle. He took with him introductions to the Governors of the colonies he intended to visit. The introductions were forwarded as soon as he arrived in port, and from that moment his fate was fixed. Presently an aide-de-camp waited upon him with

an invitation to Government House. What could he do but accept? Naturally there was a gentle 'passage-at-arms' between the distinguished host and hostess and himself, prompted by an unwillingness to intrude upon their hospitality, but it ended in his politely yielding to their remonstrances. He was, of course, well housed; every attention was paid to so rare a guest. He had gardens to stroll in such as elsewhere are only to be met with in Eastern fable. At the window of a richly furnished chamber, sheltered by a veranda from the burning sun, he could breathe the fragrant air and dream away at leisure. His first impressions of the place were derived from the people he met at the table of his host. Once or twice he broke loose, in decent deference to the rôle of a philosopher on his travels; but he was still under official guidance and went to the places selected for him. His tastes were known and he was directed to the most picturesque spots. Here he met with other people, but they were generally travellers like himself. Like him, they saw and admired, they had picked up bits of gossip and were free with their remarks, but it is doubtful how much reliance can be placed upon them. From the hands of one Governor our traveller passed into those of another, with a repetition of the same experiences. We think of Arthur Young, travelling, note-book in hand, from one village to another in France and Ireland, talking to everybody, diving to the bottom of every social problem that presents itself, and jotting down everything he sees. There is much excuse for Mr. Froude, but it must nevertheless be said that he gave himself no trouble. Now and then he sought out persons likely to be able to give him trustworthy information—the Moravian minister, for example, already mentioned. He selected him because he everywhere heard the Moravians well spoken of. This fact alone should have led him to go a little further. There are other denominations and other ministers of religion in Jamaica more accurately representative of English feeling. It would have been as well if he had talked with some of them. He dwells continually upon the black race; the object of his book is to impress upon us certain conclusions as to their condition and prospects, but he did not go among them. He tells us nothing at first-hand of their domestic economy and their way of life. Even the whites, the descendants of the old planters, whom he scolds and pities by turns, are allowed to remain strangers to us. He tells us what he hears about them, but not much of what they tell him. Mr. Froude's whole journey from island to island is a progress, a function, varied by outbursts of imaginative humorousness, and nothing else.

The sort of company Mr. Froude kept throughout his wanderings, and the footing on which he stood with them, imposed a check upon his criticisms which we cannot but regret. Now and then his

impatience breaks loose, and we begin to look for some sharp sayings; but how can he put down all he thinks in a book which will be in the hands of his distinguished hosts in the course of six weeks? According to Mr. Froude, almost everything depends upon the character of the men we send out to govern our colonies. We can well believe that this is our vulnerable point. A keen eye is kept upon appointments to our more important colonies, though jobbery is sometimes discernible even there. But these West Indian colonies, of which we seldom hear anything, are the sequestered haunts of patronage. An influential word will do everything. If it is desired to oblige a political friend, or to conciliate somebody who is not a friend, or to show pity to some lame duck or limping dog for whom the ordinary ponds and stiles of life have been found impassable, the way is easy. That vacant governorship is just the thing. And so we export men to represent us in important positions abroad who would not be able to earn a living at home. They are of course men of gentlemanly manners. They can pace a ceremonial with becoming effect, and manage to convey an exalted idea of the country which entrusts them with a bit of its sceptre. But their capacities extend no farther. We have no right to blame them. They are guilty of no breach of trust. If we were in the same position we should do the same and be thankful, though that perhaps is not quite certain. It is the privilege of patronised mediocrity to be discontented.

Mr. Froude has a grudge against oratory and orators. He evidently thinks that they are chargeable with much of the world's misgovernment, and that we should get on much better without them. Perhaps we should—who can tell? The experiment has never been made. There have been orators from the beginning, and there will be orators to the end. They may be a plaguey crew, but there is no getting rid of them. Oratory is argumentative and persuasive speech, and it is difficult to conceive of a state of society in which some men were not more eminently gifted with this power than others. However limited the resources of the language they employed, those men were the orators of their age. If it was only to determine in which direction a wild beast ran when they were out hunting, the man who saw the signs of its trail most clearly, and set them forth in the most convincing speech, would be sure to carry the day. Nor would the tests with which we are familiar be wanting. Success or failure would soon prove the amount of reliance to be placed in his eloquence, and it would be scored up against the next emergency. It seems to result from the investigations pursued with such rare penetration and fulness of knowledge by the late Sir Henry Maine that the popular assemblies which we used to regard in our pride as peculiar to our own forefathers were common to all branches of the Aryan family of nations. We meet with them in the early histories

of Greece and Rome, among Slavs, Persians, and Hindoos, as well as among our ancestors of Northern Europe. Probably the same might be said of all mankind. The "grand palaver" of the Red Indians is the equivalent of our Wittenagemot and modern Parliament. Feats of arms strike the imagination and live longest in tradition, but it is a tolerably safe assertion that in the development of society the tongue has played a more notable part than the sword.

In these days of parliamentary debates we do not need St. James to tell us all the misdeeds which one unruly member is capable of performing; but how are you to get on at all without its aid? and how are you to prevent the most eloquent tongue from prevailing? Mr. Froude must bring his action against human nature. "Is there," he asks, "a single instance, in our own or any other history, of a great political speaker who has added anything to human knowledge or to human worth?" He thinks Lord Chatham may stand as a lonely exception; "but except Chatham, who is there?" It is a nice question, but Mr. Froude draws too freely upon his superb declamatory powers. On his own principles, why should Chatham be excepted? What did Chatham add to human knowledge, or, except by the display of a grand character, in which other orators have rivalled him, to human worth? He was a magnificent talker. He did nothing himself; he sent out men to fight, and he is encompassed by the halo of their victories. Mr. Froude divides all mankind into talkers and doers, and declares that the latter alone are worth anything. It is a mere truism to say that everything that has been done on this earth has been done by doers, and that talking of itself has done nothing. But is not this rather childish? He expands his meaning by pointing to our cathedrals, our cultivated fields, our commerce and ships, and assures us that the men who made and did these things for us are entitled to all the credit, and are alone worthy to be remembered. Surely Mr. Froude is confusing the mere doing of a thing with originating, contriving, directing, and sustaining. He takes in the hand, but leaves out the brain. The error resembles that of asserting that all the handiwork and wealth of the world is the sole produce of labour, to the exclusion of the invisible but indispensable functions of the capitalist and the co-operation of constructive and creative minds. In the sense in which Mr. Froude talks of doing, and makes it his sole test of merit, Lord Chatham, the orator whom he excepts from his general ban, did nothing. In a wider and truer sense he did much, and his grand instrument of action was the tongue.

Mr. Froude talks much of battles, and amid the roar of cannon, when mighty fleets are sent to destruction in smoke and flame, he thinks of the bow of Ulysses, and hears the cord "singing to the touch of the finger like the sharp note of the swallow." Here,

again, an excuse may be found for him. He is passing over the scene of Rodney's great victory, and he feels as Dr. Johnson did among the ruins of Iona. But battles imply some community on whose behalf they are fought. They are the struggles of one organized body of men against another for the sake of some interests which are supposed to be worth the effort. Civilized society stands in the background with a set of institutions which are necessary for its security. Without those institutions there could be neither plaintiff nor defendant in the deadly lawsuit, and nothing worth fighting for. War is the world's occasional pastime, but institutions shield its every-day life, and are the atmosphere in which it grows. Mr. Froude bids us survey the mighty works with which our land is covered, the labours of our peasants and our artisans, the achievements of our commerce. But for all this we need a base of operations. Where should we be without security for life and property, without the sense of independence and the opportunity for individual self-development which are among the fruits of freedom. After all, our political institutions are the grandest achievement of Englishmen, while they are the condition and the safeguard of all the rest. But these institutions have been built up by the instruments which Mr. Froude disparages and derides. The eloquent tongue all through has been the most successful weapon. The government of England has always rested upon councils, colloquies, and Parliaments, upon free debate, in which those who spoke best took the lead and swayed the decision. The method is not absolutely perfect; nothing human is. But it is infinitely better than the ukase of an autocratic Czar, or the proclamations of a council nominated by the Crown, which Mr. Froude would apparently prefer.

We return to Mr. Froude's facts, and on the strength of them we venture to say that the state of affairs in the West Indies is not so very bad after all. Emancipation threw a large black population on our hands. They had previously been held in strict discipline by their masters, with the whip and handcuffs for common emergencies, and bayonets in cases of greater need. All at once the fabric of slavery was pulled to the ground, and as the sun rose one bright morning all the blacks were free. A new experiment in the art of government was at once forced upon us. Terrible consequences were predicted, but they did not happen. The outbreak at Morant Bay, when a senseless panic threw the whites into a state of desperation, is the only exception, since the emancipation period, to the quiet and orderly course of our West Indian rule. The blacks have settled down to peaceful industry. They are quite aware of the good things they enjoy. They know enough of politics to be proud of their freedom and grateful for it, and they are among the happiest people in the world. Mr. Froude laments

some falling off in habits of deferential courtesy. At Kingston the men do not touch their hats, nor the women curtsy, as they once did. We remember hearing a remark made to the same effect on meeting in the suburbs of Moscow a file of peasants returning from their labour in the fields. They passed us without any recognition of our apparently social superiority—a thing it was said they would not have done before the Emancipation Edict plucked from their souls the sense of serfdom. Mr. Froude tells us that the blacks are ardently attached to British rule. All the arguments in the world would not persuade them to become American citizens. The point is, not whether they are wise, but whether they are contented. With some lingering regret for the old flag, the whites might perhaps be willing to go over, but we are assured that the 700,000 blacks of Jamaica would fight against annexation to the last man. We may surely accept this fact as in some sense a certificate of success. Considered from the point of view of a promoter of limited liability companies or of an emigration agent, the West Indies may perhaps be regarded as a failure; but we see our way to a different conclusion if we are content to take them for what they are—tropical islands, bathed in sunshine and vapour, where white men would not without some strong inducement choose to fix their homes, but where more than a million of the black race live as in an earthly Paradise.

And who is to be held responsible if the descendants of the old planters do not make fortunes? That would be a long story if it had to be told from the beginning, but we need not go back so far. As regards the past, it will suffice to say that the West India sugar interest was established on a highly artificial foundation. It did not rest upon mother earth. The plantations were cultivated by slave labour, and the sugar produced was sold in a protected market. The business became mechanical; there was no stimulus from competition. Fortunes were easily made and more easily spent. The planter became an absentee, preferring to live in London, and leave the management of his estates to agents and overseers. The cost of production increased when the master's eye was withdrawn and a substitute had to be paid for. When expensive establishments had to be kept, the year's profits were spent as fast as they were made; and, when financial difficulties arose, the easiest way out of them was to raise a mortgage on the estates. Then came a succession of calamities. In the first place, slavery was abolished, and the whole system of our colonial industries was overturned. Then came the victories of Free Trade, when differential duties went to the wall. At length a still darker cloud appeared on the horizon. At first no bigger than a man's hand, it soon overspread the sky. At the beginning of the century it occurred to Napoleon, as a weapon of war, to decree the exclusion of English goods, and among them our

colonial products, from French markets. But the French could not do without sugar, and a substitute for the tropical article had to be found. Till then the cane had been king ; it had now to find a rival in the beet-root. Before 1796 the beet-root had been grown chiefly as food for cattle, but its saccharine properties were well known, and, at the instance of Napoleon, its culture was promoted by subsidies from the State.* After the close of the war, the cultivation of the beet-root as a substitute for the cane gradually spread into Belgium, Germany, and Austria, till at last beet-root sugar gained a notable place in the markets of the world. The exportation was stimulated by a "drawback" which had the effect of a bounty. Against an honest "drawback" nothing can be alleged except its inconvenience. It is merely the remission of an inland duty which has been already paid. But the mode in which the drawback is reckoned leaves a balance, over and above the inland tax, in the hands of the exporter. This balance is a bounty, and would be a fraud upon the Revenue were it not connived at and permitted. In 1870 beet-root sugar began to rule the market. So rapid have been its strides that at present it constitutes 55 per cent. of the entire consumption of Great Britain. The sugar-cane is disrowned, and, with it, the West Indies. An outlet is still afforded in the United States, but that market, it is said, will soon be closed.

These are misfortunes, no doubt, but this country is not responsible for them. No industry can claim to be protected against an advance in political morality. Mr. Froude will hardly contend that slavery should have been maintained in order that the planter might thrive undisturbed. Differential duties in his favour could no longer be defended when it was shown that their chief effect was to spare him the necessity of thrift and enterprise. Guarantees against any great change in the course of production are just as hopeless. The cultivation of the beet-root could not be put down for the sake of the sugar-cane. The West Indies, blest by Nature with boundless affluence, cannot grudge Germany any source of wealth which it has managed to discover in its thin ungrateful soil. Beet-root sugar furnishes a multitude of industrious peasants with the means of living, opens a fresh field to commerce, cheapens one of the luxuries of the poor, and is a distinct addition to the world's resources. The sugar bounties are indefensible. They are Protection in the shape of fraud, and, though their abolition would compel the English consumer to pay more for his sugar, it is a sacrifice we should not be unwilling to make for the sake of honest trade. Baron Henry de Worms is doing his best to put an end to these bounties. If he succeeds, one of the planters' grievances will be removed. But it is not our fault that the bounties were ever

* *"The Sugar Bounties: the Case For and Against Government Interference."* By William Smart, M.A.

given. It is a quarrel which he has to settle with other countries. The practical question is whether the planter does his best with the opportunities open to him. Sugar is not the only thing that can be grown to advantage in the West Indies. Mr. Froude's pages abound with proofs that many a promising field of enterprise lies neglected. We have seen that one Yankee, taking a look at the islands, says that "there are dollars in them;" and that another verifies the assertion by clearing one dollar per chest on his oranges, while a third is making a fortune in bamboo. One gentleman is mentioned who extracts a thousand a year from a few acres, which he cultivates partly for pleasure. Emancipation has taken place in Cuba without having the slightest effect upon the industry of the island. The negro works as well as ever, taking wages instead of maintenance. The reason is that in Cuba there are no race antipathies. The presence of these antipathies in Jamaica seems to go to the root of the matter. The white man is too proud to make any attempt to win the confidence of the blacks who were once his slaves. He prefers to sell up and quit. A Canadian gentleman who had been on an official visit to Jamaica sums up his experiences in a severe but probably just verdict. "The Jamaicans did not know what they wanted," he said; "they were without spirit to help themselves; they cried out to others to help them, and, if all they asked could not be granted, they clamoured as if the whole world was combined to hurt them. There was not the least occasion for these passionate appeals to the universe. They had a fine country,*soil and climate all that could be desired; they had all that was required for a quiet and easy life. Why could they not be contented, and make the best of things?"

Taking all these facts into account, we should like to know what Mr. Froude would do with the bow of Ulysses. Let us suppose that its cord is tightened, and that the "sharp note of the swallow" is ringing in our ears; in what direction and for what purpose shall the shaft be sent? It is not a question of naval victories. Our supremacy is unchallenged, and nobody disputes our rights. The point to be cleared up is how any shooting with the bow or any multitudinous flight of arrows can bring the West Indies up to Mr. Froude's mark. The flight of an arrow will not alter the course of trade. All the twanging in the world will not make sugar dear when industry and invention combine to make it cheap. The speediest way of putting an end to discontent would be to range the whites in rows, and aim the darts of Ulysses at them; but we shrink from the work of slaughter. How can we infuse the spirit of enterprise into their sluggish and despairing souls? This seems to be the thing that most needs doing; but how is it to be done? They who are most in fault for the non-development of these beautiful islands would seem to be the capitalists of England, who wilfully shut their eyes to the grandest

opportunities that ever gladdened the heart of man, or the working-classes of this country, who pour in their tens of thousands into the United States, Canada, and the Pacific colonies, and never dream of seeking a home beneath these tropical skies. What use can we make of the famous bow in this direction? We see none, except it be the passing of an Act of Parliament expatriating a percentage of the population in favour of the West Indies. That, as a strong measure, might perhaps win Mr. Froude's approbation.

Mr. Froude looks at the West Indies chiefly in connection with the empire, whose preservation appears to him to be the "only public cause in which just now it is possible to feel concern." We sympathize largely with him in his anxieties. We wish to keep those islands—in the first place, because we could hardly lose them without some loss of reputation, and in the next because they open to us a field for humanizing effort. But in the declamatory and exaggerated terms in which he speaks of them he seems to lose all sense of proportion, and to take some liberties with the categories of time and space. England is not now what it was when those colonies were won. The whole aspect of the world is changed, and in nothing is the change greater than in the political importance to us of our acquisitions in the Carribean Sea. When they became an object of interest to our naval adventurers, the adjacent continents were in the possession, so far as they were able to assert it, of France and Spain. The colonies of England had a narrow strip of the North Atlantic coast; the rest of the New World was held in real or nominal sovereignty by her rivals. Three parts round the Gulf extended the territories of New Spain. All the land between the tropics had been confirmed to the mother country by the Pope under the seal of Heaven, and foreign ships were jealously excluded from the neighbouring waters. It took us a century and a half of desultory warfare to break down the barriers. In the course of that long struggle the West India islands had a political value. But they have none now. All that is required in the interests of the empire is a commodious port, capable of being well fortified, to serve as a coaling station on the road to Darien; and this we have found at Castries, in the island of St. Lucia. Here important works are in progress, and "the long-deserted forts and barracks, which had been made over to snakes and lizards, are again to be occupied by English troops." This is a twang from the bow of Ulysses. The authority of Spain has vanished from the mainland, and all which once was hers, Cuba included, has passed under the virtual protectorate of the United States. The empire has nothing to gain in that quarter, and a "necklace" of small islands hardly adds anything to its importance, while it adds nothing to its strength. Mr. Froude sheds a tear over the ruined forts at Roseau, in Dominica, where the British flag, nevertheless, is flying; but what fools we should be to spend money

in fortifications when possession depends solely upon supremacy at sea. Meanwhile, as the West Indies have dwindled in importance, the empire has extended its sway over distant continents. We had but a precarious footing in India when Rodney beat de Grasse; now the whole Peninsula is ours, with Burmah to boot. In the Pacific half a dozen English commonwealths are rising in the beauty and promise of youth, and their commerce with the mother country already amounts to an aggregate of £45,000,000 a year.* We know that Mr. Froude wants something in the warlike line. For this reason we point to the conquest of Upper Burmah, though we are not particularly proud of it, and beg him to say whether this is any sign that the bow is unstrung. There is no excuse for his heartrending wail. His own facts belie his theories. But so far as his eloquent threnodies have any effect, it will be to weaken, not to strengthen, us—a not very patriotic function, though in entire harmony with a remark which Mr. Froude tells us was made to him by an American gentleman: "I never knew, sir, any good come of desponding men."

HENRY DUNCLEY.

THE PROGRESS OF APPLIED SCIENCE • IN ITS EFFECT UPON TRADE.

PERIODS of depression in manufacturing industries are common in all machine-using countries, generally occurring at the same time and extending over the same periods. During the present century there have been twelve marked periods of depression,* short, sharp, and severe in the early part of the century, because then machinery and hand-labour were in full conflict. From the year 1837 to 1873 the periods of depression were at tolerably regular distances of ten years. Since 1873 the depression has been persistent, with a short cessation for special industries in 1879–1882, after which prices maintained their abnormally low level. As this prolonged depression has been common to all machine-using countries it must have one cause, dominant and universal in its character, sufficient to govern the local differences of countries and nationalities, with all their diverse fiscal arrangements. It matters not whether the countries were devastated by war or remained in the enjoyment of peace; whether they were isolated by barriers of Protection, or conducted their industries under Free Trade; whether they abounded in the raw materials of industry, or had to import them from other lands; under all these varying conditions, the machine-using countries of the world have felt the fifteen years of depression in the same way, although with varying degrees of intensity. During this lengthened period the hand-labour countries were not seriously depressed, though in the later years since 1883 they have suffered in sympathy, because the purchasing power of Europe became lessened and the commodities grown by the hand-labour countries of Asia and Africa were not in demand at the old prices. Thus,

* The marked depressions in the United Kingdom have been in 1803, 1810, 1815, 1818, 1826, 1830, 1837, 1847, 1857, 1866, 1873, 1883.

comparing the years 1885 and 1886, the prices of exports as given in the *Economist*, declined in the latter year 6·34 per cent., while prices of imports declined 6·37 per cent. In other words, the prices fell all round, practically the same both as to buying and selling. The machine-using countries have a population of 400 millions, or if we exclude Russia, which is scarcely a machine-using country, of 300 millions; while the hand-labour countries contain one thousand million people. The depression in the former has been general and synchronous, so that this universal result must have a universal cause. In a speech which I delivered at Liverpool some years ago I formulated this cause in the following words—"That the world has not yet accommodated itself to the wonderful changes which science has produced in the modes of production and in the exchanges of commerce." Since that time many writers in political economy have independently arrived at the same conclusion. Among foreign writers may be mentioned Dr. Arthur von Studnitz, of Dresden; Piermcz, of Brussels; Jules Duckerts, of Verviers; Emil de Laveleye and Trasenster, of Liège; Annecke and Engel, of Berlin. In the United States, Caroll Wright, the Commissioner of Labour, David Wells, and Atkinson have written admirable treatises supporting this view as the cause of the long depression. It is important that the reason for this conclusion should be clearly stated, because, if it be true, all partial remedies, such as Protection, Fair Trade, Bi-metallism, and the like, can only have local effects, which may benefit or injure particular countries, but can do little to mitigate the universal depression. All the great countries have had Commissions or Committees of their Legislatures to inquire into the causes of the general depression, but, as the inquiries have been confined to their own countries, none of them have taken a sufficiently broad view of a universal cause. The Committee of Congress in the United States have taken evidence upon 286 causes for the depression, and point to the same number of remedies. Our own very voluminous inquiry in this country produced a majority and minority report, the first being practically that things had better be left to themselves, and the second that Fair Trade (which is nothing but Protection in a domino) is to be our salvation. My object in the present article is to contend that there are only two causes of the universal depression, viz.:—

1. That the improvements in machinery, by new inventions, have produced great changes in the quickness and economy of distribution of commodities, and have profoundly altered the whole system of commerce.
2. That the improvements of machinery used in production have increased the supply of commodities beyond the immediate demands of the world, and have too rapidly displaced the old forms of labour.

At the end of last century and in the early part of the present one there were severe depressions caused by the rapid application of machinery to industrial employments after Watts' improvement in the steam-engine. The sufferings of the hand-labourers were severe, and labour riots, in which mills were burned and machinery destroyed, showed the acute conflict then existing between manual labour and mechanical power. Our late depressions have been altogether of a different kind. Labour has suffered much less than capital, for, on the whole, there has been a general tendency to increase wages. The general increase between 1850 and 1883 is 39·18 per cent. In the United States, a land of protection, the increase is 28·36 per cent. between 1860-1883. Even when they have not increased, the large fall in the prices of the necessities of life has been equivalent to an increase in wages. But during the whole of the depression there has been a downward competition in prices of commodities, so that the margin of profit to the capitalist is now exceedingly narrow. This fall in prices has been nearly universal, though not equal in all countries. The order of the descent is France, Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, the two last countries being at the bottom of the inclined plane. The fall in prices of food stuffs has profoundly affected the agricultural industry of this country, though at the same time it has given cheap food to the people. As our largest importations of food are from America, I give in a foot-note* the reductions in price. The reductions in the prices of food stuffs are far too great to have any important connection with the slight appreciation of gold or the larger depreciation in silver. Countries with a protective fiscal system feel the latter less than England, because they have few direct dealings with silver-using nations. The volume of trade with hand-labour countries is immense, but their credits are small, and their banking systems are limited. The raw materials which they grow—such as tea, coffee, sugar, rice, hemp, wool, cotton, spices, indigo, and dye-wood—are shut out or hampered by duties in protected countries, so this produce naturally gravitates to England as a land of free ports.

During the continuance of the long depression both wages and the prices of commodities have declined from the high level on which they stood during the few prosperous years preceding 1873. This is true of all countries, but if we contrast the relative position of England and the United States—that is, of two nations under completely opposite fiscal systems—it is found that wages fell more in the latter than in the former. In the United States, between 1873-78, wages of unskilled labour fell from 37 to 50 per cent., and in the case of

* The following are the percentage reductions of prices in the United States between 1881 and 1886 :—Mess pork, 48½; lard, 46; hams, 24½; oats, 39½; Indian corn, 43; butter, 47; tallow, 41; flour, 34½; cattle, 18½.

skilled artisans to a greater extent. In England wages decreased in various trades. Some of them, as among ironworkers, in 1874, to about 35 per cent. Among miners and shipbuilders there was considerable reduction. In the cotton industry, 1877-79, wages fell 20 per cent., advancing 10 per cent. in the two following years. On the whole of the industries of this country wages are believed to have risen 9.74 per cent. between 1872-1883, and to have fallen in the United States 5.41 per cent. Thus England suffered considerably less than the United States. The demand for labour in the latter country contracted so much that the immigrants, who had numbered 400,000 annually in the six years ending 1873, dwindled to 138,000 in 1878. In 1877 half the coal-miners and iron-workers in the United States being out of work, labour riots became serious. In 1885 depression in the United States was so general that 1,000,000 labourers were out of employment. At such times discontent exists and strikes arise: in 1886 there were 350 strikes, involving 450,000 workmen. If such events happen in America, with its protectionist policy, there is little ground for the contention of Fair Traders that Free Trade is the cause of depression in England.

But the bi-metallists bring forward their own pet theory of the appreciation of gold and the depreciation of silver, and deem that to be a sufficient explanation of depression. There might be something in this theory if the great transactions of commerce were paid for in bullion. But that merely settles the balance of exchange, for exchanges are conducted by an interchange of commodities. If the depreciation of silver had been the cause of the depression of England, which certainly has the largest traffic with silver-using countries, it ought to have been specially severe in 1873-4; for in these years Germany adopted a gold standard, contracting by extensive sales her silver coinage, while France at the same time ceased to coin silver money. By 1875 English industry ought to have been crushed by these changes, but the truth is that then and ever since both gold and silver have been in excess of the demand. Before dealing with what I believe to be the true causes of the depression, it is desirable to consider the general features which have given a common character to the depressions in all parts of Europe. The common features have been the same in all countries—first, that though prices of commodities have been largely reduced, the volume of productions and the business of commerce have not been lessened in anything like the same proportion; second, that though wages have fallen, they have not declined at all in proportion to the fall in prices; and third, that the margin of profit to the capitalist have been very small. Capital, then, during this long-continued depression has suffered more than labour. For some time past capital, when applied to staple com-

modities, is glad to be content with about 10 per cent. of the cost of conversion of raw material into a useful product, while labour gets 90 per cent. Of the 10 per cent. which goes to the capitalist only from 5 to 6 can be put to profit, the rest going to the wear and tear of plant and machinery. There is at present a want of harmony between capital and labour which tends to continue the depression. Sometimes working men, not content with the shorter hours of labour in this country, put arbitrary limits to output and to the mode in which the workers shall be employed. Such restrictions to production, lessening the very narrow margin of profit that prevails, have stopped some works and threaten to drive others from this country to foreign parts. A better education of masters and men, which I contend for later, will show that the interests of capital and labour are not antagonistic, but identical.

Having dealt with these preliminary subjects, I now turn to the discussion of the two immediate causes which have led to the universal depression in all machine-using countries for fifteen years. The first of these I have stated to be the changes produced by science in the economy of distribution, and the consequent and profound alterations which have followed in the commerce of the world. In 1869 the Suez Canal was opened, the result being that the old route round the Cape of Good Hope was in a few years abandoned for the shorter and more economical route to the East. On the old route, sailing ships were chiefly used, and they occupied from six to eight months in the round passage, while now the time is shortened to thirty days. By the substitution of iron steamers carrying the commerce of the Western hemisphere through the Suez Canal, a tonnage estimated at two millions of tons was practically destroyed, and vast arrangements in commercial industry were displaced. In the old system of long voyages, large storehouses of goods had to be provided for the shipping interests, not only in foreign ports, but also in England, which became the centre of warehousing, banking, and exchange. All this was altered by the mighty power of electricity. The electric telegraph had indeed been invented in 1837, but it required many new discoveries in science to adapt electricity to the growing wants of the world. All these have been made in recent times. The three discoverers who have revolutionized commerce—Oersted, of Copenhagen, Faraday and Wheatstone, of London—lived in my own day, and indeed were my personal friends. The applications of their discoveries to the various purposes of electricity—the telegraph, telephone, and electric lighting—have created new labour, but have at the same time displaced a great amount of other labour. In the United Kingdom upwards of 42,000 persons are engaged in work depending upon electricity, while probably throughout the world more than 300,000 persons win their subsistence by the recent applications of

this science. The amount of labour which it has displaced cannot be calculated. The whole method of effecting exchanges has been altered, because communication with other countries is now immediate; the consumer and producer in opposite parts of the globe making their bargains in a single hour, without the intervention of mercantile agencies or the large warehouse system which former methods of commerce required. The Suez Canal and improved telegraphy made great demands for quick and economical distribution of material. Numerous steamers were built between 1870-3 for this purpose, but so rapid were the improvements that they were nearly all displaced two years afterward (1875-6), and sold at half their cost. Iron has been largely substituted by steel, both on land and at sea, Bessemer's invention having destroyed wealth; but, like the phoenix, new wealth has arisen from its ashes. A ship which in 1883 cost £24,000 can now be built for £14,000. The economy of fuel has also been very great. Shortly before the opening of the Suez Canal, the best steamers crossing the Atlantic expended 200 tons of coal to carry an amount of cargo which can now be driven across for 35 tons. The discovery of Dr. Joule as to the mechanical equivalent of heat stimulated builders, like Elder and others, to apply the compound engine to steamers. This has produced enormous economy of fuel. In 1850 the fine steamer (the *Persia*) carried over cargo at an expenditure of 14,500 lbs. of coal to a ton; now a modern steamer does the same work by burning three or four hundred pounds. The effect of this economy on haulage by land and transit by sea is immense. In an experiment lately made on the London and North-Western Railway, a compound locomotive dragged a ton of goods for one mile by the combustion of two ounces of coal. In ocean navigation there is a much larger economy. A cube of coal which passes through a ring the size of a shilling will drive one ton of cargo for two miles in our most improved steamers. The cost of transit of a ton of wheat from Calcutta to England was 71s. 3d. in 1881 and 27s. in 1885. The haulage of a thousand miles, from Chicago to New York, brings a whole year's supply of food for a man at a cost of a single day's wage. A ton is hauled for less than a farthing per mile.* The transport of food has thus told heavily upon the agriculture of all countries, because it has made one market—the world—and has largely destroyed the advantages of national and local markets. I have dealt with the effects of this lowering of prices upon the condition of agriculture in

* The fall in the prices of ocean transit from New York to Liverpool has been as follows:—

	1880.	1886.
Grain, per bushel	9½d.	1d.
Flour, per ton	25s.	7s. 6d.
Cheese	50s.	15s.
Cotton, per pound	¾d.	¼d.
Bacon and lard, per ton	45s.	7s. 6d.

a speech recently published, so I now limit my remarks to manufacturing industry. The lowering of prices, consequent upon the more ready and economical distribution of commodities both by land and sea, has necessarily had an important effect upon manufacturing production as well as upon commerce. The old factors which ruled production were the value of the raw material and the representative value in money of the labour, skilled and unskilled, used and directed by capital to convert the crude material into a finished product. These factors still rule production, but their relative values have rapidly changed in recent times. The raw material can be distributed everywhere at low charges. England has lost its great advantages in the possession of coal and iron—the first the source of power, the second the material for strength. The value of raw material in industry is now the lowest factor of production, while the value of intellect in converting it into a utility, in the cheapest and best way, is the highest and dominating factor in manufactures.

I now pass to the consideration of the second cause of depression, as that has much more influence on manufactures than the changes in distribution. This cause is, that modern inventions have produced commodities faster than the world could absorb them at remunerative prices, and in doing so have displaced old forms of labour with too great rapidity for its absorption by replacement. This may be best illustrated by a few special examples. As chemistry is the only science which I profess, I begin with some examples of chemical industries. One of the most staple and apparently permanent dye stuffs, used in dyeing and calico printing, was the root called madder. It was grown as extensive crops in various countries of the world—Turkey, Holland, Belgium, France and Italy—and gave employment to a large number of cultivators. Commerce was startled one day to learn that chemists had made the colouring principle of madder, called “Alizarin,” out of coal-tar, and in a short time a great change took place in agriculture, commerce, and dyeing. Madder is still used for some purposes, as in the dyeing of Turkey red, but its importation has decreased from $28\frac{1}{2}$ million pounds’ weight, in 1872, to about two millions in 1887. The value of the latter in money was only £24,000, while that of the import of “Alizarin” made from coal-tar already exceeds ten times that amount, although it is also manufactured in this country. It occasionally happens that a new invention produces large industrial results without much displacement of labour. We see an instance of this in lucifer-matches, an invention altogether new since 1836, before which time lights could only be got by the tinder-box. The mere saving of time to the population of this country, by the modern matches, amounts to twenty-six millions sterling annually, while the only displacement of labour was to the makers of tinder-boxes.

Among the recent chemical industries which have most affected the comforts of the poorer classes, is the invention of artificial petroleum and its derivatives. Natural petroleum has been known from very early periods of history, though it has not been used extensively till recent years. Its revival occurred in the following way. In the year 1846, I noticed, in the property of a relative in Derbyshire, a spring of petroleum, and suggested to my friend, Mr. James Young, that he should manufacture it into an illuminant for the poorer classes. This he did successfully, but after a time found that he could make it more cheaply by distilling it from bituminous schist. This industry was so successful that it led to the industrial application of the natural oil in America and the Caspian Sea. The industries connected with sperm and vegetable oils were seriously affected, and labour was largely displaced. One cold day Mr. Young brought me some of the artificial petroleum, which was turbid from floating crystals, to ask what they could be. I told him that they must be the substance called "paraffin;" of which only small specimens existed in chemical museums. At my request he separated them, and made for me, at a cost of about twenty shillings, two candles with which I lighted my desk at a lecture in the Royal Institution, when I prophesied that these would be the fathers of a great candle industry, which in fact now is one of the largest chemical manufactures of the world. But the paraffin candles gave a heavy blow to the old industries of making candles from tallow, palm oil, sperm and wax, and displaced labour to a great extent.

Let me pass from these chemical industries to a staple manufacture like cotton, and observe the effect of inventions on production. A farmer growing cotton produces about 400 lbs. per acre, or as much as will produce one bale. Before Whitney invented his cotton gin, the seed had to be separated from the fibre by manual labour, but the work was so tedious that it took one man about ninety days to prepare the produce of an acre. The first form of the gin reduced the time to six days. In recent years this gin has been greatly improved, so that one man can now pick 4000 lbs. daily instead of the old amount of $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.; in other words, one man with a machine displaced the labour of 999 workers by hand. The cotton thus picked and cleaned is spun into threads by rotatory spindles. They used to be worked by manual labour, one man to each spindle, but now one man and two children will work machines carrying two to three thousand spindles. In 1874, at the beginning of the depression, each spindle made 4000 revolutions; now it is possible to get 10,000 revolutions. The yarn is then woven into cloth. With the old hand-loom a man could make from 42 to 48 yards daily. At present a skilled workman can tend six power-looms and weave 1500 yards. All these changes tend to over-production, especially when the

margin of profit is low. I believe at recent prices this is only about one penny for six yards of shirting, so a vast number of yards are required to make a substantial profit to a mill. The demand of a working man for cotton fabrics is, upon an average, 40 yards yearly. This demand is determined by his habit of wearing one shirt for a week, and it is difficult to induce him, in order to augment the demand, to wear one daily; or, if he did, to persuade his wife to wash seven shirts weekly. Cheapness of a commodity tends to increase demand, but it does not all at once alter the habits of classes. Supply must be adjusted to the ordinary comforts of the consumers. There is always a growing increment of demand, for, even in the United Kingdom, not far from 1000 souls provided with bodies, which must be fed and clothed, are daily added to the population. The increase of the whole world during the fifteen years of depression has been about 16 per cent. in population, while the increase in the production of cotton has been 86 per cent. It is not surprising that a surplus like this thrown upon the markets of the world reduces prices.

Manufacturers too often forget that it is not the reasonable price of a commodity, but the surplus of it above the demand, which regulates the quotations of the market. About half of our exports of cotton go to countries using silver coinage. When new markets are opened in half-civilized countries, the demand depends not only upon the existing standard of comforts, but also upon those which are created by contact with higher civilization. This is a hope and a policy which Germany is now pursuing with great ardour.

I must be content with only one or two other illustrations of the manner in which inventions give an abnormal increase to production, and displace old forms of labour. It is not in prosperous but in hard times that they chiefly arise. In 1870-72, when trade was active, there were comparatively few inventions. Take the time before the American war in 1861: the patents for new agricultural machines, on the average of several years, numbered 350; while, during the war in 1863, when at least half a million men had been withdrawn from the labour of the field, the patents were 502, and the result was that agricultural production was not lessened at any time of the long campaign. Machinery, on the other side of the Atlantic, is more extensively applied to large farms than here. The reduction of manual labour has become so great, and the methods of distribution are so improved, that, according to Atkinson, the labour of seven men will grow, mill, bake, and distribute as loaves one thousand barrels of flour, which suffices to feed one thousand men. Even with less organized machinery we have seen in our times much displacement of agricultural labour in this country, and the result still prejudices the position of Ireland. Irish reapers cut the harvest

crops in England, and took back English money to pay rents in Ireland. With the old sickle a man could reap one quarter of an acre daily; but the machine-reaper came in, and one man with two horses reaps from fifteen to twenty acres. The Irishman was a good workman to thresh out corn by the flail, and managed fifteen to twenty bushels daily; but now one man, tending a machine, can thresh out hundreds of bushels.

In the railways a vast amount of the labour of men and horses has been displaced, but is replaced in other forms by the necessity of feeding the railways with material. If the locomotives on English railways were annihilated, it would require the labour of seventy-five millions of men, or of twelve millions of horses, to carry on the traffic, in an inferior way and at a much larger cost; for the cost of carting a ton weight by a man with a cart and horse, is one shilling per mile, while the railway carries it for a penny or under.

I finish my illustrations by referring to the iron industry. It is of such antiquity that the best and most economical means of production might be supposed to exist. In the year 1846 the British Association for the Advancement of Science requested Professor Bunsen, of Heidelberg, and myself to report upon the chemistry of blast-furnaces, and we showed that, at that time, no less than $81\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of fuel was absolutely lost in the form of gases which escaped and were burned at the top of the furnace. In addition to this waste of fuel was the total loss of ammonia produced by the coal—a substance most valuable to agriculture as a manure. The economy of the ammonia has scarcely begun to be realized at the present day, although our recommendations for the saving of fuel have long since been carried out with much economy to the price of production. There has been a rapid growth of the manufacture of iron over the world, and naturally the increase has been greatest among nations which were furthest behind. From 1870 to 1884 the make of pig-iron rose 131 per cent. in Great Britain, and 237 per cent. in the rest of the world. In recent times, steel has largely substituted iron for many purposes. Formerly pig-iron was transformed into bar-iron in puddling furnaces, and the latter was converted into steel by a process known as cementation, which consisted in giving to the iron more carbon. Now, by the Bessemer process, steel is made direct from pig-iron, already to the extent of three million tons annually, while $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions of capital invested in puddling furnaces have been destroyed, and the labour of 39,000 workmen have been displaced. To counterbalance these evils the price of steel, which was £12 1s. 1d. per ton in 1874, was less than £4 in 1887.

The illustrations already given must suffice to show how largely modern inventions have increased production and displaced labour. Ultimately, educated working-men benefit by the changes, because

increased production absorbs skilled labour and pays high wages for it. Ignorant workers—the hewers of wood and the drawers of water—have a bad time, for they find that the demand for unintelligent labour is constantly decreasing. In old lessons of political economy, production upon a given raw material was represented by a very simple equation— $P=L+C$. The product equals labour *plus* capital. The equation never was right, because capital is really accumulated potential labour reserved as a subsistence fund for the labourers who are employed to convert the potential into actual energy. Capital or accumulated labour is exactly like a storage battery in which electricity is accumulated. This battery regulates the work which the electricity has to perform and steadies the electric lights. Labour is now of two kinds: labour in quantity and labour in quality—the first lessening in value every year as a factor of production, while the second is always rising in value. The product is therefore actually the result of three kinds of labour—capital, or accumulated labour, labour of quality, and labour of quantity. Even now the terms of the two last forms of labour could only be expressed by multiplying (not adding) the labour of quantity by the labour of quality. Reducing this to a simpler expression, the present state of manufactures depends mainly upon the intellectual condition of the producers. The competition of the world has become a competition of intellect. In the future of the world the greatest industrial nation will be the best educated nation; it may not be so to-day, but it certainly will be so to-morrow. I have already shown how the cheapness and facility of the distribution of commodities have destroyed national markets and local advantages, making all the world into a single market. Formerly it sufficed that a merchant or a trader should be a good citizen of his own country; now he must become a citizen and trader of the world. Our merchants and manufacturers have been slow to see this, and they are allowing other better educated countries to forge ahead. Every German clerk or trader knows two languages besides his own, and is taught, scientifically and practically, the wants of commerce. The German Government has established a bank of commerce which, with the efficient co-operation of the consuls living in Eastern and African countries, has had a great effect in extending their colonial markets. A country with a protectionist policy is apt to have an over-production of commodities beyond the wants of the home market, so there is a natural desire to use this surplus in foreign markets at the very narrowest margin of profits. These have certainly been supplied with German goods for the last few years, though the prospect of continued success is doubtful, as they are always handicapped by increased cost of production; still, so far as limited statistics are to be relied on, the policy seems at present to be successful. Taking the

period of depression from 1872 to 1886, the increase of German commerce has been 67 per cent., while the maritime tonnage has expanded by 120 per cent., and the bank discounts, indicating activity in industries, have augmented by 240 per cent. How far sacrifices in the prices of commodities have led to these results in making new markets we do not yet know, but the increase is out of all proportion to the growth of the German population, which has only been $11\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.* Berlin, like other towns of Germany, is taking active measures to promote technical education. A central technical institution, costing no less than £400,000, has been erected in Berlin. Might we not hope that the new Imperial Institute in London, though it is on a smaller scale, will undertake like work for London? It may be profitable if we inquire how far the education in Germany or in Switzerland tells upon one particular kind of industry, so I take the silk trade as an example. In the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the depression of trade it was stated that the silk industries of Coventry, Macclesfield, and Spitalfields had decreased to about one-fourth its old dimensions. Spitalfields sank much lower, for its former 24,000 looms are now dwindled to 1200. While Coventry was losing its trade in silk ribbons, Basle, in Switzerland, was making a like industry prosperous by establishing excellent schools for dyeing and design, and that town imports to this country what Coventry lost to it. The town of Crefeld in Germany is a still more striking illustration, because by its attention to education suited to its industries, it has within a few years doubled its population and quadrupled its trade. This small town, which has now grown to 83,000 inhabitants, has spent £215,000 on its lower schools, and £42,500 on a special weaving school. Who has paid for this large educational expenditure? Quite possibly the consumers of silk in England, who get from Crefeld what Macclesfield and Spitalfields fail to produce with equal excellence. The melancholy result is this—that the exports of English silks amount to only £2,670,000, while the imports to this country of foreign silks reach eleven millions. It is useless for our towns to battle by empiricism or by fiscal laws with foreign nations which have equipped their artisans to fight with trained intelligence in the competition. Technical Education is simply the *rationale* of empiricism. It is a melancholy spectacle to see a town like Norwich, once famous for its shawls, actually contending with the Charity Commissioners because they wish to utilize its fine endowments by creating a system of technical education, while the civic authorities struggle for almshouses. Figs cannot grow on thorns, nor can ignorance among our workmen expect to compete with trained intelligence in our industrial competition with other nations.

* A report on this subject by Mr. Giffen, about to be issued, will it is understood show that English trade has as yet not materially suffered by German competition.

England is far behind in the technical training of our artisans, but there is hope that we have awakened to our shortcomings. When I first began to call attention to our dangerous ignorance in 1852, there were no higher colleges, except Universities, in any town of the United Kingdom, except Owens College in Manchester, and Anderson's College in Glasgow. Now there is not a large town in Great Britain without such colleges. These are being adapted to the education of the upper classes, and a great step is gained; but continuation schools for the working classes, and technical schools adapted to their wants, are rising far too slowly. In London the progress is more rapid, and perhaps in a few years we will be able to boast that we have gone beyond Paris in Polytechnics for the working classes, though we shall still be far behind Berlin and other manufacturing towns of Germany and Switzerland in relation to the population. Still I have faith that the movement is in progress, for stern necessity will rouse the manufacturers of England to train the intelligence of the producers. Working men are alive to the defects in their education, and their voices will soon be heard in the Parliament of this country. The wages of our artisans are higher than those in Continental countries, and so are their productive powers. I am informed by Sir Lowthian Bell, the highest authority in the iron trade, that it still requires nearly twice the number of workmen at a German blast-furnace to produce the same quantity of iron as we employ in this country.

It would require a man much wiser than myself to predict the future of our industries with certainty. One thing is sure, that they cannot recover from depression by putting on their back the old man of the sea in the shape of the fiscal proposal of the Fair Trade party. England depends upon her export trade for her future prosperity, and as exchanges are made in commodities, not in bullion, the restriction of imports by taxation contracts exports to the same amount. Indeed, such a policy must lead to the tariff war which now prevails among most of the Continental States. No fact in political economy is more clear than that taxation on foreign commodities must ultimately be paid by the consumers, not by the producers. All taxation is a deduction from the fruits of labour and from the fertility of the soil of the country imposing it. No political economist has ever been able to show how prices to consumers can be lowered by increasing the cost of production. In countries with a Protection policy there is as much depression, though one of greater intensity than in the countries with Free Trade. In the former there are constant attempts to cure the depression by adding restriction after restriction in the hope of remedying the evil. It is the same operation as when a person dissatisfied with the working of a machine adds a new cog, then a spring, then a lever, forgetting that with every new addition he is in-

creasing friction and lessening power. The great industrial machine of this country is good enough in itself, but it needs proper oiling to make the parts work smoothly; and I have tried to show that the technical education of working men is the lubricant which we so much require. I do not believe that it will again work so as to produce the large margin of profits which we enjoyed in the past. Still there is encouragement that we may carry on a good and steady trade. The cheapening and extension of distribution have probably reached their limits, and little more is to be expected in this direction. 'New inventions will continue to be made, but not with the same marvellous celerity that we have seen in the last fifteen years. If the United States alter its Protection policy, and become a Free Trade nation, it will be our great competitor in the world, though the time is not close at hand. Her large surplus revenue, amounting to twenty-two millions, has invited schemes of public plunder, and her pension list of old soldiers, and compensations to States for aid in the war, amount to a charge equal to a large standing army. But when these lapse by time, the United States, with a standing army of only twenty-five thousand men, will become a nation which has only to prepare herself for the progress of industry by new inventions without the cares and costs for the preparation of war. At the present moment the United States has 250,000 inventions protected by the patent law. This activity of invention shows ability and intelligence among her people, who are always ready to turn to account the forces of Nature for the benefit of man. This country in her working men is rich in producers, and if their intelligence were trained in connection with their work, we need not fear the industrial competition of any European nation. All great foreign nations, except the United States, are terribly handicapped in the industrial race by excessive armaments. England is also weighted, but not to an equal extent. The strength of nations consists in peace, but they make a sad error by not knowing that the weakness of nations is in actual war, or excessive preparedness for it. France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Belgium, and Great Britain have 2,200,000 men withdrawn from being productive citizens, in order to be protective militants, at a cost for each man of £45. If we take all the civilized nations, adding the Reserves to the permanent forces, 14½ millions of the strongest men are or may be withdrawn from production. This is one man for twenty-four of the population, or, if we exclude the Reserves, one out of eighty-one. That is the reason why I point to the United States as the great industrial nation of the future, for her armed forces represent only one man in 1610 of the population. Luckily, her Protection policy is an incubus upon her industry, and gives us breathing time to prepare for the coming struggle.

LYON PLAYFAIR.

GARIBALDI'S MEMOIRS.¹

NO greater stir could possibly have been made by any literary event than that which, just now, goes from the plains of Lombardy to the Sicilian shores, in consequence of the publication of the *Memoirs of the Founder of Italian Unity*. For years past the manuscript had been in the hands of Adriano Lemmi, the Grand Master of the Freemasons of the peninsula. So little, however, was heard of it of late, that a suspicion sometimes arose as to the existence of a design to burke altogether these valuable papers, lest revelations should come to light which might unpleasantly reflect upon, shock, and compromise various exalted personages and parties.

At last the book is brought out, and it certainly proves to contain plain-spoken statements, often couched in words of extreme frankness, acerbity—nay, wrath. There are, from beginning to end, outbursts of hatred against the Roman priesthood in terms unheard-of elsewhere. From many a legendary account of historical events the veil is torn; romantic halo, where undeserved, being ruthlessly destroyed. Amongst pages full of enthusiastic love for his fatherland, for 'hè cause of popular freedom in the Democratic sense, and for truly brave companions-in-arms, there are severe taunts against the mass of the Italian peasantry because of their want of patriotism, and angry reproaches against thousands of those who occasionally fought under Garibaldi, because of their despicable cowardice. The "foxy policy" of Cavour, who did all that he could to make the Sicilian expedition of 1860 abortive, though he afterwards appropriated its fruits, is mercilessly exposed. At the same time the kind of rivalry, which those intimately acquainted with the two leaders of the Italian Party of Action knew well to exist between them, finds expression in extraordinary attacks against the adherents of Mazzini.

¹ "Garibaldi. Memorie Autobiografiche." Firenze: G. Barbèra. 1888.

Altogether, it is a book of a smashing character. It is composed of recollections first noted down in the fall of 1849, after the overthrow of the Roman Republic by the French army, and then continued, after a lapse of twenty-three years, in 1872, with which date the "Autobiographical Memoirs" end. The style, therefore, is an unequal one. There are chapters rising to poetical fervour, in such high-flown Southern language, and with so many points of exclamation, that the Northern reader is apt to be taken aback. There are other pages, in which the experienced sailor who has been tossed about on almost all the seas of the world, the rough-and-ready guerilla leader with his cunning eye and his deep knowledge of men, speaks as one who has penetrated the core of things and understands the worst sides of human nature. Perhaps the true Garibaldi comes out in this very mixture. Not the least so when, athwart some noble and elevated allusion to heroic exploits, he suddenly makes use of an expletive in Spanish, as a reminder of his wild days in Southern America, where he fought in the service of the Republic of Rio Grande against the Empire of Brazil, and otherwise led a freebooting, sea-rover's (*corsaro*) life, as he himself calls it.

There is a Homeric, or rather a Viking, touch in the manly fondness with which he sings the praise of the good ship in which he first ploughed the Mediterranean, and then the Black Sea. He addresses her as "Thou," pointing to her roomy flanks, her finely formed masts, her spacious deck, her high-bosomed woman's bust, which always remained as an imprint on his imagination. His father, a simple and honest mariner, he only blames because he sent him to sea at the age of fifteen, instead of at the age of eight. Of his dear mother he says that she had an angel's heart, and that he idolized her. Though certainly not superstitious, he, in the greatest dangers of his stormy life, on the tumultuous ocean and in the stress of battle, sometimes fancied he saw her bent down in prayer for the safety of her son. Whilst not believing, he yet felt on such occasions deeply moved—happy, or at least less wretched. However, the details of his youth and early manhood we must pass over. So, also, the story of how he wooed and won Anita, the Creole Amazon, whose beauty, goodness, and prowess in battle he extols ever and anon, and whose loss, during the terrible sufferings of his retreat after the fall of Rome, he deplores in accents of deepest love.

The fate of nations often hangs on a thread. At this day, the unification of Italy may appear a very simple, natural, historically unavoidable fact. Yet those who know what a heavy task it was, in our time, once more to knead together the Roman stock, and how the personality of Garibaldi alone was able to join South to North, cannot read without a strange feeling his several hairbreadth escapes. What if he had been taken prisoner for that conspiracy, owing to

which a sentence of death was pronounced against him by default, when he was at the age of twenty-seven? On the 5th of February, 1834, he fortunately was able to steal out of Genoa, disguised as a peasant—henceforth an exile. A few days afterwards he read his condemnation to death in a paper at Marseilles. "There," he adds, "began my public life." He does not mention that at Marseilles he met Mazzini, the head of "Young Italy." From the works* of the latter, however, we know the fact, and also that Garibaldi's secret *nom de guerre* in the patriotic association was "Borel." In Guerzoni's ample and highly interesting work,† it is well pointed out how the characters of the two men, then both equally young, were evidently too different to "allow of the creation of that electric spark which lights the flame of mutual love, and of a lasting community of thought." Still, curious to say, the first ship which Garibaldi, together with his friend Rossetti, fitted out for the Republic of Rio Grande, being provided with letters of marque, was called the *Mazzini*—so named, as we also learn from Guerzoni, by Garibaldi himself.

Again, what if this man of destiny, as some may say, after having been shot in the neck during his South American campaigns, and for a time lain nearly lifeless, had succumbed to the horrible torture he was afterwards put to at Gualaguay? He was a prisoner on parole. He thought the Government of his captors would itself be glad to get rid of his presence. So he tried to escape, but was overtaken, and put on a horse, with his hands tied back, and his legs even bound together under the animal's belly. On his refusing to betray the persons who had furnished him with the means for flight, he was first brutally beaten with a whip by the commander of Gualaguay, and then hung up, for two hours, by the wrists, on a rope drawn over a beam in the prison. "I, who had devoted my whole life to the relief of the suffering, who had devoted it to war against tyranny and against priests, the patrons and administrators of torture! My body was burning like a furnace. My stomach dried up the water which I swallowed without interruption, and which was poured into me by a soldier, as if it were a red-hot iron. Such sufferings cannot be described. When they took me down, I no longer moaned; I was in a swoon; I was like a corpse!"

What a narrow escape the Italian cause there had! But that is a view which the armchair philosophers of the political Cloud-Cuckoo-land will perhaps not agree to. Yet it is a view which was practically held by two men of such different cast of thought as Garibaldi, the freethinker, and Mazzini, the prophet, whose device was: "God and the People."

* "Scritti Editi e Inediti di Giuseppe Mazzini," vol. iii. p. 334.

† "Garibaldi. Con Documenti Editi e Inediti; di Giuseppe Guerzoni."

As a patriotic democrat Garibaldi had begun his political life. This is what, at the end of his career, he writes in the preface to his Memoirs:—

"A stormy life, made up of good and evil, as I believe to be that of the greater number of men. . . . A hater of tyranny and of falsehood—hence a Republican; this being the system of honest people, the normal system when wished for by the majority and not imposed by violence and imposture. Tolerant and not exclusive, I am not capable of obtruding my republicanism by force—say, for instance, upon the English, when they are content with the Government of Queen Victoria. And, content as they are, their Government must pass for being republican. . . . In everything I have written I have always most especially attacked the priestly system, because in it I have always believed I should find the prop of every despotism, of every vice, of every kind of corruption. . . . I may be accused of pessimism; but the patient reader must forgive me: to-day I enter my sixty-fifth year, and, having during the greater part of my life believed in the bettering of mankind, I feel embittered by seeing so much evil and so much corruption in this so-called civilized century. . . . A friend of peace, of right, of justice, I am yet compelled to conclude with the axiom of the Spanish-American General: 'La guerra es la verdadera vida del hombre.' (War is the true life of man)."

It was in 1849 that Garibaldi wrote the following words, which he gives in the present book:—

"Rome, which I saw in my youthful mind, was the Rome of the future—Rome of which I have never despaired, not when shipwrecked, not when on the point of death, not when an exile in the depth of American forests. . . . Rome became dear to me above all worldly existence. For me Rome is Italy—the symbol of national union, *under whatever form of Government you may wish*. And the most infernal work of the Papacy was, to keep the country morally and materially divided."

It was with ideas of this kind that he had come over in 1848, with sixty-three of his companions of the Italian Legion he had formed in his South American campaigns, to take part in the War of Deliverance. Leaving on April 15, he only landed at his native town, Nizza, on June 23, when the whole continent of Europe was already ablaze with revolution. Full of sadness is his description of the "vagabond and unwelcome existence" he and his associates had for a long time to go through. He saw King Charles Albert at his headquarters. He found him mistrustful, irresolute, hesitating; and though he would not throw a stone on that dead man, but rather leave History to judge him, he yet cannot avoid calling him "the principal cause of our ruin." The King declined Garibaldi's service. "I would have served Italy under the orders of that same King as if the nation had been republican; and I would have drawn after me, on the same path of self-abnegation, those youths who had confidence in me. To make Italy one and free from foreign pestilence was my aim; and I believe it was the aim of most men in that epoch."

At the present time, it may seem difficult to many to realize the

picture of Garibaldi not only repelled by the King, but also looked askance at by provisional governments which had issued from barricades. The very costume then already worn by him and his brothers-in-arms gave offence. The pretext put forward was, that the red shirt was too conspicuous in presence of the enemy. Yet no capotes were furnished to his men. Miserably clad, badly equipped, the 3000 volunteers whom he had, after much delay, been allowed to gather round him, looked at last "more like a caravan of Bedawecns than like men organized for the defence of their country." When battling was suspended, his Legion was quartered now here, now there, throughout the peninsula, in a manner clearly showing how little its presence was relished anywhere.

Garibaldi never stints his praise to those who fought well. But with merciless truthfulness, as if to read a wholesome lesson to his countrymen, he brands the cowardice, the demoralization, which repeatedly broke out in the ranks. Once, in the Lombard campaign of 1848, the braver portion of his men were on the point of firing on the rest, who had begun to fly in every direction; and with difficulty could he and the officers prevent a massacre. Certain patriotic tales of victories then gained over the Austrians he dissects with an unsparing hand. Over and over has he to speak of desertions during the night, when guns were found strewn over the fields, and numbers of men had run away, making tracks across the Swiss border.

His trustiest men were those of good education, belonging to families of distinction in the various Italian provinces. The peasant element was wholly absent from his camp. Never did a single man of that class enlist as a volunteer for the national cause. Strapping fellows as they were, they only served in the army because forcibly sent into it as recruits. Otherwise, led by the priests with crucifix in hand, they acted as helpmates of reaction, rising against their would-be deliverers and benefactors in Lombardy, in the Duchies, in Tuscany, in the Neapolitan kingdom, and on Roman territory, towards the end of the Republic—always under clerical guidance. "Egged on by the priests, the peasants armed and ever will arm themselves against free government:" so Garibaldi indignantly writes after 1849. Here there is evidence—of which history indeed furnishes examples enough—that in a good cause an intelligent and strong minority, striving for the benefit of the masses, has a natural right, under a tyrannical rule, superior to that of an ignorant populace which is systematically kept in a state of mental degradation. No wonder Garibaldi contemptuously dismisses those who, with the parrot-cry of "Freedom for All"—meaning freedom for the sworn enemies of intellectual culture—would render it impossible to draw a population, sunk in superstition, out of the vicious circle in which it is kept im-

prisoned by theocratical fetters. On this subject, Macaulay once also said the right word.

When describing how, in mid-winter (December 1848), his suffering men had, for the third time, to cross the Apennines, without even the protection of a capote, Garibaldi says:—

“Amidst the evils which assailed us, and which tormented us in our poor country, not the least were the calumnies of the clerical party, whose poison, hidden like that of the reptile, and as deadly, had been spread among the ignorant masses, depicting us in the most horrible colours. According to the priestly necromancers, we were people capable of every species of violence against property and family life, dissolute, and without a shadow of discipline—wherefore our arrival was feared like that of wolves or murderers.”

“A race of vampires,” “vipers,” “disciples of Torquemada,” and so forth, are the epithets Garibaldi many a time uses against the agents of the Papal hierarchy.

In a country where the overwhelming mass of the population is agricultural, the inertness or downright opposition of the peasantry to a struggling cause is a terrible obstacle. The case of Poland vividly presents itself to the memory. Both in 1848 and in 1849, Garibaldi says, the Austrians and the internal enemies of the national cause easily found guides, spies, and scouts, and always knew of his whereabouts during the campaign, whilst he himself could not get a guide or a spy with a handful of gold. Sometimes an unwilling priest had, therefore, to be requisitioned by force, and marched in front. What with all these wretched experiences, and the shortcomings of the Royal Government, it is not to be wondered at that the doughty warrior exclaims:—“Truly, it was worth while to come for this the whole way from South America to combat the snow of the Apennines! One might have died from shame.”

On such occasions his mind wandered back to the gallant deeds of his Italian Legion in South America. He thought of the brave Gauchos on the Pampas. Grief-shot and heart-struck, he compared the “strong sons of Columbus” beyond the Atlantic with his “unwarlike and effeminate countrymen” in Italy, “the enervated sons of Ausonia,” “the degenerate descendants of the greatest people,” as he calls a number of them, even in 1859. He had a right to speak with contempt of cowards, for he himself never failed in physical or moral courage. He ever stood bravely in the breach, though always racked with rheumatic pains, from which he was a continual sufferer, in consequence of what he had gone through in his American campaigns—so much so that at the proclamation of the Roman Republic, on February 8, 1849, he had to be carried on the shoulders of his adjutant into the Assembly to cast his vote in favour of the establishment of a Commonwealth. In the Lombard campaign of 1848, the spirit of his band being much shaken, desertion became so ram-

pant in retreat, that the whole force at last dwindled down to a mere handful. Garibaldi finally reached the Swiss frontier with but thirty men. Fever-stricken, he had to seek temporary refuge there. Returned to Italy; ill-received by Governments professing to serve the popular cause; with the small, badly clad, badly fed, and worse armed troop he had once more formed, thrown upon a kind of eleemosynary subsistence, he was glad to find in the people of Ravenna and Bologna a more patriotic, more masculine race than he had sometimes had to deal with. Nothing, however, could be done then. From the life of inaction which weighed upon him, he was drawn by "the Roman dagger which changed our fate, and converted us from outlaws into men gaining the right of citizenship." That dagger was the one which struck down Rossi, the Minister of the Pope, and opened up the way for the Roman Republic.

Garibaldi, who describes himself as a follower of Beccaria—an adversary, in principle, of the penalty of death—speaks in characteristic words of "Harmodios, Pelopidas, and Brutus, who delivered their country from tyrants;" comparing them with those who struck a blow against the Duke of Parma, the Bourbon of Naples, and so forth. It may be brought to recollection here that, after the deliverance of the Two Sicilies, he, by a special decree, awarded a pension to the family of Agesilao Milano. By one of those strange contrasts which often occur in civil wars, a son of Rossi served under Garibaldi in Lombardy, and is lauded by his leader as a distinguished and valorous officer. Of the deed done at Rome, Garibaldi writes:—"The old world-city, being worthy, on that day, of ancient glory, freed itself of a most dangerous satellite of tyranny, and bathed the marble steps of the Capitol with his blood. A Roman youth had found once more the steel of Marcus Brutus."

The adherents of Mazzini have always denied any responsibility for this act. Garibaldi clearly patronizes it. This habit of espousing, as it were, a side different from that of the other most eminent fellow-worker in the Democratic camp seems to have gradually arisen in the relations between Mazzini and Garibaldi ever after 1848. It came to a climax with the events of 1859-60. The names of both were the common watchword of Italian democracy; but they themselves appeared to understand each other less from day to day. Whilst now and then co-operating through mutual friends, they off and on fell out like the heroes of some old epic, in which the Fate woven by the Valkyrs must be inexorably accomplished. It was sad to behold them thus divided, whilst suffering Liberty mutely showed the wounds she received from the strife of brothers.

By the public in general, little was known of this struggle and jealousy. I saw a great deal of it, being bound to both men by ties of friendship, for a great many years, down to their death.

I have been made acquainted with the preparations for various enterprises and expeditions which either Mazzini or Garibaldi planned or officered. The understanding in each case was, that the other Italian leader should not be initiated into the scheme. Thus I knew of Mazzinian preparations for the Sicilian rising of 1860, long before Garibaldi was made acquainted with them. Again, I was informed, by a special messenger from Garibaldi, of his forthcoming expedition against Rome in 1862; word being sent at the same time that Mazzini should not be made a party to the confidential knowledge. This trust I have always scrupulously kept in each case. When I saw the feud growing, my endeavour was to promote, if possible, reconciliation for the sake of a common cause—even as I had tried to do in the estrangement between the two chief Republican leaders of France, Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc; in each case with indifferent success. All this I only mention so that my wish for impartial judgment may be understood.

Garibaldi complains that as early as 1848 he was subjected to a kind of ostracism by the friends of Mazzini. That ostracism, he maintains, still lasts (1872). Its motive or pretext, he thinks, was that he had been ready, in the year of Revolution, to march under the King's banner in a Royal army, whilst Mazzini and his associates kept separate under a Republican flag. In some passages, Garibaldi maintains that the bearing of Mazzini himself was superior to that of his followers. "*La Mazzineria*," he contemptuously calls them over and over again. In other parts of the book, however, he goes straight for Mazzini, especially when speaking of the Roman Republic. In that Commonwealth, he says, Mazzini was "practically the Dictator—a title the responsibilities of which he would not assume, well-knowing that the modest and pliant character of the *Triumvirs*, Saffi and Armellini, gave him the virtual power."

Owing to this book being composed of chapters written at various times, Garibaldi's expressions are now and then slightly contradictory. After all the recriminations, and after having significantly declared that he is "not accustomed to bear hatred to the individual, least of all after death, but that, writing history, he feels it a duty to calmly make known the wrongs done to him (Garibaldi) in various circumstances by Mazzini," we are suddenly startled, in one of the last chapters, by finding Mazzini, together with Manin and Guerrazzi, among "those who can justly be called the luminaries of the modern period of our national resurrection, and who have well merited of it."

The great grievance of Garibaldi is, that he was not from the beginning invested with the supreme military command at Rome in 1849. He gives the highest character to the members of the Constituent Assembly, declaring them to have been the worthy

descendants of glorious sires after so many centuries of serfdom and degradation. He says they were an honour to mankind, equal to the best in the Senates of antiquity and in modern Parliaments, presenting a majestic spectacle. But to the Government, that is, to Mazzini, he bears a deep grudge for being appointed, at first, to an inferior command, and only offered the head generalship when the danger had grown overpowering. Mazzini, he observes, claimed to direct war affairs without practical knowledge, whilst he, Garibaldi, might have been expected to understand something of that subject from previous experience. He asserts that the advantages gained over the troops of the King of Naples, as well as, in the beginning, over the French, might have been successfully pursued. Even when Rome could no longer be held, the Republican army might have marched out in full order, carrying on the war still for some time in the strong positions of the Apennines. He quotes instances in point from the history of the Republic of Rio Grande and from the United States of America, as showing that success was, at least, not impossible. At any rate, he would have preferred the Roman Republic to fight as long as it could, so that it would have fallen after Venice, and after Hungary.

This is a soldier's honourable view. But the careful reader, especially he who understands or sympathizes with the conditions of a Republican form of government, will not miss a short sentence on page 234. There Garibaldi says:—"On my return to Rome from Rocca d'Arce, seeing how the national cause was managed, *I claimed the Dictatorship*; and I claimed the dictatorship even as, in certain cases of my life, I had claimed the helm of a ship which the storm was driving against the surf. *Mazzini and his adherents felt scandalized by this demand.*"

Now, in a revolution, the strong action of a single man often proves the means of victory. Nor can it be denied that Garibaldi, with the true warrior's eye, had judged the military position far better than the Government of the Republic did. It was not he who had allowed himself to be deceived by the treacherous political game with which the future murderer of the French Republic succeeded in gaining time, through the mission of M. Lesseps, for the sorely pressed General Oudinot. Contrary to the armistice, "that perjured soldier of Bonaparte" attacked before the armistice was over. Garibaldi, however, had all along penetrated the real design, and was ready for him. The heroic defence stands on record as a brilliant page in history.

At the same time, it must not be forgotten that to "claim the Dictatorship" in a regularly constituted Republican government naturally gives rise to suspicion. The Garibaldi of these days was certainly known as a man of experience in guerilla warfare. Still, the very adventurousness of his antecedents, in States where military

Dictatorships are but too frequent, was apt to make firm Commonwealth men rather uneasy when a General simply "claimed" the supreme power, instead of its being conferred upon him. Who could know, at that time, what use he might eventually make of such power? The Mazzinians remembered mainly that in 1848 he had followed a line of policy different from their own. Now that they had established a Republic, they were loth to grant a Dictatorship to one of whom they were not absolutely sure in a political sense.

In the preface to the present Memoirs, Garibaldi advocates, on the very first page—writing in 1872—the necessity of "an honest and temporary Dictatorship" for nations like France, Spain, and Italy, as distinguished from the state of things in England. Repeatedly he recurs to that idea. It was a fixed one with him, as I had occasion to find in 1864. Having one day, in company with my wife, taken him from the charmed circle in which he was then somewhat confined in the house of the Duke of Sutherland, and conducted him, from my house, first to Ledru-Rollin, and then to Louis Blanc, questions relating to future action were then and there discussed.

"Are you still a Republican?" Mmc. Ledru-Rollin asked him point-blank, with that directness of speech which is the privilege of ladies.

"Certainly!" he answered. Then he added:—"If the time should come for renewing the movement for a Commonwealth in Italy, I believe a Dictator will have to be appointed by way of transition, in order to ensure success."

Nobody among us doubted whom he had in view.

Owing to his bringing up as an ordinary scaman and his freebooter's life abroad, Garibaldi, in 1849, was, in culture of mind, even less to be compared to Mazzini than in later years. Of his natural intellectual aptitude, I confess, I hold a higher opinion than some of his democratic compatriots would acknowledge. I am also convinced that his so-called simplicity was far less than appearances might seem to warrant. This was my distinct impression from personal observation, especially when, as the appointed spokesman of the Germans in London, I was invited by him to see him in the Isle of Wight, before his entry into London, on which occasion many political questions were confidentially discussed. However, Mazzini would openly say among friends, with a somewhat startling candour:—"I am the head, he is the arm of our cause!" Such claims and counter-claims could not but create a deal of friction.

For all that, it is painful in the extreme to find so much acerbity in Garibaldi's Memoirs, as regards the man who has been rightly called the Apostle of Italian Freedom and Union, when we remember how Garibaldi expressed himself in London in 1864, in a toast given at Alexander Herzen's house. There he literally said:—

"I am about to make a declaration which I ought to have made long ago. There is a man amongst us here, who has rendered the greatest service to our country and to the cause of freedom. When I was a youth, having nought but aspirations towards the good, I sought for one able to act as the guide and counsellor of my young years. I sought such a man even as he who is athirst seeketh the spring. I found the man. He alone watched when all around him slept; he alone fed the sacred flame. He has ever remained my friend; ever as full of love for his country, and of devotion to the cause of liberty. This man is Joseph Mazzini. To my friend and teacher!"

In justice to Mazzini it need only be added that, like Garibaldi, he was, on a paramount occasion, ready to subordinate his Republican convictions to the national interest. To the war begun by Napoleon III. in 1859, Mazzini—who had been informed beforehand of the intended enterprise towards the end of 1858, and who then communicated all the details to me in presence of Saffi—was certainly opposed. Finally, however, he sought to make the best of it, and, going to Florence, entered into relations with Ricasoli. Of this he afterwards placed the written evidence before me, as contained on official paper.

All through his life, Mazzini opposed the French claim to leadership in Europe. In Garibaldi's Memoirs we find strong language against those who overthrew an Italian sister Republic, and who, moreover, "proclaimed the domination of France over the Mediterranean, taking no heed, as they do, of the several nations whose territory borders upon that sea, and who possess a greater right there." The later annexation of Nizza also, "which was sold like a rag," is strongly commented upon in these Memoirs.

Grand and noble had been the defence of Rome. With 4000 men, Garibaldi was even able to leave the town without encountering an obstacle. But again the same story comes of most wretched experience, when he tried to rouse the populations in the country. "Not a single man would join me; whilst every night, as if they wanted to cover their disgraceful act in darkness, those who had followed me from Rome deserted." Arms were thrown away plentifully. Guides could not be obtained with money. Officers left him; criminal deeds were committed by a number of the runaways. Some of them, taken in the act, were shot at his command; but it did not mend matters. Pressed in between French, Neapolitan and Austrian troops, Garibaldi had to drain the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. In vain did he implore his wife, who was ill and in a state of advanced pregnancy, to remain at San Marino, that miniature Republic, where she would have been safe. "Thou meanest to forsake me!" she cried. This left him no choice. Again the weary way of flight began, until she fell dead. Then Garibaldi, without having time to bury her, had to fly, urged by those who had given him shelter, lest he, too, should have the fate of his companions, Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio, who were court-martialled and shot.

We may pass over his temporary imprisonment at Genoa, where, though treated with deference, he was, at the orders of General La Marmora, put on board a war-vessel; his embarkation for Tunis; his expulsion from thence; and his landing at Gibraltar, where the English governor only allowed him six days. His love for "the generous English nation," he says, "whose country is the universal port of refuge for exiles, made him feel only the more deeply this kick administered to a defeated man." At last, again tormented by rheumatic pains during the sea voyage, he "was landed at Staten Island, like a box, being unable to move a limb." The wretched life of poverty that followed, need not be detailed here. Giuseppe Pane—Joseph Bread—was the assumed name he then bore, working, for a time, as a candle-maker.

Returned to Europe; silencing his Republican conscience for the sake of the resurrection of Italy in 1859, Garibaldi complains of the "low intrigues" of Cavour and his "cowardly set" (*codarda consorteria*), who were too much in the hands of that "vulpine knave" Napoleon. They were glad to get Garibaldi's name, so as to attach the democratic section to the King's cause. At the same time "Garibaldi was to duck down, to show himself and yet not to show himself, so as not to give umbrage to diplomacy." He was used as a banner wherewith to attract volunteers. When, however, they were of the age of eighteen to twenty-six, they were embodied in the line, whilst he got those who were too young, too old, or physically weak. "Miserable rogues!" Garibaldi exclaims against those placed high in power. The King he found to be better than his surroundings. Ricasoli also was one of the better sort; but Farini, Minghetti, Rattazzi, Cipriani, were either in the meshes of Cavourian policy or utterly Napoleonized. By secret orders, Garibaldi's own subordinates were made to disobey him. He became quite disgusted; "dragging on a most deplorable existence during several months, doing little or nothing in a country where so much could and ought to have been done."

We now come to that first plan for the invasion of the States of the Church and of Naples, which led to his resignation as a Sardinian General in 1859. It need not be said that this was a patriotic scheme prepared in secret, in opposition to the policy of Napoleon. Garibaldi, as General of the Volunteers, was to officer it, taking the whole responsibility upon himself. He had reason, he says, to expect something from the King. The understanding was, that, though not authorizing the enterprise, Victor Emmanuel at least tacitly assented to it—even though, under certain circumstances, he might have to repress Garibaldi. All of a sudden, however, the latter was called to Turin, and a veto was laid upon the whole undertaking. Had it been allowed, it would certainly have led, by an expedition on land, to that downfall of the Bourbon dynasty which in the following

year was achieved by the Sicilian rising and the landing of the Thousand.

Garibaldi does not enter very much into the details of this affair. The version of Mazzini, as given to me, is that Garibaldi, thinking himself sure of the King, broached the matter to him, contrary to the original agreement. The plan itself Mazzini professed to have been the first to start. The parole was: "*Al Centro, al Centro! mirando al Sud!*" ("To the Centre, to the Centre! aiming at the South!") On a fixed day, Garibaldi was to order his men to march forth. The King was *not* to be informed beforehand, lest he should make the plan known to his chief Minister, and the secret thus find its way to Paris. This was what really happened as soon as Garibaldi had initiated Victor Emmanuel. A thundering despatch came from Napoleon, and Garibaldi had to resign. The secret, in this instance, not having been kept—Mazzini further explained—the first confidential understandings in regard to the campaign to be begun in Sicily (1860) were *not* communicated to Garibaldi. In that case, too, Mazzini and his friends were the initiators. Having been present at some of the preparations, I can vouch for what was then being done.

When speaking of the Sicilian Revolution of 1860, which is the very Epic of national deliverance, the Leader of the Thousand rises to almost poetical language. Most people believe—so great is the power of myth-formation even in politics—that it was Garibaldi who planned the movement and began the campaign. The truth is that he only landed at Marsala six weeks after the insurrection had been in full swing. Originally he had even discountenanced the attempt. He did so when approached on the subject by Rosolino Pilo, the first leader of the rising, who afterwards fell in battle, and whom, together with Corrao, Garibaldi himself calls "the two heroic sons of Sicily, the true forerunners of the Thousand."

Here are Garibaldi's own words:—

"Rosolino Pilo and Corrao were on the point of leaving for Sicily. Knowing, as I did, the character of him (Cavour) who governed the fate of Northern Italy, and not having shaken off yet the scepticism into which the recent occurrences of the last month of 1859 had precipitated me, I advised against action if there were not more positive news as to the insurrection. I threw the ice of the man of experience on the fervent and powerful resolution of youthful will. But it was written in the Book of Destiny that icy coldness and doctrinaire pedantry had in vain cast obstacles in the way of the victorious march of the Italian cause. I advised them *not* to act—but, by God! they did act; and a morning-light of news arrived that the rising in Sicily was not extinguished. I to dissuade from action? But must not the Italian be wherever the Italian fights for the national cause against tyranny?"

So he went.

"Meanwhile [he continues] the Government of Cavour began to spread that net of snares and of miserable opposition which persecuted our expedition

down to the last. Cavour's men, of course, could not say outright: 'We are against an expedition in Sicily.' Had they done so, the public opinion of our populations in general would have marked them as infamous; and that fictitious popularity which they had gained by means of the nation's money, buying therewith men and journals, would in all likelihood have been undermined."

Thus it was only that Garibaldi could make some preparations in aid, as he expresses it, of "the descendants of the brave men of the Sicilian Vespers," without much fear of being arrested. But La Farina was delegated by Cavour to watch him; and he tried to make Garibaldi give up the enterprise, declaring that "he (La Farina), being himself a native of the island, knew the Sicilian people well enough, and that the insurgents, having lost Palermo, were in every way lost."

Then Garibaldi describes how Cavour gave the order that 15,000 good guns, which, together with ample pecuniary means, were at Milan, at the service of the Thousand, should not be delivered. The royal troops barred the entrance to the place of deposit. One thousand wretched guns and 8000 francs were afterwards offered by La Farina, and accepted, owing to the stress of circumstances. With such extremely bad weapons the glorious battles had to be fought against the well-armed Bourbonic troops. On this occasion, as on many others, Garibaldi calls Cavour and his party "foxes." It was well known at the time that the Piedmontese Premier spoke of Garibaldi as "that fool," and that he expected the expedition to fail, either through the Thousand being captured at sea, or through an encounter on land with the superior forces of the King of Naples. The abominable quality of the only guns that were allowed, might of course have contributed to such defeat.

By training, and even by preference of language, Cavour had more of the French than of the Italian character. His original aim was simply the establishment of a North Italian kingdom. He did not even believe in the possibility of uniting the populations of the whole peninsula; at first he was averse to the scheme. He thought the Southerners were too different from the people of the North, not only as a race, but also in temperament. He assumed that they could not be brought into proper line with the people of the North, as they were either extreme Bourbonists or Republicans, and that constitutional government would thus be hampered. The powerful ally, without whom he felt himself helpless, had in view, on his part, the formation of a Muratist kingdom in the Two Sicilies. It had even been the plan of Napoleon III. in 1859 to give Tuscany to Prince Jerome Napoleon, who had married the daughter of Victor Emmanuel. The States of the Church, too, being under the French protectorate, Napoleon III. wished to group the whole, including an aggrandized Piedmont, into a Confederation, with himself as lord paramount, and the Pope as honorary president. All this must be kept in mind,

in order to understand Cavour's wretched policy as regards Garibaldi. Whilst hampering the expedition in every possible manner, the Piedmontese Premier, with an eye to any chance eventuality, penned now and then a few lines in secret, which could be usefully produced if, after all, things were to turn out different from what he expected. This is the secret of his famous "confidential correspondence."

Garibaldi, who repeatedly speaks of his great respect for England, destroys the myth as to the landing of the Thousand at Marsala having been facilitated by the action of English men-of-war. On the other hand he says that the Neapolitan navy gave a kind of tacit consent to the national movement, for "if it had been entirely hostile, it could have done much to retard our progress towards the capital." At Naples he found Cavourism even more intriguing than at Palermo. At first, the agents of that party had hoped to be able to restrict the rising to Sicily, and to prevent the crossing of the Straits. For that purpose they "called in the aid of their magnanimous patron (Napoleon III.). Already a vessel of the French navy had appeared; but we were powerfully relieved by the veto of Lord John Russell, who, in Albion's name, compelled the master of France to refrain from intervening in our affairs." It is here that Garibaldi acknowledges the indebtedness of the Italians to this country.

In honour of his Thousand, Garibaldi intones a perfect pæan. Yet, even in regard to this otherwise glorious campaign, he cannot avoid speaking with anger of a case of sudden, entirely groundless fear among a number of his men. He himself nearly became the victim of the wild alarm, the affrighted troops firing away in every direction. He, being on horseback in their midst, had to throw himself down on the ground, and only one bullet struck his hat. Here he expresses once more his contempt for those cravens whom the cry: "Cavalry! cavalry!" more than once during his Italian expeditions, terrified into abject fright; and he gives good advice as to how to meet a cavalry charge. To a sudden panic, he says, the southern Italians are the most liable. In fact, it is well known that the best fighting forces of the country are drawn from the north.

Curiously enough, Garibaldi passes over his resignation of the Dictatorship at Naples, and his proclamation of Victor Emmanuel as "King of Italy," with two lines. Between the lines one can read his feelings of disappointment. There are other omissions, as those must feel who know the inner history of the events of those days. Rosolino Pilo had headed the first movement with the pledge that "the question of a Republic should not be raised." Garibaldi had gone to Sicily with the declaration that the programme should be: "Italy and Victor Emmanuel." At the same time there was an understanding that the campaign should be continued up to Rome, where a Constituent Assembly was to be convoked. A number of men

on Garibaldi's staff were reckoned to be won to this plan, which was Mazzini's. Garibaldi was said to have consented. The fact of Garibaldi having offered the pro-Dictatorship to Aurelio Saffi, the Roman ex-Triumvir and Mazzini's best friend, goes far to support this statement, which is Mazzini's own, as made to me before and after the events of 1860. Only in a note and in a few sentences in his Memoirs, Garibaldi seems vaguely to allude to this agreement, as if to defend himself. "*In other times,*" he writes, "*a Constituent Assembly might have been convoked.* In that epoch it was impossible, and only loss of time and a ridiculous confusion of the question would have ensued. In those days, annexations with plebiscites were the fashion. Populations deluded by political 'rings' (*consorterie*) expected everything from the reforming action of Government."

In the following chapter on Aspromonte (1862) Garibaldi returns to the charge as regards the deliverance of Southern Italy:—

"Three times [he writes] the Savoyard Monarchy launched its veto against the expedition of the Thousand. First, it would not allow it to start for Sicily. Then, it would not have it pass the Faro. Lastly, it would not have it pass the Volturno. But it did start for Sicily; it did pass the Faro and the Volturno; and Italian affairs did not go worse for that. As to the Mazzinians, they cried, and they still cry to-day: 'You were bound to proclaim the Republic.' As if those learned men, accustomed to give laws to the world from the depth of their study, could have known the moral and material state of the populations better than we who had the luck to head them and to lead them to victory! No doubt, monarchies, even as the priests, show every day more and more that nothing good can be expected from them. But that the Republic ought to have been proclaimed from Palermo to Naples in 1860, that is *false*." (Garibaldi italicises the word.)

Even so. But truth to say, that was not the demand of Mazzini, nor was it the tenor of the original understanding. The compact was, to continue the campaign up to Rome, and, having conquered the capital, to convoke a Constituent Assembly. Certainly, the Republican party might then have tried issue with the Monarchists. In point of fact, and in order not to be unjust to Garibaldi, it must be avowed that no choice was left him at the Volturno, the Piedmontese army being ready at hand to enforce Cavour's policy. So he proclaimed Victor Emmanuel "King of Italy."

Dealing with his attempt to gain Rome in 1862, which disastrously ended at Aspromonte, Garibaldi speaks of the Papacy as "the cruellest and fiercest foe of Italy." In another chapter he quotes Guerrazzi's description of the Papacy as "a heap of dirt and blood." Of the House of Savoy he biting remarks that "the crime committed by him (Garibaldi) of having gained ten victories, and the insult of having aggrandized the King's appanage, stood in his way; these are things which monarchs never forgive." Being opposed by the Italian army itself, he found the people in a state of fright, and unwilling to give his poor volunteers even the most necessary food.

When, by a wonder, a shepherd with his flock was met, he would not enter into a bargain. "It was worse than if we had been robbers. But it was not the first time that I saw Italian populations inert and indifferent to the would-be felon. Not so in Sicily, it is but right to avow; for that generous people was as ardent in 1862 as it had been before."

When he lay wounded—

"I feel repugnance [he writes] to relate what miseries had to be endured. But so many of them were heaped upon me that even the frequenters of sewers might have become nauseated thereby. There were some who rubbed their hands at the news, joyful for them, of my wounds which were held to be deadly. Others abjured their friendship for me; and there were those who said they had deceived themselves when formerly praising some merit of mine. . . . True, some commonplace civilities were shown me, such as are customary in the case of great criminals when they are led to the scaffold. Yet, instead of leaving me in a hospital at Reggio or Messina, I was put on board a frigate and conducted to the Varignano, thus making me cross the whole Tyrrhene Sea, and inflicting the greatest torment upon me through my wound."

All for the crime of having tried to convert Rome into the capital of Victor Emmanuel!

Here it may be useful to mention that, shortly before this attempt, Napoleon had entered into negotiations with Rattazzi, whose Cabinet was then just constituted, for drawing Italy into his Mexican campaign, with a view of constituting an alliance, which afterwards was to be sealed once more by a common Franco-Italian war against Germany. Garibaldi, invited to come over from Caprera, was offered a special part in this plan of the future. Arms and a million lire were promised to him. He listened to Rattazzi's proposals, but kept his own counsel. Then he broke forth with the parole of "Rome or Death!"—thus foiling the Bonapartist scheme. This is what he made known to me, with many other details, before he started for his Roman expedition in 1862. Of that enterprise Mazzini had not previously been informed.

A strange gap occurs here in the "Memoirs of Garibaldi." His triumphal reception in England in 1864, his whole sojourn here, are not mentioned with a word. It is a strange omission. Has he left no notes of that, though it was an event which strongly influenced even the subsequent course of English politics through the impression made upon the masses, both by his stay and by his forced departure? A great deal might be said on the subject. As to his forced departure, the first communication, outside Stafford House, was at the time made by Garibaldi personally to the present writer. Those who care to have full details, may with advantage turn to Guicciardini's work.

In the Tyrolean campaign of 1866, the leader of the Red Shirts again found "little love among the peasantry for the national cause,"

whilst the German Tyrolese volunteers fought stoutly against him. To Archduke Albert, who at Custoza defeated an Italian army twice as numerous as that of the enemy, Garibaldi pays a high compliment, in spite of his hatred against Austria. The Italian fleet, also, was more numerous, and of a quality superior to that of the Austrian squadron. Yet it also was beaten by Admiral Tegethoff.

Then came, in 1867, Garibaldi's new attempt to gain Rome, which ended at Mentana. Here he suddenly refers to his being still "invested, as General of the Roman Republic, with extraordinary powers from that Government—the most legitimate which ever has existed in Italy." By-the-by, it may be brought to recollection that Lord Palmerston one day said in Parliament that "Rome had never been better governed than during the Republic of 1849." I remember that once, in a letter made public after 1859, Garibaldi claimed extraordinary powers in virtue of a formal decree of the representatives of the Roman people, resolved upon shortly before the French entered Rome. It shows that he himself did not absolutely exclude the possibility of a fresh start in the Republican sense. In this campaign in the Agro Romano, in 1867, when the "Pontifex of Falsehood," as he calls him, was to be overthrown, there were again divided counsels in the Democratic camp. Still, Garibaldi avers that "Mazzini was certainly better than his followers." He quotes a letter he received from him some years afterwards, which shows that Mazzini, "though not believing in the possibility of success, and though convinced that it would have been better to concentrate all forces upon a rising in the city of Rome, instead of beginning in the province, yet gave help, as much as he could, when the enterprise was once begun."

In this instance, also, the volunteers, whose right wing was composed of courageous Romagnoles, had great difficulties through not being able to obtain guides among the country people. "It is incredible," Garibaldi says, "this state of cretinism and of fear, to which the priest has reduced those descendants of the antique legions of Marius and Scipio." As it had been in 1849, so it was in 1867. Then he flies out against "a certain great, but wily statesman, who spoke of a 'Free Church in a Free State'"—as if the first duty were not to raise an intellectually degraded mass from the slough of superstition.

With the French campaign of 1870-71 the Memoirs deal very briefly. Garibaldi says he will leave it to the reader to draw his own conclusions from the facts he is going to tell; but he truly depicts his disappointment and his disillusion in colours strong enough.

"That I should not have been received with good grace by the Savoyard Monarchy, on my arrival from America in 1848, was quite natural. That I should have given rise to antipathies amongst its servitors, from the Prime

Minister to the generals of the army, and down to the last door-keepers, wedded as they were to the existence of the Royal Government, were also the normal consequences of men and things. . . . The same fate befell me in France in 1870 and 1871. No doubt, in France, as in Italy, I have found among the populations an enthusiastic sympathy, which was certainly far greater than my deserts. The French Government of National Defence, composed of three honest individuals, who merited the confidence of the country, received me because I was forced upon them by the events. But they received me with coldness, and with the manifest intention, even as it had often happened to me in Italy, of wishing to make use of my poor name, but not otherwise—depriving me in reality of the necessary means which could have made my co-operation a useful one. Individually, Gambetta, Crémieux, and Glais-Bizoin were pleasant with me; but Gambetta, more than all—he of whom I ought to have expected, if not personal sympathy, at least an active and energetic support—left me quite forsaken during a most precious time. In the first days of September 1870 the Provisional Government was proclaimed in France, and on the 6th of that month I offered my services to that Government which always was ashamed of calling itself Republican. The French Government let a month pass without answering me—a precious time, during which much could have been done, and which was, so to say, wholly lost."

This clear statement disposes, first, of the false allegation that Garibaldi had been invited by the French Government. It, secondly, shows what his reception was, not only by the Royalists, Ultramontanes, and other reactionaries of the subsequent Assembly at Bordeaux, but from the very commencement, by those who, as Democratic leaders, stood at the helm of affairs. The truth is—as Garibaldi's own adjutant, General Bordone, who fetched him from Caprera, and landed with him at Marseilles on October 7, has fully explained*—that many of those connected with the Government of National Defence did not even wish for Garibaldi's appearance. Many causes probably conspired to that effect. Under the Government of National Defence, Bonapartist officers, as well as Chouans like Cathelineau, who took their inspiration from the Holy Virgin, were for a time to the fore. To them the name of the anti-Papal Garibaldi was hateful beyond measure. Again, the very idea of the national unity of Italy was distasteful to a great many French politicians, both to those of the Constitutionalist school of M. Thiers, and to a number even of professed Republicans. Ledru-Rollin, in 1849, had nobly sacrificed his whole career for the sake of the Roman Republic, by trying to bring about a rising against Louis Bonaparte. He paid for it with a more than twenty years' exile. Among French Democrats in general, the idea, however, was in 1870 not extinct that France, whilst being herself strictly united and centralized, and therefore always ready for attack, ought to be surrounded only by nations with loose federative constitutions. Even the notion that France should have a hold upon Rome, found favour with many so-called Liberals of France. Gaul and Italian, therefore, did not match well.

* See Bordone's "*Garibaldi et l'Armée des Vosges*." 1871.

Not a few of Garibaldi's best fellow-workers had by no means relished his going over to France. Mrs. Jessie White Mario, to whom Garibaldi, in his *Memoirs*, expresses his gratitude for the thoughtful care she took of his wounded, both in Italy and in France, says* that "the news of the victories of Weissenburg and Wörth, up to Sedan, swelled the besoms of the Italians with enthusiasm; that Italians rejoiced at the triumph of the good cause, and still more at the overthrow of French arrogance and the destruction of the Napoleonic Empire; and that they felt in each German victory an Italian revenge." Rome could only be taken in consequence of these victories.

And yet Garibaldi wanted to fight on the side of France?

The true reasons of this resolution of his were, no doubt, twofold. He had been strongly urged by a group of the Party of Action to get possession of Nizza, and to declare it, in the first instance, a Free Town, under his own captainship. "We desire German unity as we desire Italian unity; and we hate the French Empire. We want Rome and Nizza. Aid us, and reckon upon us. But if help is to be useful to us, it must come with lightning rapidity." So Mazzini wrote to me from Italy; under date of August 1, 1870, after I had made to him a proposal, in the name of a number of patriotic men of various political party views at Berlin, placing arms and pecuniary means at the service of the Italian Party of Action, in order to foil, by a diversion upon Rome, the apprehended alliance between Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, which Mazzini himself declared to be "a decided fact," and which Prince Bismarck, only a year ago, said was then to be feared.

Now, Garibaldi was loth to undertake a move upon Nizza, lest he should once more get into conflict, not only with France, but with the Italian Government. In order to escape from the importunate demands addressed to him, he offered his services to France, hoping that, as a reward for his help, he would obtain the retrocession of Nizza. A French journal indeed wrote at the time:—"We shall restore to him his native home, his beloved Nizza." It is too well known how hollow that hope and that irresponsible promise were. A few years afterwards Garibaldi, more and more angered by French policy, wrote to me from Caprera (December 30, 1874):—"You, as a friend and colleague in political views, are no doubt well convinced that I did by no means intend combating Germany in 1870 and '71. I rather served the Republican principle."

In his *Memoirs*, Garibaldi invariably—with one single exception—speaks of those he had to fight in 1870-71 as "Prussians." It is as if, having formerly so often spoken of Germany in the highest terms, he wanted to save his conscience by an apparent distinction which

* "*Vita di Giuseppe Garibaldi*," vol. ii. pp. 145-46.

does not mark any real difference. The Lombard and the Sicilian, the Tuscan, the Roman, and the Neapolitan, all pass for Italians. The same with the Picard and the Provençal, the Breton (though he mostly speaks Keltic), the Burgundian, the Auvergnat, and the Gascon, who all pass for Frenchmen; even the German-speaking Alsatian is still claimed. The German nation, which for a thousand years, until the beginning of this century, was a Kingdom and an Empire, and then a Confederacy, is one in race, speech, and history; and it is fortunately idle now to appeal to local jealousies in the interest of foreign aggression. Garibaldi must have known that among those whom he found very tough enemies in Eastern France, there were not only Prussians, but also South-Germans, Badenens. Of German valour he speaks in language of high praise. On one occasion he says, in his free and easy way:—"We were received with a hailstorm of fusillade such as I had never seen the like of; and something more than intrepidity was required to present the phiz (*muso*) to such a tempest." Again, as to another battle:—

"The attack was formidable; on that day I saw hostile soldiers than whom I have never seen better. The column which marched against us was admirable by its valour and its cool firmness. It came down upon us, compact as a storm-cloud, --not with rapid step, but with a uniformity, an order, and a composure truly terrible."

Garibaldi's men fought well. Still, he has to complain of individual cases of cowardice, of which he also says that he "has never seen or heard the like in his military life." A certain Colonel Chenet, who performed prodigies of dastardliness, he was near having shot. As the same man repeated this cowardly conduct to an even larger degree, Garibaldi expresses his regret at "having had the good-natured weakness of saving him from the death to which the court-martial had condemned him." The following, characteristic of Garibaldi's experience in warfare, shows him in his satirical mood:—

"In certain cases, it is best to treat the animal, Man, as is done with the animal, Ox. He breaks loose? Well, let him break loose, and run away according to his bent! Woe to you if you commit the imprudence of crossing his path! He will throw down horses and riders, even as it happened to me at Velletri in 1849, where I saved my skin, black with contusions, by a miracle. He breaks loose? Let him break loose; let him fly, precipitate himself headlong; don't mind it, and content yourself with keeping above, on the flanks, or at the tail—for he will meet with an obstacle; a river or a mountain will stop him; or hunger, or thirst, or some new terror, nearer and greater than that which made him fly, will stay him. Then is the time. Gather together once more, as you can, the animals called men; procure food and drink for them, and give them rest; and when they are satiated and have recovered from fatigue, and their morale is raised again, they will remember their shameful flight, their dereliction of duty, and glory—the worst of human follies."

In this way Garibaldi goes on in connection with what happened near Autun. To a courageous correspondent of the *London Daily*

News, a young Italian, of the name of Zicchitelli, he pays a high compliment for the great services rendered to him during this campaign.

Then comes the capitulation of Paris, and the convocation of the Assembly at Bordeaux, to which Garibaldi was elected as a member in several departments. "Everybody knows," he writes, "how I was received by the majority of the deputies. Being sure of not being able to do anything more for the unhappy country which I had come to serve in its misfortune, I resolved upon leaving for Marseilles, and thence for Caprera, where I arrived on February 16, 1871. The Army of the Vosges, composed of too Republican an element, had of course to undergo the antipathy of the Government of Thiers, and was dissolved."

It will be remembered that, when rising in the French Assembly, Garibaldi was received with a noise which prevented him from making himself heard. His only object was—so he told Mrs. Jessie White Mario—to speak in favour of the orphans and the widows of those that had fallen in battle under his command, and of those that had become cripples. Instead of listening, the mass of the deputies made for the door, amidst a deafening din. "Gentlemen, have you not heard? Garibaldi wants to speak!" exclaimed M. Esquiros, a Republican member; but in vain. The tumult and the confusion were indescribable. The President of the Assembly, in a tone of fury, asked Garibaldi—"What do you want? The sitting is closed!" A moment of quiet followed. "Speak; speak!" exclaimed the public; but Garibaldi would not, unless he had the permission of the President. Meanwhile, the tremendous hubbub still grew; the deputies went out—and so Garibaldi left, applauded by a crowd. At the same moment M. Thiers went out, and said, contemptuously:—

"Qu'est ce que c'est que cela?"

"Ça c'est Garibaldi," he was answered, "who is worth more than all of you together!"

After this—as recorded by Mrs. Mario—it will be understood that Garibaldi should allude to Thiers in very slighting terms. Once he calls him the "little monarch of the French Republic." With such discordant notes the Memoirs conclude. In an Appendix of but two pages, written in 1875, he says:—

"It is painful to me to have to eulogize an Austrian general; nevertheless, for the enlightenment of our youth, which, perhaps, may yet be forced to fight against foreign soldiers, I must tell the truth. The Archduke Albert was the only and the true general of the battle of Custoza."

In pursuance of this theme, he gives some tactical hints. In these words of his the key is, no doubt, to be found of his bitter outspokenness on other matters. He wants to give lessons for the future.

For all that, the Memoirs are, on not a few points, incomplete. "Has everything been printed?" people ask here and there. That there should not be a word in the book about his second wife and the children he had by her, may be understood from the peculiar delicacy of this subject at the time he wrote; the unfortunate marriage of a few hours with the Countess Raimondi being still in the background when he penned his Memoirs. It was only in 1880, as Guerzoni states, that that marriage was formally dissolved by the Court of Appeal at Rome. But there are some political occurrences of deep import on which the Founder of Italian Unity might have shed "a little more light." So far as he is concerned, some knowledge, which could have lighted up many a dark historical page, is now forever hidden in that tomb where he still lies buried, contrary to his last will, in which he ordained his body to be burnt.

Even as, more than once, he had met with shameful ingratitude in life, so his express wish was not even respected in death. From the grave the hand of the old warrior now reaches out again to deal blows to the enemies of the cause of popular progress. And with a feeling of wonder the younger generation may read, in the racy Italian of these Memoirs, what enormous difficulties he had to contend against, in order to achieve the great things which he did achieve.

KARL BLIND.

EUROPE *VERSUS* THE UNITED STATES A DARWINIAN FORECAST.

IF the "struggle for existence" and the "survival or supremacy of the fittest" are true expressions in any field of thought, they are true for nations and political doctrines. The old "balance of power," so carefully watched on the continent of Europe, receives an enlarged application and is seen to express an important truth by the light of Darwinism. Yet there has been comparatively little endeavour to study political questions from the point of view of the Darwinian philosophy, and although individual men and their modes of combination in societies may be allowed to come within its scope, nations are not yet sufficiently regarded as larger aggregates which merit the application of the same methods of study that are permitted in the case of individuals and smaller societies.

Nothing is easier, says Mr. Darwin, than to admit in words the truth, that there is a universal struggle for life, or more difficult than constantly to bear it in mind. We in this present generation are witnessing two great struggles, one for supremacy, and in fact for separate political existence, on the continent of Europe; the other between Europe and the United States for world supremacy. The European States are constantly increasing their armaments, and vying with one another in preparations for offensive and defensive warfare. There is on this side of the Atlantic a "pitting of the great States one against another," and a "pest of militarism" in "portentous and ever-increasing development, to which it is difficult to see a limit other than the satiety and the exhaustion which war at the last may produce, or a lapse of continental States into general bankruptcy." Such is the statement of the ex-Premier in the *English Historical Review* for April last.

But while every one agrees in deploring the enormous expenditure

of European nations for military purposes, little notice has been taken of its aggregate effect on Europe, and on the supremacy which Europe has long held over the rest of the world, as compared with the rapidly growing United States. Our attention is concentrated upon the perpetually changing aspects of the struggle between the continental States; and we forget, or do not believe in, the future probable transfer of supremacy to the United States. We do not imagine that any open struggle can ever take place between the Old and the New World Powers; and we ignore the teaching of Darwinism that struggle of some kind must come, between nations and continents as well as between individuals. The struggle may be slow, silent, unseen in its larger aspects, but it is inevitable; and one day it is very possible that Europe—nay, even Great Britain—may awake to realize that the destinies of the world no longer depend on this quarter of the globe, but on the younger, stronger, more vigorous United States.

I shall certainly be met by incredulity as to any chances of military struggles between the United States and other nations; and while believing in their future possibility—for we have no evidence of the speedy approach of a millennium—I maintain that struggles of some kind must take place, whether overt or silent, and that they will have some results which would surprise us greatly, could we now realize them. The European nations may continue to grow moderately in numbers, wealth, and skill, or may retrograde. But whether they advance or retrograde, a keen struggle of some kind in the future must result from the extraordinarily rapid growth of the United States in population and wealth, with every sign of long continuance. In less than a century it appears probable that the United States will number as many inhabitants as non-Russian Europe. Its future wealth we can scarcely guess at; but in a century it may not improbably exceed that of the whole of Europe.

The inexorable law of the struggle for existence forces populations into competition in spite of themselves. The lessons of the past, in the transfer of industrial supremacy from country to country, from district to district, according as new sources of energy, material as well as intellectual and moral, have given them advantages in the struggle for existence, have been well set forth by Mr. Leonard Courtney in his valuable article on "The Migration of Centres of Industrial Energy" in the *Fortnightly Review* for December 1878. The transformations of trade, the migrations of capital in the latter part of the nineteenth century, will not be less striking than those which have gone before. It is very improbable, moreover, that the aged nations of Europe should hereafter show, as in a revived youth, such a rapid rate of increase in numbers or wealth as we witness in the United States to-day. At least, if such a thing should occur, it will not be

until modern militarism is put down or abandoned. Consequently, in whatever way rivalry and struggle are possible in the future, they are certain to take place; and in such struggle the European populations will be overshadowed by the United States in the proportion of population, wealth, and rate of increase, unless mental and moral power should lamentably deteriorate concurrently with improvement in other respects—a result we have no right to count upon. Against this the European States may set their advantages of position, habit, hereditary aptitudes, stability of long history, and accumulated stores.

What I am most concerned to point out is the immense advantage, on Darwinian principles, that the United States has in the struggle for existence, in not being burdened and oppressed by heavy military expenditure, drain of men and material, and national debt. This is a weight which admittedly presses most heavily upon Europe, and which threatens to become heavier still. The nation which grows free from this incubus is advancing with enormous strides in comparison with her Old World sisters. So long as this drain of men and money continues, the European peoples are handicapping themselves most heavily for the struggle, and are indefinitely reducing the chances of their own future.

Let us see, by a few tests, what is the actual weight pressing upon the chief nations of Europe in comparison with the United States. The precise figures, however, do not affect the argument. My case is made out if I show that the weight which tells against Europe is exceedingly heavy. My figures are derived from the "Annual Register" and the "Statesman's Year Book."

MILITARY AND NAVAL EXPENDITURE FOR 1887.

	£		£	s.	d.	
United States	10,740,000	=	185	or	3 8	per head.
Great Britain	31,694,000*	=	856	or	17 1	
France	36,500,000	=	95	or	19 6	
Germany (1886)	22,600,000	=	48	or	9 7	

The five great European Powers (*i.e.*, the foregoing three with the addition of Russia and Italy) in 1880 spent £126,350,000 on their armies and navies, and the total has certainly not decreased since then.

The United States army numbers 27,816. France maintains 524,000, Germany 492,000, and England 208,000 soldiers in time of peace, independently of reserves; a subtraction of 1,224,000 men from the workers of these three European countries, out of probably not more than 21,000,000 adult male workers.

We shall scarcely be wrong in estimating the absorption of male workers in military service alone, in these three countries, as amounting to one-eighteenth of the total male working power. And there is in

* In addition to extraordinary expenditure.

addition the very important fact that this absorption takes place in the best years of young men's lives, and not only takes them off from useful occupations, but teaches them another form of life, making it correspondingly more difficult for them to learn, certainly more difficult for them to excel in, useful arts which accumulate wealth for the country. The mere money loss in useful labour through militarism is appalling when looked at by itself, still more so when considered as an adverse influence in its bearing on the competition of Europe with the United States.

Next let us consider the question of national debts. While the United States has paid off in ten years 106 millions of public debt, and in ten years more will have reduced it to insignificant proportions, the eight chief European nations owed between them in 1880 £3,987,000,000, or nearly four thousand millions sterling; and this debt had increased by £1,550,000,000 between 1865 and 1880, or nearly 39 per cent. It is scarcely necessary to point out the serious effect which the payment of interest on this enormous debt must have upon the European nations, to say nothing of repayment of capital. At three per cent. only, the interest amounts to £120,000,000 per annum, and much of it is chargeable with considerably higher interest. It is possible to argue that the interest is paid in the main to members of the several nations concerned, and therefore cannot impoverish them; but in any case it comes out of the pockets of the workers, and keeps in idleness a whole army of drones, who for the most part impoverish the nation instead of adding to its wealth.

A closer comparison may perhaps be made by comparing England and France taken together (whose populations now exceed that of the United States by about 25 per cent.) with the United States. England and France together pay £81,500,000 a year on their public debt, and £68,200,000 for army and navy, and give up 730,000 able-bodied men to the army. Estimating their useful labour at only £20 per annum each, we have a further expense of £14,600,000 yearly. Thus the cost to France and England together, of army and navy and debt, cannot be put down at less than £164,300,000 per annum. Even during the present period of enormous repayments the United States is only paying £19,000,000 a year on its debt, and its total expenditure on war, debt, and men is less than £30,500,000; leaving £133,800,000 as somewhere about the cost of the English and French war system to those nations over and above the cost of the United States system. Of course if we consider the amount per head, the United States figures still better. England and France spend £2 3s. per head, or £10 15s. per family of five persons; the United States less than 11s. per head—in fact about £2 13s. per family of five.

Which of the two groups of nations can best afford such expenditure is no matter of doubt. I believe the United States could better

afford the £10 15s. per family than the populations of England and France, with their heavy local rates in addition. On Darwinian principles this heavy expenditure must tell with increasing weight in the years to come. It appears almost self-evident that we have thus to contemplate, supposing that no marked improvement takes place, a steady decline in the prosperity and strength of the European nations relatively to the United States. This is a matter of certainty, unless some means can be found of increasing the population and wealth of Europe as rapidly as that of the United States. But instead of being able to increase population and wealth with similar rapidity, Europe is taking more steps to diminish them—at any rate to diminish the rate of advance to a very low one. The history of Europe during the nineteenth century would furnish a striking subject for calculating the loss of life potential and actual, the loss of material wealth potential and actual, and the cost in money occasioned by inter-European wars. Add to this the present increasing drain of active workers, of money, of material wealth, to feed the ambition of rulers and protect from wanton aggression, and it will be seen that an incalculably great detriment to the success of European nations is caused by military and naval expenditure. In several nations the severity with which the financial conditions thus brought about are pressing sends vast numbers away from home, many of them to join in and add to the prosperity of the United States. In other countries the increase of the population has been brought down nearly to zero. To the instructed eye the rulers of Europe seem to be doing their best to reduce the prosperity of the Continent and to give predominance to the United States.

I propose, first, to discuss the possible or probable results of this future decline of Europe in comparison with the United States; and then to consider possibilities of remedying or methods of meeting the evils foreseen.

The United States, grown more powerful and rich than any probable grouping of European Powers, must necessarily change its attitude towards Europe. The whelp of former days has become a lion. It will certainly claim to be treated as a lion; and this alone signifies an immense change in the attitude of Europe. We now rest at ease in the idea that the United States has so much expansive work to do within her own borders that she cannot largely interfere with European interests, certainly for a long time to come. We rest secure because of the American idea of restricting interference in European concerns; and even if we allow that the Monroe doctrine has a very real existence for Americans, and may readily start into vigorous life when least expected, it is imagined that since that doctrine refers exclusively to the American continent, it cannot interest Europeans very greatly. But there cannot be a greater

mistake than to imagine that the world can be parcelled out into portions or regions which may constitute a charmed circle, within which certain interests can be restricted. Our fear of Russian designs on India, our discomfort because of German projects in Africa, to refer to no others, are sufficient to disprove this. And even at present, when so many of the links which formerly bound numerous countries of America closely to the European nations have been dissolved, European interests in America may at any moment be vitally touched by the action of the United States. It might be sufficient to some minds to point out how the history of America during the last 110 years has been but the throwing off of European control; so that, instead of the greater part of the Continent being nominally or really held by Europeans, now, independently of the Dominion of Canada, scarcely an appreciable portion of territory is held by Europe. This alone will show what an immense transference of political power to America has already taken place. Yet even now, adverse changes in the United States' political attitude would affect intimately not merely Great Britain, but also France, Spain, and Holland, all of whom retain possessions on the continent of America and the adjacent islands. Of course it goes without question that in changing their political attitude the United States would have vast scope for exerting an influence on the other continents, on Australia and the oceanic islands, to say nothing of Europe.

But granted that a great change is possible, is it probable, is it necessary?

I believe it to be a necessary outcome of the struggle for existence that a great change should occur in the American attitude towards Europe in the future. It is not merely that the stronger will seek to impose its will on the weaker, and will win in any struggle for existence which may arise between them; but that a conflict of opinion and of interests *must* arise. The people of the United States being a mixture of the strongest elements in Europe, and especially of Teutons in their most marked varieties, combined with Celts, are developing a vigorous national character, which must grow in vigour, in originality, in individuality, in self-assertiveness; and eventually they will carry their self-assertiveness, not improbably, into dogmatism; and it may easily be imagined that they may seek to enforce their will on all who may dispute their views. The strong power that feels itself stronger than its competitors, impelled by increasing numbers and wealth, *must* claim the right of the strongest, or else deny its own existence and forfeit its birthright of strength. The strength of the strongest is only kept up by its exercise. The moment the strong man becomes lazy, or ceases to be self-assertive, or to put himself in evidence, and sits down and folds his arms, he commences to lose his strength, and the sentence of his deposition from supremacy

is practically written. I believe that when the population of the United States has increased for another century, there will have arisen a struggle for existence which will put past struggles into the shade. The Americans will be swarming everywhere, not merely on their own continent, but all over the world, seeking to establish themselves, demanding rights and privileges, and in the end perhaps gaining the mastery over portions of the Old World.

Is this a fable or an unsubstantial dream? Let us see what the United States even hitherto has responded. There is a spirit of prophecy in the American confidence in being able to "whip creation." It may be only an exaggeration of a future truth.

To some persons it may seem like ancient history to refer to the Monroe doctrine, the doctrine originally of Adams and Jefferson, which the latter pithily expressed thus: "Our first and fundamental axiom should be, never to entangle ourselves in the broils of Europe; our second, never to suffer Europe to intermeddle with cis-Atlantic affairs." If it has not been possible hitherto for the United States to act up to this standard, it has been owing to want of strength in the past, not for want of will: witness the strong representations made against Napoleon III.'s expedition to Mexico. That the opinion, the sentiment, the determination survive, could be abundantly proved; but it is probably unnecessary. It is morally certain that when the United States is strong enough to defy opposition, it will insist on the observance of the Monroe doctrine, and may comparatively easily pass over to an expulsion of European Powers from the American continent and islands.

The cry for the annexation of Canada is even now heard again and again; and it is absurd to say that there is no feeling in its favour within Canada itself. It is a question of *pros* and *cons* with many, and questions may easily arise in the future which will tempt the United States to vigorously seek, or even to accomplish by military force, the annexation of the Canadian Dominion.

The exclusion of the Chinese, again, is an evidence of the powerful way in which American action may affect Old World interests. I only instance this as showing that even now important decisions may be taken which the Old World, though greatly affected, may be powerless to resist. Look at the vexed questions of fisheries, in which the ideas of the United States are very different from those of British subjects. Look at the influence of American protective tariffs on British and European manufactures. Look at the spreading influence of the United States in the Pacific islands. Look at the exclusion of pauper immigrants, which is in itself a remarkable evidence of strength, and may easily be changed into a regulation that every immigrant shall possess a certain amount of property; thus establishing a most disastrous influence to make the European States

poorer, and to extract from them the richer and more vigorous people. Look at the very extensive repudiation of State debts by many of the United States,* which are held largely by European holders, and yet which no European State will go to war to enforce. And finally, the action of the United States in regard to the Alabama claims, practically compelling us to pay an exaggerated claim because we were unwilling to face a war, ought to bring home to every Englishman, if not to every European, the truth that the United States is a factor in international questions of the most vital importance to European interests—one which will grow steadily and surely, and which may not be at all palatable to our descendants.

On Darwinian principles it is certainly not absurd to imagine a United States of one hundred millions extending its influence, if not its confederation, over the whole of the American continent, and threatening, if not annexing, Canada. Nor is it inconceivable that, with one hundred and fifty millions of people, the United States might enter into conflict with European nations, and claim an authority which no European combination could resist. An embargo on European products, a refusal to pay interest to Europe, might ruin several nations; and as it might be quite impossible for England to do without the corn and other food supplies of the United States, the threat of their withdrawal might of itself suffice to compel Great Britain to yield to any demand made by the mighty power beyond the sea. It is not so difficult to imagine a case which might arise, such as an attempt, on the plea of justice, to dictate what should be our conduct towards Ireland, or towards Irish-American agitators in Ireland, whom we might wish to deal more severely with than the United States approved; or we might be required to concede entire independence to Canada preliminary to Canada being claimed for the States. Again, repudiations might be pushed to a still greater extreme, or European immigrants might be excluded; or the United States might take sides with a revolutionary movement in one of the European States, and practically determine the setting up of a republic in close alliance with itself. These are but samples of possible cases.

I will but just allude to the possibility of the United States becoming itself a conquering Power. This may be thought ridiculous, impossible, contrary to the entire tendency of American policy. In reply I would say it is no more ridiculous than would have been

* See J. F. Hume, *North American Review*, August 1884, "Are we a Nation of Rascals?" in which the total amount of dishonoured paper issued by twelve States is given as 309,074,000 dollars; taking into consideration other repudiations by cities, corporations, &c., it is estimated that in a few years the total of repudiated debts of the United States will amount to 1,500,000,000 dollars. He says (p. 141): "The twelve States of the American Union owe a very large sum of money, which they are perfectly able to pay, which they ought to pay, but which they will not pay, and which they cannot, by any of the usual processes employed against delinquent debtors, be made to pay."

the assertion of Macedon before the days of Philip, or of Rome at the time of the Tarquins, that it would conquer the world. Peoples change by irresistible forces. There was little thought of the present British colonies in the time of the wars of the Roses, still less in the days of William the Conqueror. The stern republic of Cincinnatus was very different from that of Sulla or Pompey; and it is, I repeat, natural and almost necessary that a nation strong enough to conquer should conquer—by peaceful means if they suffice, but yet conquer. It has been so in all ages of the world's history; and we have yet to learn that the morals or the instincts of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries will be remarkably different from those of the nineteenth or the eighteenth. And it would be no more beyond the bounds of possibility to imagine American expeditions to Europe in the twenty-first century than European expeditions to America in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. "Calling a new world into existence to redress the balance of the old" may mean a good deal more than is at first sight apparent; the new may itself redress the balance ultimately very much to its own advantage. When Europe is but six days' distance from America, it may become perfectly possible, if decided upon, to despatch overwhelming forces to any European spot; the only condition is a sufficient object or cause of quarrel, or that which seems sufficient; and that these occur is a truism of history.

Granted even, what few will be disposed to deny, the very great power which the United States may exert in the future, where is the most likely point of attack? Here let us recur to Darwin. He says that the varieties of the same species will struggle most severely with one another. Competition is most severe between allied forms. Thus it is the British people, and secondly the Germans, who are the most certain to be affected by American competition, and with whom the United States will most certainly struggle. Let it not be imagined that kinship will prevent the struggle; it will only make it more severe if it does come. Moreover, divergence of character is constantly taking place. Living apart, in different climates and localities, and on different soils, &c., the character of the nations must come to differ more and more. Again, the American is a very different mixture of peoples from the British, however the two may fundamentally agree in origin. And differences develop, and new characters appear. The natural tendency to branch accounts for the production in the past of differences of race in the human species. Abraham wandering off and founding a clan which becomes in time as distinct as any that ever existed, foreshadows our latter-day divergences. I foresee thus a possibility of as intense rivalry and contest between the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon peoples as ever occurred between France and Germany, or Hebrews and Moabites.

The question is, What possible modes of counteracting the influence of the United States could be developed, and which of these are likely to be successful? A European federation is, I fear, farther off than the supremacy of the United States; but a common danger—that most potent producer of union—might in time develop it. A French-Spanish-Italian alliance might become very powerful, as also a British-German one. These may in time become questions of practical politics. But the most valuable and influential answer to the whole question would to my mind be the development of a British confederation. If ever any power, of similar race constitution, is to arise capable of coping with the United States; it appears likely that it must be of this form. Similar in race, with far wider territories, with very great possibilities of growth in population, with markets and products in all parts of the world, this British confederation could probably offer an effective counterpoise to the concentrated power of the United States. This great end let every patriotic Briton seek to promote. No worthier object can be found for the labours of scores of statesmen. No grander step towards the realization of such a confederation could be accomplished than the devising and carrying out of any mode by which millions of Britons could be advantageously settled on unoccupied lands under British rule. No nobler work can be suggested to British statesmen than to knit together by every possible means the British people under the British Crown, or to devise means by which a truly Imperial Assembly and Ministry may be constituted. Thus, and thus only, I believe, can the evil of the future be met and discounted. Thus, and thus only, can a second Power arise capable of balancing the United States. Any unwisdom may break up the British Empire into disjointed portions, each weaker than several of the European nations, and finding it difficult to gain strength alone.

Conjoined with this should be a resolute limitation of the number of men taken from productive avocations to lead non-productive lives, a limitation of military and naval expenditure, and a continued paying off of debt. It seems to be of no avail to preach to continental nations that they are pursuing a useless, a foolish, a disastrous, a suicidal policy in wasting their strength in wars, in soldiers, in war expenditure. The decay of Spain, the weakness of Turkey, seem powerless to teach the rest to avoid their example. Unless they turn from the error of their ways, though as yet decrepitude may appear far distant, the heavy drain of militarism must sap their vitals and lay their pride low. Spending a large proportion of their fortune wastefully, they will be immeasurably outstripped by the prudent nation which husbands its strength and its money. The old giants are becoming worn out, and the young giant is growing yet more gigantic. But it appears as if fate or habit, or blindness, or the

ambition of rulers, would compel the European continental nations to continue their present course. Fortunately there appears to be no necessity for our own country to suffer in the future from American competition, if we are wise in time. But it is essential that we should be wise in time. The continental nations are most likely to lose in the struggle; but we must beware of being led into following their bad example, and must carefully keep down our military expenditure, our unprofitable spending of valuable lives. Peace will yet have its victories more renowned than ever war or peace have had in the past; and while Europe may go to decay, and may even become almost the vassal of the United States, the British Empire may by wise measures grow as fast as the United States in population and wealth, and may have as righteous laws and as true conditions for prosperity. In any case, our highest ambition should be that America shall not outshine us in the practice of right conduct, even though the sceptre of chief power may at some time be found to have departed from us in favour of the United States. Reading history aright, we see how the centre of gravity of human affairs has again and again shifted from the East westwards, from Assyria, Phœnicia, and Egypt, to Greece and Rome, from Rome to Paris, from Paris to London; and it may be destined to shift yet farther west to Washington, unless some more remarkable change than we at present foresee should keep it on this side of the Atlantic. If anything can be done to obviate the necessity of this, or to mitigate or balance its effects, the time when steps can be most effectually taken is the present, now that the first general assembly, though an informal and incomplete one, of colonial representatives has conferred about many measures of imperial import. If this should eventually issue in the formation of a British confederation, the year 1887 will have gained its most remarkable title to lasting remembrance.

G. T. BETTANY.

MYSTICAL PESSIMISM IN RUSSIA.

I.

PESSIMISM is a characteristic feature of all those epochs of history in which the mass of human suffering is at a maximum, and moral aspirations are entirely out of harmony with social conditions. Involved in an unequal conflict with their surroundings, men come to regard life as a terrible burden, and seek refuge in suicide, or in strange, mystical, and extravagant theories of society.

Russia is now passing through such a period; and it is the resultant pessimism and poetic melancholy which have attracted so much interest in Europe during the past few years. A society in which the most remarkable writers fall into mystico-moral asceticism, like Count Leo Tolstoi, or into orthodox fanaticism like Dostoievsky, or into Panslavist mysticism like Aksakoff, is an unhealthy society—a society which has, in a certain degree, lost its intellectual equilibrium.

Russian life offers as vast a field to the psychologist as to the philosopher. In it are to be found rapid revulsions, from despairing materialism to sombre mysticism or to spiritualism. To-day educated people bow before the peasant, make him their ideal, carry themselves off in crowds into the country so as to share the labours and privations of the common people; and then to-morrow they suddenly abandon him and betake themselves enthusiastically to revolutionary conspiracies. Later on comes the turn of Slavophile chauvinism, of the abstract cloudy ideas of socialism; and again suddenly faith in yesterday's ideal vanishes, and all is apathy and despair.

The spread of Freemasonry and of mystical pietism in Russia at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century is well-known. The archives of the tribunals show that princes and noble ladies, officers, state officials, and simple serfs joined the sect of the "Christs" and the "Skoptsy." The most aristocratic houses were

open to the apostles of these mystical sects. Noble families, such as those of the Princes Meshchersky, Golovine, Sheremetieff, and others, protected the Skoptsy (mutilators), permitted themselves to be drawn away by their teaching and rites, built chapels, carried on a propaganda, and gave asylum to a crowd of fanatics. People of all ranks of society took part in the meetings of the sectaries with unrestrained dancing, contortions, and hysteric sobbings.

The most fanatical and barbarous section of the "Christs"—the Skoptsy—has made a great number of proselytes even quite lately among the class of rich tradespeople in St. Petersburg and Moscow. This fascination for the sect of the Skoptsy formed the point of departure for a series of sects and confraternities which gathered round them a large mass of people. Such a sect was that of Colonel Doobowits, which, towards the end of 1850, spread through the higher circles of society and preached mortification of the flesh; such was also, later on, the sect of the "Apostles of the Last Days," preaching the end of the world; and lastly, the pietistic sect of Lord Radstock, which has in recent days made a crowd of converts, among whom are two very zealous apostles, the celebrated Richard Pashkoff and Aaron Korff, both exiles from their country. Nor can the celebrated Russian novelist, Count Leo Tolstoi, be passed over in silence, as the apostle of a new Christian religion based on social mysticism. He has attracted a considerable portion of that Russian society which, owing to the entire lack of political and social careers in Russia, seeks a sphere in various mystico-social theories. To suffer wrong without resistance, not to judge, not to kill; such are the doctrines preached by Count Tolstoi. Therefore there must be no more tribunals, no more armies, no more prisons. The law of the world is to struggle for existence; the law of Christ is to sacrifice existence for others. The Turk, the German, will not attack us if we are Christians—if we do them good. Happiness and morality will only be possible when all men shall have communion in the doctrines of Jesus Christ, shall return to the natural life, to community of goods. Towns must be deserted, the people set free from the factories, all must return to the country and labour there with their own hands, each man having, as his ideal, himself to provide for all his wants.

This tendency to mysticism has been demonstrated during the last twenty years by the successes of spiritism in the larger cities of Russia, such as St. Petersburg, Odessa, Moscow, Kiev, &c. Spiritist societies are always increasing in number; table-turning *séances*, where the spirits of ancient poets, warriors, kings, sages, are summoned to appear, attract numbers of people. Faith in sorcery and in the supernatural reigns still among all classes of society. In all the large towns one meets with a great number of people who gain their livelihood by predicting the future, or by practising chiromancy.

A correspondent tells of a simple peasant woman in the province of Kostroma who enjoys immense popularity as a prophetess. The people of the neighbouring towns and villages have the profoundest respect for her, and never undertake anything fresh without consulting her. Young men and women, old men, officials, peasants, come from all sides to learn from her their destiny, or to ask her help in gaining the affections of their beloved.

Up to the present day a belief in destiny and in the evil eye is widespread. Quite lately the Russian papers had a story of a chiromantist who had a great reputation in the city of Novgorod. He was a retired officer in the Uhlans, who removed hysteria by exorcising the evil spirit, and not only peasants but the leisured classes believed in the sorceries of this magician, who cured by cabalistic formulæ paralytics, madmen, drunkards, and women of bad life.

Now if these psychic phenomena are partially the outcome of abnormal conditions of political life which are oppressive in Russia, they are at the same time partially the resultants of the influence produced by the masses on the comparatively small group of the educated. Educated society in Russia is but as a small oasis in the midst of the immense desert of the total population, ignorant, superstitious, unhappy. Mystery, terror, uncertainty of the morrow have so wrecked the nerves of the people that hysterical epidemics are frequent, and men and women scream like demoniacs, are convulsed, throw themselves on the ground, announce the end of the world, quit their fields and flee to desert places, where they seek solitude and salvation.

For more than fifty years past there has been observable among the Russians a sort of religious fermentation, taking the form of different sects, which number millions of adherents, all in quest of "truth," of "the true God," and of "salvation." And if pessimism is a characteristic mark of all Russian life, it is in certain mystic sects that it shows itself particularly strong. In these we see pessimism reach its furthest bounds, go so far as to renegate life itself, often to the point of suicide. They say the world is plunged in sin, virtue has disappeared, the devil reigns over the earth, evil triumphs everywhere; the only means of salvation is to renounce society, to reorganize social life on a new basis, or voluntarily to embrace death.

I am going to describe one of these sects, which may give an idea of this religious and moral fermentation in the breast of the Russian people.

II.

In the province of Perm, on the other side of the Kama, in the depths of the forests, there was enacted about twenty years ago a

terrible drama, the principal actor in which was a peasant named Khodkine. Khodkine was to a certain degree an educated man; he was passionately addicted to reading, and spent most of his time over religious books, which he expounded after his own fashion. He soon came to the conclusion that the end of the world was at hand. He plunged more and more deeply into these ideas as he contemplated the unsatisfactory state of things surrounding him—on the one hand, the degradation of the moral tone of the people, their drunkenness, their debasement of manners; and, on the other hand, the violence and tyranny of the authorities who, arrogant and cruel, treat the people like a herd of cattle. Khodkine ended by persuading himself that the only way to save one's soul was to leave the world, to hide in a forest, and make an end of this life of sin and ignominy. He did not conceal his views from his neighbours, and he soon had devoted disciples, the first of whom were members of his own family—his mother, brother, sister-in-law, and uncle. "Antichrist is already come, and goes to and fro in the earth," taught Khodkine; "the end of the world is at hand, let us fly into the forests, bury ourselves alive, and die of hunger."

Once in the woods the men set themselves to dig out actual catacombs, while the women made dead-clothes. These preparations lasted through three days. All the disciples, dressed in these clothes, had three several times to renounce Satan and all his works. The ceremony of abjuration over, Khodkine addressed them in the following words: "Now that you have renounced Satan, you must die of hunger. If you take no nourishment, if you drink no water for twelve days, you will enter into the kingdom of heaven." Then began the interminable days of horrible suffering for these wretches. Tortured by hunger and thirst, women and children cried loudly for a few drops of water. The children's sufferings touched the hearts of some of the fanatics, who knelt to their chief praying him to have pity on these little ones. But Khodkine was immovable. Tears, prayers, and suffering did not touch him, and the children writhed in agony, sucking the grass, chewing fern fronds, or swallowing sand. Two of the fanatics could not endure this sight, and fled during the darkness of the night. This frightened Khodkine, and he resolved to hasten the death which was so long in coming. "The hour of death has come: are you ready?" he asked. "We are ready," replied the unhappy people, all their strength exhausted. Then they began to massacre the children. The bodies of the victims were buried in the earth, and the survivors decided to continue their fast. But the fugitives had had time to warn the police, and they came to the place. Hearing the steps of men approaching, and being unwilling to give themselves up alive into the hands of the servants of Antichrist, the fanatics reached the height of their religious madness,

swore to shed their blood for Christ, and abandoned themselves to horrible carnage. They began by killing the women with hatchets, then they put an end to the men most weakened by hunger, and the leader, Khodkine, and three others were the sole survivors. They saw the police and tried to escape into the forest, but were caught and delivered into the hands of justice.

This case of religious fanaticism is unhappily not unique in Russia. I doubt whether any other country shows so great a number of suicides, both of numbers together and of isolated individuals. I will only notice in passing the suicidal epidemics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, provoked by religious persecutions. According to contemporaneous statistics 1700 persons in the province of Tambow alone killed themselves in a fit of fanaticism in 1679. In the next year, in the province of Iaroslav, 1920 peasants burned themselves alive in order to escape the claws of Satan. Five years later 2700 persons burned and otherwise killed themselves in a convent in Olonets. In the first half of the eighteenth century, according to official reports, about 2000 persons burned themselves in different parts of Russia, the suicides always taking place by the 100 or 200 together. Suicide by fire has not disappeared, in spite of the progress of civilization in the nineteenth century. Thus, in 1812, all the inhabitants of a village threw themselves, for the glory of God and the salvation of their souls, on wood piles prepared by themselves. Again, quite lately, in 1860, fifteen sectaries in the province of Olonets devoted themselves to death in one house. I will not speak of the numerous cases of solitary suicide by fire, the axe, or starvation.

Poverty and ignorance, irritation, the sickly condition of mind and of nerves of the people, give rise to a number of mystic religious sects, whose founders wander from village to village preaching the coming end of the world, and the necessity of fleeing from sin and from perdition. Discontented with life, seeking relief from the doubts which press upon him, the peasant receives these preachers with joy, and listens to their teaching with avidity.

Among a great number of religious preachers, one above all, the monk Falaré, enjoyed great popularity. He preached on the banks of the Volga, not many years ago, that the sole mode of salvation for man was voluntary death. "It is impossible," said he, "to continue to live in this world immersed in sin and falsehood. We must seek safety in death; we must die for Christ." This barbarous teaching found numbers of disciples, who attached themselves to the monk with the fixed intention of dying. One night eighty-four persons met in a cavern prepared beforehand near a river. Straw and faggots had been accumulated there that they might perish in the flames, should the police succeed in discovering their projects. These preparations being made, the fanatics began to fast and pray. Happily

one of the women present, who had doubts as to the efficacy of suicide, profiting by the darkness of the night, hid herself, and fled to a village, where she told the authorities what had happened. The inhabitants went to the cavern, the entrance to which was guarded by one of the sectaries, who gave the alarm. "Antichrist is coming! Fly! Let us not give ourselves up living into the hands of our enemies!" cried the fanatics, setting fire to the straw. The peasants tried to put out the flames. A terrible struggle followed. The police and the peasants strove to snatch these wretches from the flames, but they defended themselves, wrestled with their rescuers, threw themselves anew into the fire, and slew themselves with hatchets. "We die for Christ!" was heard on all sides. Still a considerable portion of these fanatics were saved. But the affair did not end thus. One of the condemned, a peasant named Touschkoff, escaped from prison and continued to propagate doctrines of suicide. His teaching was very successful. More than sixty persons in the same locality decided to give themselves to a voluntary death. Among them were whole families, fathers, mothers, children. They no longer chose the forest to carry out their design, but on a day fixed beforehand the massacre took place in the peasants' *izba*. Peasant P. entered the house of his neighbour N., killed his wife and children; then, still armed with his hatchet, he entered the barn where other fanatics were waiting for him with their wives, who calmly put their heads on the block, while P. played the part of executioner. Then he went to another *izba*, that of the peasant woman W., and killed her and her kinswomen, while an accomplice killed their children. Then the accomplice put his head on the block, begging P. to cut it off. P. in his turn was killed by the peasant T. Thirty-five persons thus perished. A woman passing by was terrified at the spectacle and ran quickly to give the alarm.

It is true that massacres *en masse* for a religious motive are becoming more and more rare. But individual suicides, committed in order to save the soul and deserve heavenly blessedness, are yet sufficiently frequent. Religious fanaticism often manifests itself under the form of human sacrifice. Thus, in 1870, a peasant woman, A. K., living in a village in the province of Perm, offered her only daughter in sacrifice to God. She belonged to one of the numerous mystic sects, and her meditations led her to the conclusion that the only way to save her child from sin was to kill it. To accomplish this purpose she took advantage of the absence of all the family, went to the burning stove and threw her child in. A few minutes later, having satisfied herself that the child was burnt, she began to pray to God, and then betook herself to her daily occupations. When she was arrested, she confessed all calmly, and said she had merely performed her duty to God and her conscience, and that she did not regret what she had done.

These solitary crimes occur frequently, and from time to time we find them told in the newspapers. It is useless to enumerate them all; I content myself with one remarkable case. One of the modes of religious suicide that is most widely spread among the sectaries is crucifixion. A dozen years ago a sectary in Siberia, having long studied the Bible, ended by discovering that to save one's soul it was necessary to endure the same sufferings as Jesus Christ. Wishing to die on the cross, he cut down a tree, made a cross, fastened it up against the wall of his hut, and then, having provided nails and a hammer, set himself to perform the difficult operation. He first nailed his feet, and then his left arm, and then, as he could not nail the right arm, he drove a nail into the cross and impaled his hand upon it. In this situation his neighbours found him next day, took him down, and carried him half dead to the hospital.

III.

The interesting sect of "Negators" offers to us the spectacle of another species of religious pessimism. The doctrines of this sect push the idea of Nihilism and of negation to their extremest limit. The members lead a life of vagabondage, and pass the larger portion of their existence in prison. Government thinks their doctrines dangerous to public safety, and subjects them to the most rigorous punishments. Let us take as a type of this sect a certain merchant named Shishkin. In his search for truth he four times changed his sect, and finally became persuaded that all religion was error and lying. He addicted himself to the study of the sacred Scriptures, and thought he perceived that they were not in accord with human nature, and then he came to repudiate all ideas of God and religion, as well as all human institutions, all authority, government, and society. He was promptly arrested and imprisoned, and all his property confiscated. He refused to justify himself or to avail himself of legal help for his defence, persisted in his opinions, and continued to preach in the prison. Here is a curious specimen of his answers to the *juge d'instruction* :

Judge : " Who are you ? "

Prisoner : " Don't you see I'm a man ? Are you blind ? "

J. " What is your religion ? "

P. " I have none. "

J. " What God do you believe in ? "

P. " I don't believe in any God. God belongs to you, to you people. It was you who invented Him. I don't want Him. "

J. " Do you worship the Devil then ? " (with some irritation).

P. " I worship neither God nor Devil, because I have no need of prayer. The Devil is also an invention of yours. God and the Devil are yours, as well as the Czar, the priests, and Govern-

ment officials. You are all children of the same father. I am not one of you, and I wish to know nothing of you."

Each for himself say these sectaries; there is neither right, nor duty, nor social or political or religious hierarchy. Man, abandoned to his natural instincts, without hindrance from government, will be irresistibly impelled towards truth and equity. They deny, without exception, all rights of property, and recognize no form of social organization. For them, marriage, the family, social duties, do not exist; they live in a fantastic world of liberty without limit, and despise all that surrounds them.

For example, if any one asked Shishkin for anything whatever, he would give it them at once; only it absolutely must be something useful, food, clothes, or money for vital needs, &c. But he would not give a halfpenny for tobacco, wine, or such like things. "I should prefer to throw the money out of the window rather than help you to poison yourself with tobacco," he answers to those who ask him for money to indulge that habit. If any one thanks him, he answers, "What a stupid word! You have received what you wanted; you have eaten; well, now go."

These sectaries are advocates of all that is natural; they never shave or cut their hair, they drink no spirits and do not smoke, so as not to spoil the natural beauty of the intellectual faculties. They dream of a life in which each should work for himself, satisfying his wants with the productions of the earth, and making for himself all necessary articles. What is over ought to be given to those who are in want. They entertain a profound hatred for all compulsory work, under all forms. They never go into service, even if threatened with death; and they employ no servants. When Shishkin was in prison they shaved him and tried to compel him to work; but he utterly refused, saying, "You have taken me by force. I did not ask you to shut me up. So now you ought to feed me and to work for me." It was of no use to flog him, to chain him to a wheelbarrow, to shut him up in a dungeon, to give him only bread and water—it had no effect. He remained immovable.

These sectaries do not allow of the exchange of products or of trade. "If you want anything and I can give it you, take it. When I in my turn want anything, you will give it me." They preach free love, and do not recognize marriage. They consider women to be independent beings, equal to men, free to choose lovers and occupations according to taste. They replace the word wife by friend.

A man, a woman, and a child were brought before a judge accused of belonging to the sect of Negators. "Is this your wife?" asked the judge. "No, she is not my wife." "But you live with her?" "Yes; but she is not mine. She is her own." "Is this your

husband?" "No; he is not my husband," answered the woman. "But how is it, then?" asks the judge, astonished. "I need him and he needs me, that is all; but we each belong to ourselves," answered the woman. "And this little girl, is she yours?" continues the judge. "No. She is of our blood, but she does not belong to us but to herself." "But are you mad, then?" cried the magistrate, out of patience. "This cloak that you are wearing, is that yours?" "No, it is not mine," answered the sectary. "Why do you wear it then?" "I wear it because you have not taken it from me. This cloak was on the back of some one else, now it is on mine, perhaps to-morrow it will be on yours. How can you expect me to know to whom it belongs? Nothing belongs to me but my thought and my reason." And so on.

The words "faith," "power," "law," "usage," inspire them with profound horror. Under no pretext do they have recourse to the protection of the magistrate, preferring to suffer with patience. To appeal to the law for protection would be to recognize it, to submit to social institutions; but to submit to law is to destroy one's individuality, which should rest for its support only on the individual conscience and personal convictions.

It must be added that they do not believe in the life of the other world and the rewards of the future life. They hold that man is immortalized only in posterity, in behalf of which he spends his moral and physical force.

IV.

About twenty-five years ago a new mystical sect appeared in Russia, called the "Jumpers" (*Prigoony*). The Caucasus and the neighbouring countries serve as the place of exile to which Government sends hardened and recalcitrant dissenters, fearing their demoralizing influence on the masses of the Russian people. There are to be met representatives of all the Russian sects—Molokanes, Skoptsys, Vagabonds, &c. There, because at so great a distance from the centre of government, and because the whole country is in a semi-savage condition, the sectaries find greater liberty to arrange their lives according to the precepts of their religion, and they take advantage of this to carry on an active propaganda among the natives and the Russian colonists. It was among this population of sectaries that the new sect of *Prigoony* arose and carried fanaticism and religious ecstasy to the highest point. It soon invaded several villages and attracted a number of people to its doctrine. Its principal apostle called himself God, and taught chiefly that, since the end of the world was at hand, all must prepare for it by repentance and purification from past sin by confession to the elect of God. The enthusiasm aroused by this teaching was such that the new disciples left their work and devoted all their time to prayer, and to listening

to sermons and instructive discourses. The principal dogma of this sect is the descent of the Holy Spirit upon believers. This descent takes place only upon the elect during religious meetings, and takes place continually only upon two or three persons in each meeting. Habitually it occurs only at the end of a meeting when all have been suitably prepared by prayer. The signs of His presence are chiefly an unusual pallor of the face, quickened breath, then a swaying of the whole body, then the persons begin to tap rhythmically with their feet, and then follow jumpings and violent contortions, and in the end they fall heavily to the ground.

All this does not always follow in the same order. Some of the believers sway, and then, springing on the benches, begin to jump. Others fall from the benches to the floor, and there remain stretched out for a whole hour or more. Others march round the table with theatrical stride shaken by hysteric sobs. And while twirling in their places, throwing themselves about, falling on the ground, or raising themselves again, they retain a fixed look of great solemnity and seriousness imprinted on their faces. The meeting ends with a fraternal greeting, the teachers and apostles embracing each other and then retiring to the opposite sides of the room. Then the brothers and sisters come to them successively, throw themselves on the ground three times before them and embrace them three times. This fraternal greeting lasts sometimes an hour or two, and the number of kisses each brother and sister receives reaches a hundred or more.

The Prigoonys and many other Russian sects found their teaching on the free exposition of the Old and New Testaments, and consider themselves the only true Christians. A pessimist view of this world as plunged in sin and irreligion, and an austere asceticism, are the essential features of their faith. They eat no pork, even abstain from every other meat, do not smoke, do not drink. The most innocent pleasures—dancing, singing, &c.—are severely forbidden. All, young and old, spend their time in prayer, reading psalms, pious conversation, and religious ecstasy. All religious ceremonial is forbidden, such ceremonies as baptism, marriage, and burial being performed without the help of clergy in the presence of the whole community. The Bible is read, a discourse delivered, a prayer, and that is all.

This sect of Prigoony, which has spread so rapidly in Southern Russia, is divided into two groups, distinguishable by the degree of their mysticism and religious ecstasy. One is called "Children of Sion," and its members live in solitary houses, and, while waiting for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, they scourge themselves pitilessly to the accompaniment of desperate jumps, cries, and savage howlings. When their strength is spent they fall, rending their clothes and tearing out their hair. If the Spirit lingers long the Children of Sion seek to hasten His coming by imposing on themselves all sorts

of penances. They begin by fasting together, and go without food for five or six days, letting their women and children die of hunger. They are convinced that the end of the world and the kingdom of heaven are at hand. This kingdom will be called the kingdom of Zion and will last a thousand years. Its head will be Jesus Christ, who will reign together with the prime founder of the sect, Roudometkin. Each believer has a right to two wives, who will accompany their husband to the kingdom of Sion.

The founder of the sect, followed by twelve apostles and several women, who bore the title of queens, went from village to village preaching this religion. The humble disciples received him with respect, and during his stay solemn prayers were offered up and scenes from the sacred story were represented. In moments of anger, when he was displeased with his apostles, Roudometkin threatened to abandon his flock and fly away to heaven. Their faith in him was so profound that the crowd cast themselves at his feet, begging him not to leave them, till he agreed to stay. At last, Roudometkin one day crowned himself, in the village of Nikitino, king of the Christians, putting on a crown prepared for the solemnity. The people, weakened with fasting, dancing, and excitement, rejoiced, saying that at last their "spiritual king" was on the throne which belonged to him, and determined to erect a column in remembrance of the event; but the police interfered and forbade the execution of the project.

The other variety of the sect of the Jumpers is represented by the group of Communists. This group is less mystical than the former; but is considered to be much more dangerous to social and political order, because its teaching is founded on the principles of Communism. Like the "Children of Sion," the Communists consider themselves the only true Christians, the elect people of God, chosen to spread the religion of Christ on earth. Like the others, they expect the immediate coming of the millennium, a kingdom in which they will occupy a first place. Dancing, convulsions, jumpings, to the point of delirium and complete exhaustion, form the bulk of their religious services. Besides these, those present at the meetings choose a young man of five-and-twenty and a girl of eighteen to represent Christ and the Virgin. After prayer, the congregation approach this Christ and Virgin one by one, kneel on the ground before them, and ask pardon for their sins.

The founders of this sect, the best known of whom is the peasant Maxime Popof, have imparted to their disciples the following principles of social organization. Each village is to be an independent commune, divided into fraternal groups, inhabiting a separate house. These houses are to be built by and at the expense of the commune. All property of every sort belongs to the "fraternal confederation," and each brother has a right to an "equal" part. As to personal

property none of the brothers has any right to it. In each group a man is chosen to have charge of the clothes and shoes of the whole group, and a woman to see to the quality of the bread and other food, and to superintend its distribution in sufficient quantities. The commune is governed by certain elected members, such as the judge, the master, the preacher, &c. All field work and housework is done in turn by the groups, under the direction of head men chosen beforehand. Each commune has a school, which all the children are obliged to attend.

Such were the fundamental principles of the social organization of the sect of Communists. Its founder, Popoff, a rich man, gave up all his property to the commune, and by that attracted a number of disciples to his side. But the police, alarmed by the communistic tendencies of this sect, soon arrested Popoff, kept him some time in prison, and then exiled him to one of the most distant provinces of Siberia, whence he never returned. The disciples endeavoured to organize themselves. They elected twelve apostles, at whose feet they offered up all their goods, and made a common purse. But this communistic enthusiasm did not last long; the brethren had not reached the level of Communist principles in the broad sense of the word, and they split up into small groups bound by common interests, spiritual and material, and by the duty of mutual help.

Several villages now exist in the Caucasus, the inhabitants of which belong to this sect, and keep more or less to the Communist organization. Their fanatical enthusiasm, on the one hand, and their material well-being and prosperity, on the other, act as a contagion on the surrounding populations; and the Government takes severe measures to put an end to their dangerous propaganda, and entirely forbids their migration from one place to another, exiles them to distant provinces. But all this only widens the spread of the sect, the fanatical agents of which go from village to village haranguing the people, predicting the end of the world, declaring that every one ought to prepare for it and to repent, and during their fits of excitement they jump, sing strange hymns, tear their clothes, and finish by falling senseless.

There are in Russia a great variety of other sects, which are not less curious and strange, but this is a brief description of some religious sects taken haphazard. The facts here marshalled would seem to prove, to a certain degree, that an unhealthy mental fermentation is at work among the Russian people, which, at this critical moment, may reach proportions menacing to the State and to existing civilization, and, by its noxious influence on the civilized classes, may give a quite novel turn to the social and intellectual movement which is taking place in Russian society.

N. TSAKNI.

RECENT ECONOMIC LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR THOROLD ROGERS gives us another instalment of his great work on the history of English agriculture and prices,* and having now arrived within sight of the completion of that vast investigation, on which he has been engaged single-minded for a quarter of a century, he frankly confesses that had he foreseen the labour, cost, and anxiety it has involved he would never have undertaken it. The labour has indeed been immense, but the results are of enduring importance. Few works have been able to throw more light on social history or economic truth, and the present two volumes are especially instructive because the period they deal with (1583-1702) is one of exceptional interest in the economic and social history of this country, and yet one whose economic and social circumstances were up to the time of Mr. Rogers' researches virtually *terra incognita*. It was in this period, as Mr. Rogers remarks, that the economic history of England really began; for it saw the first beginnings of our maritime enterprise, of our joint-stock undertakings, of our banking system. It witnessed the Fire of London, the Plague, and several important famines which Mr. Rogers has been the first to bring to light. It witnessed the introduction of the Corn Laws, and the Parochial Settlements Act, the first effects of the discoveries of the precious metals, and of that legal assessment of wages by the justices of the peace of which Mr. Rogers supplies some fresh evidence, and to which he traces, not altogether unjustly, most of the poverty of the modern labourer and the origin of the social problem of our day. In elucidating this interesting period, Mr. Rogers has, as before, drawn his materials mainly from

* "A History of Agriculture and Prices in England." By James E. Thorold Rogers. Vols. V. and VI. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

the accounts of certain Oxford and Cambridge colleges, from those of Eton and Winchester, from manuscript authorities in the British Museum and the Bodleian, from the private archives of certain old families, all of which he interprets with much care and sagacity. There is of course no space here to give any adequate summary of the results of an investigation that may be said to impart some fresh knowledge on all the social habits as well as the industrial life of the time. The effect of the gold and silver discoveries in raising prices is traced over a very ample list of commodities. Wool is one of the few exceptions. Mr. Rogers is disposed to think its price remained stationary during the seventeenth century in consequence of the export of it being stopped by wars, but, curiously enough, no very perfect record of its price is at present known. In exhibiting the movement of prices, Mr. Rogers divides his period into two parts, the one embracing the years 1583-1642, and the other the years 1643-1702, and there is this marked difference between the two periods, that, while the rise in the price of commodities and in rents occurred mostly in the first period, wages, always slow to move, only began to make a noticeable advance in the second. Mr. Rogers is probably right in thinking that it was in the first of these two periods, while wages still continued low although the prices of provisions were high, that the English labouring classes were first driven from their old fare of wheaten bread; and, if his conclusion is correct (for there is admittedly some difficulty in arriving with precision at the rents of the time) that in the first quarter of the seventeenth century rents rose sixfold while corn products only rose 132 per cent., it is manifest that the labourers' loss was entirely the landlords' gain. The rise in wages occurred mainly at two epochs, first in the decade 1643-52, when a succession of the dearest years in the century forced the justices to own the inadequacy of the current rate for the labourers' maintenance, and second in the decade 1663-72, when the supply of labour had been diminished by the Plague. But even at their highest the wages of the time were never sufficient for the necessities of life; during the whole 120 years from 1583 to 1702 they rose only 106 per cent., although wheat rose 209 per cent.; and Mr. Rogers, after a careful estimate of the labourers' budget, arrives at the same conclusion as Gregory King expressed in 1688, that almost the entire working class of the time were regularly every year recipients of parochial relief. There can be no doubt that this was largely the result of the system of fixing wages by the justices, on which the present work throws a good deal of light. Although the system was meant to adjust the price of labour with the price of food, Mr. Rogers' tables prove that wages seldom or never rose in a dear year—why should they, when they could always be supplemented, if necessary, out of the

rates?—that they were 10 per cent. higher at Cambridge than at Oxford, though prices were 10 per cent. lower; and, what is striking, that the wages actually paid by employers were often—perhaps even generally—considerably above the maximum fixed by the justices. “The employers,” says Mr. Rogers, “were more merciful than the magistrates, notwithstanding the penalties which those ‘little tyrants’ pronounced against all who infringed the scale.” One doubts, however, whether this is the whole explanation.

The “Letters of David Ricardo to Thomas R. Malthus, 1810–1823,”* which have been edited with excellent care and judgment by Mr. James Bonar, possess more biographical than scientific importance. They are the record of an interesting friendship, beginning, as they do, soon after Ricardo’s letters in the *Chronicle* led Malthus to seek his acquaintance, and ending only with the death of the former; and they show the two rival economists, if one may call them so, in a very favourable light, ripening their friendship by constant disputation, never ashamed to confess their difficulties or their mistakes, and caring only to arrive, by any means, at the truth. They dispute as inquirers, not as scholastics, being entirely free from that dogmatic attitude with which they are commonly credited; and though Ricardo in one place speaks of his particular view as being “the true faith,” he immediately disclaims the arrogance of anything like the assumption of an orthodoxy. It is a pity the corresponding letters of Malthus have been lost, for in these Ricardo generally appears to have the advantage; but then, besides being certainly the more acute mind of the two, he is also generally the defender, and the subject is in most cases of that abstract sort in which he was at home. In fact, one of the chief differences of mental habit between the economists that comes out in the correspondence is Malthus’ tendency to go into the facts and Ricardo’s contempt for them. To Ricardo’s mind the science of political economy was something quite independent of the facts, and would be just as true if the facts were different. “It would be no answer to me,” he writes, “to say that men were ignorant of the best and cheapest mode of conducting their business and paying their debts, because that is a question of fact, not of science,” and he says it is enough for him to know men’s interest; he is not solicitous about their practice. The chief subjects of debate between them were the Corn Laws, which Malthus favoured; the possibility of gluts, which Malthus asserted; the cause of high and low profits, which Malthus ascribed to the competition of capital with capital, and Ricardo erroneously to the fertility of the land, because fertile land meant cheap food, cheap food meant low wages, and low wages high profits; and the determination of value, which Malthus referred vaguely to supply and demand, and Ricardo to supply alone, to the competition of sellers, who were forced to guide

* Oxford: Clarendon Press.

their charges by the cost of production, by the labour worked up in the commodity. Ricardo, of course, always admitted that there were articles whose value was settled by the competition of buyers, and did not depend on labour, and he admits to Malthus that the price of corn in America depended on the demand of foreign countries, and not on the quantity of labour spent on its production; but he maintains that this arises from inability to produce the article in sufficient quantity to satisfy the demand of foreign countries, and that there is really no effective competition between the sellers in the case. Ricardo has really two theories of value, one based simply on the competition of sellers, and another based on demand, or the competition of buyers, and in one of these letters to Malthus (p. 222) he hesitates to accept an ingenious proposal for reconciling them which had been suggested by McCulloch. Why does wine laid down to improve increase in value, though no labour has been expended on it? Ricardo would assert (p. 204), on account of rarity; but McCulloch suggested that it was because the capital represented in the wine might have employed labour during that time and made the same value in profit.

The new edition of Professor Sidgwick's "*Principles of Political Economy*,"* needs little more than a word of acknowledgment. In the four years since the first edition was published the author's opinions have undergone no modification of any consequence, and though he makes numerous changes in the present edition, they are merely in the nature of more effective or more complete statement. The most important, perhaps, occur in the discussion on the currency, where he introduces a new passage, pronouncing unfavourably on the practicability of the tabular or multiple standard, and where he considerably enlarges his exposition of bimetallism, declaring, with more decision than before, that international bimetallism with a fixed ratio is desirable if it could be maintained, and that it can, in his opinion, be maintained in one particular situation, but one only—i.e., "if the monetary demand of the bimetallic union be large relatively to the whole demand for the precious metals." But this point, on which the whole question turns, Mr. Sidgwick leaves undetermined, because, as he explains, his business is with principles, and not with facts; and indeed, he might have added, the point is incapable of being determined in the present state of our knowledge. Still, Mr. Sidgwick's analyses are always so acute and his spirit so judicial that he never fails to be most instructive. In another new passage of some length he ventures on a forecast—of course an avowedly very conjectural one—of the future. Among other things, the industrial world is to consist more and more of rings of employers, on the one hand, and combinations of workmen on the other, and we are to have less employment for capital—first, because wars are to some extent to cease; and,

second, because the inventions of the future may possibly work differently from the inventions of the past, and reduce, instead of increasing, the demand for industrial capital.

Mr. L. L. F. R. Price has republished as a separate book, under the title of "*Industrial Peace*,"* his report to the Toynbee Trustees, which has already appeared in the "*Journal of the Statistical Society*," on the working of the various existing methods of industrial conciliation, especially boards of arbitration and the system of sliding scales of wages. The work is the result of a personal inquiry made in the North of England, and its information is admirably complete and precise.—Mr. Thomas Kirkup, in his "*Inquiry into Socialism*,"† gives us a thoughtful and sympathetic study of the modern Socialistic movement, with the history of which he has a very thorough acquaintance; but he extends to the word "*Socialism*" a latitude of meaning which is, to say the least, inconvenient, whether considered from a theoretical or a practical point of view. He identifies Socialism with the associative principle, or at any rate with the associative principle as applied to things industrial, and takes a joint-stock company and a co-operative store to be as essentially manifestations of Socialism as the Social Democracy of the Continent or any other system that seeks to reconstitute all society after a definite ideal of what is presumed to be justice. If a joint-stock company is socialistic, what is a trade ring or syndicate? They are embodiments of the associative principle in things industrial; but surely they are in reality as different from the Anarchism and Collectivism of the day as Queen Anne's mansions and the Scotch common-stair system are different from the primitive house community.—Mr. Herbert V. Mills calls attention to a question of pressing gravity in his interesting, though frequently mistaken, book, "*Poverty and the State; or, Work for the Unemployed*."‡ The author no doubt exaggerates the number of the unemployed—though it must be admitted some of his Liverpool figures are striking—and he attributes the origin of poverty to causes which are really, some of them, causes of wealth, such as private property in land and the permission of interest; but he lays his finger on a true and remediable defect in our poor law system when he maintains that, since there are now at all times such considerable numbers of the honest and industrious poor out of employment, some special public provision ought to be made for giving them work apart from the ordinary workhouse loafer. The provision that would raise least complaint from general employers would probably be to set them to produce the things required for the public offices, prisons, and workhouses of the country—of course at less than the current wages—but Mr. Mills is a strong advocate for

* London: Macmillan & Co.

† London: Longmans & Co.

‡ London: Kegan Paul & Co.

the system of home colonies, with the merits of which he was much impressed during a visit to the beggar colonies of the Netherlands. He gives us a very fresh and interesting account of these charities, and his ideas are well worthy of consideration. The Report of the Commissioner for Labour of the United States for 1887 treats of a subject beset with some of the same difficulties as this—the subject of convict and prison labour; and it contains a mine of information regarding the different systems of prison labour that are in operation in the various States of America.

Among foreign books, one of the most important that has reached us is the "*Grundlegung der theoretischen Staatswirthschaft*,"* by Dr. Emil Sax, Professor at Prague, who is already well known by his extensive work on canals, railways, and means of communication generally. It attempts what is, to some extent, a new task. Hitherto the economic activities of the State have been generally treated as belonging to the practical rather than to the theoretical part of political economy. Finance and economic politics were regions to which the principles of the science might be properly enough applied, but these principles themselves—the pure theory of economics—appertained, it was thought, to the economic life of individuals alone. Dr. Sax proposes to supply an independent theory of the economic work of the State, tracing it to its origin in the principles of human nature and human society, and explaining its respective operations in their various bearings as the resultants of natural causation. He is to treat of the collective needs of the community, and of the collective organization for procuring their satisfaction, in the same way as previous writers have treated of the analogous phenomena among individuals, and to give us the theory of collective capital, of collective labour, of collective value, as they have done of individual—in short, to lay down a system of collectivist economics, as he ventures to term it, explaining, however, that Collectivism has not acquired in Germany that specific limitation of meaning it bears in France. Dr. Sax maps out the field of his new science of public economics very well, and, though he fills it up with somewhat unequal success, his book is one of solid ability and worth. There is one not unimportant branch of the subject which he omits entirely: he has no theory or systematic discussion of the natural qualities and defects of government management. Perhaps the best part of his book is that devoted to the theory of taxation. He gives a very good survey of previous opinion, objecting to Smith's theory of a tax being a public obligation which people were to pay in proportion to their respective abilities, because it is an ethical theory, and an economist's explanation ought to be economic; and objecting to the ordinary exchange theory of a tax being a price paid

* Vienna: Alfred Hölden.

for services rendered, which individuals ought to pay in proportion to the service they respectively receive, because, in the first place, that is applying an individualist explanation to collectivist phenomena, and, in the next, it is no explanation at all, but a mere figure of speech. Something might be given on both sides, but it was no strict exchange of equivalents. His own view is that a tax is the specific collectivist form of valuation. To explain his idea, he enters at length into a statement of Menger's theory of value, which he follows; but any other theory would serve nearly as well, for he merely means to say this, that taxation according to abilities is the proper economic form of value for goods of a public or collective nature, inasmuch as it fixes a man's contribution according to the relative importance of different needs, such as the physical need of existence, the intellectual need of culture, and the public need of security. Security has very little value to a man in want of bread, and that is the economic reason why he is not asked to pay taxes. On the whole, this strikes one as an ingenious but unsuccessful attempt to fuse the two theories which the author rejects.

Dr. Wilhelm Vocke's "*Die Abgaben, die Auflagen und die Steuer vom Standpunkte der Geschichte und der Sittlichkeit*,"* is an able, though rather abstract, treatise on the philosophy of taxation, occasioned by the present situation in the German empire. The author finds that while there is a strong party, whom he calls the scientific party, clamouring for the income-tax as being the only scientific tax, public opinion in general is reverting, under the influence of Prince Bismarck, to a very undemocratic preference for indirect taxation. He wants to show that this reaction is off the lines of true development. The evolution of taxation, like the evolution of things generally, is an evolution from the natural to the moral, from unconscious forms of payment, like duties on the commodities we use, to the conscious discharge of our obligation to society by paying a proportional rate on our income faithfully declared. At the same time every method of taxation has its own historical justification; it is part and parcel of the state of social culture at the time; and a little dependence on indirect taxation must still be tolerated, because society is not moral enough for the income-tax, and especially for what Dr. Vocke thinks its most perfect form, the progressive income tax, the principle of which he attempts to show is conceded even in our own exemptions of a minimum income. His work would be better if it went more into facts, but its discussions are useful in clearing ideas.

JOHN RAE.

* Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta.

WELLS CATHEDRAL AND ITS DEANS.

II.—EDWARD VI. TO VICTORIA.

OTHER statemen of the time, however, were prepared to play out the same game of spoliation—which, in Cromwell's case, had had so terrible an ending—to its conclusion. Where he had chastised with whips, the Duke of Somerset was ready to chastise with scorpions. In the first year of Edward VI., William Fitzwilliam, the Dean who succeeded Cromwell, was bullied or bribed into the absolute surrender of his deanery, office, house, and estates into the King's hands. The surrender was against the statutes of the Church, and in direct violation of the Dean's oath. Its validity might have been questioned in a Court of Law, and *therefore* it was confirmed by an Act of Parliament. The archdeaconry, and the house attached to it, were surrendered, in like manner, by Polydore Virgil, and the temporalities of both offices were conferred by the boy-King upon the Duke of Somerset. For the Duke, however, the deanery was but a stepping-stone. Bishop Barlow, already notorious for the work of ecclesiastical demolition at St. David's, the first married Bishop of the English Church, the father of five daughters, all of whom married bishops, was brought, under pressure, to surrender the palace and many of his manors and episcopal estates to Somerset, and received the deanery in exchange. The attainder of the Duke ultimately brought the palace back to its owners; but an Act of Parliament in the sixth year of Edward VI. confirmed the King in possession of the deanery, and the deans who occupied it did so, for some time, as tenants at will. The Archdeacon's house was permanently alienated, and has been in lay hands to the present day (p. 271). In this instance, Wells seems to have played the part of a "crucial experiment," to show what the course of the Reformation might have been if it had not been checked for a time by a Catholic reaction. The work of destruction went on

in other directions. The great hall of the palace was unroofed, probably for the sake of its lead, by the Duke of Somerset, or Sir John Gates, one of his tools, who succeeded him in occupation, or possibly by the Bishop himself, and allowed to fall into ruins. Sir John Gates offered, at his own expense, to pull down the Lady Chapel on the east side of the Palm Churchyard, which meant, of course, that he looted the materials and contents, and the offer was accepted by the Bishop and the Chapter (p. 238). The chantries of the cathedrals fell under the general suppression of the Act of Edward VI. The communion plate and other vessels, the silver statue of the Virgin, which had been given by Dean Gunthorpe, and other portable property found their way to the Royal treasury. The vestment chest, which still remains in the under-croft of the Cathedral, was emptied of its contents. The statues of the Christ and the Virgin in the west front were mutilated; the others, as not being liable to superstitious uses, were happily left untouched. Candelabra, lead, stained glass, and two brass figures of bishops in the choir, weighing 310 lb., were sold, the last at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a lb. (p. 292).

The three bishops of the period were fairly representative instances of the attitude taken by dignified ecclesiastics in relation to the new movement. William Knight (1541-49) had welcomed the Reformation in the best and wisest way by erecting a pulpit in the nave, with a text from Coverdale's or Cranmer's version running round it:

PREACHE . THOU . THE . WORDE . BE . FERVENT . IN . SEASON . AND . OUT . OF
SEASON . IMPROVE^{*} . REBUKE . LASHORTE . WH . ALL . LONGE . SUFFERYNGE . AND
DOCTRYNE.

William Barlow, as we have seen, became the subservient tool of Somerset, and on the accession of Mary resigned his See, fled to the Continent, returning on her death to be translated to Chichester. On Mary's accession the Chapter petitioned her for leave to elect a bishop, the See being *de jure et de facto* vacant, and chose Gilbert Bourne on her recommendation (p. 236). He apparently governed the diocese in the spirit of a conservative tolerance, and the annals of the county present no instances of persecution, and contribute no name to Foxe's "Book of Martyrs." He was deprived on Elizabeth's accession.

After Fitzwilliam's resignation John Goodman was appointed to the mutilated and impoverished deanery, with a composite endowment, consisting of the archdeaconry, the provostship, and the subchanter'ship. He did not hold office long. Either because he was not a sufficiently zealous Reformer, or, as the Chapter records show, because he tried to recoup himself for the spoliation of his income by annexing a valuable prebend, he was deprived in 1550, and Thomas

* The "IMPROVE" has been altered by a later sculptor into "RETROVE."

Turner was appointed by the King as his successor. In him we have a dean with a history, and a marked individuality of character, with more affinities, perhaps, with Latimer than with any other of the Reformers. He learnt Greek under Ridley at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, was elected to a fellowship there in 1531, went about the country as a "gospeller" without taking orders, was imprisoned as a heretical teacher, and went abroad. He studied medicine at Ferrara, took his M.D. degree, and wrote a short herbal for the use of boys, afterwards expanded into a bigger volume, with the names of all plants described in Latin, Greek, English, "Duche" (German), and French, and some controversial tracts, of which the most notable was "The Hunting of the Romish Fox." On the accession of Edward VI. he returned to England, and was appointed physician to the Duke of Somerset. After applying for various pieces of preferment, such as the provostship of Oriel and the presidentship of Magdalen, he obtained canonries at York and Windsor, and ultimately the Deanery of Wells, still as a layman, or, at least, only in deacon's orders. He was not ordained priest till 1552. Wells saw but little of him, as he obtained a licence of non-residence from the Crown that he might continue his work as an itinerant preacher (p. 240). On the accession of Mary he went abroad, and lived at Basle, Cologne, and elsewhere. During his exile he turned his professional calling into a parable, and in 1555 published "A new book of Spirituall Physik for divers diseases of the nobility and gentry in England." It was, though written by an ultra-Reformer, a sufficiently caustic satire on the chief statesmen of the English Reformation. He attacks them for their grasping greed in appropriating the revenue, not only of suppressed monasteries, but of parochial tithes and parsonages. Like Latimer, he speaks, with incisive boldness, of their enclosure of commons, and their turning arable land into pasture. It was not the old nobility that had done this, but the "crowish start-uppes" of the days of the Tudors, of whom Cromwell, "who would not be content till he had one of the greatest deaneries in England," was the leading instance. He notes that in the first year of his own deanery they wanted to borrow money of him, though he had "but £74 to spend in the yere," and never gave him so much as "a cup of ale" in the way of hospitality. Goodman, who replaced him during Mary's reign, tried hard to maintain his position as Dean against a suit brought by Turner on Elizabeth's succession, but judgment was given against him by a Commission, over which Archbishop Parker presided. Turner was reinstated and his dispensation from residence confirmed (p. 240). In Church polity he was a thorough-going reformer, and thought there ought to be certain electors in every parish to choose the minister, and "in every little shere three or four bishoppes at least; no mitred nor lordlye, no rochetted bishoppes, but such as should be chosen

out of the rest of the clergy everie yere and not for ever." Views such as these would have made him a sufficiently troublesome dean to any average bishop, and Gilbert Berkeley, who succeeded Barlow, more than once complained of him to Cecil. His antipathy to the vestments of the "white-coats, and white-tippet gentlemen," moreover, was not confined to words. "He had," says Strype, "a dogg full of quallities" and taught him, on a given signal, to "go" at a square cap. The Bishop came to dine with him, the signal was given, and off went the cap. Radical reformer as he was, he set himself sturdily against one aspect of the English Puritan movement, and protested against the new "kind of cowlesse monkes, much more precise and earnest in their monkerye than the old monkes, which holde nowe that it is unlawfull for a Christen man to exercyse any kind of playe or pastime, and therefore utterly condemn Huintyng." At last Elizabeth found it necessary to draw the line somewhere, and Turner was suspended. In the latter years of his life he published books on "The Baths of Bath," and on "Wines and Diet," in 1568.* The records of the Cathedral unfortunately throw no light on the feelings with which canons and vicars accepted the Liturgical changes of the period. They must have conformed in succession to the first and second Prayer Books of Edward VI., have returned to the old use of the Missal and other Service Books under Mary, and gone back again to the Anglican Prayer Book under Elizabeth.

Of the three Deans that followed, the chief noticeable fact, probably consequent on the stateliness which made the deanery a sufficiently noble residence for a man of high estate, is that they all held high official positions. Robert Weston (1568) was Fellow of All Souls, Master of Requests, and Dean of Arches, and closed his career as Lord Justice and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. Under him (1572) the Chapter ordered a new set of silver-gilt Communion plate (still in use), to take the place of that which "beforetime were used to superstition," and which was ordered to be defaced. Valentine Dale (1574) also held the first two of the above preferments, and was sent as ambassador to the King of France and the Prince of Parma. John Herbert (1589) was also Master of Requests (it would almost seem as if the deanery had become an appanage of the office), and in 1598 accompanied Robert Cecil on an embassy to France. In 1592, probably as the result of the action of three deans of a legal mind, an entirely new constitution was given, both to the Cathedral and the College of Vicars Choral, by a charter from Elizabeth. Fitzwilliam's resignation had thrown everything into confusion. It might be doubted whether the Dean and Chapter, as a body, or prebendaries, individually, had any right to their estates. Disputes were raging

* I am indebted for some of the facts connected with Turner to an article in the *Saturday Review*, Nov. 11, 1885.

between the canons and the vicars. There were ambiguous formularies and inconsistent precedents. All was to be set in order as though Elizabeth were founding both for the first time. The number of residentiary canons was fixed at eight. They were to co-opt to vacancies. The prebendaries were to be summoned for the election of a bishop, but for no other business. The vicars were fixed at a minimum of fourteen, three to be priests, and a maximum of twenty. In 1602 Herbert resigned the deanery, and was appointed second Secretary of State. Points of contact with the general history of the time are found in a new rule (1623) that the Dean is to preach an annual sermon on November 5, and in a special activity in hunting out "Popish recusants," who betrayed themselves by absenting themselves from the Cathedral, and not taking the communion, as required by law, three times a year (pp. 250-252). One of the vicars was charged with getting married "by a priest ordained in Queen Marie's days, a comon Massemonger," "a runagate abiding in no certain place" (p. 219.) The new custom of appropriating seats was fruitful in quarrels, and one "Maria, wife of John Clark, was summoned for chiding and brawling with Agnes Carne, striking her in the mouth and making it bleed, during divine service" (p. 252). The wives of bishop, deans, and canons had seats provided for them over the prebendaries' stalls (p. 255). Three deans followed who have no claims on Clio. Laud's activity is seen (1635) in ordering all seats to be removed from the nave, and commanding the Dean and Chapter to consult together for providing fit "ornaments" for the church. The King in the same year tries to stop the practice of letting lands on lease for three lives, as tending to enrich the present bishop, dean, and canons (and their wives and children) at the cost of their successors (p. 257). Laud, in the very act of recommending a licence for non-residence, takes the opportunity of expressing his own wish that residence should be "kept more solemnly" (1635). In 1610 the Chapter order the galleries which had been erected on each side of the choir to be closed. Men and women sat there together: "divers abuses to the eyes of many were publickly done," the same seats were "scandalously taken by men of quality in this diocese." The "Master of the Fabrick" was accordingly to see that the doors leading to them were nailed up (p. 260).

An entry in 1610 shows the growing irreverence with which the Dean and Chapter had to contend. Two vicars, A. and B., came into the vestry, bringing the consecrated wine which had been left in the Communion. A. poured it into a pewter pot. B. asked what he was going to do with it, and A. replied that it belonged to him and that he meant to carry it home. B. remonstrated that this was against the orders of the Dean and Chapter. A. threw off his gown and surplice "in a choleric manner," told two other vicars who were present,

one of whom offered to go and ask the Dean for orders, to leave the vestry, and he would settle with B. well enough. He seized the pot, had a scuffle with B., who tried to stop him, and threw him to the ground, and much of the wine was spilt. Both the vicars were suspended. A. was cited and suspended again after six months for "leaving the choir in a contemptuous manner" when there was no other vicar present, so that "Dr. Crighton had to finish the service by himself." All these incidents fell within the time when the deanery was occupied by Dr. George Warburton (1631-1642) (p. 261).

A more eminent name and a more dramatic history present themselves in Walter Rawley, or Raleigh (1642), nephew of the great Sir Walter. He had been at Magdalen College, Oxford, was chaplain to the Earl of Pembroke, the foremost of the peers who took the side of Parliament. He himself, however, when the conflict passed into civil war, took the part of the Crown, and at the time of his appointment was Chaplain to the King. He was taken prisoner by the rebels at Bridgwater (it would seem therefore that he had joined the Royal army), confined for a time in the Bishop's house at Banwell, and then taken to occupy his own deanery as a prisoner, under the care of a cobbler-gaoler. His wife was not allowed access to him, but lodged in the Vicars' Close. He was in the act of writing to her, it may be in what is now the library, the panelling of which is of that period, when his gaoler demanded that the letter should be shown to him. The Dean refused: the gaoler tried to seize it, and, on the Dean's resistance, stabbed him with a knife. The Dean died of his wounds after a week. The gaoler was not tried till after two years, and was then acquitted.

Wells, of course, shared with other churches in the new Ecclesiastical Revolution. As if the Dean and Canons felt that coming events were casting their shadows before them, they provide for the return of caution-money, "if it shall hereafter happen that the Corporation of the Dean and Chapter be dissolved by Act of Parliament." Soon their worst fears were fulfilled. The old services ceased; the voices of vicars choral and choir boys were no longer heard. Whatever services were held were after the pattern of the Westminster Directory. Of destructive outrages by Cromwell's soldiers there is not even a verger's tradition; they were reserved, as we shall see, for a later crisis. Canons and prebendaries fled abroad, or hid themselves in silence till the tyranny should be over-past. The deanery, as a building, had its full share in the chances and changes of the time. From an estimate of the probable value of its materials, after allowing for cost of demolition, it would seem that the Parliamentary Commissioners at first thought of pulling it down. They thought better of it, however, and let it to John Burgess for £10 a year in 1655. From him it passed into the occupancy of Cornelius Burgess, probably a brother. He had begun his clerical life as a Chaplain to the

King, had passed over to the Parliament, had appeared as entering the lists in controversy with John Pearson (Pearson "On the Creed"), afterwards Bishop of Chester, and was high in favour both with the Parliament and with Cromwell. He was appointed by Parliament as "Preacher in the Cathedral." In his hands the deanery lost one of its most characteristic features. Gunthorpe's stately dining-hall was transformed into two bed-rooms, and no dean from that day to this has ever had the courage to restore it. The room which took its place on the south side of the deanery (the dining-hall was on the north), 40 feet by 20, has been found large enough for all practical purposes. With the Restoration, Burgess's tenancy, of course, came to an end; canons and vicars came back, and Robert Creighton was appointed Dean in 1660. Burgess, it may be noted, did not depart without a struggle. Creighton, on his appointment, let the deanery for three years, and Burgess ejected the tenant by force, presumably on the ground that the house was national property, and that he had a good title from a Commission acting by authority of the Long Parliament (p. 271).

Whether the new Dean was of the same family as the "admirable" Crichton (the name appears in any number of forms down to Cretton and Cryton) I have not been able to trace, but he was at least no unworthy representative of the name he bore. Born in Scotland, educated at Westminster and Cambridge, succeeding George Herbert as Public Orator, and holding the Professorship of Greek, he stood high among the scholars of his time. In 1632 he was made Prebendary of Taunton, held the dignity of Treasurer, was made Dean of St. Burian's, Cornwall. He followed the fortunes of Charles II. in his exile, was with him at the Hague, and obtained a certain celebrity as a scholar by editing and translating into Latin a Greek history of the Council of Florence by Scyropulos. The work is quoted both by Gibbon and by Milman, and is indispensable to any one who wishes to trace the failure of that last attempt to reconcile the East and the West, or to ascertain the teaching of the Greek Church as to the intermediate state. On the Restoration, Creighton was appointed to the deanery, which had remained vacant since Raleigh's murder, and presented a stately lectern, now used in nave services, as a thank-offering. In 1670 he passed from the deanery to the bishopric, which he held for two years. His monument presents him with mitre, cope, and pastoral staff, and, in the strongly marked individuality of the face, indicates a character of more than ordinary strength. When he preached before the Court at Whitehall his sermons seldom failed to make at least a sensation. He denounced the vices of the Court in plain terms, calling a spade a spade, and told the painted Jezebels who sat there that, though they laid on their colours an inch thick, they must come at last to worms and dust, that if they chose to live like Fair Rosamund and Jane Shore they must expect to die as they did.

Creighton was succeeded in the deanery by Ralph Bathurst, who occupied it for not less than thirty-four years, the longest decanate on record in our annals. His history presented, as did that of most ecclesiasties of the period, many varied experiences, and his character was strikingly representative of one of its streams of tendencies. Born in 1620, he found himself a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and in Orders at the time when that city was the head-quarters of the Royalist forces. He offered no resistance to the Parliamentary Commissioners who came to revolutionize the University, but took to the study of medicine, went up to London as an M.D., and obtained a large and lucrative practice, which laid the foundation of his fortunes. He practised largely, by appointment from the Admiralty, among the sick and wounded of the Navy. He became acquainted with the men of science in London who held the periodical meetings which issued in the formation of the Royal Society. He pursued the even tenor of his way, keeping clear of politics, wrote panegyric Latin poems, with impartial equanimity, on the marriage of Charles I.'s daughter Mary with William, Prince of Orange, on Henrietta Maria's return from Holland, on Cromwell's victories over the Dutch, on his appointment as Lord Protector, on the Restoration, and on Charles II.'s marriage with Catherine of Braganza. He acted as Examining Chaplain to one of the few prelates, Bishop Skinner, who ventured to hold ordinations under the *régime* of the Commonwealth. On the Restoration, he was elected President of his College, and was associated with Dr. Wilkins, the Warden of Wadham, who had married Cromwell's sister and was afterwards Bishop of Chester, Sir Christopher Wren, John Locke, and other men of scientific culture, who were known at Oxford as the "Virtuosi." He wrote a Latin Preface to Hobbes's "Treatise on Human Nature," which commended him to the notice of the Duke of Devonshire, the patron of the philosopher of Malmesbury, and so led to his appointment to the deanery. He continued, however, to reside mainly at Oxford, and does not appear to have been present at the election of either Peter Mews, or Ken, or Kidder, to the See of Bath and Wells. In a new stately dining-room, which took the place of the hall that Burgess had destroyed, and in an equally stately drawing-room, in which I think I trace the handiwork of Wren, who was his intimate friend and supplied him with designs, singularly like in character, for the new chapel which he built at Trinity, he did more than any dean since Gunthorpe for the completeness of the deanery. At Oxford he was conspicuous as having introduced Greek architecture into university and collegiate buildings. The woodwork of his chapel at Trinity was all of cedar, and the Latin verse which describes one of its characteristics—

"*Ha'at opus, Lebaniqne refert fragrantis odorem*"—

holds good even now, two centuries after its erection.

It is somewhat disappointing in tracing the history of two men like Ken and Bathurst, who were thus brought into a more or less intimate relation with each other, to find that the biographer of Bathurst, Thomas Warton, the author of a "History of English Poetry," makes no mention of the Bishop, and that no biographer of Ken makes more than a passing mention of the Dean. To me the two men seem strikingly representative instances of the movements of religious thought in the seventeenth century. On the one hand there is Ken, ascetic in life, saintly in character, keeping clear of controversy, striving to raise boys, men, courtiers and devout women, sufferers and the sick, to a higher level of spirituality, sighing after an impracticable unity, boldly rebuking vice, attracted always to the losing side, flitting about like the pale ghost of the vanishing Anglicanism of the school of Laud. On the other, we have the Dean, cool-headed, without much enthusiasm, also keeping clear of controversies, but from other motives (his enemies said that he was "unsettled in his religious opinions"), prosperous and well-to-do through his whole life, liberal in his dealings with his college and his deanery, and kindly to the poor, whom, at Wells, he assisted with his medical knowledge, so that the deanery became practically a dispensary. The characters of the two men come out conspicuously, after the manner of the time, in their respective wills. Here are two paragraphs from Ken's:—

"As for my religion, I die in the Holy Catholick and Apostolick Faith, professed by the whole Church before the disunion of East and West; more particularly I dye in the Communion of the Church of England, as it stands distinguished from all Papall and Puritan Innovations, and as it adheres to the doctrine of the Cross.*

"I beg pardon of all whom I have, in any way, offended; and I entirely forgive all those who have any ways offended me. I acknowledge myself a very great and miserable sinner; but dye in humble confidence, that, on my repentance, I shall be accepted in the Beloved."

Here, by way of counterpart, is the preamble of Bathurst's will, honest, creditable, in its way devout, but with a certain tone of classicalism, not without a touch of self-satisfaction, presenting a character formed on the morality of eighteenth-century Christianity:—

"Since no man knoweth the time of his dissolution, and it becomes every serious Christian to dye, as it were, daily, I, Ralph Bathurst, Doctor of Physick, being at this time (prais'd be God) in perfect health both of body and mind, yet not unmindful of the uncertainties of humane life, and, especially foreseeing that the infirmities of old age are not far off, and this earthly frame of mine must, in a short time, fall to decay and ruin, do commend all that I

* I can scarcely doubt that these words refer to the title of Kettlewell's volume; "Christianity a Doctrine of the Cross; or, Passive Obedience under any Pretended Invasion of Legal Rights and Liberties." It was Ken's simple way of asserting that he was faithful, even to the end, to the principles for which he had been content to suffer the loss of all things.

am, or have, into the hands of God Almighty, who was and is and will be for ever, beseeching Him to pardon and accept me, an unworthy sinner, through His mercies in our gracious Redeemer and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and that, when my change cometh, He will still keep me close unto Himself, even as now I live and move and have my being in Him who is all in all. And first I do declare and profess myself a true and dutifull son of the Church of England, desiring to live and dye in the faith of that religion which is so happily by law established. And here I cannot but with a thankful heart acknowledge and celebrate that good providence by which I first obtained, and have, through God's goodness, these many years enjoyed a serene and well-established mind, and that the conversation of many learned and ingenuous friends (wherein I have long been exceedingly happy) hath carried me far above those anxieties to which myself in time past have not been a stranger, and under which the greater part of mankind do labour. And, although I know that human frailty is great, and our fears strong, especially in times of infirmity and declining strength, neither can any man assure himself that his reason shall always be firm and constant to him, yet it is my hope and shall be my endeavour that I may continue the same unto the end.

*"Felix qui rerum potuit cognoscere causas,
Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subjecit pedibus."*

"As for my worldly estate it hath pleased God to give me neither poverty nor riches, a condition not only suitable to me, but surely in itself most desirable. I have not made it the labour of my life to live great or dye wealthy; but have studiously avoided that vanity and sore travel, to bereave my soul of good by heaping up riches, not knowing who shall gather them. Yet, while it has been my endeavour not to live unprofitably, or dye without being desired, but rather in an honest calling to do good in my generation and uphold myself in a way agreeable to my mind and conditions in the course of my life, something of this world's good, as we call it, hath cleaved unto me without much design or contrivance, so that by the good hand of Providence upon me, my cup is not onely full, but something there is which probably may run over; which that it may be disposed of according to my mind, I have caused this my last will and testament to be written as follows":—

On the whole, I think that I should like to have known the worthy—though, perhaps, somewhat latitudinarian—Dean, and to have brought him and Ken, if it had been possible, to understand and appreciate each other.

Bathurst's work as President of Trinity kept him aloof, as we have seen, from Cathedral activities. We may probably trace Ken's influence with the canons rather than his in the revival of public penance in the Cathedral for women of unchaste lives, and in the address of gushing loyalty which was sent by the Chapter to James II. on his accession, and which expresses their deep reverence for the character of Charles II. as the father of his people, and their boundless trust in the King's "inviolable promise" that he would uphold the Church of England as by law established. Bishop Ken's election, it may be noticed, had taken place on December 16, 1684, and the larger Chapter, including prebendaries, had been summoned for the purpose. The appointment of the new Bishop did not pass, however, without a protest. On January 7 a probationer vicar-choral was

brought before the Chapter for having attacked his character "*verbis dishonestis et insinuationibus immodestis*," the nature of the insinuations not being stated, and the offender was punished with deprivation (C.A.). On February 6 the Bishop was installed, as was not uncommon, by proxy, the Dean still being absent. Ken himself was detained in London by the illness of Charles II., and while the ceremony was going on in the Cathedral, and his proxy was swearing, in his name, that he would defend the rights and liberties of the Cathedral, as a "*pastor bonus et sponsus ejusdem Ecclesiæ*" (C.A.), the good Bishop himself was striving, with an intensity of fervour which made all men wonder, as if he spoke with nothing less than inspiration, to rouse the dying King to some faint show of repentance and of faith.

The Chapter records which bear upon the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion in 1685 are not without interest, as an example of what I have called the "History of the Nation in the Cathedral," and add some touches to the narrative told with such surpassing vividness by Macaulay. We have seen how the Chapter expressed their loyalty on the King's accession. Prior to that event, on May 9, 1684, they had given proof of their adherence to the powers that be by a declaration of the principles on which they intended to act in the management of their estates. "Since all the indulgence of the Throne and all the mildness of the Church," they say, "cannot oblige the Dissenters of this Kingdom to their Duty, but that they still foment designs to lay them both in one common ruin" (this refers, I imagine, to Monmouth's first quasi-royal progress in Somerset), "and since it is unequal that those Persons should enjoy the Lands of the Church and the Blessing of that Tenure who despise her Laws and profess themselves her Enemies;" therefore, for the future, no tenants of the Cathedral lands should be allowed to renew their occupation, "unlesse a certificate be first brought to the Chapter under the hand of the Minister of their Parish that they doe live in obedience to his Majestie's Lawes, and that they have received the Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, within a year before their admission to make any such purchase" (C.A.). With this manifestation of their loyalty in the form of the exclusive dealing which we should now term "boycotting," we cannot wonder that when Monmouth made his appearance on the scene in his ill-starred rebellion, the Chapter should have been filled with horror and alarm. On May 4, 1685, they meet, and vote a loan of £100 to the Duke of Somerset, as Lord Lieutenant of the county. They hear that his troops are starving, that many are deserting to the rebels, and that he is therefore sorely in need of help (C.A.). On July 1, the regular day for their quarterly meeting, there is only one canon present. He formally records the fact that on that very day the rebels were in

possession of the Cathedral; they had used the nave as a stable for their horses, had laid sacrilegious hands on the furniture and fittings of the church (readers will remember Macaulay's narrative of Lord Grey's defence of the altar at the risk of his own life), had nearly smashed the organ, which had been bought at the Restoration at a cost of £800 (p. 311). The Canon (Holt, who had acted as Ken's proxy at the enthronization), strong in faith, formally adjourned the meeting to the 29th instant, in the hope that by that time things would have taken a turn for the better. How Monmouth fled from Sedgmoor, how Peter Mews, Ken's predecessor, came from Winchester, and with his own hands worked the guns against his former flock; how he, or Ken (*adhuc sub judice lis est*), protested against Faversham's military execution of his prisoners without trial; how Ken visited the prisoners and fed them at his own cost, while Mews preached a sermon in the Cathedral before their execution—this belongs to general history rather than to that of the cathedral. Later Chapter records throw some light on details. The Chancellor, on July 29 records the fulfilment of his hopes at Sedgmoor, or, as he puts it, Weston Zoyland. The Cathedral had been defended, "*contra perduellium arma et odium, contra portas inferni*." Now they could return in peace.

"Deus, Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

In the meetings that follow large sums are voted to repair the damage done by the rebels, and for a new "silver verge," to replace one which they had looted. £10 were given to the sacristan as a reward for his "very honest services in y^e preservation of the ornaments and plate belonging to it" (the Cathedral); £20 to Mrs. Creighton (the wife of the late Bishop's son, who was Canon and Precentor) to replace that amount, which she had paid to the rebels, and so had preserved the Cathedral and the Canon's house from destruction.

A passing trace of Ken's influence is found in a grant of £40 for the French Protestants who had fled to England on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He himself had given £1,000; but when the crisis of the revolution came, we—Dean Bathurst and the Chapter—accepted his deprivation and elected Kidder without a word of protest. Possibly we awoke from our dream of James's "inviolable promise," and our public view of things in general may have been strengthened by the fact that the King had shown symptoms of his purpose to deal with cathedrals as he dealt with colleges. Wells was apparently intended to share the fate of Magdalen, and James claimed the right, as the Pope had done of old, to nominate to canonries before they were vacant, by way of provision.* Anyhow, as a body, we offered no

* Not fewer than sixteen of these Letters of Provision are found in our Archives. Of these, fifteen are from Charles II. and one from James. It was obviously intended to make the Cathedral simply a crown "preserve."—("Hist. MSS. Comm. III. 363.")

resistance to the Revolution, and only two prebendaries, Walter Hart and Samuel Thomas, followed Ken into the ranks of the Nonjurors.

Of the deans who followed Bathurst in the eighteenth century I am constrained to say that I know little or nothing. If I give their names and dates—William Graham (1704), Matthew Brailsford (1713), Isaac Madox (1733), John Harris (1736), Samuel Creswicke (1739), Lord Francis Seymour (1766)—it is chiefly in the vague hope, as when one writes to *Notes and Queries* for information on obscure matters, that some of their descendants may be led to rescue their very reverend ancestors from the dimness of oblivion. I have no doubt that they played their parts on the Cathedral stage with more or less dignity, looked after their estates, had their little disputes with tenants or with vicars; but of any facts connecting them with political, ecclesiastical, or literary history I am altogether ignorant. The influence of the *Zeit-geist* of the period was on them, and that influence in the eighteenth century, at Wells as elsewhere, was something of a narcotic.

If the tradition reported from our fathers by Canon Beadon, who died in 1879 at the age of 102, be trustworthy, George William Lukyn (1799) showed a somewhat more marked individuality. He was the friend of William Wyndham, the last of our public men of mark who supported bull-baiting and cock-fighting as indispensable conditions of national manliness, and he showed himself zealous in the same cause. On one or more *Sunday* afternoons in the year (so the story runs, but I am disposed to doubt the "Sunday") a bull was publicly baited on the Cathedral Green, or, as others say, in the market-place, and it was the function of the Dean, clad in full canonicals, to open the gate known as the Dean's Eye for its admission. There is something of the "eternal fitness of things" in the fact that a chalk memorandum on the door of my wine-cellar records the fact that under that Dean, on January 10, 1805, there was bottled a "pipe of port," with certain undecipherable quantities of sherry and buccellas to keep it company. If one is not altogether wrong in the kind of "ideal biography" which one constructs for Dean Lukyn out of these somewhat fragmentary *data*, the change, when he was succeeded by the Hon. Henry Ryder, in 1813, must have been somewhat striking. In him, of whom the late Dean Law, of Gloucester, who had known him from boyhood upwards, used to speak, when over four-score, with tears in his eyes, as the "saintly Ryder," we have an almost representative instance of the type of evangelical dignitary who based his teaching on Simeon's Sermons and his life on Wilberforce's "Practical Christianity." Essentially a gentleman in manner and feeling, connected by birth with the governing classes, he yet felt, from his own personal experience, that he had a Gospel for the poor, and was eager,

according to his light, to preach it. It was in the days when the Evangelical movement had not lost its first fervour and its first grace, and Ryder, passing beyond the narrow opportunities then presented by the Cathedral pulpit, was ready to preach at any time, Sunday after Sunday, at St. Cuthbert's, or Wedmore, or elsewhere in the diocese. In him, as afterwards in Bishop Law, Hannah More found a friend and supporter, when her mission-work among the heathen of the Mendips, notably her schools at Cheddar, were denounced as leading to immorality (the charge arose out of evening Bible classes), and her tracts were publicly burnt by the farmers, not, it was said, without the connivance of some clergy and squires, as dangerous and revolutionary. On the whole, I conceive that Ryder's influence on the society of our Cathedral city must have told largely for good. It is true that he accepted an arrangement which does not fall in with our standard of either episcopal or deanal activity, and held his deanery *in commendam*, first with the bishopric of Gloucester and afterwards with that of Lichfield, but the practice of thus eking out a poor endowment of one kind by the wealth of another was not uncommon, and wherever he went, Ryder preached the Gospel as he had been taught it, and the "common people," for the most part, "heard him gladly." With the dignitaries of the cathedrals with which he was connected it was not always so. A great-uncle of mine was then Dean of Gloucester—a scholar of the old Eton type, who had translated "Lycidas" and Gray's "Elegy" into Greek verse. He did not like the "new lights" of the Evangelicals, and is said to have refused to admit the Bishop into the pulpit of his own Cathedral. "Very good man, Bishop Ryder," he used to say; "very good man. Too fond of preaching; though; and then he's always talking of the difference between justification and sanctification. Why, of course, they both mean just the same."

In 1831 an arrangement was effected by which Bishop Ryder exchanged the deanery of Wells for a canonry at Westminster, held by Dr. Edmund Goodenough. The state in which he found the Cathedral, to be seen in part in a water-colour drawing of 1826, now in my possession, is described more fully in a MS. record by one of the then Canons. It may fairly be taken as the *ne plus ultra* of the cathedral deformation of the eighteenth century. The Deans who left no other memorial of themselves at least left this. From the western entrance to the Lady Chapel everything—walls, columns, stone and Purbeck marble alike, roof: all were covered with thick coatings of whitewash and yellow ochre, which all but hid the capitals and other carved work. The walls throughout, and even the columns of the Lady Chapel, were blocked up with monuments and tablets. The east window of the Lady Chapel presented, like the others, a chaos of coloured glass. The Bishop's stone throne was painted brown,

with some tawdry ornamentation. Three galleries, painted in the same style, rose above the stalls on either side of the choir. Dean Goodenough has the honour of having been the first to initiate a change (1843). Liberal gifts of his own stirred up others—notably one of the Canons, Archdeacon Brymer, who gave £1000—to a like liberality. The obstructive monuments and tablets were removed, with one or two exceptions, to the cloisters; the columns were scraped, those of Purbeck marble were visible as such, the white-wash and yellow ochre disappeared from walls and roof. An old coloured pattern in the roof of the nave was found under the whitewash and carefully restored. Encaustic tiles replaced the old pavement of the Lady Chapel. The work was unhappily stopped, first by the want of funds, and then by the sudden death of the Dean. It was his lot also to live through the great crisis of the Cathedral Reform Commission and Acts carried into effect by Sir Robert Peel on Whig principles. Here, as elsewhere, canons and dignitaries remonstrated as if the world were coming to an end. The sacredness of property, the intentions of founders, the wisdom of our fathers, the “learned leisure” and the “reward of merit” theories of cathedral endowment were duly paraded, but in vain. As with other cathedrals of the Old Foundation, the changes were sufficiently sweeping in their character. The eight canons were reduced to four; and, instead of co-opting to vacancies, they were in future to be nominated by the Bishop. The estates of the prebendaries were swept into the net of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and applied to the augmentation of poor livings or the endowment of new parishes, and they retained their title only “*a non prebendo*.” The deanery was reduced to a statutable £1,000 a year, regardless of the cost of maintaining the “white elephant” of its stately mansion. The inevitable had, however, to be accepted, and as “all things are less dreadful than they seem,” the fears and forebodings of those who deprecated so radical a reform passed into a calm acquiescence in changes which, in the long run, have proved to be beneficial, and which, probably enough, averted a yet more revolutionary retrenchment.

To Dean Goodenough's time also belongs the foundation of the Theological College, with its thirty students, mostly from Oxford or Cambridge, which now forms a conspicuous feature in the life of Wells, and which, though not formally connected with the Cathedral, helps indirectly to realize, in some measure, its original ideal. The students, who, for the most part, live in the Vicars' Close, act as visitors, teachers, missionaries in the parishes of the city. They form a large element in the congregation at the early Communion in the Cathedral on Sundays and Saints' days. They carry with them into their parishes the memories of cathedral life. Bishop Robert and Bishop Ralph would, I imagine, rejoice, could they see how the ideal after

which they aspired has been, in part at least, attained, though not by the mechanism which they devised as certain to secure it.

In Richard Jenkyns, Master of Balliol, who succeeded Goodenough, in 1845, we have a dean of more note than most of his predecessors. He had taken the lead, by insisting on the plan of open examinations for the Scholarships and Fellowships of his College, in raising Balliol to the high position which it gained under him, and which it has ever since retained. And when at Wells, in the neighbourhood of which his family had held property for generations, he showed for his cathedral the same large-hearted energy which he had shown before for his college. He took up his predecessor's work, and brought it to completion. He and his wife contributed £1,500 to it, and were supported by generous gifts from others, among whom Canon Pinder and Mr. F. H. Dickinson, M.P., were conspicuous. The choir galleries were removed. The whitewash was scraped from the roof, and the bosses gilt and coloured. The old stalls were removed and replaced by others with stone canopies, thrown back between the pillars to provide another row of seats in front, so making room for the forty seats lost by the removal of the galleries. A new stone pulpit took the place of the old wooden one, draped in worm-eaten crimson cloth; as also was the screen behind the altar, which appears in my water-colour drawing. Three stained glass windows, executed unhappily in the earlier stage of the revival of the art, one in St. John's Chapel, two in the clerestory of the choir, were given by private friends. Deans Goodenough and Jenkyns are, I think, entitled to take their places, even if *longo intervallo*, side by side with Bishops Reginald and Jocelyn, among the founders and benefactors of Wells. Mr. Freeman is severe in his judgment of the alterations which were thus effected; and, in many points, I am compelled to agree with him. I ~~dislike~~ dislike the arrangement (this, however, was not an alteration) which blocks out the choir from the nave, and turns the former into the semblance of a college chapel, and makes it difficult for the organist, who sits on the choir side of the organ that rests on the screen, to conduct a nave service with efficiency. I regret the substitution of stone stalls, stuck between the pillars, for the long line of carved wood stalls which in most cathedrals forms an element of dignity, and the removal of the canopy from Bishop Beckington's monument to a place where it has no meaning and serves no purpose. These, however, as Mr. Freeman admits, were the faults of the time rather than of the man, and I am content, while labouring for the present and the future, to honour the memory of one who, according to his light, endeavoured to serve his generation by the will of God. I may add that the good done by, or in the name of, Dean Jenkyns was not confined to the Cathedral. His widow felt that she

was carrying out his wishes when, as the ^{*}most fitting tribute to his memory, she built the Church of St. Thomas for the poor squalid suburb that lies to the east of the Cathedral. Other members of the family followed in her footsteps in erecting a parsonage and a school. On the whole, the expenditure of upwards of £16,000 by a single family on a single parish may take its place among the most conspicuous instances of the modern endowments which thorough-going Liberationists claim, from the moment of their bestowal, as national property, to be applied, with or without compensation for vested interests, to the use in turn of all denominations, or free education, or lunatic asylums.

In passing on to my own immediate predecessor, George Henry Sacheverell Johnson, who succeeded Dean Jenkyns in 1854, I shall confine myself to but a brief chronicle. Oxford men who knew the University in the fourth and fifth decades of the century will remember him as one of the most distinguished scholars of his time. It does not fall to the lot of many men to be a "double-first"—to win both the Ireland and the Mathematical Scholarships; to hold successively the Professorships both of Moral Philosophy and Astronomy; to have a Lord Chancellor and two Archbishops among their College, or private, pupils. In those days, too, he was conspicuous as one of the most prominent members (at one time, if I remember rightly, secretary) of the Oxford University Commission, to which most of the reforms of later years are traceable. The deanery was doubtless given him as a reward for the services thus rendered. He was moreover a student of many languages and literatures. Unhappily, the overwork of early manhood told on the health of later years; and, with the exception of a volume of Cathedral Sermons and a share in the Notes on the Psalms in the "Speaker's Commentary," he has left no writings by which he will be remembered. In the annals of the Cathedral, however, his name will be connected with the last great work of restoration in 1870-74, when the west front, the blue lias shafts of which had become crumbling and unsafe, was, with as much respect for the old work as possible, secured against further injury, partly by contributions from the Chapter Fund and the Dean and canons individually, partly by subscriptions from the wider public.

In November 1881 Dean Johnson was laid in the Palm Churchyard. There is something suggestive and pathetic in the fact that the words placed, I presume by his own request, upon his tomb, are those in which the men in all ages who have known most have confessed the limitations of their knowledge: "*Videmus nunc per speculum in ænigmate, tunc autem facie ad faciem: Nunc cognosco ex parte; tunc autem cognoscam, sicut et cognitus sum.*"

And here I must perforce stop. I have read Burnet's "History of his own Times," and Swift's caustic parody of the "Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish," and have no wish to close my record of the Deans of Wells with an autobiography. The *Contemporary Review* must be content for once to assume the attitude of the *Retrospective*.

E. H. PLUMPTRE.

NOTES (1).—I am indebted to my friend Canon J. E. Jackson, Vicar of Leigh Delamere, for some information which was new to me, and which is, I think, sufficiently interesting to find a place here. I was not aware that among the privileges of my predecessors was that of being from time to time summoned to Parliament. In 49 Henry III. (1264) a Parliament was called at Worcester. It consisted of 12 bishops, 5 deans (Wells, Exeter, Salisbury, Lincoln, and York), 102 abbots and priors, and only 23 nobles. Probably the chief object of the Parliament was to obtain a subsidy from the clergy, and deans and archdeacons were summoned that they might both vote, and influence their clergy so that they might pay readily.

In 1299 a Parliament was summoned for a more important purpose. Boniface VIII. had sent a letter to the King of Scotland, asserting that he, as Pope, was the liege lord of that kingdom. Edward I., in consequence, convened a Parliament at Lincoln, and among those summoned were the Deans of Wells, St. Paul's, Chichester, and Lichfield. In this instance writs were also issued—there was, I believe, no precedent for it—to the universities, the King wishing to bring all the learning of his kingdom to support his claim.—Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, *Synopsis of the Peerage of England*, vol. ii p. 782.

(2) LADY CHAPEL WINDOWS.—The only additional facts that have come to my knowledge since Part I. was in type are (1) that a "Concise History of the Church of St. Andrew in Wells," by John Davis (1809) speaks of the windows as being filled with stained glass, and that the statement is repeated in Winkle's "Cathedrals" (1838). In neither case, however, is there any mention of the peculiar patchwork character of the glass.

P.S.—Since writing the above, more definite and trustworthy information has come to me in a letter from a surviving member of Dean Goodenough's family, who writes as follows:—

"I have no recollection of anything being done to the windows from the time my father came to Wells till the work of restoration and alteration of the stalls and screen-work of the choir was done. The east window in the Lady Chapel was then partly restored and partly renewed by Willement, as much of the old glass and designs being incorporated with the new as could be done by him. My impression about the windows is that we used to be told they had been injured—shattered either during the Rebellion, or later in Monmouth's rising—and that the windows were soon after reglazed with the fragments."

I think I must admit that Bishop Law is fairly entitled, in the present state of the evidence, to a verdict of "Not Guilty."

THE NEGRO QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE matter that is made the subject of this paper is not to-day the most prominent, but it is the gravest, in American affairs. It is one upon which of late years, as we might say, much inattention has been carefully bestowed. It has become a dreaded question.

We are not politically indolent. We are dealing courageously with many serious problems. We admit that no nation has yet so shaken wrong and oppression from its skirts that it may safely or honourably sit down in a state of mercantile and æsthetical pre-occupation. And yet the matter that gives us daily the profoundest unrest goes daily by default. The nation's bitter experiences with it in years past, the baffling complications that men more cunning than wise have woven around it, its proneness to swallow up all other questions, and the eruptions of rancour and strife that attend every least sign of its spontaneous re-opening, have made it such a weariness and offence to the great majority, and especially to our commercial impatience, that the public mind in large part eagerly accepts the dangerous comfort of postponement.

What is this question? Superficially it is whether a certain seven millions of the people, one-ninth of the whole, dwelling in and native to the Southern States of the Union, and by law an undifferentiated part of the nation, have or have not the same full measure of the American citizen's rights that they would have were they entirely of European, instead of wholly or partly African descent.

The seven millions concerning whom the question is asked, answer as with one voice that they have not. Millions in the Northern States, and thousands in the Southern, of whites, make the same reply. While other millions of whites, in North and South, respond not so often with a flat contradiction as with a declaration far more

disconcerting. For the "Southerner" speaks truly when he retorts that nowhere in the entire Union, either North or South, are the disadvantages of being a black, or partly black, man confined entirely to the relations of domestic life and private society; but that in every part there is a portion at least of the community that does not claim for, or even willingly yield to the negro, the whole calendar of American rights in the same far-reaching amplitude and sacredness that they do for or to the white man. The Southern white man points to thousands of Northern and Western factories, counting-rooms, schools, hotels, churches, and guilds, and these attest the truth of his counter-charge. Nowhere in the United States is there a whole community from which the black man, after his physical, mental, and moral character have been duly weighed, if they be weighed at all, is not liable to suffer an unexplained discount for mere colour and race, which he would have to suffer publicly in no other country of the enlightened world. This being the fact, then, in varying degrees according to locality, what does it prove? Only that this cannot be the real point of issue between North and South, and that this superficial definition is not the true one.

Putting aside mere differences of degree, the question is not, Are these things so? but, Ought they so to be? To this a large majority in the Northern States from all classes, with a small minority of the Southern whites also from all ranks of life, and the whole seven million blacks irrespective of party leanings, answer—No. On the other hand, a large majority of the whites in the Southern States—large as to the white population of those States, but a very small minority in the nation at large—answer a vehement "Yes; these things should and shall be so."

But how does this small minority maintain itself? It does so owing to the familiar fact that, although by our scheme of government there is a constant appeal to the majority of the whole people, the same scheme provides also for the defence of local interests against rash actions of national majorities by a parallel counter appeal (constantly through its Senate, and at times in other ways) to the majority, not of the people *en masse*, but of the States in their corporate capacity. Now, a very large minority in the Northern States, whose own private declaration would be against a difference between white men's and other men's rights, nevertheless refuses now, as they refused before the Civil War, to answer with a plain Yes or No, but maintain, with the Southern white-rule party, that whether these things ought so to be or not is a question that every State must be allowed to answer for and to itself alone; thus so altering the voice of the nation *when it speaks by States* as virtually to nullify that negative answer which would be given by a majority of the whole people. In the Civil Rights Bill the verdict of the

States was once given against all race discrimination in all matters of public rights whatsoever, and for confining it within that true domain—of private choice—to which the judgment of other Christian nations consigns it. But the Civil Rights Bill, never practically effective in the communities whose upper ranks were hostile to it, has lately perished in the national Supreme Court, and the Senate majority that passed it was long ago lost by revolutions in the Southern States. Thus, by a fundamental provision in the national government, intended for the very purpose of protecting the weak from the strong, a small national minority is enabled to withstand the pressure of an immense majority.

Whether this is by a right or wrong use of the provision is an inseparable part of the open question. The weak are protected from the strong, but the still weaker are delivered into the hands of the strong. Seven millions of the nation, mostly poor, ignorant, and degraded, are left for the definition and enjoyment of rights worth more than safety or property to the judgment of some ten other millions of unquestioned intelligence and virtue, but whose intelligence and virtue were not materially less when, with a courage and prowess never surpassed, they drenched their own land with their own blood to keep these darker millions in slavery. However, be it a use or an abuse of the nation's scheme of order, be it right or wrong, this is politically the stronghold of the conservative party in the Southern States; and it is made stronger still, steel-clad and turreted, as it were, with the tremendous advantage of the *status quo*—that established order of things which, good or bad, until it becomes intolerable to themselves, men will never attack with an energy equal to that with which it is defended.

But political strength is little by itself. The military maxim, that no defences are strong without force enough in them to occupy their line, is true of civil affairs. Entrenchment in the letter of a constitution avails little with the people at large on either side of a question, unless the line of that entrenchment is occupied by a living conviction of being in the right. The most ultra-Southern position on the negro question has an element of strength close akin to this. To be right is the only real necessity; but where is the community that will not make, and defend with treasure and blood, the assumption that what is necessary is right? "Southerners," in the political sense of the term, may sometimes lack a clear, firm-founded belief that they are right; they may have no more than a restless confidence that others are as wrong as they; but they have at least a profound conviction that they are moved by an imminent, unremitting, imperative necessity. Not that this is all; hundreds of thousands of them, incapacitated by this very conviction from falling into sympathy with the best modern thought, have been taught, and

are learning and teaching, not only on the hustings, but in school, in college, at the fireside, through the daily press, in the social circle, and in church, that in their attitude on the negro question they are legally, morally, and entirely right.

Now, specifically, what are these things that the majority of a free nation says ought not to be, while a sectional majority triumphantly maintains they must, will, ought to, and shall be? Give an example of an actual grievance. One commonly esteemed the very least on the list is this: Suppose a man, his wife and their child, decent in person, dress and deportment, but visibly of African or mixed blood, to take passage on a railway train from some city of the Eastern States, as Boston, or of the Western, as Chicago. They will be thrown publicly into company with many others, for an ordinary American railway passenger coach seats fifty persons, and a sleeping car accommodates twenty-five; and they will receive the same treatment from railway *employées* and passengers, as if, being otherwise just what they are, they were of pure European descent. Only, they will be much less likely than white persons to seek or be offered new acquaintanceships. Arriving in New York, Philadelphia, or any other Northern city, they will easily find accommodation in some hotel of such grade as they would be likely to choose if, exactly as they are, they were white. They may chance upon a house that will refuse, on account of their colour, to receive them; but such action, if made known, will be likely to receive a wide public reprobation, and scant applause even from the press of the Southern States. If the travellers choose to continue their journey through the night they will be free to hire and occupy berths in a sleeping-car and to use all its accessories—basins, towels, pillows, &c.—without the least chance of molestation in act or speech from any one of passengers or *employés*, let such passengers or *employés* be from any State of the Union, Northern or Southern.

But on reaching the Southern States the three travellers will find themselves at every turn under special and offensive restrictions laid upon them not for any demerit of person, dress or manners, but solely and avowedly on account of the African tincture in their blood, however slight that may be. They may still be enjoying the comforts of the sleeping-car, by virtue of the ticket bought in a Northern State and not yet fully redeemed. But they will find that while in one Southern State they may still ride in an ordinary first-class railway coach without hindrance, in another they will find themselves turned away from the door of one coach and required to limit themselves to another, equal, it may be, to the first in appointments, and inferior only in the social rank of its occupants. They may protest that in America there are no public distinctions of social rank; but this will avail them nothing. They may object that the passengers in the car

from which they are excluded are not of one, but palpably of many and widely different, social ranks, and that in the car to which they are assigned are people not of their grade only, but of all sorts; they will be told with great plainness that there is but one kind of negro. They will be told that they are assigned equal but separate accommodation because the presence of a person of wholly or partly African blood in the same railway-car on terms of social equality with the white passengers is to these white passengers an intolerable offence; and if the husband and father replies that it is itself the height of vulgarity to raise the question of private social rank among strangers in railway-cars, he will be fortunate if he is only thrust, without more ado, into the "coloured car," and not kicked and beaten by two or three white men whose superior gentility has been insulted, and he and his wife and child put off at the next station to appeal in vain to the courts. For in court he will find that railway companies are even required by the laws of the State to maintain this ignominious separation of all who betray an African tincture, refined or unrefined, clean or unclean, from the presence of the white passengers in the first-class cars, be these passengers ever so promiscuous a throng.

Such is an example of one of the least grievances of the coloured man under the present *régime* in the Southern States; and so dull is the common perception of wrongs committed at a distance, that hundreds of thousands of intelligent, generous, sensitive people in the Northern States are daily confessing their inability to see any serious hardship in such a case, if only the "coloured car" be really equal in its appointments to the one in which only white people of every sort are admitted; as if a permanent, ignominious distinction on account of ancestry, made in public, by strangers, and in the enjoyment of common public rights, were not an insult or an injury unless joined to some bodily discomfort. Let it be plainly understood that though at least scores of thousands are intelligent and gentle, yet the vast majority of coloured people in the United States are neither refined in mind nor very decent in person. Their race has never had "a white man's chance." In America it has been under the iron yoke of a slavery that allowed no distinctions of worth to cross race lines; and in Africa it has had to contend for the mastery of wild nature on a continent so unconquerable that for thousands of years the white race has striven in vain to subdue it, and is only now at last strong enough to pierce it, enriched, enlightened, and equipped by the long conquest of two others less impregnable. For all that is known the black is "an inferior race," though how, or how permanently, inferior remains unproved. But the core of the coloured man's grievance is that the *individual*, in matters of right that do not justly go by race, is treated, whether man or child, without regard to person, dress, behaviour, character,

or aspirations, in public and by law, as though the African tincture, much or little, were itself stupidity, squalor and vice. But let us see whether the grievance grows.

On passing into a third Southern State, the three travellers, though still holders of first-class tickets, will be required to confine themselves to the so-called second-class car, a place never much better than a dramshop. When the train stops for meals, and the passengers, men, women, and children, the rough, the polished, all throng into one common eating-room to receive a common fare and attention, these three must eat in the kitchen or go hungry. Nor can they even await the coming of a train, in some railway stations, except in a separate "coloured waiting-room." If they tarry in some Southern city they will encounter the most harassing and whimsical treatment of their most ordinary public rights as American citizens. They may ride in any street-car, however crowded, seated beside, or even crammed in among, white men or women of any or every station in life; but at the platform of the railway train, or at the threshold of any theatre, or concert, or lecture hall, they will be directed to the most undesirable part of the house and compelled to take that or nothing. They will find the word "public" rarely means public to them; that they may not even draw books from the public libraries or use their reading rooms. Should the harried and exasperated man be so fierce or indiscreet as to quarrel with and strike some white man, he will stand several chances to a white man's one of being killed on the spot. If neither killed nor half killed, but brought into court, he will have ninety-nine chances in a hundred of confronting a jury from which either by, or else in spite of, legal provision, men of African tincture have been wholly or almost wholly excluded. If sent to prison he must come under a penal system which the report of the national commissioner of prisons officially pronounces "a blot upon civilization." He will find the population of the State prisons often nine-tenths coloured, divided into chain gangs, farmed out to private hands, even sub-leased, and worked in the mines, quarries, in railway construction, and on turnpikes, under cordons of Winchester rifles; veritable quarry slaves. He will find most of the few white convicts under this system suffering the same outrages; but he will also find that the system itself disappears wherever this general attitude toward the black race disappears, and that where it and its outrages continue, the race line in prison is obliterated only when the criminal becomes a negotiable commodity and it costs the lessee money to maintain the absurd distinction. He would find the number of coloured men within those deadly cordons out of all proportion to the coloured population outside, as compared with the percentages of blacks in and out of prison in States not under this régime. There are State

prisons in which he would find the coloured convicts serving sentences whose average is nearly twice that of the white convicts in the same places for the same crimes.* In the same or other prisons he would find coloured youths and boys by scores, almost by hundreds, consorting with older criminals, and under sentences of seven, ten, twenty years, while the State legislatures vote down year after year the efforts of a few courageous and humane men either to establish reformatories for coloured youth or to introduce the element of reform into their so-called penitentiaries. Should he some day escape alive across the dead-line of Winchesters, he will be hunted with bloodhounds.

But suppose he commits no offence against person or property; he will make another list of discoveries. He will find that no select school under "Southern" auspices will receive his child. That if he sends the child to a public school it must be, as required by law, to a school exclusively for coloured children, even if his child is seven times more white than coloured. Though his child be gentle, well behaved, cleanly and decorously dressed, and the coloured school so situated as to be naturally and properly the choice of the veriest riff-raff of the school population, he will have no more liberty than before; he will be told again, "We know but one kind of negro." The child's father and mother may themselves be professional instructors; but however highly trained; of whatever reputation for moral and religious character; however talented as teachers or disciplinarians; holding the diploma of whatever college or university, Wellesley, Vassar, Yale, Cornell; and of whatever age or experience, they will find themselves shut out by law from becoming teachers in any public school for white children, whether belonging to and filled from the "best neighbourhood," or in and for the lowest quarter of alleys and shanties. They will presently learn that in many hundreds of Southern school-districts where the populations are too sparse and poor to admit of separate schools for the two races, the children of both are being brought up in ignorance of the very alphabet rather than let them enjoy a common public right under a common roof. They will find that this separation is not really based on any incapacity of children to distinguish between public and private social relations; but that the same separation is enforced among adults; and that while every Southern State is lamenting its inability to make anything like an adequate outlay for public education, and hundreds of thousands of coloured children are growing up in absolute illiteracy largely for lack of teachers and schoolhouses, an expensive isolation of race from race is kept up even in the normal schools and teachers' institutes. Even in the house of worship and the divinity school they would find themselves pursued by the same

* See "The Silent South," *Century Magazine*, Sept. 1885.

invidious distinctions and separations that had followed them at every step, and would follow and attend them still to and in the very almshouse and insane asylum.

And then they would make one more discovery. They would find that not only were they victims of bolder infractions of the most obvious common rights of humanity than are offered to any people elsewhere in Christendom, save only the Chinaman in the far west, but that to make the oppression more exasperating still, there is not a single feature of it in any one State, though justified on the plea of sternest necessity, that does not stand condemned by its absence, under the same or yet more pronounced conditions, in some other State. Sometimes even one part of a State will utterly stultify the attitude held in another part. In Virginia or South Carolina a coloured person of decent appearance or behaviour may sit in any first-class railway car; but in Georgia the law forbids it, and in Kentucky the law leaves him to the caprice of railway managements, some of which accord and others withhold the right. In some States he is allowed in the jury-box, in some he is kept out by the letter of the statutes, and in some by evasions of them; while in Tennessee some counties admit him to jury duty and others exclude him from it. In one or two Southern cities the teachers in coloured public schools must be white; in certain others they must be coloured; and in still others they may be either. In Louisiana certain railway trains and steamboats run side by side within a mile of one another, where in the trains a negro or mulatto may sit where he will, and on the boats he must confine himself to a separate quarter called the "freedman's bureau."

The Civil Rights Bill was fought for years and finally destroyed, with the plea that it infringed the right of common carriers and entertainers to use their own best judgment in distributing their passengers and guests with an equitable consideration for the comfort of all. In fact, it only forbade distributions that, so far from consulting the common comfort, humour the demand of one crudely self-assorted private social class for an invariable, ignominious isolation or exclusion of another. Yet the same States and persons who so effectually made this plea, either allow and encourage its use as a cover for this tyrannous inequity, or else themselves ignore their own plea, usurp the judgment of common carriers and entertainers, and force them by law to make this race distribution whether they deem it best or not.

And yet, again, all over the South there are scattered colleges, academies, and tributary grammar schools established and maintained at the expense of individuals and societies in the Northern States for the education, at low rates of tuition and living, of the aspiring poor, without hindrance as to race or sex. For more than twenty

years these establishments have flourished, and been a boon to the African-American, as well as to the almost equally noted "poor whites" of the Southern mountain regions, sandhills, and "pauper counties," and through both these classes to the ultra-Southern white man of the towns and plantations—a boon the national value of which neither he nor one in a thousand of its hundreds of thousands of Northern supporters has an adequate conception, else these establishments would receive seven times their present pecuniary support. These institutions have graduated some hundreds of coloured students as physicians and lawyers. At one time lately they had more than eight hundred divinity students, nearly all of them coloured. Their pupils of all grades aggregate over seventeen thousand, and the sixteen thousand coloured teachers in the public schools of the South have come almost entirely from them. But now in these institutions there is a complete ignoring of those race distinctions in the enjoyment of common public rights so religiously enforced on every side beyond their borders; and yet none of those unnamable disasters have come to or from them which the advocates of these onerous public distinctions and separations predict and dread. On scores of Southern hilltops these schools stand out almost totally without companions or competitors in their peculiar field, so many refutations, visible and complete, of the idea that any interest requires the coloured American citizen to be limited in any of the civil rights that would be his without question if the same man were white. Virtually, the whole guild of educators in the Southern States, from once regarding these institutions with unqualified condemnation and enmity, are now becoming their friends, and, in some notable cases, their converts. So widely have the larger colleges demonstrated their unique beneficence that in some cases Southern State Governments, actively hostile to the privileges of civil liberty they teach and apply, are making small annual appropriations in contribution toward their support. So bristling with inconsistencies, good and bad, would our three travellers find this tyrannous and utterly unrepublican régime. Nowhere else in enlightened lands, and in this day, do so many millions see their own fellow-citizens so play football with their simplest public rights; for the larger part of the Southern white people do with these laws, of their own making, what they please, keeping or breaking them as convenient.

But their discoveries would still go on. They would hear these oppressions justified, by Southern white people of the highest standing, and—more's the shame—by Northern tourists in the South, on the ground that the people upon whom they are laid are a dull, vicious unclean race, contact with which would be physically, intellectually, and morally offensive and mischievous to a higher race. And when they might ask why the lines of limited rights are not drawn around

the conspicuously dull, vicious, and unclean of both races for the protection of the opposite sort in both, they would come face to face with the amazing assumption that the lowest white man is somehow a little too good for even so much contact with the highest black, as may be necessary for a common enjoyment of public rights; and, therefore, that no excellence, moral, mental, or physical, inborn or attained, can buy for a "man of colour," from these separationists, any distinction between the restrictions of his civil liberty and those of the stupidest and squalidest of his race, or bring him one step nearer to the enjoyment of the rights of a white man; or, if at all, then only as a matter of the white man's voluntary condescension, and with the right disguised as a personal privilege. They would find that the race line is not a line of physical, moral, or intellectual excellence at all. Stranger yet, they would learn that no proportion of white men's blood in their own veins, unless it washes out the very memory of their African tincture, can get them abatement of those deprivations decreed for a dull, vicious, unclean race, but that—men, women and children alike—hundreds and thousands of *mixed* race are thus daily and publicly punished by their brothers for the sins of their fathers. They would find the race line not a race line at all.

They would find that the mere contact of race with race is not the matter objected to, but only any and every sort of contact on an equal footing. They would find that, what no money, no fame, no personal excellence, and no fractional preponderance of European blood can buy, can nevertheless be bought instantly, and without one of these things, by the simple surrender of the attitude of public equality. They would find that the entire essence of the offence, any and everywhere, where the race line is insisted on, is the apparition of the coloured man or woman as his or her own master; that masterhood is all that all this tyranny is intended to preserve, and that the moment the relation of master and servant is visibly established between race and race there is the hush of peace.

"What is that negro—what is that mulattress—*doing* in here?" asks one private individual of another in some public place; and the other replies—

"That's nothing; he is the servant of that white man just behind him; she is the nurse of those children in front of her."

"Oh! all right." And the "cordial relation" is restored. Such conversation, or equivalent soliloquy, occurs in the South a hundred times a day.

The surrender of this one point by the coloured man or woman buys more than peace—it buys amity; an amity clouded only by a slight, but distinct, and constant air and tone of command on the one part, a very gross and imperfect attitude of deference on the

other, and the perpetual unrest that always accompanies forcible possession of anything. But since no people ever compelled another to pay too much for peace without somehow paying too much for it themselves, the master caste tolerates, with unsurpassed supineness and unconsciousness, a more indolent, inefficient, slovenly, unclean, untrustworthy, ill-mannered, noisy, disrespectful, disputatious, and yet servile domestic and public menial service than is tolerated by any other enlightened people. Such is but one of the smallest of many payments which an intelligent and refined community has to make for maintaining the lines of master and servant-hood on caste instead of on individual ambition and capacity, and for the forcible equalization of millions of unequal individuals under one common public disdain. Other and greater payments and losses there are, moral, political, industrial, commercial, as we shall see when we turn, as now we must, to the other half of this task, and answer the two impatient questions that jostle each other for precedence as they spring from this still incomplete statement of the condition of affairs.

The two questions are these: If the case is so plain, then, in the first place, how can the millions of intelligent and virtuous white people of the South make such a political, not to say such a moral, mistake? And, in the second place, how can the overwhelming millions of the North, after spending the frightful costs they spent in the war of '61-'65, tolerate this emasculation of the American freedom which that war is supposed to have secured to all alike?

As to the Southern people the answer is that, although the Southern master-class now cordially and unanimously admit the folly of slaveholding, yet the fundamental article of political faith on which slavery rested has not been displaced. As to the people of the North the answer is simpler still: the Union is saved.

The Northern cause in our civil war was not primarily the abolition of slavery, although many a Northern soldier and captain fought mainly for this and cared for no other issue while this remained. The Southern cause was not merely for disunion, though many a Southern soldier and captain would never have taken up the sword to defend slaveholding, stripped of the disguise of State sovereignty. The Northern cause was pre-eminently the national unity. Emancipation was not what the North fought for, but only what it fought with. The right to secede was not what the South fought for, but only what it fought with. The great majority of the Southern white people loved the Union, and consented to its destruction only when there seemed to be no way to save slavery; the great bulk of the North consented to destroy slavery only when there seemed no other way to save the Union. To put in peril the Union, on one side, and slavery on the other, was enough, when nothing else was enough, to

drench one of the greatest and happiest lands on earth with the blood of hundreds of thousands of her own children. Now, what thing of supreme value rested on this Union, and what on this slavery, that they should have been defended at such cost? There rested on, or more truly there underlay, each a fundamental principle, conceived to be absolutely essential to the safety, order, peace, fortune, and honour of society; and these two principles were antagonistic.

They were more than antagonistic; they were antipodal and irreconcilable. No people that hold either of these ideas as cardinal in their political creed will ever allow the other to be forced upon them from without, as long as blood and lives will buy deliverance. Both were brought from the mother country when America was originally colonized, and both have their advocates in greater or less number in the Northern States, in the Southern, and wherever there is any freedom of thought and speech.

The common subject of the two is the great lower mass of society. The leading thought of the one is that mass's Elevation, of the other its Subjugation. The one declares the only permanent safety of public society, and its highest development, to require the constant elevation of the lower, and thus of the whole mass, by the free self-government of all under one common code of equal civil rights. It came from England, but it was practically, successfully, beneficently applied on a national scale first in the United States; and Americans claim the right to call it, and it pre-eminently, the American idea, promulgated and established, not by Northerners or Southerners one greatly more than another, but by the unsectional majority of a whole new nation born of the idea. The other principle declares public safety and highest development to require the subjugation of the lower mass under the arbitrary protective supremacy of an untitled but hereditary privileged class, a civil caste. Not, as it is commonly miscalled, an aristocracy, for within one race it takes in all ranks of society; not an aristocracy, for an aristocracy exists, presumably at least, with the wide consent of all classes, and men in any rank of life may have some hope to attain to it by extraordinary merit and service; but a caste; not the embodiment of a modern European idea, but the resuscitation of an ancient Asiatic one.

That one of these irreconcilable ideas should by-and-by become all-dominant in the formation of public society in one region, and its opposite in the other region, is due to original differences in the conditions under which the colonies were settled. In the South the corner-stone of the social structure was made the plantation idea—wide lands, an accomplished few, and their rapid aggrandizement by the fostering oversight and employment of an unskilled many. In the North it was the village and town idea—the notion of farm and factory, skilled labour, an intelligent many, and ultimate wealth

through an assured public tranquillity. Nothing could be more natural than for African slavery, once introduced, to flourish and spread under the one idea, and languish and die under the other. It is high time to be done saying that the South retained slavery, and the North renounced it, merely because to the one it was, and to the other it was not, lucrative. It was inevitable that the most conspicuous feature of one civilization should be the public school-house and of the other the slave-yard. Who could wish to raise the equally idle and offensive question of praise and blame? When Northerners came South by thousands and made their dwelling there, ninety-nine hundredths of them fell into our Southern error up to the eyes, and there is nothing to prove that had the plantation idea, to the exclusion of the village idea, been planted in all the colonies, we should not by this time have had a West Indian civilization from Florida to Oregon. But it was not to be so. Wherever the farm village became the germinal unit of social organization, there was developed in its most comprehensive integrity that American idea of our Northern and Southern fathers, the representative self-government of the whole people by the constant free consent of all to the frequently reconsidered choice of the majority.

Such a scheme can be safe only when it includes imperatively the continual and diligent *elevation* of that lower mass which human society everywhere is constantly precipitating. But slaveholding on any large scale could not make even a show of public safety without the continual and diligent *debasement* of its enslaved lower millions. Wherever it prevailed it was bound by the natural necessities of its own existence to undermine and corrode the national scheme. It mistaught the new generations of the white South that the slaveholding fathers of the republic were approvers and advocates of that sad practice which by their true histories we know they would gladly have destroyed. It mistaught us to construe the right of a uniform government of all by all, not as a common and inalienable right of man, but as a privilege that became a right only by a people's merit, and which our fathers bought with the blood of the Revolution in 1776-83, and which our slaves did not, and should not be allowed to, acquire. It mistaught us to seek prosperity in the concentration instead of the diffusion of wealth, to seek public safety in a state of siege rather than a state of peace. It gave us subjects instead of fellow-citizens, and falsely threatened us with the utter shipwreck of public and private society if we dared accord civil power to the degraded millions to whom we had forbidden patriotism. Thus, it could not help but misteach us also to subordinate to its preservation the maintenance of a national union with those Northern communities to whose whole scheme of order slaveholding was as intolerable as the Union was to slaveholding, and to rise at length against the will of the

majority and dissolve the Union when that majority refused to give slaveholding the national sanction.

The other system taught the inherent right of all human society to self-government. It taught the impersonal civil equality of all. It admitted that the private, personal inequality of individuals is inevitable, necessary, right, and good ; but condemned its misuse to set up arbitrary public inequalities. It declared public equality to be, on the one hand, the only true and adequate counterpoise against private inequalities, and, on the other, the best protector and promoter of just private inequalities against unjust. It held that virtue, intelligence, and wealth are their own sufficient advantage, and need for self-protection no arbitrary civil preponderance ; that their powers of self-protection are never inadequate save when, by forgetting equity, they mass and exasperate ignorance, vice, and poverty against them. It insisted that there is no safe protection but self-protection ; that poverty needs at least as much civil equipment for self-protection as property needs ; that the right and liberty to *acquire* intelligence, virtue, and wealth are just as precious as the right and liberty to maintain them, and need quite as much self-protection ; that the secret of public order and highest prosperity is the common and equal right of all lawfully to *acquire* as well as retain every equitable means of self-aggrandizement, and that this right is assured to all only through the consent of all to the choice of the majority frequently appealed to without respect of persons. And last, it truly taught that a government founded on these principles, and holding them essential to public peace and safety, might comfortably bear the proximity of alien neighbours, whose ideas of right and order were not implacably hostile ; but that it had no power to abide unless it could put down any internal mutiny against that choice of the majority which was, as it were, the nation's first commandment.

The war was fought and the Union saved. Fought as it was, on the issue of the consent of all to the choice of the majority, the conviction forced its way that the strife would never end in peace until the liberty of self-government was guaranteed to the entire people, and slavery, as standing for the doctrine of public safety by subjugation, destroyed. Hence, first, Emancipation, and then Enfranchisement. And now even the Union saved is not the full measure of the nation's triumphs ; but, saved once by arms, it seems at length to have achieved a better and fuller salvation still ; for the people of the once seceded States, with a sincerity that no generous mind can question, have returned to their old love of this saved Union, and the great North and West, full of elation, and feeling what one may call the onus of the winning side, cries " enough ! " and asks no more.

Thus stands the matter to-day. Old foes are clasping hands on

fields where once they met in battle, and touching glasses across the banqueting board, pledging long life to the Union and prosperity to the new South ; but at every feast there is one empty seat.

Why should one seat be ever empty, and every guest afraid to look that way ? Because the Southern white man swears upon his father's sword that none but a ghost shall ever sit there. And a ghost is there ; the ghost of that old heresy of public safety by the mass's subjugation. This is what the Northern people cannot understand. This is what makes the Southern white man an enigma to all the world beside, if not also to himself. To-day the pride with which he boasts himself a citizen of the United States, and the sincerity with which he declares for free government as the only safe government, cannot be doubted ; to-morrow comes an explosion, followed by such a misinterpretation of what free government requires and forbids, that it is hard to identify him with the nineteenth century. Emancipation destroyed domestic bondage ; Enfranchisement, as nearly as its mere decree can, has abolished public servitude ; how, then, does this old un-American, un-Democratic idea of subjugation, which our British mother country, and Europe as well, are so fast repudiating—how does it remain ? Was it not founded in these two forms of slavery ? The mistake lies just there : they were founded in it, and removing them has not removed it.

It has always been hard for the North to understand the alacrity with which the ex-slaveholder learned to condemn as a moral and economic error that slavery in defence of which he endured four years of desolating war. But it was genuine, and here is the explanation : He believed personal enslavement essential to subjugation. Emancipation at one stroke proved it was not. But it proved no more. Unfortunately for the whole nation, there was already, before emancipation came, a defined status, a peculiar niche, waiting for freed negroes. They were nothing new. Nor was it new to lose personal ownership in one's slave. When, under emancipation, no one else could own him, we quickly saw he was not lost at all. There he stood, beggar to us for room for the sole of his foot, the land and all its appliances ours, and he, by the stress of his daily needs, captive to the land. The moment he fell to work of his own free will we saw that emancipation was even more ours than his ; public order stood fast, our homes were safe, our firesides uninvaded ; he still served, we still ruled ; all need of holding him in private bondage was disproved, and when the notion of necessity vanished the notion of right vanished with it. Emancipation had destroyed private, but had hardly disturbed public, subjugation ; the ex-slave was not a free man ; he was only a free negro.

Then the winners of the war saw that the great issue which had jeopardized the Union was not settled. The government's founda-

tion principle was not re-established, and could not be while millions of the country's population were without a voice as to who should rule, who should judge, and what should be law. But, as we have seen, the absolute civil equality of privately and socially unequal men was not the whole American idea. It was counterbalanced by an enlarged application of the same principle in the absolute equality of unequal States in the Federal Union, one of the greatest willing concessions ever made by stronger political bodies to weaker ones in the history of government. Now manifestly this great concession of equality *among* the unequal States becomes inordinate, unjust, and dangerous when millions of the people in one geographical section, native to the soil, of native parentage, having ties of interest and sympathy with no other land, are arbitrarily denied that political equality *within* the States, which obtains elsewhere throughout the Union. This would make us two countries. But we cannot be two merely federated countries without changing our whole plan of government; and we cannot be one, without a common foundation. Hence the freedman's enfranchisement. It was given him, not only because enfranchisement was his only true emancipation, but also because it was and is impossible to withhold it and carry on American government on American ground principles. Neither the nation's honour nor its safety could allow the restoration of revolted States to their autonomy with their populations divided by lines of status abhorrent to the whole national structure.

Northern men often ask perplexedly if the freedman's enfranchisement was not, as to the South, premature and inexpedient; while Southern men as often call it the one vindictive act of the conqueror, as foolish as it was cruel. It was cruel. Not by intention, and may be unavoidably; but certainly not for its haste, but for its tardiness. Had enfranchisement come into effect, as emancipation did, while the smoke of the war's last shock was still in the air, when force still ruled unquestioned, and civil order and system had not yet superseded martial law; could it, while wounds were still warm, and dislocations had not yet set and stiffened, have come, operating with surgical authority and despatch, and proving, as emancipation did, by one vast practical demonstration, the groundlessness of the horror and terror which the anticipation of both alike inspired, the agonies, the shame, and the incalculable losses of the Reconstruction period that followed might have been spared the South and the nation. Instead, there came two unlucky postponements; the slow doling out of re-enfranchisement to the best intelligence of Southern white society, and the delay of the freedman's enfranchisement—his *civil* emancipation—until the "old South," instead of reorganizing public society in harmony with the national idea, largely returned to its entrenchments in the notion of exclusive white rule. Then, too late to avert a new

strife, and as little more than a defensive offset, the freedman was invested with citizenship, and the experiment began of trying to establish a form of public order, wherein, under a political equality accorded by all citizens to all citizens, new and old, intelligence and virtue would be so free to combine, and ignorance and vice feel so free to divide, as to ensure the majority's free choice of rulers of at least enough intelligence and virtue to secure safety, order, and progress. This experiment, the North believed, would succeed, and since this was the organic embodiment of the American idea, for which it had just shed seas of blood, it stands to reason the North would not have allowed it to fail. But the old South, still bleeding from her thousand wounds, but as brave as when she fired her first gun, believed not only that the experiment would fail, but also that it was dangerous and dishonourable. And to-day, both in North and South, a widespread impression prevails, that this is the experiment which was tried, and did in fact fail. Whereas it is just what the old South never allowed to be tried. Practically the experiment was at once reduced and unceasingly confined to the limits of a vain trial by the freedman and a small white minority to establish the American idea in its complete integrity, while the great bulk of the old master class bent every energy to defeat it, under a feeling of intolerable indignity, and the profound, or at least the passionate, conviction that its complete recognition would be followed by a St. Domingan wreck of public and private society.

This is the whole secret of the Negro Question's vital force to-day. And yet the struggle in the Southern States has never been by the blacks for, and by the whites against, a black supremacy, but only for and against an arbitrary pure white supremacy. From the very first until this day, in all the freedman's intellectual crudity, he has held fast to the one true, national doctrine of the absence of privilege and the rule of all by all, through the common and steadfast consent of all, to the free and frequent choice of the majority. He has never rejected white men's political fellowship or leadership because it was white, but only and always when it was unsound in this doctrine. His party has never been a purely black party in fact or principle. The "solid black vote" is only by outside pressure solidified about a principle of American liberty, which is itself against solidity, and destroys the political solidity of classes wherever it has free play. But the "solid white vote"—which is not solid by including all whites, but because no coloured man can truly enter its ranks, much less its councils, without accepting an emasculated emancipation—the solid white vote is solid, not by outside pressure, but by inherent principle. Solid twice over: first, in each State, from sincere motives of self-preservation, solid in keeping the old servile class, by arbitrary classification, servile; and then solid again

by a tacit league of Southern States around the assumed right of each State separately to postpone a true and complete emancipation as long as the arbitrarily ruling class in its own private council deems best; which means, as long as the fear remains that, with full American liberty—this and no more—to all alike, the freedman would himself usurp the arbitrary domination now held over him, and plunder and destroy society.

So, then, the Southern question at its root is simply whether there is any real ground sufficient to justify this fear and the attitude taken against it. Only remove this fear, which rests on a majority of the whole white South despite all its splendid; well-proved courage, and the question of right, in law and in morals, will vanish along with the notion of necessity.

Whoever attempts to remove this apprehension must meet it in two forms: first, fear of a hopeless wreck of public government by a complete supremacy of the lower mass; and second, fear of a yet more dreadful wreck of private society in a deluge of social equality.

Now, as to public government, the freedman, whatever may be said of his mistakes, has never shown an intentional preference for anarchy. Had he such a bent he would have betrayed something of it when our civil war offered as wide an opportunity for its indulgence as any millions in bondage ever had. He has shown at least as prompt a choice for peace and order as any "lower million" ever showed. The vices said to be his in inordinate degree are only such as always go with degradation, and especially with a degraded *status*; and when, in Reconstruction years, he held power to make and unmake laws, amid all his degradation, all the efforts to confine him still to an arbitrary, servile *status*, and all his vicious special legislation, he never removed the penalties from anything that the world at large calls a crime. Neither did he ever show any serious disposition to establish race rule. The whole spirit of his emancipation and enfranchisement, and his whole struggle, was and is to put race rule of all sorts under foot, and set up the common rule of all. The fear of anarchy in the Southern States, then, is only that perfectly natural and largely excusable fear that besets the upper ranks of society everywhere, and often successfully tempts them to commit inequitable usurpations; and yet a fear of which no amount of power or privilege ever relieves them—the fear that the stupid, the destitute, and the vicious will combine against them and rule by sheer weight of numbers.

Majority rule is an unfortunate term, in that it falsely implies this very thing; whereas its mission in human affairs is to remove precisely this danger. In fact a minority always rules. At least it always can. All the great majority ever strives for is the power to choose by what, and what kind of, a minority it shall be ruled. What that choosing majority shall consist of, and hence the wisdom and public safety of its choice, will depend mainly upon the attitude of those who

hold, against the power of mere numbers, the far greater powers of intelligence, of virtue, and of wealth. If these claim, by virtue of their own self-estimate, an arbitrary right to rule and say who shall rule, the lowlier elements of society will be bound together by a just sense of grievance and a well-grounded reciprocation of distrust, the forced rule will continue only till it can be overturned, and while it lasts will be attended by largely uncounted but enormous losses, moral and material, to all ranks of society. But if the wise, the upright, the wealthy command the courage of our American fathers, to claim for all men a common political equality, without rank, station, or privilege, and give their full and free adherence to government by the consent of all to the rule of a minority, the choice of the majority, frequently appealed to without respect of persons, then ignorance, destitution, and vice will not combine to make the choosing majority. They cannot. They carry in themselves the very principle of disintegration. Without the outside pressure of common and sore grievance they have no lasting powers of cohesion. The minority always may rule. It need never rule by force if it will rule by equity. This is the faith of our fathers of the Revolution, and no community in America that has built squarely and only upon it has found it unwise or unsafe.

This is asserted with all the terrible misrule of Reconstruction days in full remembrance. For, let it be said again, that sad history came not by a reign of equal rights and majority rule, but through an attempt to establish them while the greater part of the wealth and intelligence of the region involved held out sincerely, steadfastly, and desperately against them, and for the preservation of unequal privileges and class domination. The Reconstruction party, even with all its taxing, stealing, and defrauding, and with the upper ranks of society at war as fiercely against its best principles as against its bad practices, planted the whole South with public schools for the poor and illiterate of both races, welcomed and cherished the missionaries of higher education, and, when it fell, left them still both systems, with the master class converted to a belief in their use and necessity. The history of Reconstruction, dispassionately viewed, is a final, triumphant proof that all our American scheme needs to make it safe and good, in the South as elsewhere, is consent to it and participation in it by the law-abiding, intelligent portions of the people, with one common freedom, in and between high life and low, to combine, in civil matters, against ignorance and vice, in high life and low, across, yet without disturbing, the lines of race or of any other private rank or predilection.

There are hundreds of thousands in the Southern States who would promptly concede all this in theory and in practice, but for the second form of their fear : the belief that there would result a confusion of the races in private society, followed by intellectual and moral debase-

ment and by a mongrel posterity. Unless this can be shown to be an empty fear, our Southern problem cannot be solved.

The mere ambiguity of a term here has cost much loss. The double meaning of the words "social" and "society" seems to have been a real drawback on the progress of political ideas among the white people of the South. The clear and definite term, civil equality, they have made synonymous with the very vague and indefinite term, social equality, and then turned and totally misapplied it to the sacred domains of private society. If the idea of civil equality had rightly any such application, their horror would certainly be just. To a forced private social equality the rest of the world has the same aversion; but it knows and feels that such a thing is as impossible in fact as it is monstrous in thought. Americans, in general, know by a century's experience that civil equality makes no such proposal, bears no such results. They know that public society—civil society—comprises one distinct group of mutual relations, and private society entirely another, and that it is simply and only evil to confuse the two. They see that public society comprises all those relations that are impersonal, unselective, and in which all men, of whatever personal inequality, should stand equal. They recognize that private society is its opposite hemisphere; that it is personal, selective, assertive, ignores civil equality without violating it, and forms itself entirely upon mutual private preferences and affinities. They agree that civil *status* has of right no special value in private society, and that their private social *status* has rightly no special value in their public social—*i.e.*, their merely civil—relations. Even the Southern freedman is perfectly clear on these points; and Northern minds are often puzzled to know why the whites of our Southern States, almost alone, should be beset by a confusion of ideas that costs them all the tremendous differences, spiritual and material, between a state of truce and a state of peace.

But the matter has a very natural explanation. Slavery was both public and private, domestic as well as civil. By the plantation system the members of the master class were almost constantly brought into closer contact with slaves than with their social equals. The defensive line of private society in its upper ranks was an attenuated one; hence there was a constant, well-grounded fear that social *confusion*—for we may cast aside the term "social equality" as preposterous—that social confusion would be wrought by the powerful temptation of close and continued contact between two classes—the upper powerful and bold, the under helpless and sensual, and neither one socially responsible to the other either publicly or privately. It had already brought about the utter confusion of race and corruption of society in the West Indies and in Mexico, and the only escape from a similar fate seemed to our Southern master class to be to annihilate and forget the boundaries between public

right and private choice, and treat the appearance, anywhere, of any one visibly of African tincture, and not visibly a servant, as an assault upon the purity of private society, to be repelled on the instant, without question of law or authority, as one would fight fire. Now, under slavery, though confessedly inadequate, this was after all the only way; and all that the whites in the Southern States have overlooked is that the conditions are changed, and that this policy has become unspeakably worse than useless. They point to society in St. Domingo and Mexico, under republican government and indiscriminate equal rights, forgetting that society's corruption there antedates emancipation and was the fruit of slavery, and that emancipation only came too late to prevent it. Dissimilar races are not inclined to mix spontaneously. The common enjoyment of equal civil rights never mixed two such races; it has always been some oppressive distinction between them that, by holding out temptations to vice instead of rewards to virtue, has done it; and because slavery is the foulest of oppressions it makes the mixture of races in morally foulest form. Race fusion is not essential to national unity; such unity requires only civil and political, not private social, homogeneity. The contact of superior and inferior is not of necessity degrading; it is the kind of contact that degrades or elevates; and public equality—equal public rights, common public liberty, equal mutual responsibility—this is the great essential to beneficent contact across the lines of physical, intellectual, and moral difference, and the greatest safeguard of private society that human law or custom can provide.

Thus we see that, so far from a complete emancipation of the freed-man bringing those results in the Southern States which the white people there so justly abhor, but so needlessly fear, it is the only safe and effectual preventive of those results, and final cure of a state of inflammation which nothing but the remaining vestiges of an incompletely abolished slavery perpetuates. The abolition of the present state of siege rests with the Southern white man. He can abolish it if he will, with safety and at once. The results will not be the return of Reconstruction days; nor the incoming of any sort of black rule; nor the supremacy of the lower mass—either white, black, or mixed; nor the confusion of ranks and races in private society; nor the thronging of black children into white public schools, which never happened even in the worst Reconstruction days; nor any attendance at all of coloured children in white schools or of white in coloured, save where exclusion would work needless hardship; nor any new necessity to teach children—what they already know so well—that the public school relation is not a private social relation; nor any greater or less necessity for parents to oversee their children's choice of companions in school or out; nor a tenth as much or as mischievous playmating of white and coloured children as there

was in the days of slavery; nor any new obstruction of civil or criminal justice; nor any need of submitting to any sort of offensive contact from a coloured person, that it would be right to resent if he were white. But seven dark American-born millions would find themselves freed from their present constant liability to public, legalized indignity. They would find themselves, for the first time in their history, holding a patent, with the seal of public approval, for all the aspirations of citizenship and all the public rewards of virtue and intelligence. Not merely would their million voters find themselves admitted to and faithfully counted at the polls—whether they are already or not is not here discussed—but they would find themselves, as never before, at liberty to choose between political parties. For they would have freedom of entrance, unhampered by special conditions, into those preliminary councils of party that make platforms and nominations, and due weight in the counsels, a freedom without which no voter really enjoys the right of suffrage, nor any class so discriminated against can or ought to vote any way but “solid.” These are some of the good—and there need be no ill—changes that will come whenever a majority of the Southern whites are willing to vote for them.

There is a vague hope, much commoner in the North than in the South, that somehow, if everybody will sit still, “time” will bring these changes. A large mercantile element, especially, would have the South “let politics alone.” It is too busy to understand that whatever people lets politics alone is doomed. There are things that mere time can do; but only vigorous agitation can be trusted to change the fundamental convictions on which a people has built society. Time may do it at last, but it is likely to make bloody work of it. For either foundation idea on which society may build, all if let alone, multiply upon itself. The Elevation idea brings safety and safety constantly commends and intensifies itself and the idea of Subjugation. The Subjugation idea brings danger, and the sense of danger constantly intensifies the Subjugation idea. It may be counted on for such lighter things as the removal of animosities and suspicions, and this in our nation’s case it has done. Neither North nor South now holds, or suspects the other of holding, any grudge for the late war. But trusting time to do more than this is but trusting to luck, and trusting to luck is a crime.

What is luck doing? Here is the exclusive white party in the Southern States calling itself, and itself only, “the South;” praying the nation to hold off, not merely its interference, but its counsel—even its notice—while it not removes, by other means, but its counsel—and disguises to its own and the nation, at the utter exclusion of all its own and the true South’s, the wrongs and in a school relating the inability of any but itself to “attend to our Southern necessities” itself has had to correct more, and more boundaries by companions in self-laying at the

negro since the war than all the nation beside; failing still, more than twenty years since Reconstruction began and more than ten since its era closed, to offer any definition of the freedman's needs and desires which he can accept; making daily statements of his preferences which the one hundred newspapers published for his patronage and by himself, daily and unanimately repudiate; trying to settle affairs on the one only false principle of public social order that keeps them unsettled; proposing to settle upon a *sine quâ non* that shuts out of its councils the whole opposite side of the only matter in question; and holding out for a settlement which, whether effected or not, can but perpetuate a disturbance of inter-state equality fatal to the nation's peace—a settlement which is no more than a refusal to settle at all.

Meanwhile, over a million American citizens, with their wives and children, suffer a suspension of their full citizenship, and are virtually subjects and not citizens, peasants instead of freemen. They cannot seize their rights by force, and the nation would never allow it if they could. But they are learning one of the worst lessons class rule can teach them—exclusive, even morbid, pre-occupation in their rights as a class, and inattention to the general affairs of their communities, their States, and the nation. Meanwhile, too, the present one-sided effort at settlement by subjugation is not only debasing to the under mass, but corrupting to the upper. For it teaches these to set aside questions of right and wrong for questions of expediency; to wink at and at times to defend and turn to account evasions, even bold infractions, of their own laws, when done to preserve arbitrary class domination; to vote confessedly for bad men and measures as against better, rather than jeopardize the white man's solid party and exclusive power; to regard virtue and intelligence, vice and ignorance, as going by race, and to extenuate and let go unprosecuted the most frightful crimes against the under class, lest that class, being avenged, should gather a boldness inconsistent with its arbitrarily fixed *status*; and inasmuch as these results are contrary to our own, and to all good government, they induce a suppression of general political debate and vagueness of general political belief which leaves the ruling class in its younger generations largely uncounselled by their fathers, and inspired only with the ultra-conservative traditions of the fireside, which yield them no well-defined political faith beyond the one determination to rule without appeal to any consent but their own, and at all costs, spiritual or material, to others or themselves.

There is now going on in several parts of the South a remarkable development of material wealth. Mills, mines, furnaces, quarries, railways are multiplying rapidly. The eye that cannot see the value of this aggrandizement must be dull indeed. But many an eye, in North and South, and to the South's loss, is crediting it with values that it has not. To many, the "New South" we long for means

only this industrial and commercial expansion, and our eager mercantile spirit forgets that even for making a people rich in goods a civil order on sound foundations is of greater value than coal or metals, or spindles and looms. May the South grow rich! But every wise friend of the South will wish besides to see wealth built upon public provisions for securing through it that general beneficence without which it is not really wealth. He would not wish those American States a wealth like that which once was Spain's. He would wish not to see their society more diligent for those conditions that concentrate wealth than for those that disseminate it. Yet he must see it. That is the situation, despite the assurances of a host of well-meaning flatterers that a New South is laying the foundations of a permanent prosperity. They cannot be laid on the old plantation idea, and much of that which is loosely called the New South to-day is the farthest from it—is only the Old South readapting the old plantation idea to a peasant labour and mineral products. Said a mine-owner of the far North lately, "We shall never fear their competition till they get rid of that idea." A lasting prosperity cannot be hoped for without a disseminated wealth, and public social conditions to keep it from congestion. But this dissemination cannot be got save by a disseminated intelligence, nor intelligence be disseminated without a disseminated education, nor this be brought to any high value, without liberty, responsibility, private inequality, public equality, self-regard, virtue, aspirations and their rewards.

Many ask if this new material development at the South will not naturally be followed by adequate public provisions for this dissemination by-and-by. There is but one safe answer: that it has never so happened in America. From our farthest East to our farthest West, whenever a community has established social order in the idea of the elevation of the masses, it has planned, not for education and liberty to follow from wealth and intelligence, but for wealth and intelligence to follow from education and liberty; and the community whose intelligent few do not make the mass's elevation by public education and equal public liberty the corner-stone of a projected wealth is not more likely to provide it after wealth is achieved and mostly in their own hands.

Our American public school idea—American at least in contrast with any dissimilar notion—is that a provision for public education adequate for the whole people is not a benevolent concession, but a paying investment, constantly and absolutely essential to confirm the safety of a safe scheme of government. The maintenance and growth of public education in the Southern States, as first established principally under Reconstruction rule, sadly insufficient as it still is, is mainly due to the partial triumph of this idea in the minds of the Southern whites, and its eager acceptance, with or without discordant

conditions, by the intelligent blacks, and in no region is rightly attributable to an exceptional increase of wealth. Much less is it attributable, as is often conjectured, to the influx of Northern capital and capitalists, bringing Northern ideas with them. It ought to go without saying, that immigration, with or without capital, will always try to assimilate itself to the state of society into which it comes. Every impulse of commerce is not to disturb any vexed issue until such issue throws itself immediately across the path. It never purposely molests a question of social order. So it is in the South.

Certain public men in both North and South have of late years made, with the kindest intentions, an unfortunate misuse of statistical facts to make it appear that public society in the South is doing, not all that should be done, but all it can do, for the establishment of permanent safety and harmony, through the elevation of the lower masses, especially, in the matter of public education. In truth, these facts do not prove the statement they are called upon to prove, and do the Southern States no kindness in lulling them to a belief in it. It is said, for instance, that certain Southern States are now spending more annually for public education in proportion to their taxable wealth than certain Northern States noted for the completeness of their public school systems. Mississippi may thus be compared with Massachusetts. But really the comparison is a sad injustice to the Southern State; for a century of public education has helped to make Massachusetts so rich that she is able to spend annually twenty dollars per head upon the children in her public schools, while Mississippi, laying a heavier tax, spends upon hers but two dollars per head. Manifestly it is unfair to compare a State whose public school system is new with any whose system is old. The public school property of Ohio, whose population is one million, is over twice as great as that of ten States of the New South whose population is three and a half times as large. And yet one does not need to go so far as the "New West" to find States whose taxpayers spend far more for public education than Southern communities thus far see the wisdom or need of investing. With one-third more wealth than Virginia, and but one-tenth the percentage of illiteracy, Iowa spends over four times as much per year for public instruction. With one-fourth less wealth than Alabama, and but one-fourteenth the percentage of illiteracy, Nebraska spends three and a half times as much per year for public instruction. With about the same wealth as North Carolina, and less than one-eighth the percentage of illiteracy, Kansas spends over five times as much per year for public education. If the comparison be moved westward again into new regions, the Territory of Dakota is seen making an "expenditure in the year *per capita* on average attendance in the public schools," of \$25.77, being more than the sum of the like *per capita* expenditures by Mississippi, South Carolina, Tennessee, North Carolina, Alabama,

and Georgia combined. In Colorado it is about the same as in Dakota, while in Nevada it is much greater and in Arizona twice as large. As to comparative wealth, the taxable wealth of Dakota, in 1880 at least, was but one two-thousandth part of that of the six States with which it is compared.

Now what is the real truth in these facts? That the full measure of this American public school idea, and of that Elevation idea of which it is an exponent, and which has had so much to do toward making the people of the Northern States the wealthiest people in the world, waits in the South, not mainly an increase of wealth, but rather the consent of the Southern white man to see society's best and earliest safety, and quickest, greatest and most lasting aggrandizement, in that public equality of all men, that national citizenship, wider than race and far wider than the lines of private society, which makes the elevation of the masses, by everything that tends to moral, æsthetical, and intellectual education, in school and out of school, the most urgent and fruitful investment of public wealth and trust. Just this sincere confession. All the rest will follow. The black man will not merely be tolerated in his civil and political rights, as now sometimes he is and sometimes he is not; but he will be welcomed into, and encouraged and urged to, a true understanding, valuation, and acceptance of every public duty and responsibility of citizenship, according to his actual personal ability to respond. He will be told not merely that he *may* vote some particular way, but that a non-voter is a nuisance and he *must* vote his own way and face the results. Party platforms will declare and pledge the same protections, and no others, to him in all his public rights and from all public wrongs and ignominies, as if, being otherwise just what he is, he were white.

To effect this is not the herculean and dangerous task it is sometimes said to be. The North has 20,000,000 foreign immigrants to Americanize, and only this way to do it. The South, for all her drawbacks, has this comparative advantage: that her lower mass, however ignorant and debased, is as yet wholly American in its notions of order and government. All that is wanting is to more completely Americanize her upper class—a class that is already ruling and will still rule when the change is made; that wants to rule wisely and prosperously, and that has no conscious intention of being un-American. Only this: to bring the men of best blood and best brain in the South to-day, not to a new and strange doctrine, but back to the faith of their fathers. Let but this be done, and there may be far less cry of Peace, Peace, than now; but there will be a peace and a union between the nation's two great historic sections such as they have not seen since Virginia's Washington laid down his sword and her Jefferson his pen.

GEORGE W. CABLE.

FREDERICK III.

EVERY one who last June witnessed the glorious procession of the Queen to and from Westminster Abbey, will ever remember one royal figure towering above all the rest, the Crown Prince of Germany, as he was then, resplendent in his silver helmet and the white tunic of the Prussian Cuirassiers—the very picture of manly strength. He is now the Emperor of Germany, and when we think of him as travelling from San Remo to Berlin through storm and snow, wrapped up in his grey Hohenzollern cloak, a sad and silent man, is there in all history a more tragic contrast? But there beats in the breast of Frederick III. the same stout heart that upheld Frederick II. at Hochkirchen. He does not know what danger means, whether it come from within or from without. “I face my illness,” he said to his friends, “as I faced the bullets at Königgrätz and Wörth.” And forward he rides undismayed, following the trumpet-call of duty, and not swerving one inch from the straight and rugged path which now lies open before him.

There was a time when his friends imagined a very different career for him. They believed that he might succeed to the throne in the very prime of manhood. His father, the late Emperor, then Prince of Prussia, had been the most unpopular man since 1848, and it was considered by no means impossible that he might think it right to decline the crown and to abdicate in favour of his son. The star of Prussia was very low in 1848, and it sank lower and lower during the last years of the afflicted King, Frederick William IV. Few people only were aware of the changes that had taken place in the political views of the Prince of Prussia, chiefly during his stay in England, and the best spirits of the time looked upon his son, Prince Frederick William, as the only man who could be trusted to inau-

gurate a new era in the history of Prussia. His marriage with the Princess Royal of England gave still stronger zest to these hopes, for while he was trusted as likely to realize the national yearnings after a united Germany, she was known as the worthy daughter of her father and mother, at that time the only truly constitutional rulers in Europe. England was then the ideal of all German Liberals, and a close political alliance with England was considered the best solution of all European difficulties. Young men, and old men too, dreamt dreams, little knowing how distant their fulfilment should be, and how dashed with sorrow, when at last they should come to be fulfilled.

The Prince himself knew probably nothing about the hopes that were then centred on him, but, for a man of his vigour and his eagerness to do some useful work, the long years of inactivity which followed were a severe trial. It has been the tradition in Prussia that the heir to the throne is allowed less power and influence than almost anybody. He may be a soldier, but, whether as a soldier or as a politician, he is expected to stand aloof, to keep silent and to obey. In the violent constitutional conflicts which began soon after his father's accession to the throne, the young Crown Prince felt himself isolated and unable to side with either party in a struggle the nature of which he could not approve, and the distant objects of which he was not allowed to foresee. What could be more trying to him than this enforced neutrality, when he and those nearest and dearest to him felt, whether rightly or wrongly, that the safety of the throne was being jeopardized, and the great future of Prussia, as the leader of the German people, forfeited for ever?

It would, however, be a mistake to imagine that the years of his manhood have been passed in idleness. Good care is taken in Prussia that no one, not even the heir to the Crown, should enjoy a sinecure. It required hard work for the Crown Prince to make himself a soldier, such as he has proved himself in two wars, but he never flinched from these military duties, whether they were congenial to him or not. Then came his social duties, his constant visits to foreign courts, his representative functions on every great occasion in Germany or in Prussia. And, besides these public duties, he made plenty of work for himself in which, helped and inspired by the Crown Princess, he could more freely follow the natural bent of his mind and his heart. The pupil of Professor Curtius, he preserved through life a warm interest in historical and archæological researches. When he was able to help he was ready to do so, and a limited sphere of independent action was at last given him, as the patron of all museums and collections of works of art in Prussia. The conscientious discharge of these duties, often under considerable difficulties, has borne ample fruit, and will not easily be forgotten by

those who worked under him and with him. And, as the Crown Princess assisted him, so he was able to support the Crown Princess in her indefatigable endeavours to improve the education of women, the nursing of the poor, the sanitary state of dwellings, and in many other social reforms which were far from popular when they were first started in Prussia by an Englishwoman. Only in political questions which were so near his heart he had no voice, nay, his own ideas had often to be kept concealed, lest they might encounter even more determined opposition than they would if advanced by others. The political views of the Crown Prince and those who thought with him have often been criticized, and the best answer to them has been found in the success of that policy of which neither he nor his father, when he was still Prince of Prussia, could fully approve. Men think, because they are wiser now, they were wiser then; but a successful policy is not necessarily the wisest policy.

“There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.”

During the Crimean war there were most competent judges who considered an alliance of Prussia with Austria and the Western Powers as the wisest policy, and who looked on the course adopted by the wavering brain of Frederick William IV. as disastrous to the future of Germany. Those who persuaded the King of Prussia to side with Russia may no doubt point with pride to the immense success which their policy has since achieved. They may claim the merit of having cajoled Russia into neutrality during the Austrian campaign, and again of having secured her sympathies by secret promises during the Franco-German war. But they forget that an open alliance of Prussia and Austria with England, France and Italy might have prevented the Crimean war altogether, and many of the fatal consequences that have sprung from it. Anyhow, we have now reached again the same point where the principal nations of Europe stood before the beginning of the Crimean war. Many changes, no doubt, have taken place in the meantime, but the fundamental question remains the same, How can the permanent peace of Europe be secured? So long as that question remains unanswered, so long as that old riddle remains unsolved, the new Emperor need not think that even now he has come too late, or that his father has left him no laurels to win.

The question is, whether the Germanic nations of Europe and America can be made to combine, and to form a League of Peace which will make war in Europe impossible. It is no secret that the formation of such a League has been the chief aim of German diplomacy ever since 1872. That league was to be formed on the *uti possidetis* principle, not for offensive, but entirely for defensive pur-

poses. Much progress has already been made, and nothing has done so much to clear the political atmosphere of Europe as the recent publication of the treaty, concluded some years ago, between Germany and Austria. Though it may have been known before to those whom it most concerns, its simple avowal has opened the eyes of both the Russian and the French people, and has shown them what are the risks which they have to face if they mean once more to disturb the peace of Europe. The treaty of amity between Germany and Italy has not yet been divulged, but politicians must be very dull if they cannot guess its spirit. That Spain and Sweden are animated by the same love of peace as Germany, and that they anticipate danger from the same quarters which threaten Germany on the East and on the West, has likewise been shown by signs that cannot be misunderstood. What remains to be done in order to complete the European League of Peace? Nothing but a clear understanding between Germany and England. This is the work which Providence seems to have carved out for the present Emperor of Germany. There is no time to be lost, and he should try to achieve it with all his might.

It is not an easy work ; if it were, it would not have been delayed so long. But never was there a time more favourable than now. England and America are forgetting their petty rivalries, and there is a strong feeling on both sides of the Atlantic that war between two kindred nations would be an absurdity, and that all questions that might lead to war should be decided by arbitration. The recognition of such a principle by two of the most powerful nations in the world must react in time on the minds of European statesmen. England and Germany too are kindred nations, and though divided by the "silver streak," they feel more and more, as dynastic policy is giving way before the supremacy of the national will, that blood is thicker than water. The little squabbles arising from the new colonial enterprises of Germany are unworthy of two great nations. There is room in the world for both of them, and even side by side no colonists can work so heartily together as Germans and Englishmen.

But what makes the present moment particularly favourable for diplomatic action is the existence of a strong Government in England, a Government above party, or representing the best elements of both parties. Even those who form the Opposition seem, with few exceptions, to be inspired by the same sentiments with regard to foreign policy as those which Lord Salisbury has very openly expressed. There is, of course, a strong feeling that England should not with a light heart enter on a quarrel with France, but there is no necessity whatever for that. Whenever England and Germany can come to a perfect mutual understanding, the League of Peace will become so

powerful that no gun can be fired in the whole of Europe against the combined and compact will of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sweden, and Spain. To, no countries will the formation of such a league be a greater blessing than to those against whom it may seem to be formed, France and Russia. If Russia can be taught that wars of conquest in Europe are hereafter a sheer impossibility, she may continue the conquest of Central Asia, or, better still, begin the real conquest of Russia by means of agriculture, industry, schools, universities, and political organization. If France finds herself faced once for all by the determined No of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain, she may again enjoy peace with honour at home, and this her toiling millions will soon learn to appreciate far better than honour without peace abroad.

No doubt such a Peace-Insurance requires premiums. Each country will have to sacrifice something, and make up its mind once for all as to its alliances in the future. England has to choose between an alliance with Russia and France, or an alliance with Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain and Sweden. The former means chronic war, the latter peace, at least, for some time to come. As to a mere dallying policy, it is not only unworthy of a great nation, but in the present state of Europe threatens to become suicidal. Nor should there be any secrecy about all this, but, as in the case of the treaty between Germany and Austria, there should be perfect outspokenness between nation and nation. The benefit will be immeasurable. England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sweden, and Spain, all want peace. Not one of them wants an inch of ground in Europe more than they have at present, and yet they are crushed and crippled by their military armaments which are necessitated solely by the unfulfilled ambition of France and Russia. The majority of the French nation is still hankering for war, and if Russia could only be persuaded to join the French Republic against the German Empire we should have another war more terrible than any which our century has witnessed.

But will not even France and Russia combined recoil before the determined and united will of Europe? The present Emperor of Germany is a true German, but he knows that above patriotism there soar the higher duties of humanity. The present Government in England is a patriotic rather than a party Government, and it has learnt this one lesson at least from the experience of Free Trade, that the welfare of every country is intimately connected with the welfare of its neighbours. The present Government may dare to do what no mere party Government would have power to do. It can speak in the name of the whole nation, and pledge the good faith, not of one party only, but of the English people at large, in support of a foreign policy which would change, as if by magic, the whole face of the world, and ~~almost starving~~ almost starving

people from the crushing weight of what is called the armed peace of Europe.

There is here a glorious battle to win, more glorious even than Königgrätz and Sedan, and whatever the future may have in store for the new Emperor, this work is distinctly pointed out for him to do. He has often, brave soldier that he is, expressed his horror of war, and has never hesitated to show his love and admiration for England, sometimes perhaps more than his own countrymen have liked. What the feelings of the English people are for him and his consort has been clearly shown during the last weeks. England has been truly mourning, and not even in their own country could more fervent prayers have been offered for the Emperor and the Empress, or more hearty sympathy have been expressed for them in their sore trials. Whatever the terms may be on which England can join the League of Peace, the Emperor may be trusted as an honest friend and mediator. His task will be no easy one, for his loyalty will never allow him to forget what is due to Russia as a powerful neighbour, and on many occasions a faithful ally. And if any one is strong enough in Germany to dare to satisfy some of the national desires of France, it is again he alone who as Crown Prince was ready to sacrifice his life for the reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine. His impulses are generous, sometimes too generous, and will have to be moderated by that wise counsellor to whom the new Emperor looks up with the same trust and loyalty as his father before him. But if the new Emperor craves for work, real work that is worth living for, the work is there ready for him. As long as there is life there is hope, and as long as there is hope there ought to be life and work and devotion to Royal duty. The greatest of the Hohenzollerns have always been distinguished by their indefatigable industry, their self-denial, and their exalted sense of duty. The world will wait and watch with the deepest interest whether even the shadow of death, under which, after all, all human endeavour has to be carried on, will be able to darken, or will not rather bring out in fuller relief the noble qualities inherited by the present Emperor, and which from his earliest youth have made him the hope and the darling of his people.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

NEW JACOBINISM AND OLD MORALITY.

"Quid civitates sine justitia nisi magna latrocinia?"
AUGUSTINE.

SUPPORTERS of national unity have made one grave mistake: they have relied far too much on appeals to reason and to common sense; they have not addressed themselves with anything like due vigour to the moral convictions of the people. The error was explainable; the Unionist position is so strong on the side of policy and experience that its defenders have naturally trusted to argument, and have neglected appeals to feeling or passion. But the mistake, though a natural, was a serious error, and has worked untold damage to the Unionist cause. Gladstonians have obtained the monopoly of all the taking phrases which have, with the majority of mankind, tenfold the force of cogent reasoning. "Justice to Ireland," "repentance for past wrongs," "pity for suffering," "the superiority of the rule of love to the rule of law"—these and the like catch-words have become the property of rhetoricians who, bankrupt in argument, are rich in sentimentality; in public as in private life the man of sentiment is assured of popular favour. Joseph Surface is admired by persons far worthier than himself, till experience proves that a man of sentiment need not be a man of sound morality. Large bodies, again, of Englishmen have come to believe that a party which did not dwell upon the moral strength of its policy was conscious of some moral weakness in its cause. The damage done by this suspicion has been, in the strictest sense, incalculable. The English people are far more accessible to ethical convictions than to intellectual ideas. Slavery was abolished, not because the maintenance of slavery was impolitic, but because English men and English women became convinced that slavery was wrong; the fall of Lord Beaconsfield was certain from the moment when the

electorate believed that the maintenance of a Tory Government in England involved the continuance of tyranny and torture in the East; the cause of Italy was won at the bar of English opinion when the defence of Rome made patent to every man and woman throughout the land the immorality of intervention by Republican France on behalf of Papal despotism. This influence of conscience on English opinion is no recent phenomenon, but a permanent national characteristic. Outraged moral feeling engaged the English people, heart and soul, in the war with France. Burke as an advocate of conciliation with America could not obtain a hearing: Burke as the denouncer of the Regicide Peace roused the whole nation to arms. The cause of the difference is obvious. During the contest with America Englishmen believed that they were fighting in a just cause, and they paid no heed to the statesman who bade them forego their rights. When Burke denounced all compromise with the French Republic he was aided by the teaching of events. Every mail from Paris told of violence, bloodshed, treachery, and Burke easily convinced Englishmen that Jacobinism meant wickedness. From the moment when that lesson was learnt the policy of England was fixed past recall. There is no need to argue that Burke's view of French affairs was equitable or complete, though recent investigations into the dark places of revolutionary history demonstrate that Burke's insight, coloured though it was by passion, penetrated far more deeply into the true nature of the Revolution than did the rhetorical benevolence and the ignorant enthusiasm of Fox. What at the present time must be pressed home upon the attention of thoughtful men is that at the close of the last century, as at every crisis of our fortunes, the moral convictions of England determined the action of the nation. Englishmen, in common with all races gifted with political instincts, have always exhibited deeper confidence in the elementary rules of conduct than in the maxims of statecraft; and in this the English people have shown wisdom, for the elementary precepts of ethics are nothing else than the best established laws of political science. Let the idea prevail that the Unionist position is morally unsound and the Unionist cause is lost. The suspicion, however, is groundless. My aim is to show that the cause of Unionism is founded on the plainest rules of morality, and that the supporters of the Union are not only the wise, but the moral party. To establish this, let me add, is to do more than merely strengthen the hands of statesmen contending for the unity of the nation. The proof of my position puts us all in a better situation for understanding the contest in which we are engaged, for it shows that the differences between Unionists and Gladstonians are caused not so much by the faults or mistakes of individual politicians, as by profound differences of principle which, even were our Irish difficulties removed, would still divide the nation into hostile camps.

Home Rulers allege, or more often imply, that the position of Unionists is open to two fatal moral objections.

To deny Home Rule to Ireland is (it is asserted) to deny the "sacred principle of nationality." Englishmen who sympathized with the struggle for the national independence of Italy, cannot, without the grossest inconsistency, deny their sympathy to the efforts made by Irishmen to obtain recognition for Irish nationality.

This argument allows any amount of oratorical ornament, and commends itself to speakers who mistake an illustration for a proof. It is, however, at every point unsound.

The "principle of nationality" means, as far as a definite meaning can be given to a vague phrase, that any body of persons who feel themselves a separate nation, possess a moral right to form a separate and independent political society. No ethical teacher has, however, established that any such principle as this is of universal obligation; it is indeed a dogma unprovable in itself and hardly admitting of consistent application; the attempt to apply it with consistency would lead to a series of wars as disastrous and far more groundless than the wars of religion. The principle of nationality can, in fact, be justified (if at all) only in so far as it may be shown to be a deduction from the general axioms of political expediency. There are circumstances (such, for example, as those of Italy) under which the assertion of a claim to national independence is a high duty; there are circumstances, on the other hand, under which the assertion of a similar demand may be an offence against the civilization of the world, and an offence which may justly be prevented by force. Few are the Liberals, though Mr. Gladstone may, for aught I know, be one of them, who deny that the secession of the Southern States was an offence against public morality, and that the victory of the Union was the triumph both of freedom and of justice. Grant, however, for the sake of argument, that the principle of nationality is a moral axiom. This concession, unwarranted though it be, does not shake the Unionist position. For opposition to Home Rule does not contravene the principle of nationality, and this, for two reasons which, though frequently stated, must be re-stated until they are understood.

First.—Home Rule is not demanded by the people of Ireland as a nation; it is not, that is to say, demanded by the whole country in anything like the sense in which independence must be claimed by the whole of a people who, like the Italians, can make good their appeal to the principle of nationality. We must not be the slaves of words: we must not be hoodwinked by constitutional formulas or fictions. A national demand means a demand which represents the wishes of all that is healthy, energetic, influential in a country. Numbers are much, but numbers are not everything. Whether the

farmers and peasants of Lombardy or of Southern Italy were prepared to risk life and limb for the sake of unity is open to doubt. What is not doubtful is that the bravest, the wisest, the noblest of the sons of Italy hated with an irreconcilable hatred (and this for causes which were clear, patent, and reasonable) the predominance of Austria and the tyranny of the Bourbon. If the peasantry were apathetic, there could not have been found in Lombardy any large body of Italians who deprecated separation from the Austrian Empire. The case of Ireland is the antithesis to that of Lombardy. Home Rule is detested by the wealth, the vigour, the honesty of the land. To say that the Protestants of Ulster and of the rest of Ireland do not wish for separation is miserably to understate the moral plea in favour of the Union; they abominate Home Rule. This feeling does not, it may be granted, imply warm attachment to England; they detest Home Rule not because they love England, but because Home Rule would break them off from a large and prosperous State, and subject them to the authority of men they hate and despise. Home Rule means to Ulstermen subjection to Dublin and to Cork. Honest enthusiasts for nationality see that this is so, and suggest the separation of Ulster from the rest of Ireland. The suggestion damns the policy of Home Rule, for it means that Ireland should be governed in a fashion desired neither by England nor by Ireland, and that Englishmen should concede Home Rule to Mr. Parnell and his followers, under a form in which Home Rule is not desired by any Home Ruler; the suggestion also contradicts the theory on which it is based, for it involves the denial that Ireland is a nation.

Secondly.—The demand for Home Rule is itself inconsistent with the principle of nationality; the claim for State rights surrenders the claim for national existence. Hence the moral arguments available for a Nationalist, such as was Mazzini, are not available for a *bonâ fide* Home Ruler, such as is Mr. Gladstone. That the attempt to identify two things which are in reality self-contradictory, leads to nothing but confusion of thought and of conduct hardly needs proof when a statesman of repute* makes it apparently a grievance that Irishmen are arrested in London for political crimes committed in Ireland. Is it allowable to suggest that he has never read the Fugitive Offenders' Act, 1881, and does not know that he claims for Ireland the position not of a British Colony, such as Victoria, but of a foreign country, such as France? Can he have reflected on the at least possible consequences of applying to Ireland the principle of the Extradition Acts? Does he know that it is more than arguable that if at the time of the Phoenix Park assassinations—a political crime, if ever there was one—Ireland had been held a foreign country within the scope of the Extradition Acts,

* See speech of Sir George Trevelyan, reported 51 Hansard, p. 393.

the assassins might by crossing to England have enjoyed the satisfaction of at once glorying in their act, and escaping its punishment. While Ireland is part of the British Empire, Ireland cannot be to England a foreign country.*

The denial of Home Rule to Ireland is, it has been alleged, opposed to the spirit of Christ, and England's Christianity is supposed by persons professing authority to speak in the name of religion to be tested by her attitude towards Gladstonian policy.

Till recently, indeed, this notion has been broached mainly by pamphleteers, whose ejaculatory piety is more fervid than impressive, such for example as Mr. Robert Spence Watson, who exclaims, "Ah, that eleventh Chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, nay, the history of the Hebrews themselves, might give pause even to the Marquis of Salisbury, or to John Bright in his latter days."† But now a body of divines, pretending to speak for the Church of England, announce authoritatively that the policy of Mr. Gladstone is the only Irish policy "consistent with those principles of equal justice and charity to all men which we profess and teach in our Master's name."‡ The zealots who thus preach the religion of democracy, and unconsciously, it may be, identify want of faith in Gladstonianism with want of faith in God and disloyalty to the teaching of Christ, the preachers who proclaim in effect that to assert the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, or to constrain obedience to the law in Ireland, involves indifference to the dictates of piety, are not strong in logic; as reasoners they fall below criticism, but, as has been said of the enthusiasts of another age, the weakness of their arguments alarms me, for the weakness of their arguments discovers the strength of their passions. The notion that somehow or other the advocacy of Home Rule is in conformity with the principles of Christianity, is an idea which is widespread, and which exerts, as (if true) it ought to exert, immense influence. Just

* The sacredness of the principle of nationality is sometimes used as meaning the expediency and justice of giving ample recognition to the claims of national character, of recognizing, for example, when dealing with the Irish, the traditions and characteristics of the Irish people, just as we all recognize the traditions and characteristics of the Scotch people. To the principle of nationality as explained in this reasonable and limited sense, Unionists offer no opposition whatever. It would be an evil day for the whole United Kingdom should the generous youth of Ireland ever cease to be moved by the memorials of genius and patriotism enshrined in Trinity College. Every man of common sense and of common feeling must wish Irishmen to foster the special gifts of the Irish people. Unionists, above all men, should make it a duty to honour the grand and distinctive sides of Irish character; for the moral justification of the Union is the gain to the whole State of combining for the benefit of one political society the distinctive character and gifts of each of three different countries. It is an impressive fact that the national genius of Scotland was made manifest to the world when the political independence of Scotland had ceased to be desired by Scotchmen.

† See "The Proper Limits of Obedience to the Law," by Robert Spence Watson, LL.D., p. 19. See also "Our Christianity Tested by the Irish Question," by Mrs. Josephine E. Butler, with which should be read the reply thereto, "Our Christianity Defended," by an Irish Churchman.

‡ See *Daily News*, March 2, 1888.

and good men may well deplore the recklessness which imports the august name of the Christian religion into the party conflicts of the day ; fanatics who bring the ark into the battle desecrate the holiest of symbols, but happily do not secure for themselves victory. When, however, reasoning is used, which in fact amounts to this : that our belief in Christ is tested by our belief in Gladstone, and that to punish crime or treason in Ireland is to renounce the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount, we are bound to accept the challenge. It is high time to prove that the policy of Unionists violates no canon of equity, and may be supported, as it is supported, by men and women whose Christian principles are as well attested as the Christianity of the most religious among the palliators of outrage, or among the vindicators of the organized fraud known as the Plan of Campaign.

The new application of theological dogmatism to the ends of party warfare derives all show of plausibility from two assumptions : first, that opposition to Home Rule violates the "principle of nationality," secondly that the principle of nationality derives special sanction from the teaching of Christ and of the Apostles. The first of these assumptions has been proved groundless. It is well, however, to expose the invalidity of the second. The point must be pressed hard in order to expel from the field of public life a noxious form of religious intolerance. When we are, not of course in so many words but in effect, asked for the love of Christ to vote for Mr. Gladstone, and are adjured by our trust in God to confide Ireland to the rule of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Healy, and Mr. Davitt, we all feel that the fervour of Home Rulers is leading them into absurdities which might be described by a harsher name were it not for the obvious sincerity of the fanaticism which identifies the sentimentality of Radicalism with the stern morality of religion. It is well, however, to consider for a moment wherein consists the absurdity or incongruity of such identification. The matter can be made clear by a little patient thought. Christianity is not a political code, it is a spirit : in so far as it is a body of rules at all, it is a code of private morality. It moulds indeed the heart and conduct of individuals, and by raising the standard of each man's private action raises also the standard of our civil duties ; with forms of government it has no direct concern ; it has not directly attacked or ordained any human institutions. Does Christianity, for instance, forbid slavery ? * The answer is easy enough to any man who looks facts in the face. Christian teaching does not explicitly condemn slave holding. Social conditions are conceivable under which institutions embraced within the wide name of slavery might for a time be tolerated by Christians, but the spirit of Christianity is inconsistent with slavery,

* See an excellent tract on this subject, "Christianity and Slavery," by H. Hensley Henson, B.A.

and wherever the Christian spirit penetrates slavery perishes. Christianity destroys what it does not forbid. To put the same thing in a general form, any institution or custom opposed to the morality of Christ, dies under Christian influence. On forms then of polity, Christianity has no immediate bearing. To a fair-minded critic it is absolutely impossible to identify its moral dogmas with the sentiment of modern democratic nationalism. From no part of the Bible, and assuredly from no part of the New Testament, will any candid student learn that the voice of the people is the voice of God, or deduce "the right divine of mobs to govern wrong." No reading of history is more perverse than the fancy that Christianity specially favours the extreme doctrines of nationalism. The Nationalists of the Christian era were the Pharisees and the zealots—the religious fanatics who treated publicans as moral lepers because a publican represented an alien law. These were the men who refused tribute to Cæsar lest they should compromise the sovereign rights of Jehovah; who saw nothing in Roman authority but foreign tyranny, and (naturally enough) were blind to the fact, patent to every modern historian, that the Empire, with all its corruptions and all its idolatry, upheld conceptions of equal justice and impartial tolerance which Providence would not let die. The blindness—the very pardonable blindness—of Jewish nationalism is worth notice because it is the salient example of a constantly recurring delusion. Age after age mankind has repeated the attempt to identify true religion with the prevalence of definite political theories, or with the favourite virtues or sentiment of the time. Age after age the attempt has ended in disaster. The Christianized Empire looks like, and is revered as, the Church triumphant; the Empire does not become holy, and the Church is infected with the corruptions of the State. A feudal society gives a martial tone to religion, and the fervour of the Crusaders shows, as has been well said, how easily nations can be led to seek the living among the dead. The rise of regal power restores peace and order to the State, and men as wise and virtuous as any statesman now living, came to believe with their whole hearts that the divine right of kings is a dogma of religion; nor will any one ever understand the sincerity with which sages and patriots offered fulsome flattery to Henry VIII., to Elizabeth, to James, and to Charles, who overlooks the family similarity between a Cavalier's belief in the divine right of the Crown, and a modern democrat's faith in the divine right of the people. Belief in the Heaven-sent prerogatives of kings begets despotism; and by a natural reaction, arouses in England that trust in the reign of the Saints which in its turn produces such hypocrisy as for a time shakes the inborn belief of Englishmen in godliness. Is there the least reason to suppose that the attempt to worship democratic senti-

ment under Christian forms will lead to any happier result ? I know of none.

I have dwelt, at what may seem inordinate length, on the delusion that to oppose Home Rule is in some sense to deny Christian principle. My reason for doing so is that this allegation, absurd though in itself it sounds, has a serious significance, and contains the essential question at issue between Unionists and their so-called democratic opponents. Zealots who preach that our Christianity is tested by the Irish question embody in their rant a true meaning of which they themselves do not appreciate the full import. What they mean is that the maintainers of the Union repudiate that new code of revolutionary morality which, in the eyes of the sincerest among its English devotees, is identified with Christian ethics.

The nature of the new code deserves examination.

Its fundamental axiom is unrestricted confidence in the benevolent and democratic emotions of the day.

This is what is meant by "trust in the people," by "faith in human nature," by "eulogies of the masses at the expense of the classes," by the opposition (which is essentially false) between kindness and law, or, in other words, between love and justice. As the democratic sentiment of the day contains with much that is humane, benevolent, and good, much also which is weak, ignoble, false, and evil, a creed based on trust in this sentiment inculcates maxims in which truth is strangely blended with falsehood. We are told to "pity the sufferings of the poor;" this is well. But our teachers at once assume that because poverty is miserable, paupers must at any cost be relieved, and relief must take a form which does not distress the sufferers. "Trust the instincts of the people;" the maxim may within limits be sound. What we are never reminded of is that popular instincts are as often wrong as right. A century ago the great heart of the people prompted the Scotch to denounce any relaxation in the penal laws against Catholics, and drove the mob of London to burn down Catholic chapels and Jewish synagogues. We are adjured to pity the poverty of Irish tenants evicted from their homes. Pity is good, but the homes of tenants are the property of their landlords, and it were well that we were reminded that a landlord in Ireland has as much right to take his property into his own hands when the law allows it, as has a landlord in London. An evicted tenant is, as things stand, often a debtor who, with the means of payment in his pocket, refuses to pay his debts. If Irish, like other landlords, are at times wanting in generosity, it is not the right of the English public to force generosity upon any class of the community. No man or body of men have a moral claim to be generous at another person's expense. We are told to respect the feeling of the masses rather than the intelligence of the classes. The lesson

may occasionally be necessary, but in common fairness let the doctrine be also enforced that the classes no less than the masses go to make up the community, and that the essence of just Government is that it should regard not the interest of the poor or of the rich as such, but the welfare of the whole nation. Here, however, we come across the second great article of the new morality.

This is nothing less than the belief that the majority of a nation, rhetorically styled the People, will always govern rightly.

"*Vox populi, vox Dei*," is not yet the avowed doctrine of Englishmen, but it is a notion which under one form or another profoundly influences English democrats. Eighty-six Irish members demand Home Rule, an independent Parliament, therefore, must be conceded to Ireland. The People, by which term is in this case meant some thousands of London roughs, wish to meet in Trafalgar Square; hence Trafalgar Square must be given up to their use even though their right to meet there be acknowledged by no law, and though its exercise injure every tradesman in the neighbourhood, endanger the peace of London, and impose useless expense upon overweighted taxpayers. From the nature of things the politics of emotionalism cannot be consistent. Sentiment confounds the wish of the populace with the will of the people. The result is noteworthy. The mob of Trafalgar Square are encouraged to set at naught the Executive which holds the power, and the laws which express the will of the nation; and democrats, prepared to teach John Bright the rudiments of democratic faith, defy that sovereignty of the people which is the corner-stone of popular government.

If the positive side of democratic ethics be belief in the prevalent feeling or impulse of the day, its negative side is contempt for the authority of law and for any right which, though sanctioned by the law of the land, opposes the dictates of popular opinion.

Disbelief in the moral authority of the law is now so well established an article of belief among the devotees of democratic religion, that whoever hints that it may be the duty of good citizens to respect the law of the land and to obey the national Executive, which attempts to put the law in force, is thought rather to propound a paradox than to state a truism. "Remember Mitchelstown," were words understood and admired by ardent Gladstonians; when their revered leader expressed the opinion that the right to meet in Trafalgar Square ought to be determined not by a riot, but by an action, he uttered language which not only disgusted but perplexed his admirers. When the people have spoken, laws they thought should be silent; what have judges and lawyers, or even jurymen, to say against the claim of the people of whom they are the servants to assemble in the people's chosen meeting-place? It were superfluous to argue that respect for law, as such, is a principle neither acknowledged nor enforced by

a party whose heroes and martyrs are Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Cunningham Graham, and Mr. Burns. Yet it may be well to illustrate a matter which stands in no need of proof. The Plan of Campaign is based on defiance of law. Where is the leading Liberal who dares openly denounce not the violence to which the Plan may lead, but the Plan itself? It were vain to ask for denunciation, we must be satisfied if our English Home Rulers abstain from encouragement. But even this, it seems, is too much to ask. A politician whose name and position gives a weight to his words, which they certainly do not in themselves possess, in substance, though not verbally, defends the celebrated or notorious Plan which he is pleased to designate as "technically illegal." *

An ecclesiastical dignitary entertains at his deanery during a contested election the defender, and, unless I am mistaken, one of the authors of a scheme of lawlessness which, if practised in England, might strip every dean of his revenues. The Dean of Winchester is countenanced by respectable companions; ex-Cabinet Ministers promote the election to a seat in Parliament of a man whose only claim to become a law-maker is the popularity he may have gained as a deliberate law-breaker. And every day politicians of character and of repute assert, in one form of language or another, that the exaction by Irish landlords of rent which is still legally theirs, partakes of the moral guilt of theft or extortion. Here we reach the root of the whole matter.

The theory hitherto acknowledged by every civilized community is, that the State exists for the protection of the legal rights of all its members. Rich and poor, employers and artisans, landowners and tenants, may (it has been supposed) exercise in freedom every legal right, subject only to the check imposed by opinion or by conscience. Whoever violates these rights has been deemed a criminal. This is not the creed of the new school. The State exists, on their view, for the enforcement of obedience not to the law but to the moral sentiment of the hour. To exercise legal rights which offend popular ideas of morality is to commit a moral crime, which must not be aided or tolerated by law. Put this doctrine at its best and it means that the State must enforce not justice but benevolence; put this view in its less favourable aspect and it means that the sensationalism of newspaper editors, and the fluctuating passions of a mob, may fix the

* "Much had been said about the illegality of the Plan of Campaign and its failure; and he did not dispute that technically the Plan was illegal and susceptible of grave danger in any well-ordered community; but what proof had been given that in its effect and its working during the last twelve months it had done any injustice to anybody? Would it be said that the settlements on the estates to which the Plan had been applied would have been effected if the Plan had not been carried on? Would the hundreds of poor tenants on the Kingston estate have got the benefit of the Government Land Act of last year but for the action of the Plan of Campaign?" Speech of Mr. H. Gladstone, *The Times*, February 16, 1888. It is absolutely vain to deny that these words constitute a defence both of the Plan of Campaign and of breaking the law of the land. *

measure of a citizen's legal rights. From this policy of benevolence, or of passion, flow, by a moral necessity, consequences which may well astound philanthropists and democrats. Departure from the severe and fixed rule of impersonal law, enthrones the capricious reign of popular favouritism; the old evil of privileged and of disfranchised classes which it was the best work of democracy to destroy, revives under a new form. That a member of Parliament who, in obedience to popular sentiment, violates the law should be treated as a criminal is shocking; to put him on his trial betrays the baseness of the Government; to convict him shows the corruption of the Bench; to put him like other prisoners to the picking of oakum is an outrage on morality. So strong is the force of emotion that democrats forget the first principles of democracy, and rhetorically foam with rage because a criminal who is a gentleman is treated with the same severity as a criminal who is a half-starved pauper. A rough, again, who maims a policeman is always an assertor of freedom. A farmer who refuses to pay his rent is always a village Hampden; an eviction is invariably an act of injustice; ruffians and tenants are always in the right, constables or landlords are always in the wrong. The leniency of political sentimentalists towards suffering poverty has in it a touch of humanity, if not of virtue. Not so much can be said for the moral proscription of the wealthy, and of every man engaged in protecting the legal rights of the rich. Here we see, in its worst form, that contempt for the rights of individuals to freedom, to character, and to property, which is the essential vice of revolutionary ethics. "Blood is flowing, but is the blood so pure?" This is the hideous question which opened the tragedy of the French Revolution. Is boycotting worse than exclusive dealing? Are not the landlords of Ireland tainted with hereditary guilt? Are the outrages of to-day worse than the outrages of '98? Is it well to denounce the oppression say of the Curtins, when insults to innocent women represent the wrath of an injured people against their oppressors? Are the lives or limbs of constables so very sacred? Need any one pity the tortures of sheriffs' officers or of bailiffs? These are the inquiries suggested directly or indirectly by the doctors of the new morality; they contain in themselves the answers which will be given by our political casuists. But it is an error to talk of a new morality. The system of revolutionary ethics is no phenomenon of to-day; its immediate parentage is to be found among the French revolutionists. Ninety years have passed since some of its features were painted in words which have an eternal significance.

"Jacobinism is the revolt of the enterprising talents of a country against its property. When private men form themselves into associations for the purpose of destroying the pre-existing laws and institutions of their country;

when they secure to themselves an army by dividing amongst the people of no property the estates of the ancient and lawful proprietors; when a State recognizes those acts; when it does not make confiscations for crimes, but makes crimes for confiscations; when it has its principal strength and all its resources in such a violation of property; when it stands chiefly upon such a violation; massacring by judgments, or otherwise, those who make any struggle for their old legal government and their legal hereditary or acquired possessions—I call this *Jacobinism by establishment*.”*

This is the portrait of Jacobinism in its youth. New Radicalism is the child of old Jacobinism and exhibits with but slight change the familiar traits of its parent. Once again, as a century ago, *à priori* dogmatism apes the appearance of political wisdom. Superficial humanitarianism hardly conceals latent but profound brutality, and adopts the semblance of benevolence in order to oppose the reality of justice. The likeness is indeed in several points closer than Englishmen suppose. The horrors of the Terror have thrown into oblivion the genuine sentimentality of early Jacobinism. Nor, be it remarked, was it only Jacobins, in the ordinary sense of that word, who at the opening of the Revolution condoned crime committed in the attack on despotism; the treachery and the murder which disgraced the fall of the Bastille did not prevent Fox from declaring that event the greatest and best in the annals of mankind; and when every allowance is made for the exaggerations of Burke, it must be allowed that preachers in England blessed in the name of Christianity deeds abhorrent to humanity and religion. The first efforts of the Revolutionists, moreover, were like the efforts of our Home Rulers, directed towards increasing the authority of local bodies. To extend local self-government was a cry which then, as now, might well be used so as to disarm the national Executive. When the Government which represented the nation was helpless, the Jacobins enthroned the despotism of the metropolitan mob. The precedent is worth recording, when we see that Englishmen who demand Home Rule for Ireland appear to hold that Home Rule in London means the right of the populace to override the law. Nor, to say the truth, do the more vehement of our new Jacobins conceal their lineage. Leaders who convert a funeral into a political demonstration, and mingle the notes of the *Marseillaise* with the

* “Letters on a Regicide Peace,” Burke’s Works, vol. viii. p. 170. Burke is sometimes appealed to by Gladstonian controversialists as an authority in favour of Gladstonian policy. Any fair critic who is even moderately acquainted with Burke’s works, hears such an appeal with simple astonishment. Burke’s anti-revolutionary writings teem with sentences which might appear to be prophetically aimed at the favourite dogmas of Gladstonian Liberalism. The whole spirit of his teaching is as hostile to the new Jacobinism patronized by Mr. Gladstone as to the old Jacobinism patronized or tolerated by Fox. Home Rulers are becoming, it may be suspected, dimly conscious that the spirit of Burke is opposed to the spirit which inspires the Home Rule movement. They never cite Burke’s later writings; and eulogies of Fox are a sort of admission, that Home Rulers find the sentimentalism of the Whig rhetorician far more congenial to their taste than the political philosophy of the statesman whose hatred of the revolutionary spirit broke the Whig party to pieces.

utterances of the burial service, will not care to deny that they are descendants of Robespierre and Marat. It will be said indeed, and justly, that thousands of Gladstonian Liberals have no sympathy whatever with the mad antics of fanatics who form a Society for the protection of law and liberty whilst their teaching undermines the authority of the Courts and menaces the freedom of the individual. It is equally true that thousands of French reformers, or revolutionists, deprecated the violence of Jacobinism. The Jacobins, however, had their way, and the main reason of their success was that the principles or sentiments of Jacobinism were more or less admitted by men who abhorred the actions of the infamous Club. My contention is not that moderate Gladstonians are Jacobins, but that the principles which underlie and stimulate the enthusiasm of English Home Rulers lead directly, and have in fact led to, Jacobinism, and these principles and the acts which they suggest are accepted, or at any rate not denounced, by men who do not believe in the ethics of revolution, and who tolerate revolutionary morality for the sake of a policy which at all costs they have made their own. The quarrel between Unionists and Gladstonians is then no transitory wrangle; it would endure were the Irish question settled to-morrow, for it is based on essential differences of moral conviction. There is, as I have said, a real and important truth veiled under the wild figment that Unionist policy is opposed to Christianity. It is opposed to the new Jacobinism to which sincere enthusiasts ascribe a Christian sanction. Of a great Frenchman it has been said that the aim of his teaching was to place the *bonnet rouge* on the crucifix. This, too, in a sense, is the aim of the preachers who assert that our attitude towards the Irish question tests our Christianity. Their charge against the maintainers of the Union is that Unionists use faith to the whole creed of sensational sentimentality. We will not bow down before the blood-red, blood-stained cap of liberty, even though fanaticism present it to us for worship placed upon the cross of Christ.

To the heresy of New Jacobinism, Unionists oppose a creed of old and well worn morality. "It is with the greatest difficulty I am able to separate policy from justice. Justice is itself the greatest standing policy of civil society and any eminent departure from it under any circumstances lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all."—"I have no idea of a liberty which is disconnected with honesty and justice." These are the maxims in the strength of which Burke combated the revolutionary enthusiasm of the last century: these are the maxims with which English statesmen must meet the violence of revived Jacobinism. Justice is itself the standing policy of civil society. There is no such thing as liberty unconnected with honesty. These are the truths, homely though they be,

which animate England's opposition to the whole policy of which the demand for Home Rule is the most noticeable but not the most menacing result. On many points Unionists may differ, on one matter of principle they are all agreed; they are all prepared to fight for the maintenance throughout the whole State of every-day honesty and of common every-day fairness. The State, they are convinced, exists for the sake of maintaining justice between man and man. All the subtleties of statecraft, all the fervour of benevolence, all hopes of social regeneration, are worthless or noxious unless they acknowledge the principle that the State must secure, as far as anything can be secured by legislation, that every man, be he rich or poor, shall, under the protection of the law, enjoy the well understood rights of personal freedom, of reputation, and of property; and that fraud, conspiracy, robbery, cruelty, and murder shall be repressed, if possible, by the force of sound public opinion, and if this be not possible, then, by the stern, passionless, unswerving exercise of the authority of the nation. To give might to right, to render the rule of equal law supreme throughout the whole land, has been the unconscious and unremitting effort of the English people. The supreme duty of any statesman who wishes to preserve the unity of the nation is to warn the people of England that they be not turned aside by any lures of interest, of sentimentality, or of indolence, from the performance of England's appropriate, we may say in truth, England's providential, task. This, it will be said, is nothing but the preaching of antiquated moral platitudes. The charge is in one sense true. The morality of Unionism is commonplace, it is as trite as the words of the Catechism; it is certainly old-fashioned—it is as old as the Ten Commandments. "Thou shalt not murder, even though thy victim be a land-grabber;" "Thou shalt not steal, even though the money stolen be rent, and a system of robbery artfully confused with ideas of treason, be dignified by the title of the Plan of Campaign;" "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour, even though thy neighbour be a policeman, a magistrate, or an Irish Chief Secretary;" "thou shalt not stand by and consent to theft which thou dost not thyself commit, or by thy silence assent to slanders which thou dost not thyself utter"—these maxims, and maxims like unto them, are old enough though their application may be new, they need, however, constant repetition, because they meet in every age with new forms of evasion; they specially need to be reasserted at a moment when the divine right of the people claims, like the divine right of kings, to suspend or nullify the laws of the land, and arrogates to itself, what regal prerogative never demanded, authority to suspend or modify the laws of morality. To the fantastic ethics preached with impunity by rhetoricians of the press, and practised, I rejoice to think, not with impunity, by the ruffians of the pavement, Unionists refuse to make

any concession whatever. They oppose to Jacobinism a programme which is in essence the enforcement throughout the United Kingdom of the political maxims of the Decalogue. But "Ah, that eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, does it not make us pause?" Not at all. Why, in the name of common sense, should any statesman or constable, who prevents violence in Trafalgar Square, who arrests robbery in Lewis, who inflicts punishment on murderers or conspirators in Ireland, blush or tremble at any verse of Holy Writ? No *sanc mán* can give an answer. Little help is to be found in the citation of texts; but if Mr. Spence Watson, or the clergymen who are, in common I may add with hundreds of Englishmen, "familiar with the New Testament and Christian history," want texts for their guidance, let them turn to the thirteenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. It is written by one not ignorant of Christianity, it is so far appropriate that it treats of the proper attribute of Christians towards the State; it certainly does not suggest that a Christian teacher of some authority looked with any favour on the eccentricities of wilful lawlessness, whilst it certainly does suggest that the maintenance of justice may well be not only the permanent policy of civilized communities, but also an act of obedience to the unchanging will of Heaven. Truths or truisms, however, about the maintenance of common justice and of common honesty do not, it will be objected, carry us very far. The objection has no real foundation. Adherence to simple but well-established morality forces upon the opponents of Jacobinism a policy which runs counter, not so much to the demand for Home Rule as to the ideas or passions which in fact give support, strength, life and spirit, to the Home Rule movement. Moral convictions, in short, ought to determine, and do in the main determine, the action of sincere Unionists. This assertion, however, needs justification. The best way of explaining its meaning, or, what in the present instance is much the same thing, demonstrating its truth, is to call the attention of my readers to three guiding principles, which are directly dictated to Unionists by their profound trust in the great standing policy of civil society,* and which afford to honest men practical guidance amidst the confusions and perplexities of a revolutionary period. These principles are—the maintenance of the equal rights of all citizens; opposition to every form of mob government; faith in the supreme importance of political character. Each of these principles deserves consideration.

The State owes equal protection to the legal rights of all individuals and of all classes.

* Among law-abiding citizens justice knows neither favourites nor enemies. Hence the attitude occupied by every man who fully understands the Unionist position with regard to the compensation which may now be due, or which may become due, to Irish land-

owners. To what compensation, if any, the landlords of Ireland may in consequence of past or of future changes in the laws regulating the tenure of land be fairly entitled, by what method any compensation which may be due to them ought to be ascertained or given, in what proportions the burden of paying just compensation should be borne by the inhabitants of the several parts of the United Kingdom, are inquiries to be answered by practical politicians, by economists, and by financiers. All that an honest man who adheres to ordinary notions of fairness can assert is, that if a body of landlords are, for the benefit of the whole community, deprived of valuable property by the State they have a moral claim to compensation. The claim is a perfectly plain one, it is in one shape or another embodied in the constitutions of more than one civilized country, it has been consistently acknowledged by the English people, and under circumstances where the moral claim of the class who receive compensation was open to as many objections as could be any claim which men of sense and honesty felt to be in the main sound. The admission of this moral claim has, it must be noted, immense practical results. It sweeps away a lot of noxious rhetoric with which men seek to blind themselves and others to the probable necessity of having to call on the nation to perform a disagreeable duty. Talk about the moral derelictions (inaccurately called "crimes") of Irish landowners or their fathers is seen to be futile. Whoever raises the cry that come what will not a penny shall be drawn from the pockets of English taxpayers for the benefit of Irish landowners is recognized as a demagogue bent on proclaiming a policy of meanness and of iniquity. Such an one separates policy from justice with a vengeance, and on this occasion, as on every other, injustice will, we may be assured, turn out to be rashness. The principle which is derided when invoked for the protection of landlords is the principle which alone secures land, houses, or money to any owner of property (whether the property be small or great) throughout the United Kingdom. If it be urged that the English tax-payer will rather do injustice than suffer the inconvenience of paying a moral debt, the allegation, whether true or false, is for the present purpose irrelevant. Those who have studied the character of Englishmen may well believe that the imputation of meanness is a foul slander. We are not a nation of niggards. Still, grant that the accusation be true, it may well be the duty of statesmanship to correct or expose the faults of the people. An obligation of honour cannot be got rid of because its fulfilment is inconvenient, and we may still hope that on this matter the morality of Unionists will turn out to be the morality of Mr. Gladstone, if not of Mr. Gladstone's followers. Let me not be misunderstood. I again repeat that how far compensation be due or the mode of its payment, or the extent to which it

ought to be paid, are matters for experts, on which no opinion is here expressed. What is asserted is, that the same rule which has been applied in the case of other classes is applicable to the case of landlords who, whether Irishmen or Englishmen, have been or may be deprived of their property by the State. Every honest Unionist must further detest the idea, so congenial to sentimentalists of all kinds, that the State hates or favours any class. The notion that while rents are payable by law, *i.e.*, are a debt, a bad landlord should not be aided by the State in collecting his debts, is a notion so alien to the elementary principles of political ethics, that it would have seemed absurd to denounce it were it not clearly the case that in the eyes of our modern Jacobins the question whether a tenant is or is not to pay his debts appears to turn upon the moral character of his creditor. But to any one who tries to keep alive a sense of justice the notion that the State may recognize favoured or potted classes is as repulsive as the belief, which always goes side by side with it, that there are classes which ought to be made moral outlaws. It is, indeed, strange, if anything can be called strange, when men let themselves be guided by passion rather than by reason, that the delusion of favouritism should prevail among those who boast their special love for the Irish, for of all the errors which have vitiated the relation between England and Ireland none have worked such irremediable evil as the system of favouritism. At one time Protestants, at another Catholics, in one age the North, in another the South, now landlords, now tenants, have been the objects of ruinous partiality. Favouritism negatives faith in law, but in the eyes of justice, every citizen has a right to what the law gives him, and has no right to anything else. Tenants wrongfully ejected from their houses, shopkeepers who cannot obtain payment of their debts, farmers hindered by boycotting from buying land put up legally for sale, peaceable citizens who cannot walk safely along the Strand, or hotel-keepers who cannot carry on their business because Trafalgar Square is occupied by the mob; policemen, maimed, or in danger of being maimed, it may be for life, by some ruffian, instigated by his betters, to assert a right of public meeting, of which he neither appreciates the benefit nor understands the meaning, have each and all—strange as the doctrine may appear to democrats who have forsworn their belief in the equality of all men before the law—one and the same moral claim to the aid of the State. If the law gives rights opposed to public expediency, the law should be changed by lawful means. While the law exists justice demands its equal enforcement against all men. Law-makers have, above all, no privilege to be licensed law-breakers. No man not a Jacobin need look with the least horror at the sight of members of Parliament picking oakum in prison for offences which would have sent humbler men

to gaol. There is something which revolts common sense and the ordinary conscience in the attempt to turn the House of Commons into a new Westminster Sanctuary.

In these strange times ridicule has lost its force. Otherwise democrats would themselves smile at the absurdity of demanding in the name of the people that the representatives of the people should be allowed to break the laws of the democracy. The demand is ridiculous. But, if in such matters there can be degrees of absurdity, even more ridiculous is the clamour raised that popular rights are invaded because gentlemen when sent to prison do not enjoy softer beds or more toothsome food than are provided for low-born and uneducated criminals. Sentimentality abhors the equality of law; it is for men who adhere to the old notions of sound morality to insist that men be treated even in the matter of punishment as equals. The belief again in the sanctity of justice determines a man's whole attitude towards the mis-called Coercion Act. On this matter plain words are best, a tone of apology is out of place. The justification for stringent laws aimed against special outbreaks of crime is that the equal punishment of all law breakers, be they Privy Councillors, Members of Parliament, priests, farmers, day labourers, or village ruffians, is a matter not of choice but of duty. A Coercion Act may well be a Liberation Act. To send to the plank bed or to the treadmill the ruffian who resists the law or the fanatic who encourages resistance is to restore the freedom of the law-abiding citizen. It is to deliver men and children from insult, it is to protect the old and weak from torture or from death. The maintenance of just government in Ireland I shall be told is impossible; the truth of the assertion waits for proof, but if true it proves more than those who use it intend; it proves that England must surrender all connection with Ireland. It may be England's duty to concede Irish independence, it can never be her duty to use England's power in the maintenance of a system of government which is not just. The true reason why sentimentalists cannot believe that any law ought to be enforced against the will of a local majority is their deep rooted feeling that there is something sacred about the wishes of the "masses" and their persistent identification of the wish of the crowd with the will of the people. Here we come across the second great principle of Unionist policy.

Opposition to the rule of the mob is a duty commanded both by regard for justice and by loyalty to the democracy.

This is the principle which beyond any other divides every true constitutionalist from Jacobins of every colour. A mob, whether clothed in black coats or in rags, is any crowd which attempts to change or override the law by the use of force, and to substitute the desires of a faction for the lawfully expressed commands of the nation.

That such a crowd should be resisted is patent to every one who is not at heart a revolutionist. To any man whose first care is the supremacy of justice, the mob of Trafalgar Square is neither more nor less respectable than the mob at Mitchelstown. An assault upon a policeman in London is neither more nor less a crime than an assault upon a bailiff at Cork. Nor is it open violence alone which deserves detestation; attempts to oppose legislation by means of obstruction, endeavours to discredit the judges, efforts to turn the House of Commons into a Court of Criminal appeal, the claims of journalists or of mobs to revise the verdicts of juries or the sentences of the Bench, each and all partake in different degrees of the moral guilt attaching to men who promote the rule of the mob by opposing popular passion or prejudice to the rule of law, and by placing the will of a class in opposition to the legally expressed determinations of the State. To yield by an inch to such endeavours is a desertion of the path of justice; it is also in effect rebellion against the Democracy. For, in a Democratic State such as modern England, the law and the law alone is the true voice of the people. The forms of the British Constitution still conceal from men not without pretensions to education and intelligence, the fact that the electorate is our true Sovereign; and public opinion is still influenced by traditions derived from an age when aristocratic government might really act, though it may be doubted whether it often did act, in opposition to the true will of the country. This, at any rate, affords some explanation of the astounding fact that Democrats do not see that exaction of obedience to the law is an act of loyalty to the sovereignty of the people. To understand, however, the full solution of an apparent paradox, we must look a little deeper into the effect of sentimentalism. Jacobinism has always displayed a certain sympathy for mob rule, at any rate when the mob happened to be on the side of the Jacobin. The cause of this is not far to seek. To a sentimentalist, passion, emotion, violence of act or of feeling, are their own justification. To him popular impulsiveness savours of divine inspiration; insurrection is the exercise of a natural right; the excited clamour of a mob is the true utterance of the frenzied enthusiasm of the people. Thousands or tens of thousands of workmen collected in Hyde Park engage the interest, and therefore the sympathy, of your Jacobin far more keenly than do the unseen multitudes of quiet and hard-working citizens who make up the nation. To an enthusiast, the crowd are the people; this very fact makes it the duty of every just man to proclaim that the crowd, like every other class, has no authority against the State.

Character is the source of authority, to preserve the reputation for straightforwardness, for plain speaking, for moral consistency of conduct, for self-respect, for loyalty to the State, and for loyalty to

the Ministers of the Crown who represent the State, is to a British statesman a matter equally of duty and of wisdom.

This is a principle recognized in the abstract by every one who claims to lead the English people. But it is a truth which has impressed itself with special force on the minds of politicians like the Unionists, who base their whole course of action on respect for the ordinary duties of honesty, plain dealing, and fairness. The test of character is the severest but it is the soundest test of policy. From this criterion Unionists have no reason to shrink. In 1885 the recklessness of partisanship had lowered English Conservatism to a depth of discredit to which it may be hoped it will never again fall. Of the Maamstrasna debates, of the understandings, or misunderstandings, of the negotiations or intrigues which, whatever the intentions of party leaders, brought into ill-omened co-operation Conservatives, bound by all their traditions to support order, and Parnellites who then, as now, aimed at the attainment of revolutionary objects by means of singularly base revolutionary methods, a writer disconnected with politics may speak with a freedom forbidden to politicians; the matter, however, is one of which no Englishman would willingly say much, and it is referred to here only because it is needful to remember the state of affairs in 1885 in order to appreciate the change in the character of parties within three short years. The Home Rule Bill conferred on England one benefit: it created a Unionist, or, to speak truly, a National party. This party, consisting of Conservatives reinforced and reinvigorated by the Liberal Unionist leaders, has from the first possessed a clear, honest, straightforward creed. "National unity is to be placed above all party objects." This is their watchword, and, like all watchwords embodying moral truth, it has elevated those who adopted it. The National party has, by the very admission of its opponents, rallied to its side the wealth, the thoughtfulness, the education of England. Nor can it be disputed that the people of England have, as a fact, followed the guidance of the classes. Whatever Gladstonian hopefulness may suggest as to the future, the mere fact that Gladstonians are neither in office, nor in power, is conclusive proof that at present the English people have condemned the revolutionary programme. Nor has there been, in spite of the occasional errors which every party or government commits, any wavering or uncertainty in the essential features of Unionist policy. Maintenance of the Union, maintenance of the law, opposition to sectional politics have marked, with unmistakable clearness, every considerable act of the National party. That now the Liberal, now the Tory section, is said to be betrayed, is in reality the proof that the Unionist leaders, whether in office or out of office, have acted with loyalty to each other and with fairness to their followers. On each side there has been postponement of minor

objects dear to different sections of the party, for the sake of obtaining the great national object for which the party alone exists. Consistency and fairness has generated public confidence. If any one compares the position of the Ministry who represent the Unionist alliance with, I will not say the Tory Ministry of 1885, but with any Conservative Cabinet which has existed within the last forty years, he will admit that the present Government stands in a position of unexampled authority. It is invidious to dwell much on names or persons, but that Lord Salisbury, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Balfour, Lord Hartington, Mr. Chamberlain, and above all John Bright, are leaders who receive from the mass of Englishmen a kind of respect given in England only to moral worth and acknowledged patriotism, is a fact which partisanship may deny, but which few men outside politics will question. The moral aspect indeed of the Unionist party is summed up in the name of one man. Neither the honesty or sagacity of Lord Hartington, nor the energy and public spirit of Mr. Chamberlain, which has raised him from the leader of a party to a national statesman, have given Unionism half the moral force which it derives from the adherence of John Bright. The extent and nature of his influence is a matter strictly germane to my argument. John Bright's career of public service extends over half a century. His life has more than that of most politicians been all of a piece. He has throughout been faithful to the principles imbibed among the Society of Friends. In his strength and in his deficiencies he represents Quakerism. He has "moralised" English politics, and his error (if error it be) lies in over-estimating the direct applicability of the precepts of private ethics to the conduct of public affairs. To whatever charge he be liable, he is not open to the accusation of divorcing politics from morality. Moral or religious conviction has decided his action at each crisis of his career. Let those who doubt this consider his conduct at the two periods when the character of John Bright was most clearly displayed to the English people. The popular enthusiasm in favour of the Crimean War is almost forgotten by the present generation. Here and there you may find Liberals who, in common with the writer of this article, still believe that generous and thorough-going resistance to the encroachments of Russian despotism was not only the noblest, but the wisest course of action for England. This, however, is not the judgment of modern Liberals; they have come round to the opinions of John Bright. They have unfortunately forgotten the one thing about these opinions best worth remembering—the honest energy with which they were maintained at a time when to oppose war with Russia was to incur the charge of disloyalty to England. Bright's judgment may have been an error. What cannot be doubted is that his advocacy of peace was determined by the

strongest sense of duty, and that whether his opinions were right or not, his conduct was manly and noble. He never wavered in his course; he was not at one time the colleague and at another the assailant of Palmerston; future historians will not in his case be puzzled to determine whether he favoured or opposed the war with Russia. He boldly denounced what he deemed national immorality. For the sake of his principles he sacrificed his popularity, and, a democrat of the democrats, opposed the will of the people. Men's memories are short; the Crimean War and Bright's sacrifices in opposing it are ancient history and forgotten. But he has, and has had, his reward. He convinced the people of England that he was one of those rare democrats who would guide but would not bow to the multitude, and gained an authority which at a later date enabled him to render as great a service, not only to England, but to the world, as has ever been rendered by any English Statesman. For it was not when fighting for Free Trade, nor when denouncing war with Russia, nor when contending, almost unaided, for concessions to the English democracy, that the Quaker statesman did his greatest and noblest work. The true crisis of his public career is to be found in the years when Secession menaced the existence of the United States. That was a time of confusion and searching of hearts. The cause of orderly progress, of popular government, of freedom, was on its trial; strong men were shaken, wise men were perplexed. For the first time the principles of democracy and the claims of nationalism came into conflict. Democrats found themselves advocating the right of a republican government to put down the resistance of rebellious States; Tories became unawares advocates of the right of insurrection. "There is no doubt that Jefferson Davis and other leaders of the South have made an army; that they are making, it appears, a navy; that they have made what is more than either—they have made a nation. We may anticipate with certainty the success of the Southern States, so far as regards their separation from the North." These were words spoken on the 8th of October, 1862, and their speaker was no common man. They were uttered by Mr. Gladstone under the full sense of Ministerial responsibility; they were spoken at a time when to speak was to act, and when to comfort and encourage the Confederacy was to aid in the destruction of the United States. At a time when language like this represented the all but predominant opinion of England, Bright was a tower of strength to every believer in free government. He knew no hesitation. A democrat, he asserted the claims of republican government to suppress popular rebellion, and a Quaker, he did not deny his sympathy to the victories of Northern armies. He who will may call this inconsistency; it is the inconsistency of a man who rises above the formulas to save the principles of his democratic faith, and

thinks lightly of the dogmas so that he may follow the spirit of his religion. It is an inconsistency which prevented the nation, whose greatest glory it is to have abolished slavery, from becoming the accomplice of slaveowners and stayed England from lending a hand to the destruction of the Commonwealth, which is the grandest political work of the English people. We now know that John Bright's moral intuitions gave him insight into the nature of things and guided him to the path of safety. Jefferson Davis had not created a nation, the Southern States did not succeed in achieving separation from the North, the Union was preserved, and the maintenance of the Union was the destruction of slavery. We may venture confidently to assert that, in this case at least, zeal for Nationalism led Mr. Gladstone to overlook the rights and the strength of the American nation. Why, it may be said, revive painful memories? My reason is that the experience of 1862 contains a lesson of vital importance for 1888. History has strangely repeated itself. An old controversy has revived in a new form. Of the Parnellites Mr. Gladstone declares—"they are the advocates and the organs of a nation. As the organs of a nation they are in a position to speak with an effect to which we cannot make any just pretension. When they address themselves to the heart and understanding of another nation to whose judgment they are appealing."* John Bright, by every word he utters, denies the claim of lawless nationalism to represent the will of a nation. To him the Parnellites are the "rebel party," and the duty of England is to assert the power of the United Kingdom to protect the energy, the honesty, the loyalty of the men who represent all that is best and worthiest in Ireland. The old issue is joined again between the old opponents. The Separatist and the enthusiast for nationalism stands face to face with the Unionist who places the rights of democracy above the claims of nationality. The controversy of twenty-six years ago is irrevocably decided; the verdict of history is decisive that the Unionist doctrine of John Bright was, in the case of America, a true and saving doctrine. Why should we believe that the same doctrine is less true and sound when applied to the United Kingdom? It is for Gladstonians to find an answer. One thing at least, is certain, moral conviction, now as in 1862, determines the action of John Bright. Unionism means with him detestation of lawlessness, cruelty, and tyranny; it is idle to deny to a cause which enlists the support of such a leader the capacity for appealing to strong moral sentiments. The reverence of Unionists for character is set off by its contrast with the recklessness of the Opposition in respect of reputation. It is the declining moral authority of Gladstonian Liberalism which is gaining over to the cause of national unity hundreds of thoughtful law-abiding citizens, who in

* Speech in House of Commons of February 17, 1888.

general stand apart from the strife of factions. In the minds of such men, Gladstonian policy excites profound distrust, because from its infection with revolutionary principles it lacks the three elements which make up character: straightforwardness—self-respect—loyalty. From the first rumour or denial (the two curiously coincided) of Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Home Rule doctrine, the attitude of Gladstonians has been full of uncertainty and ambiguity. What was the true intention of the famous demand for such a majority as might deliver Liberals from the temptation to bid for the Parnellite vote? Is the Bill of 1886 dead or alive, or in a state of suspended animation? Is it Lord Thring, or Sir George Trevelyan, or Mr. John Morley, who possesses the key to the enigmas of their leader's intentions? What, above all, is the creed of the English Opposition, as to the morality, not only of the Plan of Campaign, but of the various attempts made in England, Scotland, and Wales, to annul unpopular, or it may be unjust, laws by popular violence? These are inquiries of the highest import, they go to the very foundation of political ethics, yet there is no man who can give them an answer. Discretion or economy in the revelation of truth may be as permissible to politicians as to theologians. Whether this be so is an inquiry which may be left to casuists. One thing is clear; ambiguous counsels and dark utterances will never gain for a leader, or for a party, repute for straightforwardness, or the confidence generated by plainness of speech. To respect one's self, again, is the way to become respected; but self-respect involves reverence for a man's past self, and of such reverence Gladstonians, whose answer to every demonstration of inconsistency is, in substance, "We have changed," show no sign whatever. The reply is, in one sense, conclusive, but to make it compatible with self-respect requires the fulfilment of two conditions. A convert from the errors of what three years ago was Liberal orthodoxy must in the first place recognize the gravity of his own change of faith and give us the weighty reasons by which it was induced. He must in the second place treat with deference the creed which was yesterday his own, and acknowledge that good and wise men may honestly and reasonably hold opinions which the convert himself lately revered as incontrovertible truths; no Coercionist of 1881 or of 1882 can with decency taunt supporters of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1886, with indifference to freedom or to justice. Candid judges who wish to determine how far Gladstonian Liberals have observed the conditions necessary for the preservation of self-respect should study the speeches of Sir William Harcourt, and should bear in mind both that Sir William Harcourt is likely sooner or later to lead the majority of the Liberal party, and that the member for Derby is a careful observer of the currents of opinion; to note the changes of a weathercock is the way to

learn how the wind blows. Self-respect again implies choice in the selection of associates. In this changing world one thing remains unaltered. Parnellism is in 1888 the same thing it was in 1880 or 1881. The Parnellites are the same men they were when Mr. Gladstone was sending them untried to prison. The National League is the Land League under a hardly colourable change of name; Mr. O'Brien is neither more nor less of a patriot than he was in 1883 or in 1884; the editor of *United Ireland* uses against Mr. Balfour the same poisoned weapons which he employed against Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan. But though the Parnellites and their works are unchanged, converted Liberals have not only adopted the Parnellite policy, which, if the policy be right, is morally allowable, but have forgiven and condoned the offences, past and present, of their Parnellite allies. This may be statesmanship. But the sudden friendship of allies who for years were the bitterest of foes is, to say the least, startling. Sir George Trevelyan, studying *United Ireland*, to force from it proofs of his new associates' new moderation, is, to speak mildly, no edifying spectacle. Nor is it in Ireland only that political conversion has forced English statesmen of repute into strange company. When Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, imprisoned for crime, is adopted by ex-Ministers and Privy Councillors as the standard-bearer of the Liberal party, Liberals must not complain if they are supposed to approve the vagaries and to share the recklessness of the enthusiast whom, on account (I suppose) of his services to England no less in Egypt than in Ireland, they recommend to the English democracy as a hero fitted to occupy a seat in Parliament. Self-respect has a close connection with loyalty. Constitutionalists, forced into alliance with revolutionists or fanatics, have been compelled, not only to share the disrepute attaching to the defects of their companions, but have also to do and suffer many things not easily compatible with the high tone of English public life. Politicians, not themselves obstructives, have abetted obstruction; respectable gentlemen, who never broke the law in their lives, have had to find excuses or palliations for law-breakers; eminent lawyers, who have not yet screwed themselves up to the point of haranguing the mob in Trafalgar Square, have had to plead, to suggest, or hint, that there is or may be—for all is vague—gross injustice in not allowing the mob to occupy Trafalgar Square at pleasure, for the sake of hearing harangues from far less cautious and less reputable orators than the learned gentlemen who, in Parliament, use their forensic subtlety to confuse the claim to meet in public places with the right of public meeting. Gladstonians of all shades have surrendered their belief in the grand idea which once mitigated the evils of party warfare, that good citizens of every political colour were bound to aid in carrying on the Queen's Government, and men who were

themselves but yesterday members of Cabinets, and may again be called upon to take part in the government of the country, deem it a duty to render, as far as in them lies, the carrying on of the Queen's government an impossibility—the plain truth is that the Executive is in the eyes of a revolutionary opposition not the “Queen's Ministry” at all, but a Tory government enforcing Tory laws by Tory methods. Hence the disloyal treatment of officials. Be laws good or bad, the duty, and the sole duty, of Ministers, judges, magistrates, and policemen, is to put in force the law of the land. This is a fact which even reputable Gladstonians forget. By word and by conduct they weaken the authority of the servants of the State. One salient instance is worth a thousand general statements. Mr. Balfour occupies a position morally analogous to the position of a general commanding an army; he stands in a post of labour, of peril, and of honour; he is earnestly endeavouring to discharge his clear duty, that is, to put in force the law of the land, and defeat the enemies of the State. He is the people's servant, carrying out the legal will of the sovereign people. He has a claim to that kind of support which hitherto at least Englishmen have felt to be due to the commander of the nation's armies when engaged in the service of the nation. His efforts to restore the rule of law are constantly thwarted by Irishmen who avowedly design to render the law of no effect, by men—I do not say it to their blame—who avowedly act in the spirit of rebels, and only abstain from rebellion because it presents at present no promise of success. He is the object of constant abuse, and of venomous slander. Charges are brought against him which may be more or less believed by the authors of even grosser accusations against Lord Spencer and Sir George Trevelyan, but which by every Englishman of common sense are felt rather than known to be false. On such an occasion English Home Rulers would, it might have been supposed, have felt bound to lighten the labours, and repel the slanders, which are wearing out an energetic servant of the State. This expectation has not been fulfilled. No Gladstonian defends Mr. Balfour. If his English opponents do not increase the difficulty of discharging dangerous duties it is all he can hope. From one eminent leader of the Opposition more at any rate might have been expected than abstinence from attack. Sir George Trevelyan, like Mr. Balfour, stood once at the peril of his life in the post now occupied with equal peril and with equal honour by his successor. Sir George Trevelyan was himself the object of unceasing calumny; his tasks, his dangers, his foes, were the same as those of Mr. Balfour. Among the member for Bridgeton's numerous addresses I have not noted any expression of sympathy with Mr. Balfour's difficulties, or of indignation at the attacks of which Mr. Balfour is the object. Sir George Trevelyan is known to the world as a writer of marked literary gifts, and as an

official who has performed arduous public service; he is known to his friends as an English gentleman of high and generous spirit; he has kept silence no doubt under a sense of public duty. The duty must have been a painful one. That a man like Sir George Trevelyan should have felt it a duty to abstain from defending such a public servant as Mr. Balfour must tend to make Englishmen feel doubts as to the soundness of the moral principles governing the action of the party of which he now is the ornament. That the Executive represents not a party but the country, and is entitled to the loyalty due from all citizens to the nation, will soon, it is to be feared, be numbered among absolute beliefs. The idea of the nation itself threatens to be obscured by the passions of revolutionary fervour. Gladstonians deprecate, doubtless with sincerity, the name of Separatists, but their acts and language betray at every turn indifference to the unity of the nation. Home Rule is no longer considered the exceptional cure for the exceptional miseries of Ireland. Wales and Scotland are encouraged and stimulated to claim the essence, if not the form, of State rights. The violence of a mob at Edinburgh, the election of Professor Blackie to sit in Parliament side by side with Mr. Cunningham Graham, the success of a campaign against rent and titles in Wales, will turn the most cautious of Gladstonians into avowed Federalists. Nor will this result follow merely or mainly from the exigencies of political warfare; it will be due, not to the working of private interest, but to the influence of two principles which, in the long run, tell irresistibly on the conduct of any one who is infected with the spirit of modern Jacobinism. The conviction, in the first place, that law lacks moral authority when law opposes even the temporary wish of any large body of the people, suggests perpetual concession to the fancies of the mob; whoever in his heart believes that the multitude cannot be in error can no more assert the truth even of economical or sanitary laws which thwart the wishes of the people than could one of Louis the Fourteenth's sincere courtiers—and there were many such—vindicate the rights of the individual conscience against the intolerance of a monarch who seemed in some sort the representative of the Deity. The principle of nationality, in the second place, is, when once admitted as a moral dogma, inconsistent with the authority of the State. Zealots for nationalism must inevitably break up the political unity of the nation.

Whichever way the whole matter be looked at, we come round, then, to the same conclusion. Ireland and Home Rule have usurped too exclusive an attention; the contest about the proper mode of governing Ireland is but part of a deeper conflict. Revolutionists and Constitutionalists are ranged against one another in battle. Each host is governed by moral convictions. Revolutionary morality

—the new Jacobinism—is a force, and a force which no man dares despise. But it is a force which, to judge from experience, tends only to destruction. The old-established morality, on which Unionists rely, is also a power. The principles of wide expediency, of ordinary fairness, of common honesty, and of common sense, may be termed cold, narrow, unsympathetic: their strength lies in the fact that they are true, and that they conform to the nature of things. They are the only principles which have constructed or preserved States and Empires. The men, in any case, who place their faith in the morality approved by the experience of ages cannot, with any fairness, be described as indifferent to the morality of politics. They, too, are enthusiasts; they are fanatics for common sense; they are zealots for common honesty; they are enthusiasts for liberty, but they are determined to recognize no form of freedom which is disconnected with justice.

A. V. DICEY.

BAPTIST THEOLOGY.

IN writing upon the theological beliefs of the English Baptists of this century, I do not intend to pen a word as the advocate of a party, or set down a sentence with a grain of personal bias. "History," says Dr. Hatch, "is neutral ground. It is impossible for the historical student to set out on his travels with a brief in his hand. In the investigation of historical facts by the aid of the canons of historical evidence, he must accept whatever he finds, and he cannot tell beforehand whither the path of inquiry will lead him." It is in this temper I write; not as a fervid apologist, but a faithful reporter; not as a polemic, but as a witness; taking pains to see facts in a "dry light," and to tell what I see, whether it accords with my cherished convictions and preferences or contradicts them. For, to continue the words of the Reader of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford: "The effect of such historical investigations is not to cause controversy, but to diminish both its area and its intensity; for no small part of the controversies into which historical arguments enter are controversies of ignorance." History written as it ought to be is, the true Eirenicon; for the judgments of history are the judgments of God; and all serious men find health as well as direction, strength as well as light, and calm as well as quickening, in the verdicts of the Eternal. Knowledge is peace. Ignorance is the mother of suspicion, rancour, and strife. Real knowledge of man and of men, of the causes and courses of human failure, of the pitiless struggle with wrong, the inevitable confusions and unintentional mistakes of good men, and of the solid progress of truth and right, liberty and goodness, notwithstanding all, and indeed by and through all, is indescribably rich in physicianly force. It abates impatience, enlarges charity, and infuses serenity. Ignorance of the past is fertile in

egotism, vain dogmatism, fretful haste, and weakening pessimism. The medicinal values of Church History hold high rank in the healing and renewing of the world.

Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, has, in a fruitful paragraph, described the combatants in the theological controversies of the fifth century as warriors fighting in the night, friend against friend, because they had not taken pains to determine the exact significance of the terms about which they fought. The combatants were too eager for the glory of God, and the welfare of the Church, to call a "halt" for such ignoble and tedious tasks as weighing the meaning of words, disentangling ideas, and discriminating between real and seeming foes. That beacon light, only one of hundreds, we see *now*. In the smoke of the contest it was invisible. For theological as well as military contests are, as the Duke of Wellington said of the latter, "Like a ball: nobody knows what is going on in any other part of the field except that on which he is himself engaged." But, freed from the blinding passions of the actual struggle, the fact, "the thing as it is," shines forth, inviting the unbiassed verdict and revealing the eternal law. "One can hardly over-estimate," testifies Sir James Paget, "the value it would be to science if every man would be accurate in telling what he had seen and heard." Such purity in seeing and accuracy in reporting were never more necessary for religion than now. No one can overstate the service to Christians generally of absolute veracity in telling what is seen and heard in the churches. A faultless description of the operative beliefs of the Baptists of this century, an orderly massing of the large and complex facts of theological change, a veracious characterization of the changes themselves in their contents, limitations, causes and consequences;—the real results being scrupulously detached from the imaginary—would go further to tell us what, under the tuition of the Spirit, we have lost and gained, and thereby to heal divisions and promote the service of God and man than anything else, excepting only and always a new and fuller baptism of the Spirit of Jesus Christ.

II.

But powerfully formative as the doctrinal ideas of a religious society are (and my temptation is to exaggerate rather than minimize their importance), yet it must not be forgotten that the theology of a church is only a part of its manifold life and powers, and by no means its most arresting feature or its most opulent force. Christianity is redemptive before it is instructive. This is its unique element. By this shall all men know it. Teaching, though it is necessary at every stage, is not primary in time or importance. Jesus healed and saved men, and then taught them as one having

the authority of a newly communicated life, and not as the lip-orators of the synagogues. Christianity came, saw, and conquered, before it created a theology. It was not a victory of literature, or philosophy, but of life—divine, self-sacrificing, and redeeming life. It is a new ideal for man and the race; a new ethic, a “crucifixion” of the baser part of us, and a quickening of the higher part of us; a new force for the conscience, in the revelation of a new and gracious Master; baptism into a new life for the whole man; and afterwards a new theology; but even the aid it renders the reason in constructing a philosophy of God is conferred through the higher ministries of the conscience and emotions.

Therefore missionaries have nobler rank than debaters, as life is more than theory, and spiritual momentum more than definitions and creeds. Apostles and prophets, seers and poets, take precedence of theologians in the Kingdom of God. John and Charles Wesley and Dr. Coke represent more vital energies in Methodism than the able and learned Richard Watson. So amongst Baptists, the keen spiritual discernment, powerful dramatic genius and grace-filled heart of that poet of the soul in the search for God, John Bunyan, are familiar as household words; whereas the volumes of John Gill and Thomas Grantham are only the choice morsels of the elect. William Carey’s flaming zeal, quenchless resolve, and martyr-consecration, still stir the heart of the world, whilst the compact logic and pungent appeals of Andrew Fuller are the refreshment and strength of only a favoured few. Indeed, the Baptist contribution to the spiritual wealth of the world is not to be measured by the genius and number of their theological architects or the additions made to doctrinal definition, but by the priceless service they have rendered to liberty of conscience, by the new energy imparted to missions for the salvation of men all over the world, by the impetus to home evangelization during the last thirty years proceeding from the strong personality and sustained work at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, and chiefly by the gift of a host of Christian citizens eager to distinguish themselves in the “Service of God,” through the fulness and fervour of their “Service of Man.”

III.

Taking into account our central belief, it is not surprising that Baptists have treated the scientific investigation and systematic statement of the revelation of God in Christ with what many will regard as censurable indifference. For no doubt our theological apathy is due first and mainly to the overshadowing importance accorded in our system to the regenerate life. Man *may* be born again, that is the good news of God; he *must* be born again, that is the law of entrance into the “Kingdom of God.” Our churches are framed

on the rules of the "Kingdom," and therefore the possession of the regenerate life is the indispensable condition of admission to their privileges and share in their responsibilities. Here is the Alpha and Omega of all our thought and action; the basis of our church-fellowship, the authority for our self-management, the necessity for independence of the civil power, and the qualification for service. From the beginning to this day, we have maintained, as a central principle of belief "that immediate inner assurance of salvation," described by Pfleiderer, as "possessed by the heart which knows itself one with God in self-devoted love, which assurance constitutes the specific principle of Protestantism, both material and formal."* Thus religion is from first to last an experience of the revelation of God; specific, positive, personal, and renewing; an immediate communication of life by the Soul of all souls, penetrating, directing and using, all other forces and parts of the man for the attainment of the fulness of the stature of manhood in Christ Jesus. This is the kernel of the Baptist teaching, the living spirit of the "Doctrines of Grace."

Therefore each regenerate man is taught of God. Ministers are not monopolists of divine knowledge; priests have no exclusive keys to the library of truth. Learning bars no doors, nor is it sure of opening those that lead to the kingdom. Men may acquire it, and gain in many ways by being deeply read in the lore of the Schools; but spiritual things are spiritually discerned, and "the spirit is given to every one to do good with." Depend upon it," says George MacDonald, "in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, 'Thy will be done' with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist and theologian." That is the law of our life. The enumeration of theological principles can never be placed on the level of the possession of life from above. An immaculate theological programme goes for nothing if it is backed by a poor and mean character. Systems of doctrine are trifles light as air to souls that see God face to face in immediate fellowship with the Eternal Spirit. Logic is dumb; "it is the pathos of the heart that speaks the decisive word." This is the fundamental "constant," which has shaped our history amid every variety of language and belief, in every rearrangement of ideas, and redistribution of emphasis. Contemporary forces have influenced us, as they do all religious bodies; but this has been the regal and determinative principle of our thought and movement. So that speaking in the terms of "The Philosophy of Religion," our affinities are neither Wolfian nor Kantian, but Mystic and Lutheran. Though in large sections captivated by the sublimity and majesty of Calvin's reasoned theory

* Pfleiderer's "Philosophy of Religion," vol. i. p. 9.

of the universe, a theory more splendid and impressive than all others at the date of its appearing, yet we have been saved by this principle from reducing religion, with Wolff, to a set of reasonable thoughts about God and the world; and though, on the other hand, duty has in some quarters suffered eclipse, yet we have never followed Kant in ridding religion of its substance, and leaving nothing but a set of ethical directions. On the contrary, we have yearned after "the absorption of the soul in God" with Meister Eckhart and John Tauler, and still have been saved from indolent passivity and unfruitful quietism by being thoroughly Biblical and ethical with Martin Luther. The theology of Baptists is the theology of the Cross; new life by death; and that new life, divine, free, sufficient, regnant, and victorious.

IV.

Another factor placing scientific theology at a discount amongst us, is our conception of the perfect adequacy and final authority of Scripture, together with the right of each man to interpret it for himself.

The Bible contains the imperishable facts and truths of the Christian economy. The germs of all doctrine are in its pages, principally in concrete forms. As Dorner says: "The New Testament is the absolute doctrinal 'norm;' " it is our "Body of Divinity," and the soul of it is the Christ, Himself living in us, illumining and guiding us in the use of "the body."

This is the chief corrective of all possible errors of subjective feeling, the one limitation of the freedom of the soul in accepting the intuitions of its regenerate experience as authoritative; and that, a limitation not by fettering but by cleansing and exalting its action. One of our aged leaders recently said to me, "Our people find it a positive relief and inspiration to go from the writings of men to the Word of God, and they have such unlimited confidence in the texts of Scripture that they refuse to regard any speech of man's devising as authoritative in any degree whatever." God's revelation is the judge that ends the strife. There is no appeal from it. We have no "creed" long or short to take its place; no "volumes of sermons" determining its meaning; no "declarations" weakening the responsibility of each individual to judge for himself. "Articles," "Declarations," and "Confessions," have been held aloft as banners, so that our comrades might understand us; but they have never been regarded as barriers to fellowship or burdens on thought. The Bible is superior to mere human work in its *forms*, as it is richer in its substance. Mist-belated pilgrims will gain far more aid from it than from the creed of St. Athanasius or the propositions of the Synod of Dort. Every man must, therefore, have free access to God in the Scriptures through Jesus Christ, by the Spirit.

Dorner reminds us :—"A theology whose last guarantee is the authority of the Church or of Scripture must always feel embarrassed and anxious when that authority is assailed, even though the points attacked are of slight importance." No doubt we are open to that anxiety, but our consolation and strength is that the revelation of God has verified itself in our experience. The Scripture is itself a vital part of our innermost consciousness. We have perfect peace. "He that believeth shall not make haste." The self-verifying and self-propagating power of Biblical truth is our stronghold in the day of trouble. Tempted again and again by the credal propensities of other communions, our fathers have pointed to the Bible and said, as David said of his trusted sword : "There is none like that ; give it me."

v.

'But in spite of these powerful deterrents to theological activity, Baptists not only have a theology, but also a theological history, singularly rich in vivid contrasts, wide range of pathetic biographies, and the all-revealing judgments of the God of truth.

Baptists sprang into organized existence in Britain as the *fifth* element in the divine answer given by the Churches of this land to the all-absorbing question of the sixteenth century—namely, *What is the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of what persons ought it to consist?* Protestantism was the bold rejection of the established and orthodox answer supplied by Romanism to this inquiry ; Puritanism qualified and cleansed the answer of Protestantism ; Separatism went further, and gave increased sharpness to the qualification urged by the Puritans ; the "Brownists," or Independents, still on the forward march, eliminated the parochial element from church membership, and insisted on the possession of spiritual life ; then came the Baptists, and added the obligation of developing the spiritual life into *avowed consciousness* before admission to the Church. And, inasmuch as the only mode of conscientious speech known in those days was that of separation from those with whom they differed, away they went, carrying whatever theology they had inherited to their new ecclesiastical home.

Now, that doctrinal heritage was divisible into two portions, and accordingly the Baptist secession sprang into being at two different centres, both in the limited area of this city and within about twenty years of each other. From thence the two streams of life flowed on, in channels altogether apart, until the year 1832, when they came together in the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland.

The first organism took shape in this way. As the seventeenth century was dawning, John Smyth, a Cambridge man of eager and restless intellect and a clergyman of fervid devotion, was impelled by the study of the New Testament to become a Baptist. Men had not

faith enough in truth and God to say with Milton, "Let truth and error grapple," but sought to dominate belief by pains and penalties and, therefore, John Smyth had to fly to Holland, then attractive as the Paradise of free religion, and the home of James Arminius, the illustrious Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden.* In or about 1611 the pilgrim returned to England, and along with Thomas Helwys formed in London a church of "General" Baptists—i.e., of Christians who, besides proclaiming the Baptist idea of the spiritual life, also preached the doctrine of "general redemption."

Twenty-two years afterwards, and on the 12th of September, 1633, another Baptist Church of a different type was created at Wapping by secession from the Independent Church, dating back to 1616. The pastor of this church was John Spilsbury; and its theology was fashioned on the model of that marvellous piece of doctrinal literature, the "Institutes" of John Calvin.

So these two Societies, holding the same conception of the Church of Christ and teaching the same interpretation of baptism, contained the two conflicting conceptions of God and of life dominant in all ages of the world. Their differences went to the root of philosophy and the beginnings of human reflection; for, as Sir William Hamilton reminds us, "no question arises in theology which has not first risen in philosophy," and therefore the opposing ideas embodied and militant in Calvinism and Arminianism are older than Calvin and Arminius, Augustine and Pelagius; indeed, as old as the earliest efforts of men to think their way through the mystery of life, and set out the results of their reasoning in a coherent and systematic form.

It was not until the eighteenth century that there was any marked change in these two theological streams; but that much-abused century left nothing as it found it. It was the era of revolution; the incarnation of the spirit of denial. Everything was in debate; the foundations of life and thought were shaken out of course. Hume attacked knowledge, Voltaire assailed the Church, Rousseau carried fire and sword into the very citadel of society. The philosophers examined man and found no mind, as they had investigated the universe and found no God. Theology was reduced to criticism and Christianity to acrid syllogisms. "The creation of the world," said Archbishop Ussher, with irritating precision, "was finished on the 3rd of September on a Wednesday." Men could not rise higher than the Unitarian conception of Jesus. Religious activity was

* The key to the theological system of Arminius is found in his words: "There are two stumbling-blocks against which I am solicitously on my guard—not to make God the author of sin, and not to do away with the inherent freedom of the human will; which two things, if any one knows how to avoid, there is no action he shall imagine which I will not most cheerfully allow to be ascribed to the Providence of God, if due regard be only had to the Divine excellence."

paralyzed, the churches were decaying. English Presbyterians dwindled into insignificance. Episcopalians lost the spirit of evangelical aggression, and only erected one church in London and its neighbourhood in over fifty years (1675 to 1730). General Baptists were threatened with extinction, and Ivimey, speaking of the Particular Baptists of 1753, says, "The prosperity" that followed the Restoration "had slain more than the sword" of the preceding intolerance. Men were trying to live on the hard stones of denial, and even the Churches had nothing better to offer for food than the ground and powdered glass of philosophical criticism and theological debate.

The sapping of the life of religion is the death of morality. Extinguish faith in the Eternal Unseen, with whom and wherein reside the great impalpable but real ideas of Truth and Right and Goodness, and you emasculate conscience and destroy life. Dr. John Duncan says, "There is but one real heresy, Antinomianism." That heresy was so rampant all over Britain in the middle of the last century that it went far to create the French Revolution, inflamed the genius of the poet Burns, intensified the enthusiasm of the greatest of modern Apostles, John Wesley, and quickened the intellect and heart of the prince of theologians, Andrew Fuller. The revolt in France was of the Social Conscience. Burns, though without the qualifications of the religious reformer, had a soul that loathed the licensed hypocrisies and permitted meannesses of "professed" Christians; and he lashed them with the scorpions of his fierce satire.* Chief and crown of all, Wesley, the leader of the great Evangelical Revival, not only created Methodism, but brought healing and life to all the Churches of the land. To Andrew Fuller, the village pastor, broad, great-natured, colossal in genius though scantily equipped with learning, luminous in mind though wanting books, rich in the grace of God though poor in purse, was assigned the appropriate task of initiating the great revolt against the hard, petrified, and unworkable theology of John Gill and Thomas Hussey.

Fuller's biography is one of the choicest treasures of the Church, superlative in inspiration and instruction, and unsurpassed in depth and reality of interest. Fuller's theology, like that of Augustine and Anselm, grew out of his experience, as in fact every really "new theology" does. At Soham, in Cambridgeshire, the young preacher faced his problem, and determined to solve it at all risks. Bad living in church members was mournful enough, but energetically

* Cf. "Robert Burns." By J. Stuart Blackie. p. 38. Candidates for the ministry in the Presbytery of Auchterarder, were required to sign: "I believe that it is not sound and orthodox to teach that we must forgo sin in order to our coming to Christ," a proposition, no doubt, intended innocently enough on the part of expounders to magnify the pardoning grace of God in the Gospel, but which, at the same time, was very liable to be misunderstood, and did not seem at all to harmonize with the preparatory watchword of John the Baptist, "Repent! for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

backed by bad teaching, that had the audacity to claim the authority of the Eternal Righteousness, this was intolerable. Man's "inability" was so preached as to license sin, and his "inbred corruption" so taught as to place a premium on impurity. Such denial of God and His Gospel was widespread, and had proceeded so far that Fuller said, "if matters had gone on but a few years longer the Baptists would have become a perfect dunghill in society." *

The chief merit of Andrew Fuller is not, however, that he fought and mastered the Antinomian heresy; but that he introduced a new method of constructing a theology. Like Hase and Thomasius, his plan is Christological; and God, man, and sin are regarded as pre-suppositions to the person and work of Christ. The "federal" method of Cocceius, Witsius, and Boston, which starts and ends with the two covenants, is abolished by being left behind for the healthier and clearer system which finds all fulness of knowledge in Christ. As Bacon's discovery of the Inductive method is the impulse and key to scientific progress, so Fuller's method is the key to the changes of nineteenth-century Baptists, not only in theology, but in range of work, enthusiasm, fire, and *morale*. Starting from the Lord Jesus, Fuller saw and taught that "men had," as he said, "bewildered and lost themselves in taking the decrees of God as rules of action;" that some kind of power is necessary to render us accountable beings; that "men are not stocks and stones, or literally dead, like men in a burying-ground;" that if we were mere machines there could be no sin chargeable upon us; that the duty of sinners is to believe in Christ, and the duty of the Church to preach Christ to everybody; that "faith is a moral rather than a merely intellectual act;" that "the sentence of justification is not a revelation or manifestation of something to the mind which was not there before, though unknown to the party, but consists of the voice of God in the Gospel, declaring that whosoever believeth shall be saved;" and chiefly that the "Gospel is worthy of all acceptance as the proclamation of a salvation that is to be preached in the name of the Redeemer of all men."† That "new theology" began the renewal of the Churches, roused the collective life of the Baptists of several Midland counties through their Associations, increased prayer, inflamed zeal, and inspired the modern missionary enthusiasm for humanity. Conscience, the stronghold of missions to the heathen, was rediscovered and rebuilt. Christians felt with Paul that they were "debtors" of men, and owed to the millions of Hindostan and China the "Gospel worthy of all acceptance." Faithful Samuel

* "Memoirs of Andrew Fuller." By Morris. p. 214.

† "Life and Writings of Andrew Fuller." By T. E. Fuller. Pp. 19, 20, 36, 37, 29, 30. "Gospel worthy of all acceptance," 1785. "Letters on Systematic Divinity," a brief compendium of Dogmatic Theology. "Calvinism and Socinianism compared as to their Moral Tendency."

Pearce set it aflame in the fires of his seraphic devotion; Robert Hall made it luminous with his brilliant genius; John Foster set it four-square to the whole of man's ethical life; Sutcliffe, Ryland, and the immortal Carey put it to work for the salvation of India.

Speaking of the most widely known of Fuller's compeers, Principal Tulloch says:—"Robert Hall was perhaps its (Nonconformity's) greatest name in the first quarter of the century; in massive and brilliant intellectuality he was unequalled, and the fame of his preaching still survives; but he propagated no new ideas, nor can he be said to have been a new force in religious literature."* The latter qualification is largely true of Hall's distinguished contemporary, the great essayist, John Foster; but not altogether, for Foster's essay on "The Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion," has had the force of an epoch-making book. It was not only the sign of a movement, but also a creative energy. Rising like a star, the essay pointed to the birthplace, not of the new theology, but of the new body of speech for the spirit of the teachings of Fuller and Hall; and being antecedent to the outleap of the burning passion for reality characteristic of these later years, it pioneered the way for a revolution in the language of the pulpit, by which the speech of preachers became more simple and less theological, more direct and less ambitious, more akin to the talk of the market and the street, and less redolent of the controversies of philosophers; striking straight at the point like an arrow winged to the heart of the ring. Of this obvious and beneficial change, Mr. Spurgeon, notwithstanding his avowed preference for a certain class of Puritan divines, is one of the most instructive examples.

Following Fuller and Carey, Hall and Foster, and their companions, there came the influence of Charles Stovel and John Howard Hinton, E. L. Hull of Lynn, and William Robinson of Cambridge, Drs. Angus, Brock, Culross, Gotch, Green, Landels, Maclaren, Steane, and Stanford, extending and applying the theological "method" of the Kettering divine. In 1871 a writer in the *Westminster Review*† says:—"Mr. Hinton is by far the nearest approach to an original thinker the Baptists have produced since the death of Hall and Fuller, and Charles Stovel, the man of the most native ability." Dr. Stoughton writes of Hinton:—

"He ventured on new lines of theological thought, and wrought out a system of divinity altogether his own, printed in the pages of the 'Oxford Encyclopædia.' He had no sympathy whatever with the high Calvinistic tenets which continued in some Baptist quarters when he was young, but he was a thorough predestinarian. Jonathan Edwards, Andrew Fuller, Thomas Scott, and Edward Williams were divines for whom he had great respect; but he was too independent and original to swear in the words of any master."‡

* Tulloch's "Movements of Religious Thought," p. 169. † Vol. xl. p. 430 *et seq.*, 1871.

‡ Stoughton's "Religion in England from 1800 to 1850," vol. ii. pp. 148-50.

But though Hinton was a strenuous thinker, copious writer, and one of the most intellectual preachers in London, sharing in fact with Thomas Binney the honour of being a students' preacher, he has not left behind an influence creative of a "new departure" in the theological life of the Baptist community. The word "Hintonism" is heard amongst us, but it is used to characterize the original thought of his quickening and accomplished son James.

No doubt it is too soon to assess the full influence of the far-famed preacher of Newington Butts on the theology of the day. I may perhaps be permitted to quote what I wrote of Charles Haddon Spurgeon in 1880:—

"His is the most pronounced Baptist force of the last quarter of a century. His works are as abundant as his position is unique. The enthusiasm of the great Evangelical Revival reappears in him; and the strong passion for 'saving souls,' characteristic of Whitfield, is supreme. But he has, at the same time, the practical and organizing skill of Wesley, and is the centre of a splendid system of energetic and evangelistic beneficence. Theologically, he claims to stand by Calvin; but he will leave Calvin, and all the theologies, to bring a man to Christ, and to extend the kingdom of the Lord Jesus."*

That view I still hold, for Mr. Spurgeon's working theology is "Fullerite," though his speculative theology is cast in the rigid seventeenth-century mould of Elisha Coles and John Gill. Mr. Spurgeon is in fact a preacher rather than a theologian; the herald of the Gospel to the toiling crowds of the metropolis, and not the professor carefully shaping and elaborately defending theological theses for the few. Still his influence on theology has not been scant or uncertain. Powerfully has he resisted the tendency, strong enough in some quarters, to water down the theology of Christianity to the thinnest "Ethical Idealism," so that the imperishable facts and truths are washed out of sight. His strong realism has counteracted the effort to empty theological terms of their significance, and to call the minds of men to the actual need of souls, and the great provisions of the Gospel. Judged by his deliverances on doctrinal theology, his influence would have to be regarded as reactionary, and directly antagonistic to the main drift of Baptist theological thinking from the days of Fuller up to now; but regarded in the clearer light of his spirit and works, of his fervid efforts to save men and sustained missionary zeal, he is really carrying forward Fuller's mission, and undermining the seventeenth-century theology he thinks to uphold.

VI.

That distinction between a working and a speculative theology is not only requisite in order to judge fairly the actual and probable

* "The Origin and Growth of English Baptists," p. 27; in "The English Baptists: Who They Are and What They Have Done."

influence of Mr. Spurgeon, but it is even more necessary all round and all through our investigations of the theology of the Churches. It is a vital distinction, not formal; cardinal, not secondary; eternal, not transitory; of the substance and marrow of the case and not of its seemings. It goes at once to the very roots of the controversies of Christians, and indicates the goal and consummation of Church life and work, according to that profound saying of Paul, "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." Lord Bacon, in his "Advancement of Learning," erects the distinction between "points fundamental and points of further perfection." The Parliament of 1643 voted indulgence to all who professed the "fundamentals;" and, though it lost the opportunity of defining them, we know that so stalwart a theologian as Baxter was willing to fix them at the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, and the Ten Commandments. Waterland is less pictorial and concrete, and says: "Fundamental as applied to Christianity means something so necessary to its being, or at least to its well-being, that it could not subsist or maintain itself without it." Experience, which is a high authority on so central a question, says that the "fundamentals" of Christianity are those facts, forces, and truths, without which Christianity fails to do its redemptive, renewing, man-building, world-saving work; the facts, forces, and truths which men, fired with the love of God and souls, must carry about with them for immediate and daily use, to meet the actual and urgent needs of men, of all men, and of the whole of man, just as the physician has with him the necessary instruments, medicines, and acquired skill for the cases he expects to treat.

There is the theology of the debating class and professor's desk. I do not despise it. I honour it. It is of unspeakable moment, and may be of priceless service. Based on a right method, compactly built up on a sound and scientific exegesis of Scripture, comprehensive of all related facts and spiritual forces; neither omitting nor exaggerating any important detail, open to all the cleansing and enlarging forces of the ever-educating Spirit of God, its mission is the most exalted and its influence the most regal. But your theology may lie dead in the mind; or, if alive, may be so ignorant of the *real* Scripture, so exclusive of the divine charities, and wanting in useableness in daily life, that it deserves to die, as being altogether incapable of stirring a throb of interest in any breathing son of Adam, or of matching itself with any one of the living and operative ideas of the world. Such a theology may satisfy an intellectual club or a man whose vitality is limited to the grey matter of the brain, and is content—

"To chase
Some panting syllable through time and space."

But Churches of Christ and men of God, who are come to the world to seek and save the lost, demand an interpretation of God and the Soul, Life and Death, Sin and Sorrow, Duty and Destiny, that will work in the hard places of life, in the struggle of sin and despair; in the toil at the loom and the bench; in the war with greed and lust; and in that last solemn hour of the home-going of the soul to its Creator.

In this working theology all Baptists are substantially agreed. Fuller, speaking for himself and the whole brotherhood, said, "We hold, as did Samuel Pearce, that the doctrine of the Cross is the only religion for a dying sinner." Beecher, discussing the doctrine that Christ has made atonement for men's sins, reports: "When Dr. Alexander of Princeton, who had been a bright and shining light in theology for a generation or more, and who had taught the system of Calvinism which has prevailed at Princeton, came to his dying bed and was drawing near to his end," he said—or is reported to have said—"Of all that I have believed and taught, there remain to me now but two things that seem very important. The first is, that I am a sinner; and the second is, that Christ died to save sinners."

Dr. H. B. Smith, one of the most able defenders of scholastic Calvinism, speaking of the Union of "Old" and "New" Presbyterians, writes:—

"After all, Christ alone can be the author of our peace, and make of both one, breaking down the middle wall of partition. When we can read our differences in the light of His wisdom, and adjust our conflicts in the spirit of His love, and shape our doctrines by the illumination of His Spirit, we are no longer at variance, we are already one; we are no longer ignorant, we are already wise. When the skeleton of our theologies is clothed upon with His life, and becomes like His matchless and radiant form, when theology is Christologized in all its parts, and finds its central principle in the God-man, our Saviour, then we shall know the full reality of all which else we vainly strive to utter. For it holds true in theology, as in the Christian life, that 'he who knows Christ knows enough, though he knows not other things; and he who knows not Christ knows nothing, though he knows other things.'"^{*}

Our working theology is Paul's. "We preach Christ *crucified*—the wisdom of God;" the philosophy of God. Christianity is the religion of redemption. Sin is the most tragic reality of our mortal life; and its self-multiplying and intensifying power the most appalling feature of "the terrible mystery of waste." Salvation is through Jesus Christ. There is no other name given amongst men whereby we can be saved. We have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself. Pardon is the free gift of God and the impulse to holy living. The initiation of the religious life is due, always and wholly, to the Eternal Spirit. "Grace" is first and last, and midst and without end—

^{*} H. B. Smith, D.D.: "Faith and Philosophy," p. 287.

"For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to Thee."

Righteousness is blessedness. The highest life is one of surrender to God, instant, strenuous, insistent, painful, but blessed, and easy by unhesitating acceptance of the supreme authority of the Divine Redeemer. "The service of man" is the truest service of God. Retribution is certain as gravitation. The law of right is eternal and universal. Righteousness and justice are the habitation of God's throne, and are predestinated to sway the universe. It is undeniable that on these and related facts, forces, and doctrines we stand together as on the rock-base of the Christian faith. True, we have never shown a marked affinity for a vigorous and logical system of theology, nor courted the poor protection of formal definitions and elaborate creeds; our wise and bold acceptance of the sufficiency of the spiritual life, the finality of Scripture, and the unfettered right of private interpretation has for ever foreclosed that; but we have, notwithstanding, found ourselves increasingly one in the faith by which we seek to save and serve the world. Age-long controversies have dwindled into comparative insignificance; questions of Calvinism and Arminianism have gradually retired from the front.* Themes such as "that oldest dogma of the Church (according to Dörner), the second coming of Christ," "the double procession of the Spirit," "the apostasy of angels," the "'ability' and 'inability' of man," whilst not regarded as unimportant, are not suffered to generate divisiveness and strife. In the theology that redeems the individual man, multiplies his serviceableness, crowns his character, and feeds the hope of the race, we are at one amongst ourselves, and at one with the best and purest thought and life of Christendom.

VII.

Are there, then, no differences of real importance amongst us? Is there no theological change? Has the major part of us kept on the lines laid down by the Kettering preacher? Is the present controversy not only without reason, but without *show* of reason?

The theology of any period is connected by links of inevitable causation with the general life of that and preceding ages; and however little we may like it, it is the result of the intellectual and

* *The Baptist* of November 13, 1874, says: "When a Baptist Church wants a minister now, it is a matter of small consequence, to those upon whom the selection devolves, to which section of the body he has heretofore belonged. Nottingham freely gives up her alumni to Particular Baptists; and not a few who have been students at Regent's Park, or Rawdon, or Bristol, minister to General Baptists. Thus the doctrinal difficulty has all but disappeared. If one were to go on the same day to hear a minister of the one section of the body and also one of the other, he would not, as a rule, be able to tell, from anything he heard, which was which."

Mr. Spurgeon says, in the *Sword and Trowel* of December 1887: "Certain antagonists have tried to represent the Down Grade controversy as a revival of the old feud between Calvinists and Arminians. It is nothing of the kind."

social, legal and civil, political and religious forces operative therein, modified by men of original genius, who give it new directions, but always subject to the play and reciprocal action of all human forces, under the direction of the Spirit of God. Consequently there are, and must be, changes; and, in the first place, *changes of language*; for words are vital; they are born and live, grow and decay, and die, like men. John Foster's influence is the vocal expression of the re-shaping energies ever at work upon the speech of the world. Joseph Cook says, "Science obtains a new vocabulary every fifty years"—not new facts, not always new interpretations, but a new *terminology*. Pentecost was the translation of the eternal thought and purpose of God into the language in which every man was born; and the work of the Spirit continues that translation from age to age, so that men may hear in terms with which they are familiar, and in the words that form the swiftest telegraphy to their minds, what God is and does. Jesus did not speak in the pedantic and congealed speech of the synagogue and temple, but in the freer, warmer language of the home and the street. Even Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" gains by being rendered into the living words and rich religious experience of Dr. Alexander Whyte.

It is a law of speech; we cannot deny it; words degenerate. They worsen in use. As the rose which is the pride of the garden may lose its fragrance and be shorn of its beauty and become the meanest dog-rose of the hedge, so the carefully chosen and cultured growth of theological debate may be infected with error till it represents more falsehood than truth, and does more harm than good. "Depavity," "the fallen state," "inability," "imputation," and kindred words and phrases, once voiced the surest convictions of great and earnest souls, and are still, for some, the clear signs of facts; but for a growing host, accepting, in essence, precisely the same facts, they have lost their primary and spiritual import, and are chiefly interesting as the "fossils" of a theological cabinet. For men addressing audiences of mature Christians nourished on Puritan literature, such language will still have its uses; but those who speak habitually to the younger men and women of the age, separated by all their training and modes of thought from the literature of the seventeenth century, and doing all their work in the living language of the age, will seek the aid of the Spirit of God so that they may please Him, by declaring in the language in which their hearers were born the wonderful works of God.

The same law operates in reference to words that are pictures and to *theological imagery* generally. All popular teaching tends to fix itself in the bounded and concrete forms of the fancy—

"Where truth in closest words shall fail,
When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors."

But these tales and pictures may and do become so coated with dust and smoke that their original beauty is hidden, and their teaching and inspiration lost. Where is the Socrates skilled in the "delivery" of the thoughts of sincere men who has not been amazed at the injurious effects produced by some of these world-begrimed theological paintings? Maine's "Ancient Law" is witness to the tremendous influence of the concrete facts of Roman jurisprudence on Christian theology, and no student will say it was wholly beneficial. And whilst some minds, as I can bear witness, have found wings wherewith to soar into the presence of the divine mercy, in figures representing the death of Christ as "a satisfaction" and "the payment of a debt;" to others, those figures have only darkened the vision of the pure unprompted and redeeming love of the Father for men. Change of language is not denial of truth and fact. Wiping the dust from the lenses of speech is not shutting out the light. Restating, in the speech of the year and day, the everlasting Gospel is not "debasement of the theological currency," but reminding it. It is more; it is movement towards larger and clearer vision of the truths and terms which are the common property of Christian men! What meaning, for example, has been put into the key-words of the evangel of Christ—"sacrifice," "ransom," "faith," "love," "purity," "childhood," "manhood," "brotherhood," "Kingdom!" How much bigger they are and what vaster areas of significance they embrace! Surely this is part of that eternal process by which our Lord fulfils his great saying, "Behold, I make all things new."

VIII.

Going deeper than speech and imagery, our attention is arrested by a widespread *change in the temper* with which we face the questions of theology, and the consequent rearrangement in a new order of eminence and use of the doctrines we employ in the service of God and men.

We have not escaped the general depreciation of the current coin of *opinion*, as compared with the spirit man breathes, the work he does, and the character he builds. The prevalent hunger for reality and inwardness; the vast populousness of the world of theory; the hissing dissonance of the press—morning, noon, and night; the ever augmenting sum of nourishing truth, have forced on us the painful duty of selection and compelled the application of the canon of Christ to the doctrines of men, "by their fruits ye shall know them." Like Fuller, and with increased thoroughness, we bring all questions to the test of experience; feel a slackened interest in fighting one another, and seek before all things to save men. The old religious pugilism is gone. We read with amused feeling the words of Baxter telling how Dr. Owen "forgetful of his own past, was now bull-mad

for the fundamentals,* and are not infected by his rage. Indeed, we feel we had better lose the whole world of theological victory and retain the spirit of Christ unstained in its purity, and unwithered in its sweet charities, than gain in every doctrinal tournament, and lose that pearl of greatest price.

With patience and faith in the victory of the Spirit come openness of soul, willingness to be taught, and eagerness to catch every message of the Father. The windows of the Church are opened on all sides to the free air of heaven. Criticism and Science, even Secularism and Socialism, may blow through, and they will only sweep away the infesting cobwebs of error, and make the sanctuary of God the more fitting abode of truth.

As a lad, I listened occasionally to the preaching of the Rev J. G. Pike. His overwhelming solemnity still haunts me like the weird messenger of another world; and the deep and awe-filled tones of his voice, as he repeated the word which was the key to all his preaching, "Eternity, Eternity, Eternity," I never can forget.† Contrast with that a service held by Professor Henry Drummond for the students of Edinburgh University. It is as fervent, soul-stirring, and evangelical as any ever conducted by the author of "The Persuasives to Early Piety." Rapt attention is given, the "wildest medical" being forced to listen; and yet from first to last there is not a word about "eternity" or "the saving of the soul." He speaks, himself absorbed in his theme, of sin, the evil and the power of it; of life, its inestimable values and responsibilities; of the "man Christ Jesus;" of forgiveness, atonement; the help of Christ, and the rule of Christ. It is a total change of fulcrum. The Gospel is for both the lever to lift man to God. Mr. Pike found his fulcrum in

* Masson's "Life of Milton," v. p. 12.

† "Memoir and Remains of the Rev. J. G. Pike" (p. 403). Writing in the fourth decade of this century to his son he says: "The sermons to which you refer are very well for modern sermons, but there is not in them the rousing pungency of Bolton and Baxter, and others of the same stamp and age. I am inclined to think that, taken generally, the Dissenters are more defective now, in their style of preaching, than some of the pious ministers in the Establishment. Too many sermons are adapted for anything rather than to make people feel. Ministers do not seem to remember that in most cases of a mixed congregation, a large, and frequently the larger, part of their hearers are going to hell, and that their business is to try to awaken them and to lead them in the way to heaven. An essay style of preaching is a miserable style. A minister had better keep out of the pulpit, than go into it to deliver essays, though they may be on Gospel truths; and I apprehend that a great part of the preaching of the present day is little more than this. A preacher should pray to feel, and strive to make his hearers feel, and let them feel that they are the persons he is speaking to, and that he is not merely occupying time by telling them something that may concern people a hundred miles off, but which, for anything that is pressed upon them, may be little concern for them. I have not, of late years, heard many preachers: but when I did hear I do not think there was one sermon in twenty calculated to convert a soul. I would advise you, especially, to read the *applicatory* parts of Baxter's works. It is there that his strength and excellency lie. For a vigorous style of application and of impressing Divine truth on the hearts and consciences of an auditory, there is no English writer, of much extent, to be compared with him. Others have their peculiar excellences, and some have excellences of which he may be destitute, but in powerful application he stands unrivalled."

"eternity." Professor Drummond places his here, in the actual sight of men; in the life that now is.

- Those facts are samples of the change that has to some extent occurred within our boundaries. Men holding the doctrine of the everlasting conscious misery of those who die rejecting the Gospel of Jesus, and teaching the universal decisiveness of this present life, give much freer play to the motives centring in the life of to-day, in the making of character and the service of the world, than did their fathers a quarter of a century ago. The best—i.e., the Christian—use of this life is the surest way of preparing for the next.

IX.

BUT our facts carry us further than this. "Verbal changes are but the small dust of the balance," say some, "compared with the revolution which has been accomplished by positive rejection of dogmas on the one hand; and by their modification and enlargement, on the other. The living substance of the teaching of the Baptist Churches is changed."

How far is this allegation good? (1) It is admitted that few tasks are more urgent in the interests of the Christianity of Christ Jesus than a full, well-considered, and well-balanced statement in clear and crisp English; first, of any dogmas rejected by the British Churches; and next, of any shades of meaning belonging to the doctrinal formulæ, now cast out as alien to their present reading of the will of God, and contrary to the teaching of the Spirit. It is a misfortune that the Churches are credited with holding that which they repudiate. The crudities of the populace are taken as the definitions of the masters of theology; and the gross materializings of ill-disciplined minds are cited as the deliberate decisions of Christian men. We do not take our astronomy from the man on the pavement, or make the professors of science responsible for the verdicts of the streets; why then should the "survivals" of centuries of error be set down as the original and present teaching of the Church of Christ?

Christianity began its career by casting out the falsehoods that infested Judaism; and it has continued its course by a prolonged series of strenuous rejections of the errors which have crept into it from the philosophies and governments, customs and spirit, of the world. Theologies constantly require to be regenerated by the Spirit of Christ. Left to themselves, they stiffen and become conventional, or attract the poisonous errors that fill the air, and so fall into extravagance and one-sidedness. Christianity would have been slain a hundred times if it had not possessed the unquenchable energy necessary to cast out the inevitable evils of theology.

The accomplished rejections of this century are well known. The doctrines of "eternal reprobation," the damnation of non-elect infants,

and the perdition of the heathen irrespective of individual responsibility, are scarcely named amongst us except to be denied.* The Paganistic accretions about the sacrifice of Christ, by which it was represented as the appeasing of an implacable anger, have disappeared in the radiance shining from the declaration, that God *so* loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son for its salvation. And over wide areas of the Church's thought it is held that the Gospel is unrestricted by any prohibitive decree, or actual withholding of the convincing energy of the Holy Spirit. Men are "lost," and continue so, for no other reason than that they will not be saved.

(2) It has been recently declared that Baptists are unfaithful to their inherited conception of the inspiration of the Bible. Is this so? There is no question that our working theology has always made a distinction amongst the contents of Scripture, and preferred the Psalms of David to the genealogical tables of the Chronicles, the Epistle to the Hebrews to the book of Leviticus, and the Gospel of John to the Book of Numbers. Nor has our formal theology been at variance therewith. We have held, and still hold, the "orthodox" view; that is the view of Luther and Calvin, Baxter and Doddridge, Neander and Tholuck, and many others, that "the writers of Scripture enjoyed the influence of the Spirit to such an extent that it is the Word, and contains the Will of God," so admitting the possibility of mistakes in historical or geographical statements, but denying any error in matters of faith or morals." The "newer" dogma of Carpov and Hodge, which makes inspiration synonymous with verbal dictation, has recently been pushed to the front with immense daring, but can scarcely be regarded as having effected any modification in the prevalent conception of the Word of God amongst us.

However this may be, it is certain a change fraught with indescribable results is passing over us in regard to the *interpretation and use of Scripture*. A deep scepticism has seized us as to merely textual preaching; and the employment of passages of the Word of God for the ignoble purpose of "mottoes" for sermons is falling more and more into disuse. The argument of "chapter and verse" is utterly discredited, the demand for a full and "scientific" interpretation grows in urgency; so that the Bible may speak straight to the heart of man for God, and make His inspirations felt through the utterances of the psalmists and prophets of Israel, and the records of the evangelists and apostles of Christ.

* "All infants dying such are admitted into the kingdom of heaven by virtue of the mediation of the Second Adam. Hence no one is lost *de facto* for Adam's sin, but for his own personal ratification of that sin in his own life."—Dr. Stock's "Revealed Theology," p. 88.

Contrast with that the sayings of the Swiss theologians: "That there is an election and reprobation of infants, no less than of adults, we cannot deny in the face of God, who loves and hates unborn children."—*Acta Synod. Dort, Judic.*, 40.

(3) Fuller could not make his theology "Christo-centric" without initiating a radical change in the Idea of God. Jesus is the "way" to the Father; and the reinstatement of Christ's word for God on the throne of human thought marks a revolution. It adds sympathy to sovereignty, affectionate fraternity to kingly sway, redeeming love to almighty power. "Divine Sovereignty" is an element in every creed. Men need no Bible to reveal that. To the open eye it is always present. Science enforces it in the reign of law. Learning illumines it in the annals of history. Mahommed teaches it as well as Moses. It is in the songs of Goethe not less than in the "Institutes" of Calvin. Carlyle reiterates it as strongly as Owen. If Andrew Fuller had merely defined God as "the first cause, and the last end of all things" * we should never have known him; he re-affirmed the love of God in Christ, and the world is gladdened by the fruit of his teaching. To go from a chapter in Gill's "Body of Divinity" on "the love of God," to a recent sermon of C. H. Spurgeon's on Christ cleansing the leper, is to pass into a new world.†

(4) And now as to "the three R's." Are they held and taught as in former days? Is the same stress laid on the reality and completeness of the "ruin of man" as by our fathers? We miss, it must be confessed, the monotonous alliteration; and the first R of the three is not so frequently heard in public speech. But the mordant fact is depicted with increased energy, and sustained by new argument. Many dissent from John Milton's interpretation of "the Fall" as being unscriptural, and others fail to find in the original Adam of Genesis the conspicuous righteousness and splendid fulness of character with which some divines have clothed him, but there is a uniformity of belief in the awful catastrophe, and a fuller recognition than ever of its tremendous consequences.

Two differences appear. First, men say less about sin as a *necessity* of the inherited organism, and more concerning it as an act of the individual will. It is not that he is less "ruined," or adjudged one whit a "better being." Not for a moment; the heritage of evil is his. The race-unity of mankind lays on each individual an unspeakable burden. Science gives concrete energy and universal application to the saying of the Psalmist, "I was born in sin, and shaped in iniquity;" but Scripture asserts with even greater energy the responsibility of each sinner for the wrong he does. The law of heredity contained in Genesis and Romans is affirmed, but as taught by Hinton, "man's inability" for goodness "is *indisposition*, not more nor less." Where our fathers spent time in painting and proving the inherited "ruin" due to the solidarity of mankind, we seek to rouse the sense of individual accountability to God for every thought and deed.

* "Systematic Divinity."

† "The Lord and the Leper," Feb. 12, 1888.

The second modification in the statement of the "Fall" is to the effect that though man has fallen short of the glory of God, all his relations to God are not destroyed. God has made him, as He has stars and trees, soaring eagles and singing birds, but man is neither a star nor a plant. He is spirit as well as body. He has the unique power of choice. He can do wrong; he has done wrong; but his sin has not annihilated him, as Hinton taught it would have done but for the Divine mercy. It has not; and so long as the merest shred of ordinary meaning survives in the word "son," it will be accurate to describe man as God's son! His *lost* son, fearfully lost, but still the son, for whose salvation the Father yearns, and to whom He has sent the glad tidings of redemption through Christ Jesus. The recognition of that relation persisting in spite of sin is itself the birth of hope for men.

(5) Since the days of Strauss the stress of theological controversy has gathered round the historical Christ, His Person and His Plan; with the natural result that "Christ crucified" has not so completely swayed the thought of the Christian Church as Christ the Anointed of God, Christ the Wonderful Teacher, Christ the King of Men. That battle is ended. The "Galilean has triumphed" again; and now the central conception of Christianity as a religion of "atonement" is ascending to its primary and appointed place. "Christ gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil age." The Sinless One bears away the sin of the world. He must. It is the prerogative of purity, and "how is He straitened till it be accomplished!" The gladdening fact is preached as the unique element of the religion of Christ, with unabated faith and quenchless fervour, with an increasing sense of incapacity to fathom its meaning and frame a complete interpretation of its manifold applications.

Less and less is therefore made of theories. Dr. Alexander Whyte may speak for us all:—

"The Scriptures [he says] answer the conscience, and say, 'Without blood there is no remission.' I never have any difficulties about the theory of the atonement. Why? For a very simple reason; because I believe my philosophy is intended to go in another direction. I believe I will never be able to bottom God's great thoughts about the atonement, but I receive the principle of it. I do not understand sin. Do you? Who understands its origin, its results, its deserts? No man; but He who knows what sin is knows. I do not try to understand the atonement but to receive it. That is the right way to get it, to receive it, not by efforts of your own, but by the faith of the Lord Jesus."*

The Anselmic idea of "satisfaction" is taught in two of our Colleges, the Grotian governmental theory is examined and defended in another; in a fourth a full statement of the fact and issues of the

* Dr. Alexander Whyte: *Christian Leader*, January 26, 1888.

sacrifice of Christ is given and an investigation of all theories, so as to make manifest the insufficiency of any *one* interpretation to tell the whole truth; and in most cases with Fuller's important correction of the error that speaks of the sacrifice of Christ "as a transfer of punishment." The "Exemplar" interpretation is felt to be one-sided, insufficiently Biblical, and inadequate to deal with the sense of sin or of opposition on the part of man to a holy God, and therefore is less influential than it was twenty years ago. No department of Christian thought is so rich in promise of progress and of new applications as the Theology of the Cross.

X.

The cleavage between the old and the new runs deepest on the subject of Eschatology. The differences are numerous, and in some cases amount to serious contradictions; but they are not altogether new. Foster rejected the doctrine of "eternal misery," and said he knew a number (not large) of ministers of piety and intelligence who agreed with him. William Groser, editor of the *Baptist Magazine*, is credited with the same faith. The devout John Sheppard, of Frome, said with unreportable pathos: "If God were to condemn me eternally I should say I had deserved it all; but I cannot endure the thought of others being sent to everlasting torment." Robert Hall says expressly the doctrine of eternal punishment "is not an essential article of faith, nor is the belief of it ever proposed as a term of salvation."*

Five positions find supporters amongst present day Baptists—(a) The majority, probably 80 or 90 per cent., believe the unending misery of all who die rejectors of Christ to be a Scripture doctrine; (b) the larger portion of the rest "faintly trust the larger hope," discriminating between a reasoned conviction and a fervent and compassionate wish; † (c) others do not deny the "everlasting misery," nor do they feel authorized to preach probation after death. The lines of revela-

* Hall's "Works," v. 527-9.

† Mr. Spurgeon, in an address at the Annual Conference of the Pastor's College, May 5, 1885, said to his students: "There are some who, in addition to what is in the Word of God, endeavour to glorify Him. I suppose they do it by preaching what they cannot possibly know to be true. There is 'a larger hope,' about which I will say nothing, except if any brother is able to indulge it, let him to his heart's content: but having no material weapon whereupon to support the hope, it would be as well if he did not think that he could glorify God by what can only, after all, be the fruit of the imagination. I saw a picture in one of the most famous galleries of Europe which gave me much instruction. It was the little Christ, the new-born Jesus, asleep. There He lay, sweetly pictured, and all around Him were angels; and what, think you, were they doing as they bent around the manger? They looked at one another, and each one put his finger to his lips, as much as to say, 'He sleeps, let us not wake Him.' Wherever God seems to leave a thing unrevealed, and Jesus seems to be asleep about that, let us not wake Him; let us keep silence. We shall know by-and-by; 'what thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter.' There are many imaginations, and much of them beautiful; but the truth is more beautiful still, and it is to that we shall cling, because it is, and the other is only 'may be.' We will have time, perhaps, if there be any time in eternity, to think about the 'may be's' then."

tion running into futurity are dim and indistinct compared with those that run through time. The certainty that Christ saves men here does not characterize the Biblical statements as to what is their condition hereafter. The tendency of character to permanence and the law of automatism compel them to assert the high probabilities of enduring sinfulness, and therefore of enduring suffering; but whilst strongly insistent on the certainty of punishment to the lawless and disobedient, they are agnostic as to its duration; (*d*) Clement and Origen are the ancient prototypes of "Restorationists," like Dr. Cox, of Nottingham. Arguing from the character of God in Christ, and believing in the infinite and exhaustless values of His vicarious sacrifice, they teach as a definite and positive faith that though the retribution which will overtake the rejectors of God will be terrible beyond all imagining, yet the Father will surely bring all the lost finally to himself; (*e*) "Conditional Immortality," as taught by Rothe and White, has also its Baptist advocates, as indeed it has had these thirty years.

I do not know any disciples of Dorner and Martensen's theory of a probationary period between death and the resurrection for infants and heathen, and others incapable of embracing the Gospel in this life, during which they may be restored to God.

Though it is not possible to say in what proportions these differing beliefs find recipients, yet three things are certain—First, that the fact of future retribution is held by all, with unrelaxed tenacity; secondly, that the state of "man after death" awakens a deeper sympathy than ever, and is spoken of with increasing tenderness; thirdly, that complete exegetical freedom is of the first importance in the newly awakened investigation of the data—both within the "Scripture" and without—concerning the fate of those who leave this life in fixed antagonism to the will and rule of God.

It is not for me to deduce lessons or to forecast the future; but, reviewing the whole of the facts, and allowing that the doctrinal system of belief of the seventeenth century is only held in its original integrity by a few, I may safely say that no churches have been more thoroughly conservative in their main theological development, or are more completely Evangelical, than the Baptist brotherhood, with its ever fresh expectation of "more light to break forth from God's Word," and its steadfast rejections of all credal restriction of thought.

JOHN CLIFFORD.

A GLIMPSE OF NORTH AFRICA.

NORTH AFRICA is an outlying fragment of Europe, which Mohammedan usurpation cut off for a while from its natural surroundings, but which the expansion of the time is now bringing back once more with marvellous rapidity into full communion with its own proper and original continent. Civilization is reclaiming the coast, always European, from a temporary flood of Islam and barbarism. Marocco alone yet bars the way, and Marocco's days are practically numbered.

From the first moment that a stranger lands upon the smiling shore of the Barbary States, this sense of familiarity, of being still everywhere in touch with Europe, comes home to him strongly with a shock of surprise, physically and biologically, as well as historically and politically; indeed, North Africa has always been united to Europe by the Mediterranean, and divided from Africa by the trackless expanse of the great Sahara. The Englishman who treads for the first time an American woodland feels himself at every step in a new world in the presence of an unfamiliar fauna and flora. In spite of the close similarity of climate and conditions, fresh types of life surround him on every side. In North Africa, on the contrary, the case is exactly reversed. In spite of the profound difference in latitude and in temperature, the world of Europe is still with him. Birds and beasts are old friends of childhood. The vegetation is the vegetation of Italy and the Riviera. Olive and lentisk scrub cover the arid hillsides. Vineyards disfigure the sunny slopes of the lesser ranges. Oranges and lemons gleam in every garden. Cane-reeds whisper in the deep-cut ravines of mountain torrents. The clematis that hangs drooping from the trees and hedgerows is the great white clematis of Nice and Mentone. The orchids that grow thick under the shade of the pine woods are the orchids of Provence, of the

Apennines, of Sicily. Nothing in Nature tells us for a moment we are in Africa, except, perhaps, the fallacious date-palms; and the date-palms (like the Arabs who planted them), are as much intruders at Algiers or Tunis, as at Cannes or Hyères, at San Remo or Monte Carlo. They never ripen their rich fruit north of the demarcating Atlas range; only the perpetual care of man has ever enabled them to hold their own precariously against the chilly winds of the Mediterranean sea-board.

The truth is, North Africa is not even by origin a part of the Continent to which it has handed on its own much-abused name. The old Africa of the Mauritanian Afri has nothing at all to do with the new Africa of the barbarous negroes. It is, and has always been from the very beginning, an integral part of Europe, separated from Spain and Sicily only by the narrow seas at Gibraltar and Cape Bon, but divided from the great solid block of Negroland by the wide intervening expanse of the sandy Desert. Egypt, in spite of its Mediterranean front, is a true portion of the Dark Continent, a mass of Nile mud deposited seaward by the endless river fed from the lakes and snowy mountains of the far interior. But Marocco, Algeria, Tunis, and in fact Tripoli, consist of a single long subsiding sierra of the Spanish system, artificially divided from the remainder of its mass by the accidental intrusion of the sea at Tangier and Carthage.

Whether the bed of Sahara was once an immense Southern Mediterranean or not, it is at any rate certain that all the existing fauna and flora of the Atlas region—in which I will venture to include also the human inhabitants—entered the country from northward, from the European land area. The plants and animals are simply the plants and animals of Spain, Sicily, Italy, and Sardinia. The birds are just the larks and thrushes, the ortolans and plovers, that range over the greater part of Europe. The reptiles and insects are equally familiar in form and character. It is only in the extreme south, on the borders of the Desert, that true African types, like the panther and ostrich, begin to appear as mere northward stragglers. A few freshwater fish alone link the fauna of the Atlas to the African world; for the most part, Africa in the modern sense begins south of Sahara.

Nevertheless, while in every physical and native characteristic the great bulge of land between the Syrtis and the Atlantic is all Europe, in external and artificial characteristics it must be frankly admitted that on the first flush it seems all Orient. The visitor to Algiers, and far more to Tunis or Marocco, is struck at the outset, as he treads the Moorish shore, with an unwonted sense of novelty and foreignness. Everything at a first glance appears wonderfully unfamiliar. The tall and stately Arabs, in their picturesque dirt; the melancholy Kabyles, in their grimy burnouses; the flitting Moorish women, discreetly veiled with haik and yashmak up to their too loquacious eyes; the mosques and minarets, the domes and koubbas,

the horseshoe arches, the Moslem architecture—all these seem to tell eloquently of something far from European or Christian. The very aspect of Nature is at the first glimpse equally fallacious. Date-palms and bananas in all the gardens give an almost tropical air to the squat and flat-roofed Moorish villas. Tall flowering aloes, and prickly cactus hedges remind one instinctively at every turn of Mexico or Jamaica. Strings of laden camels, fresh in with dates or alfagrass from the Desert, and negro traffickers from the oases, in gay-coloured robes, increase the frequent suggestion of a southern world. Add to all these the gleaming white-domed houses on the dry red hillsides, and the tiled arcades of the white-washed shrine where some holy Marabout lies buried in the odour of sanctity, and the shade of the doum palms, and you may be well excused for fancying yourself at first really and truly in another continent.

But it is all show, mere external show, a shallow veneering of Africa and Islam for all that. The country was, and yet will be, Europe. The very things that seemed so foreign at first sight, are themselves as foreign to the soil as to our observing eyes; they are all late casual importations from warmer climates. The aloe and the prickly pear come across the sea from the American tropics; they grow in North Africa, as they grow along the Riviera, and on the Sicilian slopes, by sufferance only. The further you get away from the towns and civilization the more do you leave whatever seemed Africa behind you, and the more do you find yourself frankly in Europe—except, of course, as regards the human population. The dates, and bananas, and agaves disappear; and you wander gradually into an arid land of evergreen oak and dry healthy plants, exactly like the barren white limestone hills about Marseilles and Toulon. Almost every species of living thing now found in the country on the Atlas slope has entered it first from the northern shore—from Provence and Spain—probably before the Straits of Gibraltar were formed, and when land bridges existed *vid* Sardinia and Corsica on one side, or, again, *vid* Reggio, Sicily, and Cape Bon, on the other. The few southern kinds are, every one of them, recent immigrants or human importations. The camel is useless north of the Atlas; the negro is an intruder; land, plants, and animals, all alike, are purely European.

And so, with some trifling exceptions, are the people. The Arabs, to be sure, so far as any of them can claim true Arab descent, are, no doubt, Semitic, and therefore Asiatic. But the genuine Arab (if he exists at all) belongs for the most part to the Desert and the south: he herds with the camel, the ostrich, and the date-palm. The population of the towns and the seaboard is very mixed—most of it shows strong traces of European blood; and the population of the mountains is, in large part, at least as European as the population of Spain, Sicily, and Italy.

Take, for example, that strange pale-faced race, the Kabyles of Algeria. They are an interesting people, these aboriginal Berbers—stranded Europeans, still vigorously subsisting in the midst of an alien Mahomedan folk; Roman Christians, reduced for the time being to the outer faith and manners of Islam, but remaining for all that essentially European in numerous underlying ideas, habits, and customs. To look at, the Kabyle is distinctly “a white man,” as they say in America; some French authors have even gone so far as to say that he presents “a decided Germanic aspect.” De Quatrefages considers him a surviving specimen of the cave-men of Cro-Magnon; English authorities incline rather to call him an Aryan, whatever that may mean, for my faith is weak on the Aryan question. But Aryan or barbarian, palæolithic or neolithic, one thing is certain, the fair and straight-haired Kabyle resembles essentially in all important points the remainder of the Mediterranean population; and he does not resemble in any respect whatsoever the Arabs of Arabia or the negroes of the Soudan. He belongs to the same race (in a broad sense) as the people of Italy, Spain, and Ireland, not to the same races as the people of Egypt, Syria, or Africa. He is one of ourselves, a man and a brother.

And as his blonde complexion, his large blue eyes, his ruddy hair and his high straight forehead point him out at once as in all fundamentals a European still, in haik and burnouse; so, in spite of generations of Islam, do his language, his life, and his arts also. The Kabyle is no nomad, like the Arab of the desert; he has his house and home; he is a husbandman and a herdsman; habits of steady industry mark him off severely from the wandering Semite; a dweller in villages, a weaver of fine cloth, of woollen fabrics, of baskets, a maker of arms, of cutlery, of pottery, of ornamental metal-work; he retains still not a few traces of the influence of the old Phœnician art. Many of his productions are extremely beautiful; all of them betray a true feeling for his handicraft. Above all, he shows himself essentially a European in that he possesses still the instinct of the family. Ideas of that fundamental order cannot readily be put off and on like a coat or a creed. The Kabyle, in the midst of Islam, guards, to this day, the European and Christian respect for the dignity and independence of woman. He is not a polygamist. He has but one wife, who lives with him, not in subjection and inferiority like the Arab woman, but on the same practical equality as the women of the more unsophisticated European races—Welsh, Irish, Norwegians, Swiss. In Kabylia the face of wife or maiden is never veiled; and, strange to say, it still bears a remote mark of Christian influence in the cross tattooed upon it in early childhood.

This aboriginal Berber race then, of which the Kabyle remains the purest representative, was in its origin and intelligence purely European; and its early history linked it, of course, entirely with the

European Mediterranean civilization. Even in the wilder parts of Numidia and Mauritania, great aboriginal buildings like the Medrassen, or tomb of the Numidian Kings at Batna, and the vast mausoleum of Juba II. near Cherchel—round barrows raised in solid tiers of stone, the earliest stage in the evolution of the pyramid—display the force and depth of the purely native Berber culture. Brought first under the influence of Phœnician and then of Greek civilization, this Berber race showed the same adaptability to the new order of things, as did all the other Mediterranean populations. For a time it was a question whether Africa or Italy, Carthage or Rome, was to rule the West; and, when Rome finally conquered, the completeness of her conquest and assimilation was more remarkable in Africa than even in Southern Gaul, in Spain, or in any other country outside Italy. It is surprising how firm a hold Roman civilization took upon all these rugged upland valleys. North Africa consists of an arid and crumbled mountain chain, in whose tortuous recesses the French in Algeria have with difficulty planted a few outlying colonies, and maintained an often nominal and precarious supremacy. But Rome Romanized as well as conquered. Roman amphitheatres, baths, and temples of extreme magnificence, even far among the mountains, still stand as monuments to teach us how thoroughly the Italian had bent the Berber population to his own will. Aqueducts span half the gorges and ravines. Mosaics and inscriptions turn up by the dozen. Near Cherchel and Tipasa there are acres of sarcophagi. Nowhere in the world outside Italy, not even, I venture to say, in Provence itself, do Roman ruins and Roman remains strew the soil in such astonishing numbers as in Algeria and Tunis. Nowhere, too, did Christianity strike deeper root. Africa became the nursing mother of saints and bishops, of martyrs and confessors, of schisms and heresiarchs. The country was, apparently, as Romanized as Cisalpine Gaul; everywhere in the far interior Roman towns of striking size, adorned with triumphal arches, churches, palaces, and monuments, survive in fragments within their shrunken walls to bear witness to the great Catholic civilization which has passed away, for the time, from all North Africa.

It is strange to stand in the museum at Algiers—that beautiful museum so quaintly installed in the courtyard of Mustapha Pacha's Moorish palace—and glance around at the modern-looking torsos of antique statuary interspersed among the foliage of palms and bananas that fill up the archways of that open arcaded *patio*. The antique remains belong, we feel instinctively, to *our* civilization; they are part, like our own work, of Greek art; between them and us there is no great gulf fixed; all has been but one uniform course of consistent development. Statues like those in every important particular (except perhaps merit) are modelled to-day in every studio in Rome, or Paris, or Munich, or London. They are European, or to give

them what is possibly their truer name, Mediterranean in type. Even the letters of the inscriptions are our own Roman alphabet; the words are the Latin still spoken under slightly varying disguises over all the southern shores of Europe. But the building in which they stand, with its pointed Saracenic arches, its oriental tracery, its exquisite tile-work, its Mahommedan decoration, where all imitative elements are strictly avoided, belongs to another and wholly alien style—older, more barbaric, lower, intrusive. It is hard to realize that men lived and wrought here in Africa capable of turning out those splendid works of art, those Fauns and Aphrodites, long before the carvers of the flowing Arabic inscriptions, that cover the walls, had begun to develop their own beautiful but profoundly inferior school of ornament.

Well, the Arabs came and swept all this away; they divorced North Africa for twelve hundred years from its natural union with the opposite shore of the Mediterranean, and they cut off the entire coast, from Egypt to Morocco, from intercourse with the civilized world of Europe. Ishmael's hand, here as elsewhere, was against every man; the Barbary pirates made civilization impossible at home, and precarious on the Provençal and Ligurian seaboard. Of course there was a time when all this might have been otherwise; when it was doubtful whether Rome or Cordova was to become the centre of sweetness and light for the nations; whether Islam or Christendom was to evolve the philosophy and the science of the world. But when once that question was finally settled North Africa fell back into a mere seething mass of anarchy and robbers. Christianity, commerce, art, science, all died down to the Mahommedan level. For twelve centuries this outlying fragment of the European world relapsed into a barbarism that grew deeper and deeper with each succeeding epoch. Islam formed an impenetrable barrier to the southward progress of civilizing ideas. All peaceable intercourse was wholly suspended. Africa seemed more readily accessible from the west, the south, or the east to European influences than from the old and natural highway of the north and the Mediterranean, blocked up by a hostile creed and a piratical people.

It was with the present century that the return-wave set in. Islam in its dotage began to decay. Napoleon's invasion and the road to India brought Egypt first well within the range of European politics. But to us in England the rest of the north coast of Africa had less interest and importance: our concern lay rather with greater Africa—the Cape, Zululand, the West Coast, Zanzibar, the river highways, the unexplored interior. To this day, in England, when we say Africa we mean habitually Negroland and the South: that is the Africa with which we all have practically to deal; that is the Africa of "British interests;" of political complications, little wars, missionaries, explorers, the hopes of trade, the undeveloped markets. Thither Manchester turns her longing eyes, thither the heart of Exeter Hall

is yearning. But in France it is quite otherwise. Africa there means Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, the Desert. That is the Africa where the French soldier has served with distinction; the Africa whose trade enriches Marseilles; the Africa whence civilization and perhaps even Christianity are slowly moving their way back into the great interior.

I think we in England have perhaps too much overlooked the importance and magnitude of this vigorous French movement for the re-conquest of the Barbary coast for civilization and Christendom. Accustomed to penetrate Africa in the mind's eye by way of the Nile, the Congo, and the Zambesi, we have perhaps under-estimated the value and reality of the less showy, but more sure and solid work, which France is doing for the world in Algeria and Tunis, and which, it is to be hoped, no petty national jealousy on the part of any other European State will prevent her from carrying out equally well in Morocco. But any unprejudiced observer who looks at the marvellous result the French have already obtained in little more than fifty years in Algeria cannot help admitting that their conquest of North Africa has been a real boon to the civilized world—cannot help seeing that from Algiers as a centre civilized habits and modes of action are gradually filtering through to the very Desert, and turning back to Europe for the common good this long-lost province of Roman Christendom.

The French, it is commonly said, are bad colonizers. That is true, if by the phrase is meant that France is not a teeming mother of colonists. French people do not recklessly over-stock themselves. Swarms come only from full hives. But all that France lacks is the raw material: for energy, thoroughness, and organizing ability, nothing like Algeria is to be seen in any British colony. If one compares the country for ten miles round Algiers with the country for ten miles round Montreal or Toronto, the comparison is, indeed, anything but flattering to our self-complacent colonizing British intelligence. Here you are simply and solely in pure Europe: no wooden shams, no flimsy makeshifts; everything has a European solidity and completeness; the vineyards remind one of the Côte d'Or or the Gironde; the roads are the magnificent hard French highways; the walls and bridges, the houses and engineering works, have a French neatness and perfection of workmanship. No town in any English colony that I know of is half so much like England as Algiers, with its stately boulevards and splendid warehouses, is like Marseilles or Toulon. For most practical purposes, indeed, Algeria may be looked upon just as three departments of France, accidentally cut off from the rest of the Republic by the Mediterranean; and Tunis is rapidly assuming a similar character. Yet here the French had to contend, not only with a rugged and trackless country, very unlike that unbroken Canadian plain, but also with a hostile race, an

alien religion, a lower civilization, and inferior social order. And in spite of it all, to-day in Algeria, among palms and aloes, mosques and Arabs, squalid villages and Oriental beggary, one constantly forgets, in the smoothness and ease of every-day life, one is not in France itself; one remembers with a start that this is still Africa.

The whole Barbary coast, in fact, is fast becoming once more Europe. Morocco, of course, still holds aloof, doing the "awful example" for Islam generally; but in Algeria and Tunis the change is rapid, and if France is not artificially cramped by the action of other nationalities she will no doubt win back Morocco, too, for European civilization. Already one branch of the great North African railway system has been pushed back rapidly in the rear of Oran, along the Morocco frontier, to tap the Alfa trade, and to the district of the Tafilat dates, and to spread the region of French influence inland and southward. It is earnestly to be hoped that that influence will not be interfered with. The Great Atlas in Morocco rises to a very considerable height, and gathers in the winter a thick coating of snow, whose melting supplies several miniature Niles that run down to water the desert of kirts and the high plateau region. The country back of the Atlas, irrigated by these streams, is the home of the best and most productive date-palms. A line from Oran runs back just within the French territory, and approaches the outskirts of the Tafilat date country from the flank. It is understood that the French Government contemplates its future extension. In this way the *death* end of the wedge has been inserted for French influence at the back of Morocco, and whenever the inevitable overthrow of his Sultanic Majesty can no longer be put off, France may, perhaps, step into the vacant inheritance—if Europe permits her. It will be a great misfortune for the civilized world if she is not allowed, quietly and without any partition difficulties, to extend in this direction her natural sphere.

Marocco is the finest province in North Africa. It stands nearest to the Atlantic, and catches first the fertilizing rainfall. Its mountains are highest, its rivers largest, its harvests richest. It has a warmer winter and a less arid summer than Algeria and Tunis. But it is given over still, with the consent of Europe, to every possible abuse and abomination. The jealousy of Spain alone prevents the French from replacing the barbaric government of its present masters by a firm, just, and progressive administration. To leave this country under its existing rulers is little short of wicked; to hand it over, or any part of it, to Spanish administration would, so far as the interests of civilization are concerned, be much the same as to commit it still to the tender mercies of the Mulai Hassan of the moment.

Quiet people nowadays are no lovers of European annexation—of filibustering aggression, the carpet-bagging colonist, the beach-

comber, the trekker, the belligerent missionary. They do not admire the "extension of British interests" by men, and calico, and Martini-Henry rifles. But there is all the difference in the world between such annexations as the English landgrabbing of Zululand and such annexations as the French conquest and settlement of Algeria. France, driven by outrage, seized upon a nest of pirates, enemies of civilization, of commerce, of Christendom, and turned their land from a "chaos of anarchy" into a quiet home of agriculturists and manufacturers. For this task, more than half accomplished, she deserves the thanks and gratitude of the nations; for its completion she requires their co-operation and their capital.

Algeria has now already been Europeanized; Tunis is fast following suit. A magnificent railway system extends at present in unbroken line from the frontier of Morocco to the sea at the Goletta, a distance of about seven hundred miles. It will ultimately, no doubt, extend to the town of Morocco, and on to the Atlantic at Mogador and Safi. From this grand trunk-line, branches or loop-lines touch on the sea at Bone, Philippeville, Bougie, Algiers, Arzeu and Oran. One subsidiary railway now reaches the Desert itself at Biskra; another runs back through the little Sahara as far as Mecheria. The French engineers even hope ultimately to extend this last, not only to Figuig, but across the sands to the banks of the Niger, in which case Sahara, like the Pyrenees, will have ceased to exist. Everything is thus already provided for the opening out and complete Europeanization of North Africa, except the colonists: the harvest, indeed, is ready, but the workers as yet are far too few. It is a fine country, few in the world are finer or richer. "The colonization of Algeria," says Sir R. Lambert Playfair, who knows it well, "is a splendid work, still far from completion. A long extent of seaboard, rich soil, boundless material wealth, a fine climate, magnificent scenery, the most favourable geographical position conceivable—all these ought to secure for it a brilliant future." Just at present there is a "boom" in vines going on. France's extremity is Algeria's opportunity; and the phylloxera which impoverishes Bordeaux is enriching Algiers. The wine-growers, exiled by that microscopic enemy, are planting their vines on the slopes of the Sahel. But, apart from any such adventitious circumstances, the country can hold its own in the long run with any other. Though Africa will never again be the granary of Europe (for in the matter of cereals India and America have cut the ground from under her feet), she has oranges and dates to supply the world, tobacco and wine, Alfa and esparto grass, minerals and marbles, all sub-tropical and almost all temperate products. Capital and population cannot long remain away from a land within twenty-eight hours of Marseilles, and still as rich in virgin soil and undeveloped capabilities as Western America.

What effect will this coming Europeanization have upon the in-

indigenous races and the rest of Africa? And how will Islam stand or fall before the face of conquering Christianity? Well, I think, so far as the three provinces themselves are concerned, that in the end the real underlying European element in the population alone will survive, and will once more become truly European. The Kabyles and other Berber or semi-Berber peoples, accustomed always to steady industry, are spreading themselves as labourers over the country everywhere. They take to the new ways readily. They will remain and increase before the face of civilization, while the nomad Arab retreats or dies out, or fails slowly by imperceptible degrees in the struggle for existence. The Jews, of course, will also remain; they grow rich, and thrive under French institutions. The Moors of the towns, mongrel Mahommedans, half Berber to start with, and much intermixed no doubt with the blood of their Turkish masters and their Christian slaves, will likewise remain and keep up their actual, though not I fancy their proportional, numbers. But all this will only mean that the land will be inhabited by Europeans or quasi-Europeans, French colonists, Alsatian refugees, Maltese settlers, Italian peasants, Gibraltar Spaniards, on the one hand; and Kabyles, Berbers, Moors, Jews, on the other. The intrusive barbaric Asiatic and African element must go; the civilized and civilizable will persist and inherit.

But will the remnant of the indigenous population exchange Islam for Christianity? Within any measurable distance of time, it is by no means easy to say *yes*. The crescent dies hard. As yet, the two streams of life, Mahommedan and European, run on independently side by side throughout Algeria and Tunis, neither seeming very much to influence or affect the other. They touch but do not mix. The difficulty of intercourse, due to the seclusion of women and the privacy of the Mahommedan family system, seems effectually to prevent any free interchange of ideas or customs. It has been the dream of Cardinal Lavigerie's life, indeed, to bring back the old Roman provinces to the fold of Christendom; and if any man could do it, that ardent soul would surely have accomplished the super-human task. For the Cardinal is emphatically a man of ideas; and when Frenchmen have ideas they have them very badly indeed. He is a perfect *de Lesseps* in the colossal grandeur and faith of his conceptions. His chief ambition has been to re-erect the metropolitan cathedral of recovered North Africa on the site of Carthage, and to raise again the capital of a Christian province over the scanty ruins of the ancient city. The cathedral, indeed, is well under way, but the conversion of Africa still hangs fire. Brick and stone are far more plastic than flesh and blood. The White Fathers, who wear the Arab burnous, speak the Arabic language, adopt the native customs, and go as missionaries among the people themselves, have

not as yet succeeded in proselytizing any large body of the indigenous population to Christianity, as the Arabs proselytize the negroes beyond the Desert *en bloc*, to the faith of Islam. So far, the Catholic Church has merely scratched the top soil of Mahomedan Africa.

Nevertheless, it is quite possible that when European influence extends uninterruptedly along the whole region, of which the Atlas is the central axis—when colonists spread among the upland valleys, when the Arab has retired or slowly died out, when Christians form the largest element in the population, when Jew and Berber have learned to use the French language—Christianity too may slowly supervene. This, however, is a mere stray conjecture for the remote future. Islam has deep roots in the human mind. If it ever gets rooted out at all, it will get rooted out slowly by insensible stages.

And what will be the ultimate effect of the Europeanization of the North upon the great mass of Africa—that is to say, of Negroland? Very little, I imagine. Sahara forms, and has always formed, a great barrier. I think it will continue to form an almost equal barrier in future. North Africa will simply become Europe once more; the Dark Continent will begin at the Sahara. The “sphere of French influence” will extend southward, as far only as the Desert; beyond it, will lie the separate spheres of English and Belgian, perhaps also of German and Italian, influence. Nevertheless, even so, France will no doubt contribute her share, directly or indirectly, to the opening out of the vast block of solid land in the rear. French ideas and French goods penetrate already far inland by caravan and camel, railways reach to the borders of the Desert; faint echoes of what passes to the north of the barren barrier must reverberate as far south as Timbuctoo and the Niger. After what we have seen in our own lifetime, it is not impossible that winter stations may arise beyond the Desert within the days of men now living, and that communications may spread away inland across the almost impassable region closed to traffic for innumerable ages.

That is the dream. It is to be hoped that diplomacy will not rudely shatter it by severing Morocco from its natural alliance with the rest of the unbroken Atlas range, and by building up again in Africa those false frontiers and artificial divisions which have burdened Europe with kings, and wars, and tariffs, and conscriptions. But all these things lie on the knees of the gods and the financiers; the Bismarcks and the Rothschilds hold us in the hollow of their hands. As they pronounce, so are the destinies of the world meted out. May they spare Morocco the fate of separation from the rest of Europe beyond the sea, and build up one single compact recovered State, with one great trunk line of consistent communications, from the Dra and the Atlantic to the Syrtis and Tripoli.

GRANT ALLEN.

ISLAM AND CIVILIZATION.

THE recent controversy as to the comparative merits of Islam and Christianity raises issues deeper and wider than the so-called "religious world." It is not Christianity alone, but civilization, which is involved in the issue. I believe that under Christianity alone can man reach the perfect development of his nature. But the history of Greece and Rome proves abundantly that a very high degree of civilization is possible under Paganism. My charge against Islam, therefore, is not merely that it is a religion fundamentally and irreconcilably opposed to Christianity, but that it can be proved to be essentially and historically incompatible with civilization; that the nation or the tribe that adopts it passes under a blight which arrests its development, and makes it, while it remains loyal to Islam, incapable of progress. Islam can raise to its own level tribes lower than itself in the scale of humanity; but this it does at the terrible cost of petrifying them at that level for ever—the level, that is, of the barbarous Arabs of Mahomed's day. For, except in the matter of idolatry and infanticide, Islam, as we find it in Mecca, its metropolis, is not in advance of the social and intellectual condition of the Arabs of that time; and inasmuch as the Koran claims to be the last declaration of the Divine Will to man,* it follows that any progress beyond the Koran is not only superfluous, but impious in addition. And the history of Islam all over the world proves to demonstration that what was antecedently to be expected has in fact occurred. Out of a crowd of witnesses I need quote only one who is, on this point, perhaps the first of living authorities :—

* "L'ultima edizione de' comandi del Creatore scritta ab eterno ; recitata a brani dall' angelo Gabriele all' apostolo illiterato, il quale veniva ripetendo la rivelazione, e si chiamolla Korán, ossia lettura."—Amari, "Storia dei Musulmani di Sicilia," i. 51.

"That the adoption of Islam may be, and in fact is, a real benefit and an uplifting to savage tribes, amongst whom the lowest and most brutalizing forms of fetichism would else predominate, does not admit of doubt. Anthropophagy, human sacrifices, and other kindred horrors have thus been banished by Mahometan teaching from whole tracts of Africa; and so far is well. But no less does experience show that, sooner or later, the tribe, the nation, that casts in its lot with Islam, is stricken as by a blight; its freshness, its plasticity disappear first; then its vigour, then its reparative and reproductive power, and it petrifies or perishes. With the abstract and theoretical merits of monotheism or polytheism, Islam or Christianity, I have nothing to do; but this much is certain, that within the circle of the Philippine archipelago itself—not to seek examples further away—the contrast between the Mahometan villages of the southernmost islands and the Christian ones elsewhere is very remarkable, nor by any means favourable to the former."*

Mr. Gifford Palgrave, who bears this testimony, is an unexceptionable witness. After taking the highest honours at Oxford, he spent some years in India as a soldier, after which he left the army and became a Jesuit missionary in Syria; then he made his well-known journey through the least known parts of Arabia; and the rest of his life has nearly all been spent in official positions or as a traveller in Musulman lands in Europe, Asia, and Africa. And so familiar is he with the Musulman system and the Arab tongue, that he has been himself, he tells us, more than once "invested for the nonce with the character and duties of Imam, and as such has conducted the customary congregational worship." This was in the interior of Arabia, and in the eyes of the natives he was "a Muslim of general good character, and of a more than average acquaintance with the Koran and the stated forms of prayer."† It is evident that Mr. Palgrave has no prejudices against Islam, and indeed he tells us in the passage quoted above from his recently published volume that his present attitude towards all religions, Christian and non-Christian, is that of a neutral student and observer. It would be difficult to find a witness better qualified by study, by large and varied experience, and by what the late Sir G. C. Lewis calls "the requisite indifference," to pronounce on the practical results of Islam. And Mr. Palgrave's judgment is that Islam means moral and intellectual petrification or death to the tribe or nation which adopts it.

But we are not dependent in this matter on individual testimony, however eminent. *Si requiris monumentum, circumspice*. We are surrounded by a cloud of witnesses. Every land that has embraced Islam has been smitten with decay. Look at Turkey. The learned Professor Paparrigopoulos of Athens has concentrated in a sentence the withering effect of Musulman domination in what is now the Ottoman Empire. In the beginning of the thirteenth century the

* "Ulysses; or, Scenes and Studies in Many Lands." By W. Gifford Palgrave, H.M. Minister Resident in Uruguay, p. 155. (J. Pears's "Fall of Constantinople," pp. 22-4.)

† "Essays on Eastern Questions," p. 126.

annual revenue of the Byzantine Empire was £180,000,000 sterling.* Yet at that time not only was the Eastern Empire greatly impoverished by the ravages of the Crusades, but the chief part of Asia Minor, with its flourishing cities, had been wrested from her by Islam. The revenue of the Turkish Empire to-day is less than £18,000,000 sterling, and it is steadily declining.

To what are we to attribute this portentous fact? Not to soil, or climate, or lack of natural resources. Turkey possesses all the conditions favourable to agricultural and commercial prosperity in a degree surpassing that of any other country in the world: climate, geographical position, fertility of soil, convenient channels of exportation. Possessing the climates, it yields the fruits and products of all the zones. Astride on Europe and Asia, it owns the richest territories on both continents, and is still sovereign over the fertile valley of the Nile. The country abounds in lakes, is indented by numerous bays and gulfs, and washed by six seas, all of which offer it rare advantages for maritime commerce. It is, in addition, intersected by broad and deep rivers ready to bear its produce to the sea. In no country of the world have the gifts of God been lavished in richer profusion. In none have they been so grossly and systematically abused by the folly of man. The silence of desolation now broods over vast regions which were once thickly peopled, well cultivated, abounding in flourishing cities and rejoicing in an advanced civilization. Territories which formerly supported the capitals of ancient kingdoms—Pergamos, Sardis, Cyzica, Prusium, Troy, Niccmedia, and many more—have been reduced by Islam to cheerless solitudes, broken at intervals by the tents of nomad Kurds or man-stealing Turkomans. According to Ubicini, a cultivated Roumanian who spent twenty years in the civil administration of the Porte and wrote after the Crimean war in defence of the Turkish Empire, the annual produce of corn in Asia Minor was then estimated at 25,000,000 Turkish kilès, representing in value about £3,000,000. He thinks that this amount might easily be increased tenfold "if the great productiveness of the soil were turned to account." "The same remark," he adds, "applies to all other productions which serve for local consumption or for exportation."† But, instead of increase, during the last forty years there has been an accelerating decrease. "The decay of every kind of manufacture has kept pace with the decline of agriculture. Diarbekir and Broussa, once so famous for their velvets, satins, and silk stuffs, have been ruined. So have Aleppo and Bagdad. Turkey abounds also in mineral wealth. It possesses copper mines which yield thirty per cent. of ore, while the best British mines, I believe, yield no more than ten per cent. And there is coal in abundance within easy access of iron and copper mines.

* *Ἱστορία τοῦ Ἑλληνικοῦ ἔθνους*, iii. bk. x.

† "Lettres sur la Turquie," i. p. 307.

In Asia Minor alone eighty-four mines were in ^{*}regular operation when the country came under the rule of Islam. The number now worked is, I am told, under a dozen, and even ^{*}these yield, under Turkish mismanagement, but a fraction of their wealth."

The history of the Turkish Empire under Musulman rule is the history of Islam always wherever it has wielded independent sway. Look at that vast region known of old as Iran, embracing modern Persia and the ancient Sogdiana, which is described by Persian writers as "the Paradise of Asia." "Before the invasion of the Saracens," says Gibbon, "Carisme, Bokhara, Samarcand were rich and populous under the yoke of the shepherd kings of the north," who of course were not Musulmans. When the Saracens arrived, with the Koran in one hand and the sword in the other, they found flourishing cities, lands well cultivated, and the art of gardening brought to great perfection. "The mutual wants of India and Europe," continues Gibbon, "were supplied by the diligence of the Sogdiana merchants, and the inestimable art of transforming linen into paper has been diffused from the manufacture of Samarcand over the western world."* This was before the sanguinary missionaries of Islam invaded and conquered Sogdiana. Those "naked robbers of the desert," as Gibbon calls them, brought no civilization of any kind with them, and being a mere horde of barbarian and fanatical freebooters, without learning, arts, or knowledge of civil administration, they were obliged, as afterwards in Hindustan, Turkey, and Spain, to leave the work of administration and education to the natives among whom they settled. To this fact, and not to Saracenic influence, is due the subsequent prosperity under the rule of Islam. In the body politic as in the human frame the germ of a fatal disease develops slowly or rapidly according to the vigour of the germ and the nature of the organism which it invades. On the one hand, a small and sickly organism is more easily mastered than a large and powerful one; and, on the other, the poison may lose some of its force by intermixture with foreign elements. This was the case with Islam in Iran. It found there civilization of a high order, due to the combined influences of Zoroastrianism, Buddhism, Greek culture and philosophy introduced through Alexander's invasion, and Christian influences by means of a considerable influx of Nestorians and Monophysites, many of whom found employment at the Courts of the Abbaside caliphs, and to whom are mainly due the translations of Aristotle and other Greek authors into Arabic.

These are the sources, entirely foreign to Islam, to which must be traced the Musulman renaissance in Bokhara, Merv, Samarcand,

* "Decline and Fall," vi. 300.

Bagdad, and other centres of civilization under Mahomedan rule. An acute and learned, and withal very sympathetic student and critic of Mahomed and his system, thus summarizes the conquest of Iran by the Arabs and the reflex influence of that conquest on the invaders :—

“To understand the relations of Musulman rule to religious and intellectual freedom, we must note the influence of the conquest of Persia on the Arab mind. When the invaders took the capital city of Khosrû they did not know the value of booty. Some offered to exchange gold for silver, and others mistook camphor for sulphur. They came like swarms of half-starved locusts to devour the land. They were banditti of the desert, with no culture but the inspiration of the clans. The only idea of government in these tribes was the leadership of age and valour, as represented in the sheikh, with a natural mixture of hereditary respect. On the death of Mahomed they broke into rebellion. Islam really came on the world like a fierce descent of desert clans on their foes. . . . Mahomed's ideal of government was just to send his governors through Arabia to establish Islam, and then to collect tributes from the poor, in camels and sheep, also as plunder to meet the expenses of his campaign. [Under these circumstances] it was an absolute necessity for the founders of the Musulman Empire in the East to adopt, in the main, the financial and administrative experience of their more cultured subjects. . . . Arabic names, customs, language, rites, penetrated the Empire; but under their external forms appeared the native ideas and methods. . . . Persians were the leaders and shapers of Islamic culture. The simple Arabs learned of these larger brains and more sensuous imaginations music, architecture, sculpture, philosophy, wine, and fine apparel. Persians were the real founders and teachers of the great academic clubs and schools.”*

The inevitable result followed. “The splendid structure, that had arisen by the genius and wealth of Persia upon the great homestead of autocratic empires—Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian, Greek—vanished like a mirage of the desert.” The flower and fruitage which flourished for a season were no offspring of Islam. On the contrary, Islam gnawed as a parasite at the roots, till the whole withered and perished, and over the ruins rose in rank luxuriance the savage barbarism of the Khanates of Central Asia. Islam quickly recognized, with the sure instinct of self-preservation, that it could not live in union with civilization and free thought, and it waged a relentless war accordingly on all that intellectual efflorescence in Sogdiana, Hindustan, and Spain, which superficial writers have put down to its own credit. “Destruction to the philosophers” became the watchword of this reactionary Crescentade against every attempt at intellectual or moral progress beyond the Koran. In the words of the friendly writer already quoted—

“From Bagdad to Spain raged the fires of Musulman inquisition. The great physicians, scientists, and metaphysicians, to whom the world owes a debt that can never be cancelled, were exiled, imprisoned, silenced, executed, and their writings destroyed, by barbarians like the Almohades in Spain, and the later Abbasides in Iran.”

* Johnson's “Oriental Religions,” pp. 678-9.

Averroës was excommunicated and exiled from Spain, and the same fate, or worse, befell other Musulman reformers throughout the wide realm of Islam.

As it was in Spain, so it was in Hindustan. There also the Muslim invaders found themselves a small minority in the midst of a teeming population, established institutions, and an old civilization. Barbarians themselves, they had the wit to employ educated natives in the work of administration; and the splendour of the Mogul Empire is as little due to Islam as is that of the Turkish and Mongol dynasties in Central Asia. The exquisite architecture which was reared under the shadow of Islam in India was not the product of Musulman genius or Musulman craft. What Fergusson says of one of the Musulman dynasties of India is true of them all:—

“A nation of soldiers encamped for conquest, and that only, they had of course brought with them neither artists nor architects. . . . At the same time they found among their new subjects an infinite number of artists capable of carrying out any design that might be propounded to them.”*

“There are few things more startling,” he says elsewhere (p. 602), “than the rapid decline of taste that set in” as soon as the Musulman rulers discarded native artists in favour of Musulmans.

Mr. Keene, a retired Indian civilian, bears similar testimony in his “Turks in India” (p. 10). So long as the Musulmans “confined themselves to making known their wants and providing money to meet the estimates, there was no want of skilful artificers to build mosques, mansions, and mortuary monuments such as have never been surpassed. But when they cashiered the indigenous workmen and took in hand to build for themselves, they produced works which are only remarked for their vulgarity.”

And in India as everywhere else Islam proved equally ruinous to anything like a righteous administration of justice. What Sir William Hunter, a standard authority, says of Bengal, is true universally in every country where Islam reigns supreme:—

[The Musulmans of Bengal] “assert that we obtained the administration of Bengal on the understanding that we would carry out the Musulman system, and that as soon as we found ourselves strong enough we broke through this engagement. Our reply is that when we came to look into the Mahomedan administration of Bengal we found it so one-sided, so corrupt, so absolutely shocking to every principle of humanity, that we should have been a disgrace to civilization had we retained it.”†

But the palmary instance of those who maintain that Islam has been and is a great factor in the education and civilization of mankind is Moorish Spain. Let us try that case by what Bacon calls the *experimentum crucis*—the test of the finger-post. The Moors crossed into Spain as a band of illiterate marauders. When they

* “Hist. of Indian Arch.,” p. 499.

† “Indian Musulmans,” p. 163, 3rd edition.

recrossed, centuries afterwards, to their native *habitat* they quickly relapsed into their primitive barbarism. How is this to be accounted for? Whither does the finger-post point as the source and home of Moorish civilization? To Islam on the one hand, or to Christianity and Judaism on the other? To the latter undoubtedly. Islam, obeying the law of evolution, begins to revert to its original type the moment it escapes from elevating and controlling contact with influences higher than its own barbarism. The stream cannot rise higher than its source, and Islam can never of itself rise higher than the moral and intellectual level of its founder and prophet. The Muslim prays daily towards Mecca, and higher than the social and political *status* of Mecca no follower of Mahomed, who is true to the faith and example of his Pattern Man, as every orthodox Muslim must be, can ever rise. One of the most brilliant and friendly critics of Islam has remarked on the "singular fact, that Arabia itself has never been the theatre of that new glory," which irradiated Arab rule in Spain and Sicily. And he gives the explanation of the fact when he adds that "Arabia seems satisfied to be the inviolable asylum of the Musulman faith. Mecca and Medina continue to be holy cities, and to this day the unbelievers are under the ban of exclusion from that sacred soil." * In other words, the Arab's capacity for civilization increases as he recedes from the heart of Islam. In Spain, in Sogdiana, in Hindustan, the virus circulated at a distance from its source, and mingled with a variety of counter-acting influences which served to keep it in check for a longer or shorter time according to the character of its environment. But the canker was there, and there could be but one issue; it must eventually destroy, or be destroyed by, the civilization on which it fastened. Islam is thus at the best ever—

"The little pitted speck in garner'd fruit
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all."

My quotations have all been from writers more or less friendly to Islam, at least so far as to present fairly all that can be said for it. Two or three of them indeed—Amari and Saint-Hilaire, and in a less degree Mr. Johnson—appear to me to be somewhat more than just to Mahomed and his system. And if that remark is not strictly applicable to the late G. H. Lewes, certainly no one will suspect him of depreciating Islam in the service of Christianity. I quote him therefore as possessing "the requisite indifference" for delivering an impartial judgment:—

"The Arabs, though they conquered Spain [they never conquered the whole of it] were too weak in numbers to hold that country otherwise than by politic concessions."

Prescott tells us, in his "Ferdinand and Isabella," that "the

* "Mahomet et le Coran." Par J. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire, p. 225.

ambassadors of James II. of Aragon represented to the Sovereign Pontiff, Clement V., that of the 200,000 souls which then composed the population of Granada there were not more than 500 of pure Moorish descent." Prescott thinks this estimate "extravagant"; but the renegades from Christianity and their offspring (many of whom were crypto-Christians) undoubtedly formed a large majority of the Musulman population,* and in their ranks were some of the most cultivated minds in Spain. The Moorish civilization of Spain is, in brief, due (1) to the paucity of the Musulmans, and their consequent inability to impose on the conquered the Musulman system in its integrity; (2) to the large number of Christians who professed Islam, but remained crypto-Christians, or carried their adopted religion so loosely that they retained most of their Christian habits, and intermarried with Christians; (3) to a large colony of Jews, whom the Moors employed extensively in administrative and educational work. "A familiar intercourse with the Europeans," says Prescott, "served to mitigate in the Spanish Arabs some of the more degrading superstitions incident to their religion, and to impart to them nobler ideas of the independence and dignity of man." The fair fabric of Moorish civilization in Spain was thus the product of agencies which were altogether foreign to Islam. It is not from an advocate for Christianity that I quote the following passage:—

"There never was any Arabian science, strictly speaking. In the first place, all the philosophy and science of the Mahomedans was Greek, Jewish, and Persian. . . . It really designates a reaction against Islamism, which arose in the distant parts of the Empire—in Samarcand, Bokhara, Morocco, and Cordova. The Arabian language having become the language of the Empire, this philosophy is written in that language. But the ideas are not Arabian; the spirit is not Arabian."†

Yet in spite of the modifications to which it was forced to submit, Islam undermined and corroded the civilization of Moorish Spain. It is the sympathetic Prescott who is constrained to admit that the partial civilization of the Spanish Moors was "altogether alien from the genius of Mahomedanism," and "only served to conceal, though it could not correct, the vices which it possessed in common with all Mahomedan institutions."‡ And it is one of their own historians who thus describes the Moors of Spain in the waning period of their domination—a domination which, according to Prescott, exhibited, even in the zenith of its intellectual glory, "all the horrors of anarchy and a ferocious despotism":—

"Generals and captains no longer displayed their wonted valour; warriors became cowardly and base; the people of the country were in the greatest

* See Dozy's "*Hist. des Musulmans d'Espagne*," ii. p. 53.

† G. H. Lewes's "*Hist. of Phil.*," ii. pp. 34, 36. (J. Sell's "*Faith of Islam*," pp. 181-2; and Osborn's "*Islam under the Arabs*," pp. 93-4.

‡ "*Ferdinand and Isabella*," i. p. 296.

misery and poverty; the entire society was corrupted; and the body of Islam, deprived alike of life and soul, became a mere corpse."*

Amari describes the Musulman régime in Sicily in almost identical language.† There is a monotonous sameness in the history of all Musulman countries, as of patients smitten with one mortal disease. The symptoms may vary superficially, but the malady is the same in all, and the cause is Islam. Nor is the explanation far to seek. Islam rests on the Koran, though not on the Koran alone, as I shall show presently. But let us begin with the Koran. That book occupies in Islamic theology a place generically different from that occupied by the Bible in Christian theology. In proof of this it will suffice to quote the testimony of Ibn Khaldoun, whom Mohl truly calls "the Montesquieu of Islam."‡ Born in Tunis in A.D. 1332, Ibn Khaldoun went to Spain in 1362, and was employed in various capacities, including that of Prime Minister, by the Musulman Sovereign of Granada. His life was full of vicissitudes, and he filled various important offices in Musulman States in Asia and Africa, as well as in Europe. He made the pilgrimage of Mecca, was the prisoner and then the trusted friend of Timour, and was for a considerable time Grand Cadi of Cairo, where he died in A.D. 1406. His vast and various experience; his erudition; his unquestioned orthodoxy, refined by contact with the exotic civilization of Granada; his profound knowledge of Musulman theology and law, acquired by study and by practice on the judgment-seat; his reputation throughout the Musulman world—all combine to make Ibn Khaldoun an authority on the dogmas and fruits of Islam whom no Muslim would question. The quotations which I am about to make are from his "Prolegomena," in the French translation from the Arabic (three quarto volumes), published in the grand collection of "Notices et Extraits des Manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Impériale et Autres Bibliothèques, publiés par l'Institut Impériale de France." What, then, according to Ibn Khaldoun, is the place of the Koran in the dogmatic faith of Islam all over the world? Here are his words § :—

"That book bears in itself the proof of its own inspiration, and needs no extrinsic proof. . . . It is itself the clearest proof, being at the same time the proof and the thing proved."

He quotes a verse from the Koran in support of this, and proceeds :—

"All this shows that of all the divine books the Koran is the only one of which the text, words, and phrases have been communicated to a prophet by

* "Al-Makkhari." Translated by Don Pascual de Gayangos. Appendix to vol. ii. p. 28. Cf. Conde, "Hist. de la Dominacion de los Arabes en España," iii. c. 40.

† i. p. 546.

‡ "Vingt-sept Ans d'Etudes Orient," ii. 629.

§ i pp. 194-5

an audible voice. "It is otherwise as regards the Pentateuch, the Gospel, and the other divine books. These the prophets received by the voice of revelation under the form of ideas, communicated while they were in a state of ecstasy, and written down in their own words when they returned to the normal state of humanity. There is therefore nothing miraculous in the style of these Scriptures."

In proof of this, Khaldoun refers to the 75th sura of the Koran, where Mahomed is bidden "not to move his tongue too eagerly in order to repeat the divine words." But, continues the divine voice, "when we recite the words, then follow thou the recital, and verily it shall be ours to make them clear to thee." In short, the Koran, in Islamic belief, was written by the finger of God in the highest heaven before all time, every word and letter of it, in the Arab tongue; was then, at the predestined time, taken down to the third heaven by the angel Gabriel, and there recited, word for word, to Mahomed in an audible voice in "suras," or chapters, as occasion required, and was by him miraculously reproduced from memory. This is an article of faith throughout the world of Islam; and as the Koran professes to be the last revelation of the Divine Will to man, it follows of course that nothing which is sanctioned in the Koran, explicitly or implicitly, can ever be abrogated, altered, or become obsolete. Nobody who realizes this fact will believe that the Koran can possibly be a preparatory discipline, like Greek philosophy, for Christianity. The great positive truth which the Koran has been praised for proclaiming so resolutely is monotheism. But the God of Islam is a torso, and a somewhat forbidding one. He is an Oriental despot, whose omnipotent will is uncontrolled by any moral considerations. The will of Allah transmutes the moral character of human actions, making that to be holy which before was sin, and *vice versa*.* On this I shall have to remark further on. Here I wish only to direct attention to the peremptory denial of the Fatherhood of God by the Koran. "God neither begets nor is begotten." "The Christians say Christ is the son of God. May God resist them." "They are infidels who say, 'Verily, Christ, the son of Mary, is God.'" "Far be it from God that He should have a son."

This is the teaching of the Koran; nor is there any recognition in it of the doctrine of God's Fatherhood in the secondary sense in which the Greek poet, as quoted by St. Paul, predicated of all men: "We also are his offspring." The Koran, too, denies the crucifixion of Christ. And this, be it remembered, is the doctrine of a book which every Muslim believes to have been written from all eternity by

* Since this was written a remarkable letter from the Sheikh-ul-Islam, explanatory of the creed of Islam, has been published. The following sentence bears out the statement in the text:—"Il faut attribuer, comme un article de foi, le bien et le mal à la providence de Dieu." Cf. Ibn Khaldoun, i. 268:—"Dieu a implanté le bien et le mal dans la nature humaine, ainsi qu'il l'a dit lui-même dans le Koran: la perversité et la vertu arrivent à l'âme humaine par l'inspiration de Dieu."

God Himself, and to be for ever unchangeable in its minutest details. Muslims may amuse themselves by experimenting on the credulity of Christians, and assuring them, as Latif Bey assured Canon Isaac Taylor at Cairo,* that in Muslim belief there is no irreconcilable difference between Christianity and Islam. "Primitive Christianity he [Latif Bey] accepts; but he thinks that in the time of Constantine the pure teaching of the Apostolic age became overlaid with certain superstitions which Muslims are unable to receive." Are the Fatherhood of God and the crucifixion of Christ among these "superstitions"?

But even if the Koran were as favourable to Christianity as it is in fact the reverse, we must bear in mind that Islam does not rest practically on the Koran (of which Mahomedans in the mass know very little), but on the Koran as interpreted by the Traditions, which are summed up and stereotyped in the Cheri'at or Sacred Law. On this Law reposes not only the religious, but the social and civil administration of every Musulman State. By the Traditions (Ahadis) are meant the sayings and doings of the Prophet, and even things which he is believed to have sanctioned implicitly by his silence, as reported by his widow Ayesha and by his Companions. Mahomed is believed by every orthodox Muslim to have been divinely inspired in all he said and did or tacitly sanctioned. The Traditions are therefore supplementary to the Koran and its authoritative interpreters in all doubtful matters, and they form a code of unchangeable laws† which can never be repealed, altered, or modified, and which deal with all the affairs of life—religious, political, and social. They are believed to be emanations of the Divine Will, with which it would be impious for man to meddle. Mahomed himself, indeed, as we shall see presently, modified or abrogated by a fresh revelation from on high any part of the Koran that became inconvenient to him. But his death closed all further communication between God and man. There is no living voice in the Church of Islam to reconcile the past with the present, and make provision for the future. It claims an infallibility more sweeping and more rigid than that of the Vatican Decrees, but it is the infallibility of a dead Pontiff, an ignorant and immoral Bedouin, who died twelve centuries ago. A Church which claims to have a living organ of infallibility always to guide it, one Pope succeeding another in perpetuity, may perchance be convicted of infringing the laws of logic or contradicting the facts of history. But *solvitur ambulando*: the infallible voice moves on and accommodates itself to circumstances. Islam is a vast militant Papacy, aspiring to universal dominion; but it has only one Pope, whom death long ago silenced for ever. Islam therefore cannot move on; it is bound and mummified in the cere-

* See Canon Isaac Taylor's letter in *Times* of Dec. 27, 1887.

† "Dont les dispositions invariables . . . dureront jusqu'au Jugement Dernier."—Letter of Sheik-ul-Islam.

ments of its Founder, and cannot accommodate itself to fresh emergencies.. It has no Urim and Thummim to interpret the present; no line of Prophets to prepare the way for future development. Its Sacred Law is not a system of vivifying principles, like Judaism or Christianity, capable of indefinite expansion, but a code of minute and inflexible rules which cramp the mind and bar all further progress. Canon Isaac Taylor claims for Islam an educational mission, as being, at worst, a system of "half-truths" leading up to Christianity. It is not half-truths, but mutilated truths, which Islam preaches. A child will develop into a man. But an adult man, deprived of arms and legs, is not in process of development, but of degeneration. Islam is not on the way towards Christianity; it is Christianity truncated, disfigured, and tattooed with a heterogeneous mixture of Pagan and Talmudic fable and superstition. The half-truths of Islam are thus in process of degradation, not of development. They belong to the class described by Tennyson:—

- "A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies;
 * A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright;
 But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

Islam has ever been and will ever remain the implacable foe of Christianity. That is the teaching of its Sacred Law and the record of its history. Let the reader judge for himself from what follows.

Islam divides the world into Dar-ul-Islam and Dar-ul-Harb: the Abode of Islam and the Abode of Strife. To Dar-ul-Harb Islam offers the Koran or the sword. But the enforcement of this alternative is not always practicable, and it is a doctrine of Islam that the Holy War must not be waged till there is a reasonable prospect of its success. But, latent or active, the war itself is chronic, and no member of Dar-ul-Harb can ever become a citizen of Dar-ul-Islam except through the proselyte's gate. Islam may deign to use the brains and arms of the infidel, but the non-Musulman can never aspire to the rights and privileges of citizenship. Musurus Pasha, for instance, who spent so many years as Turkish Ambassador in London, has never been a citizen of the Ottoman Empire, and could not be without a violation of the Sacred Law, which it is beyond the power of the Sultan and Ulema combined to sanction.

* To the Kitabi,* however, Islam offers a third choice—namely, the Koran, tribute, or the sword. Those who agree to pay tribute receive the *Amān*, or Protection—that is, the right to live—on submission to certain cruel and degrading conditions; among which are the following. The Zimmis (tributaries) must be distinguished by their dress,

* *I.e.*, "people of the book"—people possessing Divine Scriptures—viz., Christians, Jews, and Sabæans.

the animal they ride, and its saddle. In case of necessity, and then only, they may ride a donkey, provided that instead of a saddle they use a coarse cushion like the panniers of an ass; they must never ride horses or camels. In public they must wear the Kosteef (a girdle of leather or coarse wool, called Zunnar in Saracenic Sicily) to distinguish them from the Muslims. A Zimmi must dismount when he meets a Muslim, and bow low with crossed hands, in token of inferiority and submission, while the Muslim passes, although the Zimmi be a nobleman and the Muslim a ragged beggar. This lowly salutation is always due from the Zimmi to any Muslim who passes him or into whose presence he enters. The dress of the Zimmi must not be of rich cloth, such as fine wool, silk, or satin, and his headgear must be different in shape from the Muslim's, and made of coarse material, such as common cotton, and of a sombre colour. His shoes also must be of the coarsest quality. The Zimmi's garments, moreover, must be short, with the pockets on the breast like those of a woman. He is forbidden to sit in the presence of a Muslim, though the Zimmi be a nobleman or archbishop and the Muslim a beggar or slave. He must have a special sign on his door, so that beggars may not say, "God bless you." The Zimmi must not frequent the same bath as the Muslim, or draw water from the same well, or occupy the same quarter of a town. He is not allowed to bear arms, and his evidence cannot be received against a Muslim; so that if a hundred Christians witness a murder, or any other crime committed by a Muslim, the criminal must go free because there is no legal evidence against him. The Zimmis must not build any places of worship in a Musulman State. They may repair or rebuild the old places of worship existing before their country became Dar-ul-Islam; but it must be on the old sites and within the old dimensions. The Zimmi who converts a Muslim is guilty of a capital offence, and so is the convert from Islam; while, on the other hand, the Zimmi who tries to dissuade any one from becoming a Muslim is guilty of a heinous offence. The rancour of Islam pursues the unfortunate Zimmi, the Christian especially, even to the grave and beyond it. The Christian is forbidden to celebrate the obsequies of the departed with the usual ceremonies, and the following is a specimen of the form of burial certificate given to Christians under the Sacred Law of Islam:—

"We certify to the priest of the Church of Mary that the impure, putrified, stinking carcase of Sardeh, damned this day, may be concealed under ground.

"(Sealed) EL SAID MEHEMED FAZI,

"A.H. 1271, Rajib—i.e., March 29, 1855."

This certificate was given by the Cadi of Mardin in Asia Minor, and published in the "Siege of Kars" (p. 173), by the late Dr.

Humphry Sandwith, who showed me the original. It was not an isolated instance of Muslim bigotry; Ubicini calls it "a characteristic example."* In a despatch from Consul Wood, of Damascus, in July 1855, when the fleets and armies of Christian England and France were defending the Turkish Empire, the attention of the British Ambassador is called to the distinction usually made in the official Turkish *Gazette* in describing the death of Musulmans and non-Musulmans respectively. For instance, in "an enactment lately promulgated for the administration of the estates of Turkish subjects, the word 'tewafa,' or 'mat,' is used for deceased Musulmans, which means 'died'; but the word 'halik' is used for Christians"—a word which, "in the vernacular language, when employed, as in the present instance, with reference to bishops, priests, and Christians, means those whose souls are lost or damned."† There is nothing that need surprise us in this, for, according to the creed of Islam, eternal perdition is the doom of the non-Musulman world.

All this contumely, says Amari, is inflicted in order that the Zimmis "may not forget their inferiority for a moment (perchè non si dimenticasse in alcuno instante la inferiorità loro),"‡ and he adds that, during the Musulman domination in Sicily, every Christian and Jew was obliged to wear a white patch on the shoulder, bearing in the former case the figure of a monkey, in the latter that of a jackass. The doors of synagogues and churches were similarly marked; and when the collector takes the tribute from the Zimmi, says the Sacred Law, "he should treat him very harshly, as by shaking him, beating him on the breast, dragging him to the ground; and should say to him at the same time, 'Give the tribute, O Zimmi, O enemy of Allah'; and this he shall do in order to degrade and disgrace him." Living or dead the Christian is exposed to the most opprobrious epithets in the vocabulary of Islam. He is a "Ghiaour," that is, "a man without a soul;" and an ordinary epithet in official documents is "hog." Ubicini gives an extract from an official Report presented to the Sultan, in which we meet with such expressions as "*règlements du porc*, que l'on nomme de pape"—i.e., papish priest; "*la nature perverse de cette troupe de cochons*"§—i.e., Christians. The common designation for the Christian subjects of the Musulman Power is "Rayahs"—i.e., flock of sheep: a fit name for a people who are liable to be fleeced and killed *ad libitum* by their masters. Everybody knows that the Janissaries were a select corps of Musulman soldiers, consisting partly of Christian captives, but chiefly of Christian children who were delivered to the

th "Le Dr. Sandwith en cite un exemple bien caractéristique; c'est le tezkérèh, cert. d'inhumation."—"Etat Présent de l'Empire Ottoman," pp. 6-7. Published in ing.

* *Eastern Papers.* Presented to Parliament, pt. xviii. p. 13.

† 476-7. (Cf. Kanitz, "Donau-Bulgarien und der Balkan," pp. 104-6.

* *I.e.*, titres sur la Turquie," ii. p. 445. The italics are Ubicini's. Jews, and

Sultan in obedience to the tribute of blood imposed on vanquished Christian nations. These captives and tribute children were forced to embrace Islam or die, and the victims of this forced conversion had the figure of the cross branded on the soles of their feet, so that they might always trample on the symbol of the faith which they had been compelled to renounce. After all this, it is a small matter to add that Christians are forbidden by the Sacred Law to own land in a Musulman State.

But I may be told that the Government of Turkey has changed the laws which I have quoted, and has put its Christian subjects on a footing of equality with the Muslims. I know that the Porte has done this *on paper*, especially in the Khatti-humayoun, published after the Crimean war. But I know also that all such paper reforms are mere dust cast into the eyes of Christian Europe. The Sultan cannot abolish a single article of the Sacred Law. Any attempt to do so involves, *ipso facto*, forfeiture of his throne. No decree of the Sultan touching any part of the Sacred Law has any force till it has received the "fatvah" (dogmatic sanction) of the Sheik-ul-Islam. Neither the Khatti-humayoun nor any other infraction of the Sacred Law has ever received this sanction, and every Muslim knows that these reforms have, therefore, no legal force whatever. Out of a multitude of illustrations of this fact I select the following. Vice-Consul Rogers, writing from Palestine in the summer of 1858, says, that he remonstrated with the Cadi of Nazareth, who had just prohibited a social gathering of Christians which some Muslims were wont to attend, because the faith of the latter might be shaken. "The Cadi," says Mr. Rogers, "used some strong language, saying that any Muslim who should become a Christian would be murdered according to the tenets of the Holy Law, and he who perverted him would bear the responsibility." The Vice-Consul naturally quoted the Sultan's Khatti-humayoun. "The Cadi answered disdainfully: 'The Sultan eats melons,' which is a vulgar expression, meaning that the Sultan talks nonsense. I remonstrated, at which the Cadi repeated his remark, adding that his Majesty's officers and subjects are only bound to obey him so long as his orders are in conformity with the laws."*

In the year 1835 a young Armenian Christian in Constantinople, in a moment of impulse, made a profession of Islam; but in a few days repented and fled from the capital to save his life. Ten years afterwards he returned, much changed in appearance, to Constantinople, was accidentally identified, and condemned to death for apostasy. The Christian Powers protested, but the sentence was executed. This was followed shortly afterwards by a similar infliction at Broussa. Christian Europe again protested, and the ambassadors of France and England were ordered by their Governments to

* "Despatches from Her Majesty's Consuls in the Levant," 1858-60, pp. 27-8.

demand the abrogation of the law, and, leaving Constantinople, wait at the Dardanelles for the Sultan's answer. The Porte became alarmed, begged the ambassadors to return, and entered into a solemn engagement to repeal the law. In spite of this engagement executions of renegades from Islam took place at intervals in the Turkish provinces, and reached a climax of audacity by the execution of a young Muslim for professing Christianity in Adrianople in the end of the year 1853, almost within sound of British and French guns battling for the Ottoman Empire. The British ambassador was instructed by Lord Clarendon to "distinctly demand" the abolition of "a law which is not only a standing insult" to "the great European Powers, but also a source of cruel persecution to their fellow-Christians." The Porte procrastinated, and spent months in trying to wriggle out of its previous promise; but a menace that England and France might punish its perfidy by leaving it to its fate in face of Russia extorted the truth. The previous promises of the Porte were at last confessed to be all moonshine. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe reports that he had been informed by the Sultan's Ministers that "it is thought impossible for the Sultan either to abrogate the Musulman law, or to make any declaration equivalent to its abolition in that respect." But they promised that the Sacred Law, though necessarily remaining unrepealed, should no longer be put in force.* We shall see how this promise was redeemed.

By Article 62 of the Treaty of Berlin the Porte renewed its oft-repeated promises "to maintain the principle of religious liberty to its fullest extent, and the contracting parties take note," as they have been doing from time to time for half a century, "of this spontaneous declaration." This was in the summer of 1878, and in October of the following year Achmet Tewfyk Effendi was tried and condemned to death in Constantinople for the crime of helping Dr. Koelle, of the Church Missionary Society, to translate into Turkish a Christian tract in which there was nothing about Islam. Achmet Effendi was a Ulema of rank and reputation, the first Musulman scholar in Constantinople, with the almost certain prospect of becoming Sheik-ul-Islam on the first vacancy. He was, moreover, a man of high character, related by marriage to the Sultan, and was at the time of his arrest a professor at a Madressé (college) in Constantinople. The Great Powers interfered energetically to save his life. The diplomatic controversy lasted three months, and during the whole of that time Achmet Effendi was kept in a dark, damp dungeon under ground, his food being let down through a hole in the floor, which was closed by a stone. As a special concession to the Powers, the sentence of death was commuted into perpetual exile to Chios; and when the prisoner left

*'is dungeon his clothes were found to have rotted off his back. Know-Jews, *

"Eastern Papers." Presented to Parliament in 1856, pt. xviii. pp. 16, 22-4, 55-8.

ing that his exile meant, as in all such cases, private assassination, he managed to escape by the aid of some Christian fishermen, and made his way to London, where I made his acquaintance.

But surely the Sacred Law in such matters as dress and salutations has not been in force in recent times? I reply by the following quotation from a despatch from Consul Holmes, dated Bosna Seraï, April 17, 1871:—

“A young Christian groom, in the service of a Turk, being about to be married, had the imprudence to dress himself for the occasion in certain colours and articles which the Turks jealously appropriate to persons of their own religion, and his bride in gay colours. They proceeded to the Christian cemetery outside the town, where, in the absence of a church, marriages were then celebrated. While the service was proceeding, several armed Turks, who had accidentally appeared as spectators, were observed to collect some wood and kindle a fire. As soon as the ceremony was finished they seized the unhappy pair, hacked the girl to pieces with their yatagans, and having half murdered the man, they burnt him on the fire they had prepared, declaring to the affrighted assembly [who, being unarmed, were helpless] that they would thus treat all Ghiaours who dared to presume to wear clothes such as the Turks. (In Bosnia “Turk” is a generic term for Muslim.)

[At Mostar] “the Governor’s Cavas, or body-servant, was walking down the main street of the town, when an unfortunate Christian, working in his shop, and who chanced not to see this functionary, did not rise in respect as he passed. The Cavas passed on a few yards, and then turning back drew his pistol and shot the Christian dead on the spot. It was nothing unusual.”

Consul Holmes relates these outrages on the authority of “a gentleman who is now dragoman to the Italian Consulate-General here, and who was an eye-witness in both instances.”*

These Musulman Bosniacs were by no means exceptionally cruel. They were simply executing the unrepeatable Sacred Law of Islam on Christians who had inadvertently offended against it. The active energy of that immutable law in a Musulman State is in exact proportion to the degree of pressure which is brought to bear upon it. The pressure is greatest at Constantinople and the neighbourhood, by reason of the presence of foreign ambassadors, and there the Sacred Law is consequently, in many of its worst provisions, in abeyance. In some of the provinces of Turkey foreign pressure is very light, and the Sacred Law is therefore in active operation, as the wretched Armenians know to their cost, the Berlin Treaty notwithstanding. Many English people are misled by the fact that Christian foreigners, resident in any part of the Turkish Empire, are protected by special Capitulations from the jurisdiction of the Sacred Law, and cannot be cited for the most trivial offence before a Turkish tribunal.

But Islam is not only bound in the fetters of an absolutely unchangeable law which, so long as it is under no external restraint, as it is in India, excludes the possibility of civilization; it has, like Christianity, its

* “Turkey,” No. 16 (1877), p. 51.

Pattern Man. And what manner of person is the Pattern Man of Islam? Our knowledge about him is derived from Musulman writers—admirers and devotees; and what kind of portrait have they drawn? Divinity is not formally ascribed to him, but practically he takes the place occupied by Jesus of Nazareth in Christian theology. Mahomed is the Muslim's all-powerful intercessor with the Most High,* and his unique and unapproachable dignity is proclaimed daily from the minaret of every mosque in the same breath with the unity of the Eternal God. To speak against God is a sin, but a pardonable one; but to speak against the Prophet is blasphemy, to be expiated by death alone. The laws of morality which bind others have no existence for Mahomed. His will is the measure of right and wrong, so that acts the most wicked in themselves are made holy when he is the doer of them. Secret assassination, incest, unbridled lust, are in him exhibitions of supernatural guidance and sanctity. The foundations of morality are thus overthrown. Right and wrong are but phrases, not ethical facts differentiated by an impassable gulf. In the 32nd sura God is represented as granting Mahomed, "as a peculiar favour above the rest of the true believers," "the daughters of his uncles and the daughters of his aunts both on his father's and his mother's side." "Fear not to be culpable in using thy rights, for God is gracious and merciful."† Another sura (33rd) bids him marry his own daughter-in-law, Zeinab, whose beauty had captivated him as he saw her, in her husband's absence, *en déshabille*.‡ The God of the Koran is thus a deified Oriental despot, whose relentless will, regardless of morality, is the only law, and who has his favourites—Mahomed being unapproachably the chief—whom he humours in all the wantonness of their lusts. The "licentious theocrat," as Sprengel calls Mahomed, declared that his devotions were inflamed by the stimulating pleasures of sexual indulgence and perfumes.§

Add to this the perpetual consecration of slavery in Islam, and the degradation of woman. By Islamic law a woman must not be

* "Plein de confiance dans le secours du Très-Haut, appuyé sur l'intercession de notre Prophète."—Khatti-Cherif de Gulhane.

† There is something inexpressibly revolting in this audacious attempt to make the God of purity a gratuitous panderer to the inordinate lust of a lecherous Arab. No wonder that, with such a Pattern Man, Ibn Khaldoun observed, as a characteristic of Muslim cities, "les manières de flatter les appétits charnels: la fornication s'introduit ainsi que la pédérastie" (ii. 305).

‡ "Le monde Musulman était affligé profonde et indigné de cette union, contraire à tous les usages. Mahomet la légittima par un verset du Coran."—Saint-Hilaire, p. 172.

§ Mahomed was as cruel as he was sensual—*e.g.*, he punished some Bedouins who had stolen camels from him, by having their eyes put out, their hands cut off, and their bodies impaled. It is in consequence of this, perhaps, that impalement has always been a favourite torture with Muslims. In revenge for a petty *émeute* by the Christians of Cordova, the Musulman governor impaled 300 of them alive with their heads downwards in rows along the banks of the river, and ordered the survivors (23,000, besides women and children) to quit Spain in three days on pain of crucifixion, an edict which was ruthlessly enforced (Dozy, ii. 74-6). Facts like this, and there are many of them in the history of Moorish Spain, ought to be remembered when judgment is passed on the expulsion of the Moors from Spain.

saluted, and it is an insult to a Muslim to ask after the health of any of his female belongings. Mahomed has the credit of mitigating polygamy. What he did was to make polygamy cheaper. He restricted his followers to four wives at one time, with as many concubines as they pleased. But by allowing divorce *ad libitum* he simply taught his followers how to practise unlimited polygamy after a cheaper fashion. In fact, the position assigned to woman in Islam is alone sufficient to account for the decadence observable in every Musulman State when it has ceased to conquer and has settled down on its lees. The life of unnatural seclusion to which the inmates of the harem are condemned must necessarily enervate the mind and predispose the imagination to unwholesome thoughts, there being no resources of education or mental activity in reserve. Most of these women are slaves in the literal sense, and all are slaves practically; without education, without aim or purpose in life beyond ministering to the brutal passions of their masters. What hope can there be for sons brought up in such nurseries of frivolity and sensuality? This point is put in a striking form by the learned author of "The Fall of Constantinople" (himself for many years resident in Constantinople), in a letter which I have lately received from him. He says:—

"Once the Mahomedan nation has constituted itself and Islam becomes the recognized creed, then decadence begins. The position assigned to women is quite enough to account for this. The best educated Turks see in the position of their women the hopelessness of competing with Christians. One of them once put it to me in this way. 'Suppose,' said he, 'in 1453, you had peopled one island with Mahomedans, and another with Christians of any creed, and the two peoples started equal in education and intelligence; what would be the result now? The Mahomedan children would have been brought up in the stupidity of the harem; during all those years the sons would have regarded their sisters and mothers as inferior animals; the fathers would have had no intercourse with their wives on any social, mercantile, political or religious questions; the wives would have been ignorant with a childish ignorance a European can hardly imagine. In other words, the nine or ten generations of children would have been each practically the offspring of only one parent educated by contact with his fellows. On the other hand, each child of the Christian *Cult* would be the issue of two persons, who, from converse together and with their friends and relations of both sexes, had acquired an education which was wanting to the Mahomedan mothers.' In fact, my friend's idea was that on pure Darwinian principles the Mahomedan islanders would be inferior in intelligence to the Christians. I say nothing here about morality, though on that point the difference would have been greater."

The rapid spread of Islam has been contrasted with the slower progress of Christianity. But rapidity of propagation, so far from being a mark of superior organization, is commonly the reverse. The rabbit is not superior to the elephant, nor the American weed to the forest oak. The rapid spread of Islam can be explained on other grounds. The new theocracy offered to the rude brave sons of the

desert a number of alluring inducements well calculated to weld them together into a terrific engine of destruction. Islam panders to man's lower appetites, and imposes very few self-denials. It is a religion without a cross, appealing to man's lust, cupidity, pride, love of power, and indolent ease in this world and the next. Its vanquished foes and their property become its lawful prize, and the believer who falls in war against the infidel goes straight to Paradise to recline on luxurious couches by cooling streams and attended by black-eyed houris—seventy for each believer—who serve him with dainty food and refreshing wines, a beverage that may be quaffed without stint in Paradise. The true believers, moreover, are promised the irresistible aid and protection of an omnipotent *tribal* God, whose favourites they must remain so long as they are true to his Prophet. Opposed to the rush of fanatical barbarians thus stimulated and inspired was Christendom on the one hand, disunited and enfeebled by internecine strife; and, on the other, the Persian Empire, enervated by luxury and shaken to its foundations by successive waves of barbaric invasion. It was therefore to the sword of conquest and not to any innate attractiveness that Islam owed its early triumphs. "Of all the native populations of the countries subdued," says Finlay, in his "History of Greece under Foreign Domination,"* "the Arabs of Syria alone appear to have immediately adopted the religion of their co-national race; but the great mass of the native races in Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, Cyrenaica, and Africa, clung firmly to their faith; and the decline of Christianity in all those countries is to be attributed rather to the extermination than to the conversion of the Christian inhabitants." And even the converts to Islam, in the first generation, have everywhere been almost always proselytes by compulsion or from some secular motive. They are mostly so in Africa at the present day. The two great motives of conversion there are (1) the sword of Islam, (2) the dread of slavery. The slave-hunters and slave-merchants are Muslims. Slave traffic is sanctioned by Mahomedan law, even in the case of Muslim slaves; and not only so, but the torture of slaves, such as mutilation in case of theft, is authorized.† Nevertheless, the African slave-hunters naturally prefer non-Musulman slaves—so much so, indeed, that they discourage in some districts conversions to Islam as narrowing the area of the pagan population available for slavery. To escape slavery, therefore, whole tribes in Africa sometimes profess Islam. These are manifestly not genuine conversions. In India the caste system operates in the same way. The profession of Islam is an immense social

* i. 368. Cf. Dozy, "Hist. des Musulman d'Espagne," ii. p. 50. "In the ninth century the conquerors of the Peninsula followed to the letter the coarsely expressed advice of the Khalif Omar: 'We ought to eat up the Christians, and our descendants ought go on eating them up as long as Islam endures.'"

† See the "Hedaya," edited by Grady, p. 265.

gain to low-caste populations." Here again is no genuine conversion. In short, purely spiritual causes have never had much to do with conversions to Islam anywhere. And it must be borne in mind, in addition, that in Mahomedan countries the children, not only of mixed marriages but even of heathen parents, are by law reckoned as Mahomedans, although they have never made any profession of Islam.* Finally, the following fact reported by Consul Sandwith from Larnaca is true of many other places under Musulman rule:—"There exists some 1500 persons who are Musulmans in name only; but a great many are Christians at heart, but are obliged publicly to acknowledge the Prophet, and can only secretly testify their adherence to Christianity."†

As a spiritual force, in so far as it ever was one, Islam is not advancing, but retrograding. The Musulman world contains no longer a single centre from which radiates any intellectual light or any sign of material progress. There is not one Musulman State in the world which wields independent sway—which, in fact, does not exist solely by the sufferance of Christendom. A creeping paralysis has fastened upon Islam, and the shadow of the devouring eagles may even now be descried on its horizon.

How stands the case of Christianity in comparison? Its Pattern Man is not only to the Christian, but to the great mass of intelligent and educated unbelievers, the highest and noblest ideal of humanity that history records or the human mind can conceive. His teaching and example are the most perfect exhibition of human virtue that the world has seen. Mr. Cotter Morison, indeed, thinks that Christianity inculcates so high a standard of conduct that it "is only adapted to a very limited number of minds."‡ Is not this a fallacy in the sphere not only of ethical progress, but of intellectual as well? Does not progress depend on an ever-receding goal? The artist, the man of science, the orator or poet, who realizes his own ideal and is satisfied, can progress no more. The necessary condition of progress is unsatisfied longing. Our Lord's command, therefore—"Be ye perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect"—is but a declaration of the universal law of progress for all intellectual and moral beings. To prescribe a standard of conduct which the mass of men can easily reach is to doom, as Islam dooms, mankind to stagnation and sterility. It is its exceptionally high standard that has helped to make Christian civilization so exceptionally superior to all other civilizations. To it is mainly due the fabric of all that complex structure known as modern civilization. In the degree in which Christianity has had fair-play human nature has been purified and elevated. Slavery has steadily receded before it.

* See Blue-Book on "Religious Persecutions in Turkey," (1875), pp. 40, 49, 51.

† "Consul Reports on the Condition of Christians in Turkey," (1867), p. 54.

‡ "Service of Man," pp. 224-5.

Woman (whose moral and intellectual *status* is an unfailing test of civilization) has been raised to her rightful position as man's co-equal partner. The sacredness of human life, even in its feeblest and most degraded forms, has been established as a religious dogma.* Wars are becoming less frequent and immeasurably more humane. Popular education and political freedom have advanced under the ægis of Christianity in a degree never imagined by the wisest teachers of Paganism. The industrial classes even of Greece and Rome were slaves. And coincident with this moral progress has been the advancement of Christendom in the arts and sciences. Nor is there any sign that the impulse thus given to human progress is on the wane, or that Christianity, as some would persuade us, is played out. The very perfection of its ideal is the guarantee of its ever-abiding welcome to the quest of knowledge in every department of science. We must admit and deplore that Christian teachers and tribunals have at different times opposed new discoveries and improvements. That is merely a proof that the instruments through which Christianity works are fallible and sinful. The answer is that, unlike Islam, the remedy has generally come from the bosom of Christianity itself. They have been Christian brains and tongues and pens which have, for the most part, exposed and corrected the errors of mistaken Christian advocates.

And as to the comparatively slow progress of Christianity and its imperfect success even within the frontiers of Christendom, we must distinguish between the essence of a system and its separable accidents. I have endeavoured to show that Islam, at its best, bears within it the incurable germ of inevitable decay and dissolution. The hindrances to the spread of Christianity, on the other hand, are but parasites which cling to it and which it may shake off. They may be summarized as follows:—(1) The divisions of Christendom. Islam, too, has its sects, and many of them; but they close their ranks and present a united front to the "unbelievers." (2) Faulty methods of propagandism, such as neglect of rearing in foreign lands a native ministry, while importing European habits, customs, and dress among native converts. (3) The discredit cast upon the Christian name by the lives and demoralizing traffic of professing Christians. (4) To which may be added, as regards India, the active discouragement and even resistance which, until a recent period, a professedly Christian Government offered to the propagation of Christianity. Chaplains in the Indian army were forbidden to make converts, and a Sepoy who became a Christian was, I believe, down to the Mutiny, liable to dismissal from the army.

But admitting all this, do not slow progress and apparent

* "The Christian care for the sick and infirm was unknown to the Pagan world" ("Service of Man," p. 237). This is one of Mr. Cotter Morison's many candid acknowledgments of the superiority of Christianity to all its rivals.

failure indicate the divine method of working, which is not by lopping off branches and pruning superficial excrescences, but by subterranean approaches and working at roots? What is this earth which we inhabit but a record of what must have seemed failures at the time? In the retrospect we see that there was no failure. We behold a development from rude beginnings, through seeming flaws and miscarriages, to a crowning result. Thus the perfection of which we are cognizant in the physical not less than in the intellectual and moral world is a perfection seen at the end of a long vista of apparent failures. The progress is not in a straight line, but zigzag, like that of the Alpine climber, whose back is sometimes turned towards the point for which he is making.

It is therefore a superficial view which would confine the comparison between Christianity and Islam to the numerical proportions of their respective adherents, though even on that score Christianity has no reason to blush, as I have already shown, and as Sir William Hunter has explained with respect to India.* At the time of Christ's death "the number of names together" who owned themselves His disciples "were about an hundred and twenty."† Was that a fair test of the success of His ministry? The apparently signal failures of Christianity have generally been the preludes to fresh victories. So it may be now. The success of Christianity at any given time is not to be measured by visible results. In India, in Japan, in China, in Africa, throughout the Turkish Empire, it is silently sapping the foundations of rival religions. Its ideas and principles are in the air, like those minute yet potent germs of which physical science tells us. Only they are germs of health inoculating diseased organisms with the seeds of a regenerate life. Christianity is impregnating Islam, Buddhism, Confucianism, Paganism, with hopes, aspirations, ideals, principles, which are gradually but surely disintegrating the old order of things, and preparing the way for the reception of Christianity. The stranger who stands on the banks of the Neva or drives over its frozen surface, at the close of winter, has no idea of the change that is impending—no idea that in one week ice and snow will have vanished, giving place to flowers and verdure, while the erstwhile quiet and leafless woods will, in full foliage, be resonant with the song of birds. All this sudden transformation, however, is the result of forces which have been at work long before, though silently and invisibly. Those who believe that the author of Nature is the founder of Christianity are justified in looking for similar methods and corresponding results in both.

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

* See his "Indian Empire," 2nd. ed pp. 263-4. This article was written before the delivery of Sir W. Hunter's interesting lecture, under the auspices of the Society of Arts, and also before the appearance of the article on "Islam and Christianity in India," in the February number of this Review.

† Acts i. 15.

SOCIALISM AND THE UNEMPLOYED.

“**A** MAN willing to work and unable to find work is perhaps the saddest sight that Fortune’s inequality exhibits under this sun.” Like many another of Carlyle’s sentences, this is true only of certain persons. Competence, claim, and condition are understood. There is implied a want of the necessaries of life. A politician seeking a constituency, an author a publisher, may be just as eager ; but that is not what is meant. The sadness arises from the need of the seeker for wherewith to satisfy the natural demands for food, clothing, and shelter. He has been born into the world not by his own will ; he must live upon the earth or he cannot live at all ; he offers all that he has in exchange for the power to maintain his home ; and it is further implied that the community in which he lives responds only with the bitter bread of charity or the sad sustenance of the poor-law.

We may assume that this is a condition which it is the duty of every organized society to amend, and also that this obligation is more or less generally accepted, and that the question—how to deal with unavoidable and temporary distress—is rather one of means than of principle. We are all socialists in the sense that our aim is the improvement of society. But there are socialists and Socialists, and though a distinction may be signified by the big letter at the commencement of the word, the difference of method is not less marked. We who are socialists with a small “s” are infinitely more numerous, and we are more practical, because we take as the basis of reform the experience of mankind and the tendencies which appear most radical in human nature. The Socialists with a big “S” have, on the contrary, annals full of wrecked ideals and of manifold failure, of well-meaning enthusiasm, sometimes leading to wild and frenzied

excitement. Yet the failures of Socialism have proved immensely serviceable to the more rational body of reformers by forcing inquiry upon sluggish minds.

I have never met with a more clear and concise definition of Socialism than that given by Mr. Hyndman: "It is an organized attempt to substitute an ordered co-operation for existence for the present anarchical competition for existence." That has been the intelligible, hereditary cure with Socialists from the time of St. Simon, Fourier, Owen, and Louis Blanc down to the October meetings of the Social Democratic Federation in Trafalgar Square. The rational socialists—who are identical with the body of true Liberals, or Radicals, or reformers—may rejoice in the vitality of the idea, while they point to the failure of the proposed method. Both bring recruits to our ever-advancing forces. The Socialists now take their stand upon five demands, all including the principle of Mr. Hyndman's definition. They ask for "well-ordered co-operation." We seek to establish well-ordered competition, because we find that in some form competition is the mainspring of production, and that moral and material stoppage and decline follow upon removal of this mainspring from society. I propose to illustrate this contrast of method as we proceed with examination of the Socialist demands. But before engaging in this task I wish to point out that between the Socialists and the reformers, between the advocates of "common labour, common enjoyment" and those of a "well-ordered competition," there is much which is shared. Both aim at diffusion of wealth and desire improvement in the conditions of life and of the standard of comfort. The first demand is:—

"(1) That no Government servant be employed at his or her present wages for a longer period than eight hours in each day. This alone would give room for many now out of work, seeing that the ordinary hours of work in the Post Office and other State Establishments are from ten to twelve hours or more in the day."

If this were conceded, the Government servants who work ten hours a day would probably be paid for two hours' overtime, and the Estimates would be increased by one-fifth, with injury to the unemployed, owing to the heavier burden of taxation and reduction of the fund available for employment of labour. If it were revised so as to prevent overtime, a much larger wage must be paid to the workmen, with still heavier taxation and further reduction of employment.

But this eight hours' demand has other support than that of Socialists. At the last Trades Union Congress no matter was discussed with greater fervour, and every speaker recognized that overtime was the chief obstacle. "Thousands of men," said the President, "fail to secure employment in consequence of their fellow-men

working overtime." An Eight Hours' Bill was demanded because 26½ per cent. of the members of the Boilermakers and Shipbuilding Society were out of employment and "on the funds." If all workmen were in these unions, a prohibitive price could be set upon overtime, but to this Trades Unionists know that workmen outside will not submit. Said Mr. Broadhurst: "What wretched hypocrisy for them to be asking for an Eight Hours' Bill at the hands of Parliament when they themselves were the men who were defeating every day of their lives a short hours' system only to obtain a little extra wages on Saturday night! Let them destroy overtime and then apply themselves to regulating the hours. That could be done if the unions were in earnest." But to do that the unions must include a much larger proportion of workmen. A delegate pointed out that of the 250,000 carpenters and joiners "not more than 30,000 could be influenced by the Congress, and suppose all these came out on strike for the purpose of obtaining an Eight Hours' Bill, it simply meant that 220,000 were left to jump into the places they had vacated." It was calculated there were 6,000,000 at work under the nine hours' system and 900,000 unemployed. "Strike off one hour, and 750,000 additional workers would be required to maintain the present production." "Then," said Mr. Abraham, M.P., "there would be more consumers as well as producers."

There are two questions involved in this demand—one social, the other sanitary. Is the reduction of hours demanded in order that there may be no unemployed? Is it in this respect final? If there are 900,000 unemployed under an eight hours' system, are we to proceed to seven hours, and so on? I do not find it suggested that eight hours is the utmost limit of healthy and effective labour. That is a disputable question. We may admit that eight hours a day may be better than nine. But we must act in co-operation or in competition with other countries, and if we continue in competition, to which there is not a glimmer of ending, the arguments of the Congress are misleading, because the increased cost due to employment of 750,000 persons beyond the number required for the present production must destroy our trade. There is no way out of that dilemma. The evil must increase. There will be greater poverty and continual decline in the condition of the workman with reduction of hours, in the vain hope of making work for all at existing wages. The Swiss work, according to the Technical Commissioners, eleven hours a day and ten on Saturday, making a total of sixty-five a week. A Swiss employer of eight hundred hands thinks ten hours better than eleven. In the Rhine provinces of Germany "the working hours of the operatives are twelve per day," and the Commissioners report that in general appearance they do not compare unfavourably with those of Lancashire. It is encouraging to find that with this

excessive toil of seventy-two hours a week against fifty-six and a half, and with wages considerably lower than in Lancashire, the German spinners cannot undersell English yarns in neutral markets. Mr. Mather, reporting upon the United States, does not promise any reduction of hours among our competitors in America. "The long hours of labour (at least sixty hours a week) leave but little leisure for the working classes. There is no half-holiday on Saturday." Mr. Mather finds "large output in proportion to the plant employed," and "higher pressure than is generally used in England." "The general features of the works are order and cleanliness." Employers "one and all," say: "We have no complaints to make of the drinking habits of our people." The population of 54,000,000 drink about half the quantity of intoxicating liquor which is consumed here by 36,000,000. How could we hope to retain our trade if we adopt eight hours as the limit of a working day in face of this report from the United States?—"There is no opposition to overtime; union and non-union men are employed at the same works without occasioning difficulties. The Trades Unions have some stringent rules, but they are inoperative. Some of the largest establishments have never had a strike." I think it is clear that under present conditions an eight hours' system would tend to enlarge the number of unemployed.

(2) "That all uncultivated Crown or other lands, or land now in pasture, which in the opinion of skilled agriculturists would pay best to cultivate, be at once worked with improved machinery by such of the unemployed as would prefer or are accustomed to agricultural occupation. These labourers to be paid the rate of wages which, in the judgment of a board of assessors, shall be sufficient to keep them and their families in health and comfort, or that such necessary food be supplied at cost at a general meal, lodging being provided on the spot. An equitable portion of the profits, if any, derived from such farming operations to be divided from time to time among the people employed."

This demand is purely Socialist in character. There are 70,000 acres of Crown lands under cultivation to which it does not apply, and, I suppose, it is not intended to grub the whole of the New Forest or Windsor Woods. There are parts of Wolmer Forest to which it would be applicable, and there are hundreds of thousands of acres now in pasture which would be more productive under tillage and in small holdings. The increase of pasture is a serious evil to which is due the decrease of agricultural population and of production of food. It is one of the sad consequences of our land system. Primogeniture and settlements have made great estates, and great estates have made large farms. Then comes the labour difficulty. Hired labour on such farms is probably not more than half so productive as the interested work of a small proprietor. The farmer's capital is insufficient, and he demands a larger share of the profits

than the worth of his superintendence. By converting arable into pasture he saves the cost of labour; he may obtain live stock on credit, and the profits will be divided between the landlord and himself. It is bad for the community, but it helps the payment of his rent. Reformers propose to change this by safe and orderly methods in accordance with the teaching of experience. Observing that the tendency of English legislation has been to the formation of great estates, we begin by abolishing the causes of that tendency, and then proceed to give the land system a reverse operation. Above all, we shall be careful in our projects to enlist self-interest on the side of production. We note that under a better system than ours, some royal lands in Germany were lately purchased by labouring men, with great advantage to themselves and to the neighbouring towns and villages; we have no such experience of dealing with lands in the way demanded. We observe that self-interest is the mainspring of successful toil, and that it is not allowed to operate beneficially either in the English land system or in the Socialist method. In the former, upon nearly 50,000,000 acres no man has the full interest of proprietor in regard to sale or cultivation, and upon the greater part of that vast area no cultivator has complete security that he shall enjoy the fruits of his labour and expenditure. He may have his rent raised upon his improvements, and he must submit or take his compensation on quitting. The Socialist plan may be no worse, but at all events it would involve new troubles of which we have had some experience and all of an unfavourable character.

It is possible that no one has had official service in such relation to distressed men so extensive as my own, and during the Cotton Famine we had the Socialist plan in operation. On certain works men were paid not according to their labour, but with regard to the number of their families, and were required to work for a fixed number of hours. The spring which moves men to best industry was removed, and I took note of their loitering sham work. These are my notes:—

"In one place the labour was the formation of roads in a sandy soil, in another the removal of a dirt heap, both well suited for the employment of unskilled labour. I watched the men talking, lying in their barrows, taking a long rest between every exertion, and desired the local officers to communicate to me the results. If upon the road-forming the men had received only their actual earnings, each would have been paid less than a penny a day; the dirt heap, for the removal of which the committee received £17 7s., was not cleared away for less than £476 6s. 6d. The committee took the work at 2d. a yard, and its execution cost twenty-four times as much, or 4s. a yard."

I think it far less injurious and demoralizing that the victims of temporary distress should receive a gift or dole with total and

declared abstinence from work, than that they should be engaged upon a system which destroys the dignity of labour and teaches idleness—a teaching and habit more easy to acquire than to abandon.

Suppose the Government were to undertake the cultivation of Wolmer Forest by the unemployed. First, there would be the invidious task of selecting the men, an operation in which perfect justice and satisfaction would be impossible. Then huts must be erected, and plant acquired by money voted in Parliament. I do not see why the labour should be very much more productive than that engaged by the Relief Committee of Stockport, for profit would be out of the question. Such land may be profitably reclaimed by self-interested proprietorship, but never by State-paid labour. Let us glance at results of experience. The demand is that by the unemployed—by no means a select body—the Government should engage in agriculture, any loss to be made good by the taxpayers. The “skilled agriculturists” would find many a field, say in Essex, of poor, unprofitable pasture, and thither, we are to suppose, with or without compensation for private property, huts, machinery, and men would be sent, with consequent increase of taxation resulting in continued enlargement of the demand for State employment of labour. We could not hope the promise of success would be so favourable as that which attended the selected and enthusiastic followers of Owen and Fourier in the United States. Owen’s purchase of 30,000 acres with 3000 under cultivation, including a ready-made town, with farms and orchards, was far more hopeful. But within twelve months Owen was forced by failure to the rational method of selling property in land to individuals. Nowhere could the English Socialists obtain such encouraging conditions as those of the Fourier Association, established about forty miles from New York in 1843. They adopted all the policy of this demand. About 100 persons lived and laboured for eleven years. If the land had more than doubled in value no one would have been surprised. The plan of payment was that of the Socialist proposal. The “general meal” was tried, and we learn from authentic records that

“some so contrived their work as not to be distant at meal-time. They always heard the first ringing of the bell. In the preparation of food there will be small quantities which are choice. Those who were ready to eat seized upon such the first thing. Then there was another class—the social and amiable men. These generally secured the offices, and generally directed in all industrial enterprises. The really practical men could not talk well, but they could become indignant, and grumble.”

And so, by self-interest working naturally in the community, it was at last agreed to dissolve and to realize. “The property was sold, and it brought 66 per cent. of its value.” It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the policy of this demand would lead to

national bankruptcy by the increase of unemployed and of the area of such State-paid operations. Yet those who are reformers cannot fail to recognize that the Socialists are touching a real grievance. In place of 800,000 agricultural labourers we should do far better with four times as many upon the soil, and this change, which is dependent upon a change of law as well as of national habit, would bring relief and much prosperity to the overcrowded townspeople.

I have no prejudices or pedantic notions concerning interference by the State. Let the State interfere whenever and wherever the commonwealth may be aided. I concur with the Socialist demand so far as it urges the State to promote the best cultivation of the Crown and other lands, but not in the suggestion that the State should engage in agriculture or in the payment of wages without regard to the permanent interests of taxpayers. If we spread distress in order to relieve distress, the end must be disastrous. Because the right to existence involves an interest on the part of every member of the community in the soil, because the law does not and cannot sever that interest from any single acre, and allows to no man an absolute and exclusive property in land, therefore it is one of the prime duties of the State to promote whatever use of the soil is for the greatest advantage. That the present distribution of land is injurious and even dangerous, probably no one will deny. That reform of the Land Laws will diminish liability to distress is certain, because it will diffuse employment and will provide permanent occupation for millions whose purchases of manufactures will greatly benefit the urban population. But this reform is one question, and the immediate relief of distress is another question. I see no objection to the employment of indigent people by Government, whether local or Imperial, provided that due security be taken against the spread of indigence. But this is not in the Socialist demand. The agricultural misuse of the home counties is glaring; it may be seen in the immense area of waste land and pheasant coverts, or in a comparison of such miserable cultivation as that of the Isle of Wight, or of the coast counties, with Jersey and Normandy. It is notable that the depression is deepest in Essex, where the average size of holdings is highest. Although I cannot advocate State farming, I admit that the Socialist demand points to a serious evil, which may be amended by legal reform. The *Quarterly Review* says that "too many classes are endeavouring to live out of the land." It is not by the action of economic law that the labouring cultivators are the class which is so rapidly diminishing. In sixteen years, the area under wheat in the United Kingdom has fallen from 3,981,989 acres to 2,553,092 acres, implying a reduction of produce nearly equal to 6,000,000 quarters. To this reduction of the wheat area must be added 481,815 acres formerly under other sorts of corn, making a total reduction in

the corn-producing area of 1,985,416 acres. Much of this land is the poor pasture to which the Socialist demand is directed. The increase in the number of animals shows no compensation for this decline of corn-production and banishment of labour. In the sixteen years England has lost 3,012,085 sheep and Scotland has lost 38,139 sheep, while England has gained 1,006,460 cattle, and Scotland 158,280 cattle. This result of the legal alienation of the people from the land is being added to at the rate of about 100,000 acres yearly. This decline is not the economic consequence of a fall in prices; there has been a fall all round, but the production of textiles and of iron manufactures has become larger. The cure will not be found in protection. We have tried that; and with corn at three times the present price, the distress of labour and the extent of pauperism were more severe. In 1843, with a population fewer by 9,000,000, the number of persons receiving poor-law relief was 1,539,490, against 796,036 in the year ending Lady Day, 1887. Let us now try government of the soil by economic laws, such as will promote the spread of population throughout the land, with the largest production of food and the greatest welfare of the people.

"(3) That any public works of importance in or near any industrial centre—such as artisans' dwellings, embankment of rivers, construction of canals or aqueducts—should be begun at once, instead of their construction being deferred; and that the same rate of wages be paid, in proportion to cost of living, to the workers employed that is paid to the agricultural labourers, or that their feeding be conducted on wholesale principles as above. That if, on valuation of works completed, any profit should be shown above what such works would have cost at rates of wages for similar work averaged for the last five years, an equitable proportion of such profit be divided among the labourers."

The first part of this demand will be admitted. The Government, whether local or Imperial, ought, for the sake both of humanity and of economy, to be zealous in pressing forward with any necessary public works when there is lack of employment. It is obvious that in London and other great towns public works do not afford much opportunity for the unskilled labour which is all that so many can offer. There would be loss of life if such men were engaged in pulling down old houses or excavating for deep sewers. A distinguished philanthropist, writing lately to the *Times*, said all this had been done in Lancashire. It is my experience in Lancashire which makes me unable to point to any similar work in London. Here we have level streets, main sewers, public parks, and water-works. The next question is as to what is to be the relation between the community and those who are seeking work. The common liability for the maintenance of every destitute person is admitted. It is further clear that members of the community who are without work may fairly claim that there shall be no delay. But the demand is for

much more, and seeks to regulate the terms of employment. Subject to admitted liability, this is a matter which must rest either upon some abstract right or the will of the majority of ratepayers. One who spoke for the unemployed at the Mansion House claimed that expenditure should be made "in order to give the unemployed something to do," and others are said to have demanded work "at their own price," and on their own terms as to hours. That is akin to the spirit of the demand. To insist that persons shall be engaged, that they shall not be dismissible for idleness or incompetency, and that they shall be secured a rate of wages proportionately equal to those of persons engaged upon dissimilar conditions, is to bind the community to a bad bargain. It would be alike hurtful to the social lot of the majority, whether applied to doctors, barristers, or any class. I cannot see how, under this demand, any tolerable arrangement is to be made for the division of labour, for securing any reasonable and relative equality of exertion, or for avoiding the consequences of removal of all prudential restraint in regard to increase of population and lowering of the standard of comfort. But that is not all. Holding, as I do, that the security of reward for individual skill and effort is the mainspring of production, I cannot find the standpoint on which an indigent man, possibly idle and thriftless, is to dictate the terms on which he shall enjoy a common right of property in goods. Looking with respect upon the idea of a society in which toil shall be for all healthful and temperate, in which public opinion and public duty shall be sufficient incentive to constrain each person to his or her appropriate share of labour, I am willing to accept as a duty that we should make progress towards the highest ideal of human existence. But all my lights, such as they are, warn me against the extinction of self-interest. I uphold private property and payment of wages in relation to the work done, not so much for the advantage of proprietors and receivers as for that of the community. During the Cotton Famine, there were ninety local authorities engaged in public works. In no case, so far as I remember, would it have been possible to make such a profit and loss account as is now demanded. Loss would be inevitable upon all public works if every indigent man within the prescribed area were entitled to demand employment upon the terms of the Socialist Federation. Shall those who are to bear that loss have no voice in the matter? Are they to make no provision against the time when it must be overwhelming? If not, then society will decay; and, far from approaching the highest ideal, it may rather sink to the level of a rabbit warren.

Ideas should be encouraged; progress is stimulated by ideas of perfection, of temperance, of unselfishness, and of charity. But in practice, my idea of society is based upon a firm guarantee of the fruits of labour and of abstinence or self-control. These fruits must

be subject to public claims for the needs of society. I welcome the Socialist demands so far as they call attention to evils which are the cause of so much of the existing distress. Their attack upon private property in land can hardly fail to make fair-minded men thoughtful as to its imperfections. Their assault is not more blind than the defence. Private property in land is not established upon a firm, justifiable, or economic basis in this country. "The principle of private property," said Mr. Mill, "has never yet had a fair trial in any country, and less so perhaps in this country than in some others. The laws of property have never yet conformed to the principles on which the justification of private property rests." That is the doctrine of reformers. We seek to cleanse, to repair, to strengthen private property by restraining excesses which Parliaments of great proprietors have sanctioned. We seek to establish private property upon justice and upon economic laws. When private property has been duly regulated, it will have an assurance it has never before possessed, and society will be relieved from the greatest danger and the most potent cause of distress.

"(4) That where possible light relief works on similar principles should be commenced for those women and men who are incapable of heavy labour, or that they be engaged on clothing or other work which they could exchange through the State, with the products of those who are at work upon the land."

It is natural that in these demands those by whom they are drawn should appear to think mainly of such as are sick of the ills of society. There seems to be no fear that the store of wealth will disappear. Such relief as is asked for in this fourth demand could be afforded, but the suggestion that by exchange "through the State" it could be provided without heavy demands upon accumulated funds, is not warranted by experience. In 1863, sewing and reading schools were opened in Lancashire where many thousands of female operatives were suddenly thrown out of their regular employment. Girls and women were paid 6*d.* or 8*d.* a day for sewing or reading, but in most cases for learning to sew and to read. In some of the largest of these schools it was found that 75 per cent. could not read and that 80 per cent. could not sew. The wages—which to comply with the Socialist demand must have been doubled—and other expenses were provided by the relief committees, and the garments produced were generally given away. I question if there was any better or more useful expenditure of large funds.

"(5) That the cost of the initial proceedings and the payment of wages be met by the ratepayers and the State in equal portions, or in such proportions as may be determined. The advantage to the ratepayers is that able-bodied persons would be engaged upon beneficial remunerative labour instead of upon useless workhouse tasks; the advantage to the State would be that no

permanent pauperism would result from the prevailing depression. Therefore the municipalities and the State should at once organize the unemployed labour and thereby save expense later."

We have come now to the fifth and last demand of the Social Democratic Federation. If the State had been so liable in Lancashire, the waste of public money would have been enormous. Expenditure was generally controlled by subscribers and representatives of ratepayers, and the health of the distressed population was undoubtedly good. Public health improved when the Inland Revenue from spirits in towns of the cotton district declined by more than 28 per cent. As to the parliamentary loan of £2,000,000 for public works, with which I was connected, the operation was without cost to the State, because the charges for administration were more than covered by the difference of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. in the terms of borrowing and lending. We must notice, however, that the arguments by which this demand is supported involve all that is at issue. I agree with much of the objection to "useless workhouse tasks." I have seen men, whose delicacy of touch was a main part of their industrial capital, crippled with broken and bleeding finger-nails from picking oakum, and others rendered unfit for work by blisters caused by the stone hammer. To devise a fair and useful labour test is extremely difficult. But the Social Democratic Federation will see that in this demand they surrender to a large extent their previous position. The acceptance of all their demands is to be decided by reference to "the advantage to the ratepayers" and to the State. In arguing with men who present their plans with earnest enthusiasm and who speak on behalf of suffering and distress, it is very agreeable to arrive at agreement, and that is my good fortune. It is not perhaps to be expected that ratepayers will provide employment without regard to their own advantage, yet I could point to cases in which the sense of duty to the indigent has been supreme. But though ratepayers may not always be able to square their public duty with their pecuniary interest, there can be no question that the directing consideration should be the welfare of the State. It is of course desirable that "able-bodied persons should be engaged upon beneficial remunerative labour," and that there is scope for the labour of every person in the kingdom I have no doubt whatever. I point to the silent and neglected fields of the south of England, where the pheasant multiplies and the peasant decays. I compare that poverty with the riches of Normandy, which the south of England might under good laws so easily excel. England ought to be the paradise of agricultural industry. How is this to be brought about? If I felt there was no other way of getting rid of the accursed land system of England, which no Minister would dare to impose even in that petty part of the United Kingdom called Jersey, I would join with heart and hands in

a social or any other revolution. But the remedy is open, and being open there can be no better way. We must bring effective reform and a reversal of the present system to a triumph in a Parliamentary election. Then we may put an end to that system which has made the rural districts of this fertile and beautiful island a playground for the rich and a pauper course for the poor. Meanwhile we must deal as best we can with temporary distress; by rates, by funds, by active solicitude for the sorrows of the poor. I cannot recommend co-operative agriculture, with the State for farmer-general and paymaster. That would lead to disappointment, failure, and the delay of reform. We shall not err if we apply to every proposal this test—"the welfare of the State." With that light for our guide we shall everywhere smooth the path and extend the field of productive industry; we shall accept and appreciate public duty in regard to that first and greatest of all national possessions, the soil of our country; we shall be careful to obtain the most zealous labour by assuring the fruits of toil and the results of abstinence and self-control. In our country, where the dawn of a happier social state is hindered by Land Laws such as no foreign potentate could impose upon his subjects, it is natural that Socialist theories should grow somewhat rankly. I do not undervalue the utility of the protest they offer against an intolerable contrast and condition. We may co-operate in declaring that the advantage of the State has been grossly neglected by Parliament. Though I cannot accept or agree with the main doctrine of Socialism, and though I claim an "ordered competition" rather than their "ordered co-operation," I do not withhold regard from those whose error may seem to be that of greater confidence in the perfectibility of human nature than I myself possess. Yet it does occur to me that were I of the poorest, I would much prefer to take my chance far away from the dreary dulness of any Socialist system, where the daily round of dutiful labour would have some resemblance to a work-house test. The present organization of society, and of our society especially, is so faulty, the laws which regulate private property in land are so full of injury and injustice to the community, that we may be thankful to all who swell the demand for reform; but it does not appear unreasonable that in seeking the welfare of the State, we should act with some regard to the teachings of experience and with particular attention to the motives of human action.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

A LIVING STORY-TELLER.*

(MR. WILKIE COLLINS).

IN times of change, such as the present, when fresh growths are continually struggling up into daylight, there is some danger that older and, hitherto, well-loved forms of art and literature may disappear almost unheeded, and that, while we stand gladly watching the beanstalk-like rise of our new specimens, we may become just a little ungrateful to those authors who have gladdened us in former days. Yet something is due to the old age of the great who have filled us with the fruit of their genius, although their ancient quiet claim may be easily neglected amidst the press of new things and the din of louder and fresher voices which to-day echo round us.

Not always is it either just or wise to wait for the hour when an author's lips are silent before we bestow full recognition for what we have gained from his work, and it is more than ungrateful to allow the last years to pass unregarded of one who for a long life has, with unflinching industry and unabated purpose, poured out his brains, not only for our amusement, but in accordance with many noble impulses, and in defence of many a worthy cause.

There is living amongst us at the present time the last of that group of great novelists whose works will make the fiction of the Victorian era for ever famous, and, despite the fact that in earlier days his merits were widely recognized, despite the fact that his books are even now translated as soon as written into nearly every European language, despite the fact that his readers in America alone are still

¶ *The attentive reader will notice in the following pages that, though I have said a good deal as to the general character of Mr. Wilkie Collins' stories, and discussed his method of narration, I have hardly written a word about his actual style. This omission, whether pardonable or not, is at least deliberate. The present article only attempts to deal with what the writer has done, and it appeared to me that to pause in this description for the sake of analysing his method of doing it was to commit an error which Mr. Wilkie Collins himself would be the last to pardon.—H. Q.

numbered by hundreds of thousands, above all, despite the fact that he has done work which of its kind has not only never been surpassed, but has never even been approached—notwithstanding all these things, it is but rarely we hear the name of Wilkie Collins mentioned in England nowadays, that we read a word in his praise, or hear of the slightest claim being made on his behalf.

If, therefore, in the following pages, I may seem to dwell more on the merits than deficiencies of Mr. Wilkie Collins' writing, I would remind my readers that this article is professedly an eulogium, an attempt to thank the author for pleasure received, and to bring clearly before a somewhat unwilling public the nature and the quality of his literary achievements.

What then are the qualities of Mr. Wilkie Collins which separate him from the other novelists of his time, and which constitute his special claim upon our admiration? The chief of these can fortunately be stated very shortly and simply: this author has told stories better than they have ever been told in the world before, and probably better than they will ever be told again.

Now, in this art of story-telling, Charles Reade, Dickens, and Wilkie Collins were all past masters, but they were masters with a difference, and, since the art is almost a forgotten one, it is worth while to note in what the difference consisted. In some ways it is true that Dickens wrote stories uncommonly badly: he was always wandering away from his point; he seldom overcame the temptation to put in half a dozen new characters, whether they were needed or not; he exaggerated his types to such an extent that one continually feels personally angry with them and him; and in all sorts of irrelevant places he sticks in superfluous eccentric people and amusing incidents which it needs our utmost ingenuity and tolerance to weave into the substance of his plot. But in another way he tells his story equally well, giving to it an overpowering sense of vitality, touching it on one side and another till it gains something of the multiplicity, and the light and shadow of life itself; above all, clinging to it desperately just when it is on the verge of escaping him, catching the reader's interest as it were by the hair of the head, and compelling his attention by sheer force of genius.

Charles Reade's method is more methodical, and far less elaborate: its science consists in a perfectly clearly conceived, dramatic, and continuous narrative, the progress of which is never arrested from commencement to finish, which is subject to no interruption, and burdened with no unnecessary additions. The essential difference between his method and that of the other writers whom I have mentioned, is that it is entirely a personal one; he has always his characters by the throat, and, so to speak, pinches their windpipe hard, and shouts in their ear, "You say so-and-so;" he then takes his unfortunate puppet

by the throat, and shoves him lustily through whatever part he has to play in the drama. Bristling with facts and arguments, bubbling over with power and wit, indifferent to rebuffs, and impervious to ridicule, this author's personality and his story shoulder their way together through each of his books, till, after reading two or three of them, it becomes really doubtful of whom we know the most, the man who writes, or the men and women whom he writes about.

And now let us turn to the subject of our article, notice the peculiarities of his method, and see how entirely it differs from that of either Dickens or Reade.

With that of Dickens, in so far as the method of narrating the story is concerned, it has evidently little affinity. The narrative is not only plain and direct, but unencumbered to an extraordinary degree; it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that in several of his books there is hardly a phrase, much less a character, which could be spared without loss to the story. The plot is only elaborate in the sense of being intricately woven, not for its possession of any large amount of detail, or for its development necessitating many characters. On the other hand, the method diverges from that of Reade by its absolute impersonality; the author practically never speaks *in propria persona*, or, if he does so, he speaks as a voice only, leaving us quite in the dark as to all personal idiosyncrasy. But the difference to be noted lies deeper than that, for in Wilkie Collins' stories the result is brought about by a sustained and definite action and reaction of character and circumstance, which is only in a very minor degree present in either Dickens or Reade.

It would be fair to say of the latter authors that their characters might have acted in many other stories, but of Collins that his stories could not have been acted by any other characters. The connection with the special story is, in the first case, superficial; in the second, essential. I am not seeking now, be it remembered, to compare these men to the advantage or disadvantage of any one of them; I am trying only to point out differences. What is needed at the present day is that we should admire all three a great deal more than we do, not that we should admire one at the expense of the others.

Mr. Wilkie Collins' first essay in novel-writing was an historical romance entitled "Antonina; or, the Fall of Rome," and is remarkable chiefly for the fact that though it possessed various merits, such as considerable power of descriptive writing, and clear perception of character, yet it affords us no hint of the author's special faculty—the power of concentrating the interest of the story, and bringing all the actions of his characters into close relation with it. It is, in my opinion, a very dull and quite unreadable book; and so the public apparently thought, for the work created no stir, and even after the author had achieved popularity, was seldom spoken of, much less read.

Well, we need only say that the book was a failure ; whatever Mr. Wilkie Collins' gifts might be, it was evident he had not as yet found their right direction. Accordingly, in the next story there is an entirely new departure, and "Basil" takes us from ancient Rome to the very centre of modern London life : the story practically begins in an omnibus, and the chief characters are a managing clerk, and a linendraper's daughter.

When I think of the period in which this novel was written and published, I confess I find it difficult to understand the tolerance that must have been shown it by the Press, for it is as frank in its dealings with a certain phase of the affections as Daudet himself, and, indeed, I believe it was attacked in certain quarters on this score.*

Shortly put, the story recounts how a young man of ancient family marries secretly the daughter of a successful linendraper, and submits to a restriction, imposed on him by her father, of leaving his wife at the church door, in order that, if possible, his father's consent may be obtained before the marriage is openly acknowledged. The motives of the linendraper in making this somewhat extraordinary arrangement are explained by a fear of losing his well-born son-in-law on the one hand, and the desire to gain time for completing the education of his daughter, and for selecting a favourable opportunity for winning the consent of his son-in-law's father. In the meantime, the managing clerk, who has hitherto assisted in educating the girl, and who has always intended to marry her himself, acquires great influence over her, and finally seduces her the very night before the year's probation expires. Through a series of accidents, Basil becomes a witness to his own dishonour, and the remainder of the book is taken up with his vengeance on the seducer and its consequences. This, it will be observed, is a tolerably strong story, and can hardly be said to be a pleasant one ; nor would it be worth while dwelling on the subject were it not that it shows the rise in our author of that peculiar faculty, the development of which was afterwards to render him unrivalled in his line. A single powerful motive, a single sustained purpose, runs throughout the book ; towards it everything tends, and in connection with it every incident occurs. Characters come and go in entire subordination to the part they have to play in the story, and yet they do this naturally. The action of the book depends on the influence exercised by character over circumstance ; the determining impulse of each event can be traced back to the mental idiosyncrasy of one or the other of the chief personages. It is this which makes the book organic, and from this method of

* Ten years after the book was published, Collins wrote in the preface to a new edition, "I allowed the prurient misinterpretation of certain perfectly innocent passages in this book to assert itself as offensively as it pleased, without troubling myself to protest against an expression of opinion which aroused in me no other feeling than a feeling of contempt."

treatment Mr. Wilkie Collins in each of his succeeding books has, with rare exceptions, never departed. Those who are interested in physiological contrasts, can trace with pleasure throughout "*Basil*" the manner in which the varying idiosyncrasies and motives, of the people concerned, combine to produce the catastrophe of the book—the pride of *Basil's* father; the over-credulity and timorousness of *Basil* himself; the terrified submission of Mrs. Sherwin, the mother of the heroine; the meanness and selfishness of her husband; the vanity and heartlessness of Margaret herself, are all as much factors in the catastrophe, as the deliberate, cold-blooded scheming of the villain of the story. Gradually, as one reads the book, a sense of inevitable calamity mingles with our interest: the final catastrophe comes almost as a relief. Here is the secret of Collins' power as a story-teller; other authors may construct a plot with as great ingenuity, or tell us a story of as entrancing interest, but no other writer has so well succeeded in producing upon his readers the same sense of inevitableness and reality; these plots are not only *possible*, they are *imperative*: not only might things have happened thus; they could not have happened otherwise.

Let us consider the means by which the author attained this perfection of tale-telling. Before we speak of his method in detail, hear what, in Mr. Collins' personal opinion, a work of fiction should be.

"Believing that the Novel and the Play are twin-sisters in the family of Fiction; that the one is a drama narrated, and the other is a drama acted; and that all the strong and deep emotions which the Play-writer is privileged to excite, the Novel-writer is privileged to excite also, I have not thought it either politic or necessary, while adhering to realities, to adhere to every-day realities only. In other words, I have not stooped so low as to assure myself of the reader's belief in the probability of my story, by never once calling on him for the exercise of his faith. Those extraordinary accidents and events which happen to few men, seemed to me to be as legitimate materials for fiction to work with—when there was a good object in using them—as the ordinary accidents and events which may, and do, happen to us all. By appealing to genuine sources of interest *within* the reader's own experience, I could certainly gain his attention to begin with; but it would be only by appealing to other sources (as genuine in their way) *beyond* his own experience, that I could hope to fix his interest and excite his suspense, to occupy his deeper feelings, or to stir his nobler thoughts."

No statement could be more precise, or, with regard to the art of fiction, more correct; it is not only true, but it covers, either expressly or by implication, the whole ground of legitimate story-telling. To have something worth the telling, and to say it in the clearest and most vivid manner, and to say it in such a way as to excite the reader's suspense, stir his emotion, and excite his nobler aspirations—this is to be a story-teller indeed; and who would not be proud if his work satisfied such conditions? At the risk of wearying my readers, I will repeat that on such or similar principles all our

great novelists have hitherto worked. The chief foundation of the art of fiction is the drama, as every one who has heard a Neapolitan or an Eastern story-teller will readily admit; and the reason of this is that the most perfect presentment of a human being is not the analysis of his motives, but the embodiment of himself; the presenting him, so to speak, on the stage of your book, and letting him act there as he would do "on the boards," or as he would in that life of which his action "on the boards" is an imitation. In other words, for the purpose of story-telling, the dramatic is a more powerful form than the literary, than the analytical. Moreover, this form becomes more imperative in proportion to the interest of the story which is being told; indeed, at crucial moments even the most analytical of fiction writers are forced into the simple dramatic methods; when they come to the point, their characters act their parts, not narrate them. One great difference between Wilkie Collins and other writers, who more or less appreciate the force of this truth, is that he constructs his stories throughout on the above-mentioned principle; his characters reveal alike themselves and the work on which they are engaged, by their actions and speech. The author tells us comparatively little about them, and in many minor instances he tells us absolutely nothing. Think, for example, of the old servant, Gabriel Betteredge, in "The Moonstone," who exhibits himself so clearly by means of his diary in the first few pages of the book that we know him as intimately as our personal friends.

"Well, there I was in clover, you will say. Placed in a position of trust and honour, with a little cottage of my own to live in, with my rounds on the estate to occupy me in the morning, and my accounts in the afternoon, and my pipe and my 'Robinson Crusoe' in the evening—what more could I possibly want to make me happy? Remember what Adam wanted when he was alone in the Garden of Eden; and if you don't blame it in Adam, don't blame it in me.

"The woman I fixed my eye on, was the woman who kept house for me at my cottage. Her name was Selina Goby. I agree with the late William Cobbett about picking a wife. See that she chews her food well, and sets her foot down firmly on the ground when she walks, and you're all right. Selina Goby was all right in both these respects, which was one reason for marrying her. I had another reason, likewise, entirely of my own discovering. Selina, being a single woman, made me pay so much a week for her board and services. Selina, being my wife, couldn't charge for her board, and would have to give me her services for nothing. That was the point of view I looked at it from. Economy—with a dash of love. I put it to my mistress, as in duty bound, just as I had put it to myself.

"'I have been turning Selina Goby over in my mind,' I said, 'and I think, my lady, it will be cheaper to marry her than to keep her.'

"My lady burst out laughing, and said she didn't know which to be most shocked at—my language or my principles. Some joke tickled her, I suppose, of the sort that you can't take unless you are a person of quality. Understanding nothing myself but that I was free to put it next to Selina, I went and put it accordingly. And what did Selina say? Lord! how little you must know of women, if you ask that. Of course she said, Yes.

"As my time grew nearer, and there got to be talk of my having a new coat for the ceremony, my mind began to misgive me. I have compared notes with other men as to what they felt while they were in my interesting situation; and they have all acknowledged that, about a week before it happened, they privately wished themselves out of it. I went a trifle further than that myself; I actually rose up, as it were, and tried to get out of it. Not for nothing! I was too just a man to expect she would let me off for nothing. "Compensation to the woman, when the man gets out of it, is one of the laws of England. In obedience to the laws, and after turning it over carefully in my mind, I offered Selina Goby a feather bed and fifty shillings to be off the bargain. You will hardly believe it, but it is nevertheless true—she was fool enough to refuse.

"After that it was all over with me, of course. I got the new coat as cheap as I could, and I went through all the rest of it as cheap as I could. We were not a happy couple, and not a miserable couple. We were six of one and half a dozen of the other. How it was I don't understand, but we always seemed to be getting, with the best of motives, in one another's way. When I wanted to go upstairs, there was my wife coming down; or when my wife wanted to go up, there was I coming down. That is married life, according to my experience of it."

To return to our analysis of Mr. Wilkie Collins' method; we find, on examining the books closely, that the essential strength of the various stories consists in their possession of two attributes which at first sight seem somewhat conflicting. These are the attributes of mystery and simplicity. No books are ever at the same time so straightforward and so intricate; the straightforwardness is in the execution, in the march of the narrative, the clear presentment of the characters, but the goal is nowhere in sight, nor to the end of the book does the reader know whither he is being led. There is throughout, however, a feeling of sustained purpose, a connection of action, and a development of character, which impresses the reader with the conviction of the author's sanity and trustworthiness. However intricate the plot may be, however numerous the people, we feel more and more certain, with every page we read, that every detail and every action, nay, even every speech, is helping on the development of some purpose, which we cannot guess, but dimly foreshadow. The conviction that this is so, holds the interest as in a vice, and excites an attention to the less obvious parts of the story, which is proportionately intensified in its more exciting portions.* I know no writer, for instance, living or dead, who has been able to touch the facts of Nature with so keen a human interest, and weld them so firmly to the incidents and emotions of his story. Descriptions of Nature in Mr. Wilkie Collins' hands, no matter how simply realistic they may appear in every detail, become, when viewed as a whole, in entire harmony with, and of considerable importance to, the purpose of his book; and it is strange to notice how uniformly successful this author has been in imparting to each description the exact sentiment

which was dramatically appropriate to the part of the story in which it appears. Here is an instance from "*Armada*"—a description of a picnic party to the Norfolk Broads, remarkable not only for its delicate truth to Nature, but for a suggestiveness and underlying sense of mystery, which help to prepare the way for the fulfilment of the first vision in *Armada*'s dream:—

"An hour's steady driving from the Major's cottage had taken young Armada and his guests beyond the limits of Midwinter's solitary walk, and was now bringing them nearer and nearer to one of the strangest and loveliest aspects of Nature, which the inland landscape, not of Norfolk only, but of all England, can show. Little by little, the face of the country began to change as the carriage approached the remote and lonely district of the Broads. The wheat-fields and turnip-fields became perceptibly fewer, and the fat green grazing-grounds on either side grew wider and wider in their smooth and sweeping range. Heaps of dry rushes and reeds, laid up for the basket-maker and the thatcher, began to appear at the roadside. The old gabled cottages of the early part of the drive dwindled and disappeared, and huts with mud walls rose in their place. With the ancient church towers, and the wind and water mills, which had hitherto been the only lofty objects seen over the low marshy flat, there now rose all round the horizon, gliding slow and distant behind fringes of pollard willows, the sails of invisible boats moving on invisible waters. All the strange and startling anomalies presented by an inland agricultural district, isolated from other districts by its intricate surrounding network of pools and streams—holding its communication and carrying its produce by water instead of land—began to present themselves in closer and closer succession. Nets appeared on cottage palings; little flat-bottomed boats lay strangely at rest among the flowers in cottage gardens; farmers' men passed to and fro, clad in composite costume of the coast and the field, in sailors' hats and fishermen's boots, and ploughmen's smocks,—and even yet the low-lying labyrinth of waters, embosomed in its mystery of solitude, was a hidden labyrinth still. A minute more, and the carriages took a sudden turn from the hard high-road into a little weedy lane; the wheels ran noiselessly on the damp and spongy ground. A lonely outlying cottage appeared, with its litter of nets and boats. A few yards farther on, and the last morsel of the firm earth suddenly ended in a tiny creek and quay. One turn more, to the end of the quay, and there, spreading its great sheet of water, far, and bright, and smooth, on the right hand and the left—there, as pure in its spotless blue, as still in its heavenly peacefulness, as the summer sky above it, was the first of the Norfolk Broads."

It is worth while looking at that passage carefully for a moment, if only to notice the excessive ingenuity with which the author passes, without the slightest jerk, from pure description of Nature to the continuation of his narrative. You are taken, as it were, into the carriage as it passes these various details of house, and field, and labourer; and still, as you go on, you are thinking of the Broad, and wondering why you cannot see it, till at the very last moment the reader arrives with the picnic party, and is ready to share their forthcoming experiences. This may seem a small point to dwell upon, but it is by the observance of small points such as these that Mr. Collins succeeds in impressing us with the reality of his stories. No reader can skip a

description such as the one we have quoted ; it is welded into the story, not laid upon it.

The fact is, our author feels what every great landscape painter has always felt, and shown in his pictures, that the interest of landscape for most people depends on its relation to ourselves, the associations with which it is connected, and the significance with which it impresses us ; and, feeling this, he immensely heightens the power of his narrative, by connecting the occurrence of certain incidents with places which lend themselves, by their natural characteristics, to the emotions which he wishes to excite. In this special portion of "Armadale" he is seeking to prepare the reader's mind for the fulfilment of a dream vision, in a manner which is to leave the reader in doubt whether the fulfilment be accidental or no. Every line of this description of the Broads echoes back to the former description of the dream, and helps to arouse that sense of mystery, strangeness, and loneliness, which will prepare the reader's mind for "strange matters."

Let us recur to those characters which, as a rule, are the pivots on which the interest of a novel turns—the hero and heroine, and their love relations.

Throughout all Collins' finer novels the interest turns not on these characters alone, but is almost equally concerned with every personage mentioned in the book. The hero and heroine in "Basil," for instance, are treated with neither more nor less respect by the author than the rest of the "cast." The so-called hero of "The Woman in White" disappears for some hundreds of pages in the most vital portion of the book, without our even noticing his absence. "Armadale" and "The Moonstone" have quite certainly no hero or heroine at all ; and though "No Name" is concerned almost entirely with the fortunes of one erring girl, she is never regarded from the heroine point of view, and is indeed, considering her earlier life, perhaps the most faulty character in the book. The result, to the present writer at least, is a delicious sense of freedom—one's interest has not been concentrated entirely in the fortunes of two personages, both of whom may to special readers be personally uninteresting—and our trust in the author's impartiality becomes absolute, when we mark the even-handed justice he displays towards his creations.

"Hide and Seek," the book which followed "Basil" in order of date, shows a great advance in the development of Mr. Wilkie Collins' literary power. It is at once a more pleasant story, and a better work of art ; the interest, instead of being centred in a solitary figure, is distributed amongst the characters of the story, and there is far less strained action necessary on their part to bring about the final solution. The book, too, has a definite moral purpose, which, though never obtruded, is, in the end, satisfactorily achieved. It tries to show that it is perfectly possible, with a little kindness on

one side, and a little resolution and patience on the other, that the life of a girl afflicted with even such a terrible calamity as that of being deaf and dumb, need not necessarily be either sorrowful to herself, or burdensome to her companions. In fact, in "Hide and Seek," instead of representing the person afflicted in this manner as an object of pity, the author insists throughout, and in the end wins the reader's assent to his assertion, that Mary Blyth's is a happy life.

I have called this the main purpose of the book, but it is a purpose which, though always traceable, is for the most part kept in the background. The plot turns upon an incident (or rather upon the consequences of an incident) which has happened before the story begins, and, briefly put, shows how a brother who, with infinite difficulty, discovers the story of his only sister's desertion and death, foregoes his vengeance upon the man who was responsible for both, for the sake of his friend, the betrayer's son, who has been turned out of doors by his father as a scapegrace.

In the order of Mr. Wilkie Collins' novels this work holds a very important place, not only for the increase of power of which I have spoken, but because it is the first in which the author's peculiar gift of humour distinctly shows itself; neither "Basil" nor "Armada" contains, to the best of my recollection, any indication of humorous faculty; they are, to use a painter's expression, "a little tight" in their workmanship, the youth of the writer showing in a sort of self-conscious restraint, which does not allow him to look to the right hand or the left, to let himself go for a moment. But in "Hide and Seek" the author is not a bit afraid of his reader; he is not only going to tell him a story, he is going to tell it in his own way; and the result is a book which, despite its somewhat stern narrative and sorrowful episodes, yet literally brims over with humour, and shows the keenest appreciation of the humorous points of its various situations. I use this word "humour" advisedly, for "funny," in the correct sense of the term, Mr. Wilkie Collins is not, either here or in his later novels. There is a mordant quality about his laughter which is alien to the spirit of fun; he laughs like a man who has known what it is to weep. In conclusion, I would say that the detailed charm of "Hide and Seek" lies in its minor sketches, especially in those of the artist and his bedridden wife, which are touched with the most gentle and yet incisive hand, and which show us two entirely lovable and generously imperfect people. In its slight way, I know nothing in fiction prettier or more genuinely pathetic than the study of the good-hearted, ambitious, but comparatively incompetent artist, who, after his wife's first attack of serious illness, gives up his dreams of becoming a great historical and mythological painter, and, finding that he can sell for a few pounds his studies of still-life, deliberately restricts his art to the

purpose of producing these insignificant pictures, in order to give his ailing wife every luxury and resource which she might have had, had he been a man of fortune as well as a man of heart.

Those who call Mr. Collins a sensational writer, would do well to study many passages such as these, which occur throughout his works—passages which show that he can not only deal with the strongest motives or the greatest eccentricities of human nature, but that he can understand, and love to linger long over, these tender every-day affections, “which have one by one, and little by little, raised man from being no higher than the brute, to be only a little lower than the angels.”

Here is the account of how the apparently fruitless, unselfish devotion to his art in happier days recompenses the artist when the time of his affliction comes, when, after the first shock of his grief is over, he is able to turn his big canvases to the wall, and set to work again on the humbler scale which is sanctified by a more human interest:—

“On the first day when, in obedience to her wishes, he sat before his picture again—the half-finished picture from which he had been separated for so many months—on that first day, when the friendly occupation of his life seemed suddenly to have grown strange to him; when his brush wandered idly among the colours; when his tears dropped fast on the palette every time he looked down on it; when he tried hard to work as usual, though only for half an hour, only on simple background places in the composition, and still the brush made false touches, and still the tints would not mingle as they should, and still the same words, repeated over and over again, would burst from his lips: ‘Oh, poor Lavvie! oh, poor, dear, dear Lavvie!’—even then the spirit of that beloved art, which he had always followed so humbly and so faithfully, was true to its divine mission, and comforted and upheld him at the last bitterest moment when he laid down his palette in despair.

“While he was still hiding his face before the very picture which he and his wife had once innocently and secretly glorified together, in those happy days of its beginning that were never to come again, the sudden thought of consolation shone out in his heart, and showed him how he might adorn all his after-life with the deathless beauty of a pure and noble purpose. Thenceforth his vague dream of fame, and of rich men wrangling with each other for the possession of his pictures, took the second place in his mind; and, in their stead, sprang up the new resolution that he would win independently, with his own brush, no matter at what sacrifice of pride and ambition, the means of surrounding his sick wife with all those luxuries and refinements which his own little income did not enable him to obtain, and which he shrank with instinctive delicacy from accepting as presents bestowed by his father’s generosity. Here was the consoling purpose which robbed affliction of half its bitterness already, and bound him and his art together by a bond more sacred than any that had united them before. In the very hour when this thought came to him, he rose without a pang to turn the great historical composition, from which he had once hoped so much, with its face to the wall, and set himself to finish an unpretending little ‘study’ of a cottage courtyard, which he was certain of selling to a picture-dealing friend. The first approach to happiness which he had known for a long, long time past, was on the evening of that day, when he went upstairs to sit with Lavinia, and, keeping

secret his purpose of the morning, made the sick woman smile, in spite of her sufferings, by asking her how she should like to have her room furnished if she were the lady of a great lord, instead of being only the wife of Valentine Blyth.

* * * * *

"No one but himself ever knew what he had sacrificed in labouring to gain these things. The heartless people whose portraits he had painted, and whose impertinences he had patiently submitted to; the mean bargainers who had treated him like a tradesman; the dastardly men of business who had disgraced their order by taking advantage of his simplicity—how hardly and cruelly such insect natures of this world had often dealt with that noble heart! how despicably they had planted their small gadfly stings in the high soul which it was never permitted to them to subdue!"

It would be pleasant to say that the story which followed "Hide and Seek" showed a further development of our author's art in the qualities of which I have been speaking. But I find this book, on the contrary, less humorous, less genuine, and less tender than the one which preceded it; on the other hand, it is certainly more concentrated, and therefore, taken as a whole, more powerful. Its weakness, as a work of art, consists in the fact that for the protagonist of the story our sympathies are never aroused, and thus, despite the author's utmost efforts, he fails to interest us in Sarah Leeson and her mistress' secret. I think the reason for this is twofold. In the first place, Sarah Leeson is introduced to us from the very beginning with the burden of this secret overshadowing her; there is no special reason why we should care for this woman, who, from our first acquaintance with her, passes shrinking up and down the staircases, and sits trembling in the corridor. And, in the second place, the author in this instance has prepared his subject too elaborately; he makes his secret as if it were a pancake, and keeps tossing it about from one pan to the other, and hiding it, and seeking it, and missing it, and getting nearer to it, and farther from it again, till at last the poor thing is scrabbled over with incident and description, as if it had been raked with a small-tooth comb, and still we do not know what it is, and, when we do know, we feel inclined to say: "Oh! is that all?" as at the end of a pointless story. And yet the book is full of ingenuity, and, as in a house built by some misguided architect, we are continually opening doors that only reveal dark cupboards, and running up and down passages and steps, only to find ourselves where we started. The book is especially poor in its minor characters; Uncle Joseph, the German upholsterer, for example, with the music-box that Mozart gave to his grandfather, becomes, despite his virtues, a perfect nuisance to the reader. He is that most annoying of all the creations of the novelist, a good man with a tiresome eccentricity which we are not allowed to forget for a single moment, introduced, of course, as a *Deus ex machina*, and to give relief to the more sombre portions of the story. Uncle Joseph never fairly gets into the plot at all; he, so to speak, dances about

outside it, to the sound of his eternal music-box, and to the weariness of the reader. Perhaps one exception should in justice be made concerning the minor characters of "The Dead Secret," and that is in favour of Mr. Phippen, the dyspeptic philosopher, who weighs his bread, and measures his tea, and yet, nevertheless, sees bilious spots dancing in front of him as he takes his morning constitutional. Mr. Phippen is delightful, but, most unfortunately, he only occurs in one scene of the story.

"The Dead Secret" would have been much improved had the author allowed his humorous faculty to have a little freer play. As it is, the book has sufficient interest to make you read it, but not sufficient to make you regret the revelation of the secret when it comes at last. With "The Dead Secret" ends what I should feel inclined to call the early period of Mr. Wilkie Collins' art; by the time the next book ("The Woman in White") is published, the writer has entirely mastered his business, his "soft-shell" stage is at an end, and, as he would say himself, for good or evil the man stands revealed before us.

I do not purpose to say much, or indeed anything, in detail, about the plot of "The Woman in White;" it is too well known to need description, nor are its merits such as can be easily explained in a brief outline; but of the character-drawing in this book, and its connection with the plot, it is necessary to speak somewhat minutely. This is the first book in which Mr. Wilkie Collins succeeds in entirely holding the reader's interest by the story itself, taken in connection with the characters by whom it is carried out. Gradually to this point has the author's power grown—to this point of welding together circumstance and character, and showing their interdependencies, and the results that arise from their mutual action and reaction. Two weak points, and only two weak points, I find in the construction. Anne Catherick is of necessity uninteresting, not only on account of the character itself, but because by the exigencies of the plot she is bound to be sacrificed fruitlessly, and so the author is forbidden by every rule of dramatic propriety to really arouse our interest in her; this, therefore, is felt as a deficiency necessitated by the plot itself, and as such may be excused, if not pardoned. The second point is to me a far more important one, as it is no less than an error in the actual art of the novel-writer—an error which would be almost unpardonable, were it not that our inartistic English public practically insist on such a mistake being committed in nine books out of ten. The point of which I am speaking is the anti-climax of Count Fosco's death and Walter Hartright's trip to Paris. The book should end—the book actually does end, as far as all interest is concerned—in the scene between Count Fosco and Walter Hartright, in which the former confesses his share in the conspiracy; this is not only the finest situation, but the finest scene, in the book—a

scene which in its combination of dialogue and narrative, and its dramatic power, has probably never been surpassed in fiction; and then, lo and behold! we have some twenty more pages, containing a perfectly useless narrative of the erasure of Laura Fairlie's name from the tombstone, and the subsequent journey of Hartright to Paris, followed by his discovery of Count Fosco's body in the Morgue. Let us commit that worst of all impertinences—that of teaching a man his own business—and say boldly that the last episode of this novel should have been Hartright's departure from Count Fosco's lodgings, and his catching sight, as he left, of that Italian member of the "Brotherhood" (to which the Count belonged) whom Hartright had noticed on two previous occasions watching him. So the villain would have departed into the darkness whence he came, with the shadow of Nemesis stealing after him, and we should have been spared that irritating feeling, so common to readers of English fiction, that all our stories must be saddled with a definite moral ending, wherein every personage is rewarded or punished according to his deserts; must also have all their incidents neatly finished up—as if the world ended at the end of the third volume. With these blemishes, and perhaps a slight feeling of disappointment with regard to the character of Hartright himself, the adverse criticism of "The Woman in White" must end. It is a book which made an era in novel-writing, and may be said to have opened up a new view of the art—a view on which a whole subsequent school has been founded; and yet, despite the thousands of so-called sensational novels which the last thirty years have seen, this book remains now easily first, and this results from simple conditions, and rests upon the fact that the author has been able to combine a very true and noble human feeling with his more passionate and tragical interests. The crimes of Count Fosco and Sir Percival Glyde would lose half their dramatic intensity, were they not contrasted with the unswerving sisterly devotion of Marian Halcombe, and the unselfish love of Walter Hartright; and these again would have little power to move us, were they not surrounded and, as it were, upheld by a multitude of other characters, for the most part indicated by slight touches, who are yet living, breathing realities. Walter's mother; Signor Pesca, the teacher of Italian; Miss Vcsey, the old companion; Mr. Fairlie, the selfish *dilettante*; grim Mrs. Catherick herself—all of these are there, and not there only to play their part in the story, but to impress us with a sense of the every-day world, with its commonplace interests and actions, and so relieve and render natural the more salient portions of the story.

The most interesting character of the story is of course Count Fosco, who stands out from the villains of contemporary fiction as an almost solitary example of a scoundrel who makes no damnable faces

over his villany, and whose part in the story is not only to bring about the catastrophe. For Fosco in "The Woman in White" has, as he had in life, two almost distinct individualities, one of which issues in his overflowing vanity, his resplendent waistcoats, his white mice, and his passion for Rossini's music; while the other sits silently by in the shadow, waiting its time to strike the long-planned blow of the conspiracy. Perhaps the strongest part of the interest, which "The Woman in White" inspires, is due to the conviction with which the author succeeds in impressing us of Count Fosco's capability for better things, of the strange recesses in his character. We keep saying to ourselves, "What might not this man have done?" The overpowering influence of great strength of character, even when the direction of that strength is in the main an evil one, has never been shown in a work of fiction at once more subtly and more powerfully than here; it is not too much to say that the reader himself feels the fascination of the man, and feels it, too, without losing his horror at his cold-bloodedness and crime. By clear, bold, broad touches is this effect produced, without a moment's pause in the course of the story.

I can only extract a small portion of the description of the Count which appears in Marian Halcombe's diary, but even this will be sufficient to show the power and subtlety of the author's analysis, and the clearness of outline with which from the first this character is presented:—

"And the magician who has wrought this wonderful transformation—the foreign husband who has tamed this once wayward Englishwoman till her own relations hardly know her again—the Count himself? What of the Count?"

"This, in two words. He looks like a man who could tame anything. If he had married a tigress instead of a woman, he would have tamed the tigress. If he had married me, I should have made his cigarettes as his wife does—I should have held my tongue when he looked at me, as she holds hers.

"I am almost afraid to confess it, even to these secret pages. The man has interested me, has forced me to like him. In two short days he has made his way straight into my favourable estimation—and how he has worked the miracle is more than I can tell.

* * * * *

"It may be his face. He is a most remarkable likeness, on a large scale, of the Great Napoleon. His features have Napoleon's magnificent regularity; his expression recalls the grandly calm, immovable power of the Great Soldier's face. This striking resemblance certainly impressed me, to begin with; but there is something in him besides the resemblance, which has impressed me more. I think the influence I am now trying to find is in his eyes. They are the most unfathomable grey eyes I ever saw; and they have at times a cold, clear, beautiful, irresistible glitter in them, which forces me to look at him, and yet causes me sensations, when I do look, which I would rather not feel.

* * * * *

"All the smallest characteristics of this strange man have something strikingly original and perplexingly contradictory in them. Fat as he is, and old as he is, his movements are astonishingly light and easy. He is as noiseless in a

room as any of us women; and, more than that, with all his look of unmistakable mental firmness and power, he is as nervously sensitive as the weakest of us. He starts at every chance noise as inveterately as Laura herself. He winced and shuddered yesterday when Sir Percival beat one of the spaniels, so that I felt ashamed of my own want of tenderness and sensibility, by comparison with the Count.

* "The relation of this last incident reminds me of one of his most curious peculiarities, which I have not yet mentioned—his extraordinary fondness for pet animals.

Some of these he has left on the Continent, but he has brought with him to this house a cockatoo, two canary birds, and a whole family of white mice. He attends to all the necessities of these strange favorites himself, and he has taught the creatures to be surprisingly fond of him and familiar with him. The cockatoo, a most vicious and treacherous bird towards anybody else, absolutely seems to love him. When he lets it out of its cage, it hops on to his knee, and claws its way up his great big body, and rubs its top-knot against his sallow double chin in the most caressing manner imaginable. He has only to set the door of the canaries' cages open, and to call them; and the pretty little cleverly trained creatures perch fearlessly on his hand, mount his fat outstretched fingers one by one when he tells them to 'go upstairs,' and sing together as if they would burst their throats with delight when they get to the top finger. His white mice live in a little pagoda of gaily painted wirework, designed and made by himself. They are almost as tame as the canaries, and they are perpetually let out, like the canaries. They crawl all over him, popping in and out of his waistcoat, and sitting in couples, white as snow, on his capacious shoulders. He seems to be even fonder of his mice than of his other pets, smiles at them, and kisses them, and calls them by all sorts of endearing names. If it be possible to suppose an Englishman with any taste for such childish interests and amusements as these, that Englishman would certainly feel rather ashamed of them, and would be anxious to apologise for them, in the company of grown-up people. But the Count, apparently, sees nothing ridiculous in the amazing contrast between his colossal self and his frail little pets. He would blandly kiss his white mice, and twitter to his canary birds, amid an assembly of English fox-hunters, and would only pity them as barbarians when they were all laughing their loudest at him."

In this description it is that the author's genius for depicting character shows its utmost height, for if Count Fosco had not been a human villain, the story of "The Woman in White" would have been unbearable: the cowardly, tyrannous selfishness of Sir Percival Glyde, the weak submission of his wife, the magnificent devotion to her sister of Marian Halcombe, would have had no foil and no relief. As it is, the woman and the man, Marian Halcombe and Count Fosco, the good and the evil spirits, stand opposite to one another, and fight for their respective interests amidst the weaker characters whose fortunes they decide, and, as I have said, so subtly is the villain conceived, that the balance of sympathy is never altogether on the side of his antagonist. Ought it to be?

That is the question to which the answer would not have been doubtful fifty years ago, and that is the question to which the affirmative answer, given by many people, has caused so much adverse criticism on Mr. Wilkie Collins' novels.

The answer which I should give to it here would be as follows :*— That directly our sympathies are entirely withdrawn from any character whatsoever in a work of fiction, that character has for us practically no existence. It is a mere compound of words and phrases, and has no more the power to affect as a warning, than to encourage as an example. Out of the pages of "*Frankenstein*" there is no such thing as an unadulterated monster. Unless we can trace in any given character of fiction some possible likeness to ourselves, we cannot be either with or against it. Take away the little touches which make Count Fosco human—his fondness for his wife, his bravery, his tenderness to animals, his love of music, his overflowing, harmless vanity—and you take away the whole vital quality of the man, and leave merely a bundle of attributes, for which no human being can afford to care. Another, and perhaps a better, instance of our author's perception of this truth is in the sympathy which he arouses in us for Captain Wragge (who is an unscrupulous little swindler in "*No Name*"), in the description of one of his interviews with the heroine, Magdalen Vanstone. The girl has been tried past her power of endurance, and has, in an outbreak of temper, said hard things to the Captain. Her apology touches some kindly feeling in the little swindler's heart, and there seems to be an instant glad recognition of the fact that he was not wholly base, in the way in which this momentary impulse is described by the author.

Magdalen Vanstone is speaking :

"'You are a kinder man than I thought you were,' she said; 'I am sorry I spoke so passionately to you just now. I am very, very sorry!' The tears stole into her eyes, and she offered him her hand with the native grace and gentleness of happier days. 'Be friends with me again,' she said pleadingly; 'I'm only a girl, Captain Wragge; I'm only a girl.' He took her hand in silence, patted it for a moment, and then opened the door for her to go back into her room again. There was genuine regret in his face as he showed her that trifling attention. He was a vagabond and a cheat; he had lived a mean, shuffling, degraded life; but he was human, and she had found her way to the lost sympathies in him, which not even the self-degradation of a swindler's existence could wholly destroy. 'Damn the breakfast,' he said, when the servant came in for her orders; 'go to the inn directly, and say I want a carriage and pair at the door in an hour's time.' 'She has rubbed the edge off my appetite,' he said to himself, with a forced laugh; 'I'll try a cigar and a turn in the open air.'"

Some two years subsequently to "*The Woman in White*" (our author has rarely had less than two years to prepare each of his important novels), "*No Name*," from which the above quotation is taken, appeared;—a book which, despite several minor blemishes, is, in my opinion, the most fascinating, as "*Armada*" is the most important, of all Mr. Wilkie Collins' works. "Here is one more book that depicts the struggle of a human creature under those opposing influences of

* A very partial answer, I admit, but space fails me to discuss the subject adequately.—H. Q.

Good and Evil which we have all felt, which we have all known." These words, which I have extracted from the Preface, form the key-note of the book which tells the story of Magdalen Vanstone, her sins, her repentance, and her punishment. Space forbids me to say anything of the plot or the details of this work, but, in justice to the author, it must be pointed out that no better proof could be desired of his genuineness as an artist than its mere existence, considering the circumstances under which it was written. Think for a moment how keen was the temptation to an author, who had at last, after ten years of fiction-writing, made a gigantic and indubitable success in a very special and original manner, to repeat in his next work the same method, and try to catch the public in a similar way. On the contrary, he waits for two years, and then starts on an entirely different plan, content to let the author of "*The Woman in White*" be forgotten while he solicits our favour as the author of "*No Name*." And why? Here is the explanation in his own words:—

"To pass from the characters to the story, it will be seen that the narrative related in these pages has been constructed on a plan which differs from the plan followed in my last novel [*'The Woman in White'*] and in some other of my books published at an earlier date. The only secret contained in this book is revealed midway in the first volume. From that point all the main events of the story are purposely foreshadowed before they take place, my present design being to rouse the reader's interest in following the train of circumstances by which these foreseen events are brought about. In trying this new ground, I am not turning my back in doubt on the ground which I have passed over already; my one object in following a new course is to enlarge the range of my studies in the art of writing fiction, and to vary the form in which I make my appeal to the reader, as attractively as I can."

Nowadays, I confess that I know no novel-writer who could honestly put the above in a Preface.

From this work of "*No Name*" I take the following extract, typical of the author's power both in giving the dramatic intensity of a situation, and connecting it with our sympathies by little touches of natural effect and sympathy. Driven to the brink of committing suicide by the horror with which her contemplated marriage inspires her, Magdalen Vanstone is sitting by her open window in the early morning, watching a little fleet of fishing-boats drift past. She determines to set her life upon the hazard of the number which cross the window in a certain time.

"If in half an hour an even number passed, the sign given should be a sign to live; if the uneven number prevailed, the end should be death. With that final resolution she rested her head against the window, and waited for the ships to pass. . . . Two minutes to the end of the half-hour, and seven ships; twenty-nine, and nothing followed in the wake of the seventh ship. The minute-hand of the watch moved on half-way to thirty, and still the white, heaving sea was a misty blank. Without moving from the window, she took the poison in one hand, and raised her watch in the other. As the quick seconds counted each other out, her eyes, quick as they turned from the watch

to the sea, from the sea to the watch, looked for the last time at the sea, and saw the Eighth Ship. She never moved; she never spoke. The death of thought, the death of feeling, seemed to have come over her already. She put back the poison mechanically on the ledge of the window, and watched, as in a dream, the ship gliding smoothly on its silent way, gliding till it melted into the shadow, gliding till it was lost in the mist. The strain on her mind relaxed when the messenger of life had passed from her sight. 'Providence?' she whispered faintly to herself, 'or chance?' Her eyes closed and her head fell back. When the sense of life returned to her the morning sun was warm on her face, the blue heaven looked down on her, and the sea was a sea of gold. . . . The maid entered the room, remained there a moment or two, and came out again, closing the door gently. 'She looks beautiful, sir,' said the girl, 'and she's sleeping as quietly as a new-born child.'

The book which succeeded "No Name" was "Armada," which, on the whole, must be considered the greatest of Mr. Wilkie Collins' novels. It has all the interest and sustained purpose of "The Woman in White," while it is drawn on a much larger scale, and shows a much wider knowledge of character. If it were only for the intricacy of the plot, and for the manner in which that plot is worked out over the lapse of years, and by means of a large number of diverse characters, the work would remain of typical excellence; but it is more than this. It is an attempt, and a successful attempt, to deal from the imaginative point of view with the doctrines of heredity, both physical and moral. The causes of the story are all in the first generation, and all its incidents are in the second generation and the results of the earlier action. It is a story of the effects produced by a woman's weakness and a man's crime—a weakness which is reflected, though on the good side instead of the bad, in the succeeding generation; and a crime, of which the strength alone survives in the child of its author, inspiring him with a passionate determination to shield the life of the son of the man whom his father murdered, at all hazards to his own life, and at all costs to his own happiness. This is the better nature of the chief actor of the book, but along with it there exists a more morbid strain of feeling, which prompts him to doubt whether, despite all his efforts, he will not bring fatal mischance to his friend, and the vital portion of the book is the story of his mental struggle, of the incidents which affected it, and of the final catastrophe through which the solution is found.

What I have ventured to call the mental and moral doctrine of heredity, is, amongst other causes, worked out by the author making the instrument of danger to the son, the same woman, who, as a child, was the instrument of his mother's deception. This character, who stands to the female villains of fiction in the same relation that Count Fosco does to the male, lingers in the memory, despite her crimes and her heartlessness, with an almost terrible insistency; and in her final punishment, brought about, as it is, with a daring truth to reality, by her fulfilment of the one good instinct of her nature, we feel almost as much for her as though all her acts had been equally blameless with her death for the

man she loved. I am here, no doubt, treading on delicate ground ; we should have, the moralists tell us, no sympathy with a criminal who only suffers for her sins without abjuring them ; but, human nature being what it is, I confess to a sympathy with Mr. Wilkie Collins' disposition to find something which is admirable, or at least lovable, in even the black sheep of the community. They are so much in the hands of fate, that we may well afford to be a little extra kind to them. Such is a hint of the story of "Armada," and of the motives that inspire it ; but I can give no idea of the richness of incident with which these main motives are surrounded, or with which they are worked out, or of the wealth of character-perception which the book displays, or of its unforced and many-sided humour, or of the power of its culminating tragedy.

In an earlier portion of this paper I have given a quotation from "Armada" in order to show Mr. Collins' power of interweaving natural scenery and human emotion. Here is another little extract to substantiate what I have said as to the humour of the book :—

"The gardener, who still stood where he had stood from the first, immovably waiting for his next opportunity, saw it now, and gently pushed his personal interests into the first gap of silence that had opened within his reach since Allan's appearance on the scene.

"I humbly bid you welcome to Thorpe Ambrose, sir," said Abraham Sage ; beginning obstinately with his little introductory speech for the second time. 'My name——'

"Before he could deliver himself of his name, Miss Milroy looked accidentally in the horticulturist's pertinacious face, and instantly lost her hold on her gravity beyond recall. Allan, never backward in following a boisterous example of any sort, joined in her laughter with right good-will. The wise man of the garden showed no surprise and took no offence. He waited for another gap of silence, and walked in again gently with his personal interests, the moment the two young people stopped to take breath.

"I have been employed in the grounds," proceeded Abraham Sage, irrepressibly, 'for more than forty years——'

"You shall be employed in the grounds for forty more if you'll only hold your tongue and take yourself off !" cried Allan, as soon as he could speak.

"Thank you kindly, sir," said the gardener, with the utmost politeness, but with no present signs either of holding his tongue or of taking himself off.

"Well ?" said Allan.

"Abraham Sage carefully cleared his throat, and shifted his rake from one hand to the other. He looked down the length of his own invaluable implement with a grave interest and attention, seeing, apparently, not the long handle of a rake, but the long perspective of a vista with a supplementary personal interest established at the end of it. 'When more convenient, sir,' resumed this immovable man, 'I should wish respectfully to speak to you about my son. Perhaps it may be more convenient in the course of the day ? My humble duty, sir, and my best thanks. My son is strictly sober. He is accustomed to the stables, and he belongs to the Church of England—without encumbrances.' Having thus planted his offspring provisionally in his master's estimation, Abraham Sage shouldered his invaluable rake, and hobbled slowly out of view."

I have said that with "Armada" the power of Wilkie Collins, in my opinion, culminated, but the book which succeeded it, was

certainly more immediately popular, and, by those who like their fiction of a light character, is generally regarded as this author's most amusing work. It is certainly one, if it be the least important, of his four finest novels; and, if we consider it purely from the point of view of handicraft, I do not know that it does not deserve to be placed first of all, if only because of the unhesitating clearness and rapidity of the narrative, and the manner in which the reader's attention is never allowed to falter for a single instant. It contains also two studies of character which are, in their way, unique—that of Gabriel Betteredge,* the old family servant, devoted to his pipe and his “Robinson Crusoe,” and that of Sergeant Cuff, the one detective in fiction whom it is a pleasure to remember. The story of the book is well known. It deals with the theft of a celebrated diamond, entitled the “Moonstone,” and its final restitution to the Hindoo idol which represents Brahma in his character of the “Moon-god.” I have given instances before in this article of our author's tenderness, his perception and delineation of character, his natural sympathy, his humour, and his concentration of dramatic effect; let me here give a single instance of his imaginative faculty—the account of how the stone is set once more in the forehead of the great idol by the three Brahmins who have compassed its recovery:—

“Looking back down the hill, the view presented the grandest spectacle of Nature and Man in combination that I have ever seen. The lower slopes of the eminence melted imperceptibly into a grassy plain, the place of the meeting of three rivers. On one side the graceful winding of the waters stretched away, now visible, now hidden by trees, as far as the eye could see. On the other, the waveless ocean slept in the calm of the night. People this lovely scene with tens of thousands of human creatures, all dressed in white, stretching down the sides of the hill, overflowing into the plain, and fringing the nearer banks of the winding rivers. Light this half of the pilgrims by the wild red flames of cressets and torches, streaming up at intervals from every part of the innumerable throng. Imagine the moonlight of the East pouring in unclouded glory over all—and you will form some idea of the view that met me when I looked forth from the summit of the hill.

“A strain of plaintive music, played on stringed instruments and flutes, recalled my attention to the hidden shrine.

“I turned, and saw on the rocky platform the figures of three men. In the central figure of the three I recognized the man to whom I had spoken in England when the Indians appeared on the terrace at Lady Verinder's house. The other two who had been his companions, on that occasion, were no doubt his companions also on this.

“One of the spectators, near whom I was standing, saw me start. In a whisper he explained to me the apparition of the three figures on the platform of rock.

“They were Brahmins (he said) who had forfeited their caste in the service of the god. The god had commanded that their purification should be the purification by pilgrimage. On that night the three men were to part. In three separate directions they were to set forth as pilgrims to the shrines of India. Never more were they to look on each other's faces. Never more

* See quotation on page 577

were they to rest on their wanderings, from the day which witnessed their separation, to the day which witnessed their death.

"As those words were whispered to me the plaintive music ceased. The three men prostrated themselves on the rock before the curtain which hid the shrine. They rose—they looked on one another—they embraced. Then they descended separately among the people. The people made way for them in dead silence. In three different directions I saw the crowd part, at one and the same moment. Slowly the grand white mass of the people closed together again. The track of the doomed men through the ranks of their fellow-mortals was obliterated. We saw them no more.

"A new strain of music, loud and jubilant, rose from the hidden shrine. The crowd around me shuddered and pressed together.

"The curtain between the trees was drawn aside, and the shrine was disclosed to view.

"There, raised high on a throne—seated on his typical antelope, with his four arms stretching towards the four corners of the earth—there, soared above us, dark and awful in the mystic light of heaven, the god of the Moon. And there, in the forehead of the deity, gleamed the yellow Diamond, whose splendour had last shone on me in England from the bosom of a woman's dress!

"Yes! after the lapse of eight centuries, the Moonstone looks forth once more over the walls of the sacred city in which its story first began. How it has found its way back to its wild native land, by what accident or by what crime the Indians regained possession of their sacred gem, may be in your knowledge, but it is not in mine. You have lost sight of it in England, and (if I know anything of this people) you have lost sight of it for ever.

"So the years pass and repeat each other; so the same events revolve in the cycles of time. What will be the next adventures of the Moonstone? Who can tell?"

With this instance, these notes, in which I have endeavoured to show something of the nature, and give some idea of the extent, of Mr. Wilkie Collins' genius, may fitly come to a close. It has been my endeavour less to criticise the writer's style than to reveal the breadth and power of his genius by the most indisputable of all methods, the method of quotation. I have endeavoured to advance nothing which I was not prepared to prove, and which, so far as my space has allowed me, I have not afforded the reader the opportunity to verify; and I have carefully foreborne to contrast Mr. Collins' work with that of special living writers, who may be at the present moment in greater popular favour. No one will feel more keenly than myself the inadequacy of this paper from a literary point of view; but I shall be content if it help ever so little in the appreciation of this author, who has probably given more keen and harmless pleasure to the last generation than any living writer, and yet for whom I seldom hear a generous word spoken, or read a criticism which recognizes the service he has done, the genius he has shown, and the noble purpose which has always directed his work.

Think for a moment; it is not yet too late to take off our hats to the great story-teller, and say, as a nation, what thousands of readers must have frequently felt, and said privately: "We thank you heartily."

HARRY QUILTER.

THE IRISH LANDLORDS' APPEAL FOR COMPENSATION.

THE Irish landlords recently placed their claim for compensation before Lord Salisbury, and it is only just that some attempt should be made to lay before the British public certain considerations which the deputation to the Prime Minister, for reasons best known to themselves, omitted to mention. The Irish landlords have proved themselves to be past-masters in the art of misleading the English people, but surely in these days their minds cannot be altogether free from misgivings. In their secret hearts they must feel the force of the old saying: "In vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." The Irish landlords have been found out at last, and in the estimation of all honest men they stand convicted—to use the mildest possible language—of having asserted their legal rights far beyond the limits of moral sanction. Under these circumstances, therefore, it can hardly be expected, even by themselves, that their claim for compensation should be allowed without close examination.

People who ask for compensation must come into court with clean hands, we are told. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. The landlords of Ireland, accordingly, must not feel hurt if it should be held that the grievances they have themselves inflicted disentitle them to compensation for grievances from which, as they allege, they now themselves suffer. People who have brought their trouble upon themselves, it is generally admitted, must not be surprised if they are left to get out of their trouble as best they can. Of course no one blames such people for trying to persuade their neighbours to come to their relief, and I confess at once that, if the English people like to compensate the Irish landlords because they have had their rents reduced by English legal tribunals, they are

welcome to do so. Indeed, as a matter of abstract right, it is to the English people, if to anybody, that the Irish landlords should look for compensation. They have been doing England's work in Ireland. England is responsible, as far as anybody is, for the way in which the work has been done; and, accordingly, England is fairly bound to pay any compensation that an impartial tribunal may consider just. My duty to my neighbour, it is true, would constrain me to warn the people of England of the true character of the claimants; and having discharged my duty in that respect, I might, with a clear conscience, let the matter rest. But inasmuch as it is extremely doubtful whether the English people will ever take upon themselves entirely the responsibility of compensating the Irish landlords, and as they may possibly be persuaded to award compensation largely, if not altogether, at the expense of the Irish people, it is desirable that this claim for compensation should be regarded from a point of view other than that of the landlords.

The first question in this connection ought to be, Have the Irish landlords answered the purpose for which they were given a monopoly of Irish land, and in such a way as to entitle them to compensation now that the doom of their system is pronounced? My purpose in the present article is to furnish the English people with some data to enable them to form a sound judgment upon the matter.

I doubt very much whether the extent to which rack-renting has prevailed in Ireland is at all adequately realized in England. General averages do not convey to the public any such vivid impression as the statement of the facts in a few cases is calculated to do. For example, the report of the Land Commission tells us that the reduction in cases tried by the Commission amounts to 31 per cent. for the year ending August last; but, startling as these figures are, they do not illustrate the evil of rack-renting as forcibly as some I propose to submit. Take a case from the estate of Lord Courtown (a member of the recent deputation to Lord Salisbury, by the way). The Poor Law valuation of the holding was £10 10s.; the rent £22 5s. 6d. It has been reduced by the Land Commission quite recently to £9 10s.—that is to say, by the sum of £12 15s. 6d. In other words, the tenant, in this instance, has been paying very considerably more than 100 per cent. above what is now declared to be a fair rent. And Lord Courtown, without a blush, asks for compensation because his "rights of property" have been somewhat curtailed! Nor must it be imagined that this is an isolated case. For here is another taken from the estate of the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland—Colonel King-Harman: Poor Law valuation £4; old rent, £8 10s.; new rent, £3 10s. Here the old rent exceeds the new by £5. In other words, the excess is nearly 150 per cent. But that

instances of this kind are not uncommon may be seen by reference to certain decisions given in a number of cases determined in the Co. Galway during March and April 1887 :—

New Rent.		Old Rent.		Excess.
£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
4 10 0	...	8 17 6	...	4 7 6
5 10 0	...	10 0 0	...	4 10 0
3 11 0	...	6 15 0	...	3 4 0
4 2 0	...	8 4 0	...	4 2 0
4 15 0	...	9 4 0	...	4 9 0
3 15 0	...	7 0 0	...	3 5 0
3 12 0	...	7 0 0	...	3 8 0
5 5 0	...	12 5 0	...	7 0 0
2 8 0	...	6 0 0	...	3 12 0
2 5 0	...	5 10 0	...	2 5 0

In these cases it will be seen that the excess of old rent over fair rent ranges from a little under 100 per cent. to about 160 per cent., while the average of the whole number of cases shows an excess of over 100 per cent.

Much more recently, in January of the present year, in the Co. Monaghan, Mr. R. R. Kane delivered judgment in a large number of rent cases, and in no fewer than thirty of them the old rent exceeded the fair rent by 50 per cent., while in several instances the excess reached and exceeded 100 per cent. For example :—

New Rent.		Old Rent.		Excess.
£ s. d.		£ s. d.		£ s. d.
2 9 0	...	5 5 0	...	2 16 0
5 10 0	...	11 7 0	...	5 17 0
7 2 0	...	15 4 0	...	8 2 0
4 0 0	...	8 4 0	...	4 4 0
3 10 0	...	7 1 0	...	3 11 0
5 11 0	...	12 3 0	...	6 12 0
4 0 0	...	8 0 0	...	4 0 0

In January of the present year, again, a number of cases were heard at Clonmel, in which the old rent exceeded the fair rent by 50 per cent.; and the same thing occurred in the same month in Co. Dublin. In the latter instance there were several cases showing an excess of 100 per cent. Then, on the last day of January, the Chief Commission published its decisions in a number of cases, in several of which the excess was 50 per cent. and over. The Appeal Court sat at Limerick on the 28th of January, and there gave a number of decisions in which the old rent was shown to be 50 per cent. above the fair rent. Indeed, excesses of 50 per cent. are quite common. On February 4 of this year the Chairman of the Galway Sub-Commission gave a number of decisions of this character, and on the estate of the Earl of Huntingdon there were several showing an excess of 50 per cent., and one at least of 100 per cent. *

If we now turn to the Co. Down we shall find that excesses of this character are not altogether unknown, even in that Ulster county.

Certain decisions of the Co. Down Sub-Commission were published about the end of January, among which were the following:—

New Rent.	Old Rent.	Excess.
£25 15s. 0d.	£41 15s. 0d.	£16 0s. 0d.

In this case Colonel Leslie was the landlord, and it will be seen that the excess was considerably over 50 per cent. It goes without saying that the Leslies were represented on the deputation which claimed compensation. Then there were a number of cases in which R. W. B. Kerr was landlord—I suppose, Capt. Kerr, who represented East Down in Parliament for a short period. In these cases several approached an excess of 50 per cent. There were two cases from the Downshire Estate almost touching 50 per cent.:—

New Rent.	Old Rent.	Excess.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
22 0 0 ...	30 10 0 ...	8 10 0
60 0 0 ...	89 0 0 ...	29 0 0

The latter case, it will be observed, is within £1 of being an instance of 50 per cent. excess. Another case, in which Sir Edward Porter Cowan is landlord, is within £5 of being an instance of 100 per cent. excess.

New Rent.	Old Rent.	Excess.
£26 0s. 0d.	£47 0s. 0d. ...	£21 0s. 0d.

But we find quite a model Co. Down landlord in the Reverend P. J. Smyth, whose cases I may be excused for setting forth in full:—

New Rent.	Old Rent.	Excess.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
8 15 0	16 5 6 ...	7 10 6
11 5 0 ...	17 4 0 ...	5 19 0
2 15 0 ...	3 13 0 ...	0 18 0
22 10 0 ...	39 2 4 ...	16 12 4
23 6 0 ..	37 1 6 ...	13 15 6
40 0 0 ..	64 2 0 ...	24 2 0
25 5 0 ...	37 7 2 ...	12 2 2
28 0 0 ...	43 19 4 ...	15 19 4
10 0 0 ...	16 5 0 ...	6 5 0
15 15 0 ..	24 0 0 ...	8 5 0
3 5 0 ...	6 7 0 ...	3 2 0
7 0 0 ...	11 13 0 ...	4 13 0
11 10 0 ...	17 5 10 ...	5 15 10
20 0 0 ...	33 6 0 ...	13 6 0
10 0 0 ...	19 0 0 ...	9 0 0
9 0 0 ...	14 8 0 ...	5 8 0
16 10 0 ..	42 1 6 ...	25 11 6

In these cases it will be seen that an excess of 50 per cent. and over is common, and that in the last instance the excess is considerably over 150 per cent. What compensation the reverend landlord expects to obtain in this world I do not know, while as to what he is likely to receive in the next he is, no doubt, a better judge than I can pretend to be—though perhaps I may be permitted to say that I have my suspicions. One more case from Down, and I shall

have done with that county. It is a case in which R. H. R. Dolling is landlord, and was determined at the same time as those already given :

New Rent.	Old Rent.	Excess.
£18 0s. 0d.	£37 18s. 0d.	£19 18s. 0d.

The excess, it will be seen, is more than 100 per cent.

Here, again, are a few more decisions recently given by the Chief Commission. They are interesting inasmuch as the landlord, Major Cosby, was a member of the deputation; and it will be seen that the old rent exceeds the new or fair rent by amounts ranging from a trifle under 50 per cent. to something over 100 per cent. :

New Rent.	Old Rent.	Excess.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
15 10 0 ...	32 0 0 ...	16 10 0
36 0 0 ...	60 0 0 ...	24 0 0
22 0 0 ...	32 7 0 ...	10 7 6
32 0 0 ...	51 15 0 ...	19 15 0
168 0 0 ...	246 18 0 ...	78 18 0
45 0 0 ...	80 0 0 ...	35 0 0
162 0 0 ...	293 0 0 ...	131 0 0

So far, the cases I have instanced have been decided by either the Sub-Commission or the Chief Commission. But, lest it should be supposed that these tribunals are unreliable, I will take a few cases determined by a Civil Bill Court. Judge Ferguson gave the following remarkable decisions at Macroom, in the Co. Cork, on February 6 of the present year :—

New Rent.	Old Rent.	Excess.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
18 0 0 ...	30 0 0 ...	12 0 0
10 0 0 ...	16 0 0 ...	6 0 0
15 0 0 ...	32 0 0 ...	17 0 0
15 0 0 ...	27 0 0 ...	12 0 0
9 0 0 ...	14 0 0 ...	5 0 0
6 0 0 ...	9 0 0 ...	3 0 0
30 0 0 ...	50 0 0 ...	20 0 0
72 0 0 ...	165 0 0 ...	93 0 0
15 0 0 ...	36 0 0 ...	21 0 0
19 0 0 ...	40 0 0 ...	21 0 0
19 0 0 ...	44 0 0 ...	25 0 0
9 0 0 ...	18 0 0 ...	9 0 0
22 0 0 ...	72 0 0 ...	50 0 0

In every one of these instances the old rent exceeds the new by 50 per cent.; in several by 100 per cent. and more, and in one—viz., the last, by over 200 per cent.

Now, I admit that I have here submitted some of the worst cases of rack-renting that have recently come under public notice in the Irish press. But, seeing that the Irish landlords and their friends are never tired of quoting the extremes to which the victims of Irish landlordism are driven, it is only fair that the extremes to which Irish landlords go should also be made known. And besides, I have chosen these cases in order the more vividly to present to the English mind the way in which Irish landlordism has fulfilled its function, and to enable Englishmen to arrive at a fair decision upon this claim for compensation.

But, large as are some of the reductions awarded by land tribunals, the Irish farmer must not be expected to be content. He does not admit that even in these decisions the purpose of the Act of 1881 has been attained. It was the object of that Act to exempt the tenants' improvements from liability to rent. A special clause in that measure was expressly designed to effect that purpose; but the Irish farmer knows that the object of that clause was defeated by a decision of the Court of Appeal, in the famous case of *Adams v. Dunseath*. In this case it was decided that a certain period of enjoyment of his improvements must be held to be compensation to the tenant by the landlord in respect of those improvements, and that henceforward they become liable to be charged with rent. This decision was dissented from by Lord Chancellor Law, who had been Attorney-General at the time of the passing of the Act; and it was in flagrant violation of what Mr. Gladstone had declared over and over again to be the purpose of his Bill of 1881. At the eleventh hour, as the Bill was passing through Parliament, Mr. Gladstone was very strongly urged to make the clause referred to more explicit; but he declined, and asserted, in justification of his refusal to do so: "It was nothing short of impossible that the Court should imagine or adjudge that to be compensation by the landlord which had never cost the landlord, in any shape, in money or money's worth, a single farthing." The Irish farmers do not forget that, in spite of this declaration, a Court of Appeal, largely composed of landlords, did act as Mr. Gladstone had held it to be "nothing short of impossible" that it should act, and that, accordingly, all subsequent decisions in the Land Courts were influenced by this decision of the Court of Appeal.

Further than this even, the Irish farmers do not forget the remarkable declaration of Sir James Caird, in March 1886, to the effect that from one-third of the holdings in Ireland all economic rent was practically disappearing. Under these circumstances, is it at all surprising that the Irish tenant, when the question of compensation is raised, should be filled with wonderment that the person on whose behalf compensation is claimed is not himself, but his landlord?

Facts such as these, submitted to the consideration of the English people, should surely suffice to place them on their guard against this absurd claim of the Irish landlords. The case which was pleaded before the Marquis of Salisbury was framed with the customary ingenuity of those whose interest it is intended to serve. But if that case be considered in the light of the operation of the Land Courts, dominated as they have been by the Court of Appeal, all the ingenuity in the world will not avail to delude the taxpayers of Great Britain into assenting to proposals such as the Irish landlords make. Their statements to Lord Salisbury cannot be relied upon in any respect. It

would be useless therefore to deal with them in detail ; but it may be said that the whole case submitted proceeds upon the assumption that the Irish landlord, prior to the Act of 1881, was in all respects as considerate as an English landlord. It is by pretending that there is no real difference between an English and an Irish landlord that the Irish landlords hope to gain their end. The fact that the Irish landlords have been in a position to exact such terrible rack-rents, however, should be sufficient to demonstrate to any person of ordinary intelligence that the Irish landlords possessed a power that English landlords never had. And of course such is the simple fact. The Irish farmer from time immemorial has had a property in his farm such as the English farmer did not claim to possess, and the reason why the Irish landlord has been able to exact such exorbitant rents is that up to quite recently he had the legal power to appropriate just so much as he pleased of his tenants' property.

The legislation of Mr. Gladstone has not interfered with the landlord's property to the extent of a single sixpence. But it has to a certain extent limited the power of the landlord to rob his tenants. The Irish landlord's property in his estate has always been limited by the fact that his tenants also had a property in the land they tilled and improved, and he has never been the absolute owner in the same sense as an English landlord has been recognized by law and custom (in modern times) to be owner of an English estate. And the question really is, "Can a man who steals another man's property, and is not permitted to retain it, be said to lose that property, and to be accordingly entitled to compensation?" The thing is ridiculous on the face of it. It is idle for the landlords to adduce the declarations of Mr. Gladstone, made before the passing of the Act of 1881, as showing that they have not been guilty of general misconduct. Mr. Gladstone no doubt expressed that opinion in 1881, but with the experience of the last few years before him he can hardly be of that opinion now. The Land Courts, limited in their action as they have been by the decision of the Court of Appeal ; manned as they have been for the most part with landlords' sympathizers ; and the County Courts, presided over as they have been and are by landlords' connections, have proved beyond all question that the landlords of Ireland have pushed their legal powers far beyond the limits of moral sanction, and no longer upon any ground of justice can they properly make a claim for compensation. If strict justice were done, they would be compelled to refund to their tenants the excess rents which a law, now admitted to have been unjust, permitted them to exact, but which they well knew they were not morally entitled to claim.

The existence of a Government with a compliant majority, apparently prepared to do anything rather than permit Mr. Gladstone's return to power, has no doubt tempted the Irish landowners to advance this

unblushing claim for compensation ; but it would not surprise anybody, I presume, if it should turn out that the Duke of Abercorn and his friends would have been well advised if they had held their peace. For considerations of the character just urged will lead the English people quite naturally to inquire, " how far Irish landlordism has served the purpose it was designed to serve." The land was confiscated for the benefit of Irish landlords, and the government of the country was placed absolutely in their hands. All they were asked to do in return for the wealth and power entrusted to them was to govern the country well, to promote its prosperity, to win the people over to a love of law and order, and, in a word, to make the country peaceful and contented. The people of England may be excused if they call to mind the undoubted fact that they have gone to the aid of the Irish landlords in every crisis, and have spared no effort to maintain their social, political, and religious ascendancy. The long and melancholy roll of Coercion Acts passed, and the equally long and melancholy roll of Land and other Bills thrown out by the Imperial Parliament, attest the zeal with which the British Legislature has for generations backed up England's territorial garrison in Ireland. How far have the landlords succeeded in their enterprise? What account can they give of their stewardship to the English people? What have they done for Ireland, its material development, or its moral or social advancement? The awful record is before the world.

The country has been largely depopulated, yet those remaining are no better off. In the decennial period ending March 1871, 768,859 persons of Irish birth emigrated from Ireland; and in the ten years ending March 1881, these were followed by 618,650 more. From 1849 to 1881, 3,200,000 persons were driven from the country. In the year 1886 there emigrated from the province of Leinster 10,350 persons, or 16·3 per cent. of the total number emigrating from the country that year; from Munster 21,106 persons, or 33·2 per cent.; from Ulster 19,637 persons, or 30·9 per cent.; and from Connaught 6,505 persons, or 19·2 per cent. In the cases of 281 persons, the province from which the emigrants came is unknown. Of the above number, 7,109 persons, or 11·2 per cent., were under the age of fifteen years; 49,553, or 78·1 per cent., were between fifteen and thirty-five years of age; the remainder were of thirty-five years and upwards. And this drain has by no means ceased. The exodus for the month of April 1886, from Queenstown alone, was 6,656; and for the corresponding month in 1887 the number was 11,851. And now we have the returns of the Registrar-General before us, giving the number of emigrants last year. It reached the terrible figure of 82,000, being no less than 19,786 in excess of the previous year. Of these nearly 80 per cent. were able-bodied persons of between fifteen and thirty-five years. Ireland has to regret the loss of so many food and wealth producers; and English

manufacturers and artisans have to lament the loss of so many customers. This is what Irish landlordism has done for Ireland—it has practically expatriated the Irish race. But the people thus driven from their native shores have turned down their thumbs and the doom of the baneful system is sealed. For many years these expatriated people sent large sums of money annually to aid their friends to pay rent. They do not send the money now for rent.

Then, we owe it to Irish landlordism that the number of inhabited houses, which was 1,328,839 in 1811, fell to 961,380 in 1861, and again to 914,108 in 1881. In other words, there were 50 per cent. more inhabited houses forty-seven years ago in Ireland than there are to-day. It has been estimated that the number of houses levelled by the landlords in the twenty years, 1841–61, was 270,000, and not one of them was the landlord's property—but the tenant's. The English people are well aware that this levelling has not ceased, and they are also at last aware that the houses which the landlords level with such nonchalance, not to say such fiendish glee, humble as they are, belong to the evicted, not the evictor. In no other country in the world is a landlord permitted to destroy his debtor's property, yet in Ireland, as the landlords know, they hold and exercise that power.

The levelling of the people's houses has been consequent upon eviction, and in the squaring of accounts this is an item which can hardly be overlooked. The landlords, in presenting their case to Lord Salisbury, did not mention how much of other people's property they had appropriated in rack-rents or by the eviction process; but it is pretty well known now that evictions up to the establishment of the Land League were highly profitable to a landlord. They were the means by which he got rid of a tenant he had ruined, and substituted another who could go on paying the old rent or even a higher rent, because he got his predecessor's house and buildings for nothing. All this will have to be carefully borne in mind when we come to the final settlement. It is calculated that, from 1849 to 1882, 482,000 families were actually evicted. Now, even if we suppose that only 200,000 of these were positively compelled to leave the country, then at the very moderate estimate of £100 each the landlords may be said to have robbed the evicted people of £20,000,000 worth of property.

Then, these evictions have been the fruitful source of crime. It is, as Lord John Russell said in 1815:—

“Ejections out of their holdings are the cause of violence and crime in Ireland. In fact, it is no other than the cause which the great master of human nature describes when he makes a tempter suggest it as a reason to violate the law: ‘Famine is in thy cheeks, need and oppression starveth in thine eyes, upon thy back hangs ragged misery. The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law; the world affords no law to make thee rich. Then be not poor, but break it.’”

But if there should remain any doubt upon this point, let the following figures be considered :—

	No. of Persons Evicted.				No. of Outrages	
1856	5,714	283
1866	3,571	86
1879	4,515	870
1880	10,657	2,590
1881	17,341	4,439

Again, during the last few years, a great number of criminal prosecutions have been instituted by the Government. The cost of such prosecutions was, in 1883, £83,717; in 1884, £84,361; in 1885, £66,331; in 1886, £55,473. The decline is satisfactory as far as it goes, but it must be recollected that the present Government is running up a large score under this head. In any case, it is a fine commentary upon the way in which Irish landlordism has discharged its duty in Ireland.

Here, too, is another terrible commentary pointing in the same direction: it is the record of poor relief, taken from Thom's Official Almanack :—

	Total No. Relieved.				Cost.	
1881	589,849	£365,128
1882	464,849	967,483
1883	438,195	1,042,845
1884	416,186	945,930
1885	441,489	887,906
1886	632,186	901,018

It is perhaps difficult for the English mind, unaccustomed to rack-renting, eviction, and depopulation, to realize what all this means; but the Irish people have no difficulty in understanding it. Still the English people may derive a fairly good idea, from the figures here presented, that the landlords of Ireland have little claim to pose before the country as injured innocents. And I should not be surprised to find the people of England rather disposed to acquiesce in the judgment of a distinguished statesman, uttered in 1849 it is true, but valid still :—

“My opinion is that the course which Parliament has taken with respect to Ireland for upwards of a century, and especially since the Union, has been in accordance with the wishes of the proprietors of the land of that country. If therefore there has been misgovernment in Ireland, during that period, it is the land which has influenced Parliament, and the landowners are responsible. I do not mean to say that the House of Commons is not responsible for taking the evil advice of the landowners, but what I mean to assert is that this advice has been almost invariably acted upon by the Government. This it is which has proved fatal to Ireland; the Ulster men have stood in the way of improvements in the franchise, in the Church, and in the Land question; they have purchased Protestant ascendancy, and the price paid for it is the ruin and degradation of their country.”

So spoke Mr. Bright forty years ago. And not less sweeping,

nor a whit less true, was the judgment of an equal authority—viz., the *London Times*, which thirty-five years ago declared :—

“It is no use to go on abusing the Irish landlords. Their name stinks already to the ends of the earth. We might as well go on for ever on the vices of tigers and wolves as to be saying every day what we think of a class who for selfishness and cruelty has no parallel, and never had a parallel, in the civilized world.”

But if the Irish landlords have by their conduct compassed the ruin and degradation of the country they were expected to make prosperous and contented, their services to England will scarcely incline the English people to regard their claims with sympathy. Who but the Irish landlords have driven tens of thousands of Irish labourers into Great Britain, there to compete in the English, Scotch, and Welsh labour market, with the inevitable result of lowering wages? Who but the Irish landlords are responsible for the crowding of the poor evicted Irish into the large cities of Great Britain to swell the poor-rates? But further than all this, the English democracy is not likely to forget that the Irish landlords, being all Tories, have invariably voted in both Houses of Parliament against the extension of popular liberty in Great Britain. Their “loyalty” from first to last has been to their rents. Their endeavour has always been, not to serve their country, but to serve themselves; and they are now at their old game, seeking to inflame the English nation with hatred against the very people whom they have robbed and trampled upon without remorse these many generations past. And their policy is easy of explanation. They dread the solidarity of the unprivileged masses of these three kingdoms. But this is the record of Irish landlordism, and, audacious to the last, it asks that it may be compensated for the loss of certain “rights” which it specifies, but which it never did enjoy except in so far as it violated justice and morality, the customs of the country, and the terms upon which it originally received its powers.

But something must be done even with Irish landlordism. The English people are not a logical people. Irish landlordism may be “a Jerusalem sinner,” but it will not be allowed to encounter the fate it deserves. A compromise is inevitable. The Irish landlords cannot hope to obtain such good terms as they might have had ten or even two years ago. They are a thoroughly defeated and discredited class, and can only be treated with as such. The deputation to Lord Salisbury moaned that there were no Irish landlords now in the House of Commons. The statement, like most of the others made on the same occasion, is not strictly true; but it is true that the times have greatly changed since the Beresfords “bossed” the south, and the hungry Hamiltons ruled the north, and “the most noble” the Marquis of Clanricarde boasted that, if he pleased, he could return

his grey mare for Galway ! No longer are the landlords of Ireland of the smallest value to England as a garrison. Instead of being, as they were intended to be, the connecting link between England and Ireland, they are the occasion of disunion. It has come to this, that 50,000 armed men, military and police, are required to collect their rents, and the public conscience of England has been shocked by the barbarities of which Irish landlordism has been guilty. The country has been kept in a state of chronic pauperism and discontent. It has illustrated the Baconian aphorism, that of all rebellions the rebellions of the belly are the worst. And the eyes of the people of England have been opened to the fact that, if ever there is to be peace between England and Ireland, the old order must change and give place to new.

And now, in their day of defeat, the Irish landlords must not imagine that they can be treated with even as an honourable foe. It will be remembered against them that they might have been a power still, had they listened to the voices of Justice and Reason. But of pure wantonness they rejected every effort of Sharman Crawford's to do justice to the tenant-farmers ; while with the folly of madness they flouted Isaac Butt's endeavours to identify them with the nation over which they ruled with a rod of iron. How they might have fared to-day had they at that time frankly and cordially made common cause with the Irish people, they may be left to ponder. They never would have heard of the Land League. How they might have fared if they had closed with, instead of scoffed at, the offer of the Land League in 1880 to buy them out at twenty years' purchase of Griffith's valuation, may also be left to their imagination ; together with the speculation as to whether they acted wisely in rejecting in such cavalier fashion the more recent proposals of Mr. Gladstone. The one question the Irish landlords have to face now is, where can they find buyers ? Unless the Irish people choose to buy no one else will, and since it is the settled determination of the English taxpayer not to pledge his credit for the benefit of the Irish landlords, these gentlemen have at last to realize that they have no option but to accept such terms as the Irish people may offer. In brief, it is only through an Irish State that the Irish landlords can hope to save themselves from ultimate ruin. It is vain to expect that the present Parliament can make better terms for them, for the simple reason that it would be vain for the present Parliament to make any terms which did not receive the assent of the Irish people. No one in Ireland would be bound by them, and the disposition to compel the Irish people to acquiesce in conditions acceptable to the Irish landlords, but unacceptable to the people, does not now exist in England, and never will exist again. The two peoples are at last understanding each other. If there is a grain of wisdom left amongst the Irish landlords, let them accept the situation frankly ;

and they may possibly find that in the ranks of their most determined enemies there is a real longing for peace, and consequently a strong disposition to come to terms, that will beget national content.

There is, I am pleased to think, at least one Irish landlord who has the wit to see that the only practical method of dealing with the Irish land question is for the State to become the sole owner of the land. The Earl of Kilmorey's letter to the *Times*, of the 18th of October last, has not received the attention it deserved, but it undoubtedly contains the germ of a settlement. His lordship very truly observes that "to transfer the absolute ownership of the agricultural holdings from the landowners to the tenants is not enough, unless all powers to lease or subdivide are withheld; for unless this is insisted upon, a new class of landlords will assuredly spring up, vastly different from the old; and all that is held to be objectionable in the dual ownership of to-day will be intensified a hundredfold in that of the future. I maintain that not only must dual ownership, wherever it exists in Ireland, be abolished on equitable lines, but the process of abolition must be such that no revival shall, in any form whatever, be possible. The only course, then, open to the Government is to introduce a Bill empowering the State to become the sole owner of that portion only of Ireland which is at present affected by dual ownership, and after reducing both landlords and tenants within that limit to the dead level of occupiers, it shall recoup itself by the imposition of a land-tax." So far as agricultural land is concerned, I am entirely at one with Lord Kilmorey in this matter, with the exception that the State his lordship contemplates is the English Government. Let him accept an Irish Government, and I am with him. And such a Government is a necessity of the case. The Irish people will not tolerate the English Government as their landlord, and the English Government is not likely to place itself in that position, for it could not rely upon the payment of the land-tax. The agitation against the payment of rack-rents to Irish landlords, compared with the agitation which would be inevitable in such a case as that contemplated by Lord Kilmorey, would be "as water unto wine." But granted an Irish Government responsible to an Irish Parliament, and the payment of a land-tax assessed from time to time, upon the value of the land alone, would be as regular and as certain as the day. The tenant-farmers of Ireland would, in my belief, prefer a system such as this to a system of purchase, because a system of purchase means that the tenant should buy the landlord's interest, and yet no one dreams of giving him that interest. He is expected to purchase an interest which largely consists of misappropriated tenants' property; he is expected to take over all landlord's liabilities; but he is not to have the landlord's absolute ownership. The limited ownership which is to be conveyed to the tenant will incline him to

prefer to be a freeholder under an Irish State, subject to an annual payment of the value of the land *minus* his own improvements, with liberty to sell his farm in the open market at any time to the highest bidder, as easily as he can now sell his cattle in a fair. To bring about a system such as this, the Irish people are prepared to go a long way in the direction of making terms with their old enemies the landlords. But it is only through a regularly constituted Irish Government that this could be brought about. It is to an Irish Government, therefore, that the Irish landlords must look for such compensation as may be agreed upon. But that the sands are fast running out is becoming more and more true every day and every hour. The number of persons in Ireland, and in England too, who think with me that in strict justice—in the face of such a record as I have presented in this article—the Irish landlords are not entitled to compensation at all, is rapidly increasing. At present there is a willingness in Ireland to buy out the landlords as an economic nuisance. For myself I may say that, in my judgment, Ireland loses at least ten, if not fifteen, millions a year in restricted wealth production owing to the incubus of landlordism. To remove this and give the country a fair chance, and win peace for industrial enterprise, even advanced Radicals like myself may consistently discuss terms of compensation. But, I repeat, every day increases the difficulty of a compromise, and the question for the landlords to consider is, not the impossible one of compensation for what the legal tribunals of the country have done to protect the rights and property of Irish tenants, but the, to them, more vital matter of making terms, while yet they may, with the only possible purchaser of their rapidly depreciating interest—by assenting to and helping to create a National State Authority in Ireland that will command the confidence of the country, and that can draw upon its fiscal and other resources to meet whatever obligations may be contracted, in a final settlement of the Land Question.

MICHAEL DAVITT.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN TURKEY.

IN Turkey, as elsewhere, the past year has been one of unrest and anxiety, but the "Sick Man" still lives, and displays an amount of vitality which gives little satisfaction to those who wish to represent him as moribund. The treasury is empty, as it has been for years; the civil service and the army have received only from two to five months' pay during the year. There are brigands here and famine there. Railways are wanting, and mines are not worked. Russia is always threatening, and the Bulgarian question is unsettled, to say nothing of other questions equally perplexing. But, in spite of all this, the Sultan at Yildiz has more power, more independence, and more confidence in himself and his destiny than his uncle or his father ever had.

Graviter commotus, et alto
Prospiciens, summâ placidum capiat extulit undâ.

His general policy has been to avoid all foreign complications, and to strengthen the Empire at home. Nothing could be better; and in his foreign relations this policy has been carried out with remarkable skill and success. Bismarck could not have done better. Whether his home policy has been as wise and successful is another question. I do not think that it has. It seems to be controlled by two leading ideas—the exclusion of foreign influence, and the revival of Mohammedanism. As far as it is consistent with these ideas, he favours progress and development in all directions, and from week to week he issues decrees which, if they could be wisely carried out, would have an important influence upon the material development of the Empire. Every effort is also made to increase the revenue, and to defend it against speculation. In regard to some of these things I shall give details in the course of this article.

SIR HENRY ELLIOT AND MUTHAD PASHA.

Sir Henry Elliot's article in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* has caused an extraordinary excitement in Constantinople. It is impossible for the Turks to understand that he is a man of no political

importance, that his career finished, and that he has no influence with any political party. They cannot even understand why the Government cannot punish him for his indiscretion, by cutting off his pension. So the credit of his article goes to the English Government, and has been understood by some as a warning to the present Sultan of what he may expect from Sir William White.

This is all absurd and false, but it is something that Sir Henry ought to have known and thought of before he published his ill-timed vindication of himself. If ex-ambassadors are to indulge themselves in such revelations, it will not be easy to maintain diplomatic relations with Turkey. Sir Henry's career has not been a fortunate one, but it has not been altogether his own fault, and it would have been better to trust to posterity to vindicate his character. We may doubt, however, whether his biographer would have made prominent the fact that he was a conspirator against the Sovereign to whom he was accredited, and later the ally of a Turkish Minister against the policy of the British Government, which he represented. There is much to be said in praise of Sir Henry Elliot, but these things had better have been left unsaid.

The period of Turkish history to which he refers was the most exciting since the time of the destruction of the Janissaries, and Sir Henry is quite right in saying *quorum pars magna fui*. It included the Bulgarian massacres, the revolution which overthrew Abd-ul-Aziz, the deposition of Sultan Murad, the accession of the present Sultan, the proclamation of a Constitution, and the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War. Sir Henry's name will always be associated with these events, all the more after this article. In it he labours to prove three things: that Mithad Pasha was a great patriot statesman, that Abd-ul-Aziz committed suicide, and that Mithad's Constitution would have been the salvation of the Turkish Empire, if the Conference of Constantinople had accepted it. I have no doubt that Sir Henry honestly believes all this, and felt that the world ought to know it. I know that he believed it all at the time, and that his action was based on this belief. His good faith is not to be called in question, but I believe that he was mistaken on every point.

Mithad Pasha was a very clever man, and a very remarkable conversationalist, as all who have met him must acknowledge. He had a wide but superficial knowledge of history and political science. The first time that I met him I thought him the most remarkable Turkish official I had ever seen. He gained an extraordinary influence over Sir Henry, who believed that he represented a large and powerful party among the Turks. Sir Henry needed such an ally in the conflict for influence which he was waging with General Ignatieff, and his experience in Italy probably prepossessed him in favour of a man who talked of liberty and constitutional government. What their relations were is made clear by Sir Henry himself. They worked together for the overthrow of Abd-ul-Aziz and the proclamation of a Constitution. It is believed that General Ignatieff at the same time arranged with Mahmoud Nedim Pasha to send a body of Russian troops to Constantinople to aid the Sultan. I am not certain of this, but the evidence which I collected at the time seemed to me convincing. It is an interesting coincidence, on the other hand, that the arrival of the British fleet at Besika Bay was

the signal for the attack of the conspirators upon the Sultan, the fleet having been ordered up by Sir Henry.

It appeared to me at the time, as it does now, that in all this conspiracy Sir Henry was deceived as to the character and influence of Mithad Pasha, who was not the real head of the conspiracy, and whose importance in it was due simply to the fact that he commanded the support of the British Ambassador. In reality, his party consisted of Sir Henry Elliot, his dependents, and a few men like Aali Suavi.

Mithad Pasha was not a Turk, but a Mohammedan Bulgarian, and the Turks always distrusted him. He surrounded himself with Bulgarians in his house, and his agents and business partners were Bulgarians. The Turks did not believe in his honesty or his sincerity, and I have the best of reasons for thinking that they did him no injustice. I know something of his affairs, and my belief is that he was no better than Mahmoud Nedim. His administration of the Danube Vilayet, of which Sir Henry speaks in such high praise, was successful so far as that he built many good roads at the expense of the Bulgarians, and that he maintained tranquillity by hanging and imprisoning a large number of men without fair trial, but it was as corrupt and oppressive a government as the Vilayet ever had. The real head of the conspiracy in 1876 was Hussein Avni Pasha, as Tcherkess Hassan well knew when he went into the Council Chamber and shot him down, without even troubling himself to look at Mithad Pasha. It was Hussein Avni who controlled the 40,000 Softas, who were the chief instruments of the conspiracy. He had been a Softa himself. He had a powerful party behind him, and as Minister of War controlled the army as well. He took in Mithad and his Constitution simply because he brought Sir Henry with him, and because his Constitution would occupy the attention of Europe. Had he lived, Mithad would have been thrown over very soon. There were already serious dissensions when he was killed, so well known that many suspected Mithad of having had some knowledge of Tcherkess Hassan's purposes.

In regard to Sir Henry's second point, it is not possible to speak with so much confidence. There are doubts in regard to the manner of the death of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz which may never be removed, but my own opinion is that he was murdered. It does not seem to me that the medical inquest settled the matter, any more than the later trial of Mithad Pasha. There was no examination to settle the question whether he died from suffocation or not, and this was the natural way to kill him. Under the circumstances it does not seem to me that the testimony of the women was worth anything. Their own lives were in danger. I know also that the conspirators had a very strong motive for killing him, of which Sir Henry seems to be ignorant. I know from my own observation, as well as on the testimony of others, that there was a strong reaction among the Turks in favour of Abd-ul-Aziz; and I have good reason to believe that had he lived a few weeks longer he would have been Sultan again. The feeling was, as an officer expressed it to me at the time, that this violent attack upon the Caliph was a great sin against God. It was a matter of life and death for the conspirators to put him out of the way, and I know very few natives who believe that he committed suicide. Sir Henry Elliot has a special reason for not wishing to believe that he was murdered, as the Queen telegraphed to him to

protect the life of the deposed Sultan, and he no doubt did all in his power to carry out her wishes. If there was a murder he was no party to it. And it should be remembered also that the present Sultan could have had no knowledge whatever of any of the acts of the conspirators, or any influence on the fate of his uncle. He was as innocent of any connection with it as though he had not been born. It is the exile of his friend Mithad Pasha which leads Sir Henry to speak of him in such strong terms of condemnation.

The third point made by Sir Henry must also remain to a certain extent a matter of opinion. He is quite right in saying that the National Assembly called together by Mithad's Constitution surprised the world as much by its independence as by its knowledge of affairs. It is true also that there are many good points in the Constitution itself, but its fate is its condemnation. Sir Henry thinks that if it had been accepted by the Conference when it was fired in its face from the guns of the ironclads in front of the Admiralty (but not as he says on January 25, which is a curious blunder), it would have redeemed Turkey and put a stop to the advance of Russia. In this belief he opposed his colleague at the Conference, and lost his place at Constantinople. There is no doubt of his sincerity and devotion to what he believed to be for the interest of England and Turkey, but the question is—was he right? Was there any real hope that the Constitution could be put in force and honestly administered? I have not seen the papers, but I am assured that documentary evidence exists to prove that Mithad Pasha's own scheme of carrying it out involved an entire change in the government of the Empire, the establishment of a sort of Imperial Republic with himself as President. This is quite consistent with what I know of the man, but it is not probable that he ever communicated this plan to Sir Henry. He must have expected it to be carried out by the Sultan in the whole Empire from Bosnia to Arabia. He bitterly condemns the Conference, the English Government, and especially the Liberal party, for not agreeing with him on this point. They condemned it, not because it was bad in itself, but because it was impracticable. Has the event justified them or him? Had the Conference accepted it and adjourned *sine die*, would that have changed the Caliph and Sultan of all Mussulmans into a mere civil ruler—would it have changed the spirit of the people, or created a new ruling class? Would it have put an end to the ambition and the intrigues of Russia? The Conference was a failure, but it would have been no less a failure, if it had followed the advice of Sir Henry and given its support to Mithad Pasha. It was really far easier to work the Constitution after the dismemberment of the Empire which followed the war, than it would have been if there had been no war; but it had no real vitality in it, and although it is still nominally in force, it is seldom thought of by any one.

It does not follow, however, as Sir Henry asserts, that Turkish reform is dead. When I was younger I wrote not a little in regard to reforms in Turkey, and honestly believed that they could be carried out on the lines of European thought and civilization; but the Turks are neither Europeans nor Christians. They cannot think or act as we do, and they do not wish to do so. They have their own ideas of reform, and they are doing what they can, under very adverse circumstances, to carry them into practice. Sometimes we can understand them and

sometimes we cannot ; but, so long as they do not interfere with treaty rights, or the privileges of the Christian nationalities, the least that we can do is to wish them well, and give them such aid and encouragement as we can. They understand as well as we do that it is a question with them of reform or destruction. The prime fault of Mithad's Constitution was that it was not Turkish. It was European, and it came to nothing.

THE BULGARIAN QUESTION.

Every possible effort has been made by Russia to induce the Turks to play her game in Bulgaria. Threats, promises, and arguments have been exhausted, and at the outset Russia carried every Power in Europe with her except England. She still has the active support of France, and still insists upon an armed intervention on the part of Turkey, "to put an end to anarchy in Bulgaria." It is a striking evidence of the wisdom of the Sultan that he has successfully resisted this pressure, without breaking off friendly relations with his great enemy. It is not for his interest to go to war with Russia any more than it is to crush Bulgaria. Both he and his Ministers see plainly that the interests of Turkey and Bulgaria are identical, and they have done everything in their power, under the circumstances, to strengthen Bulgaria ; but they see also that other Powers have as much interest in keeping Russia out of Bulgaria as they have, and that they must fight for it, whether Turkey does or not. If the war should break out on this side of the Danube, they would undoubtedly join the Austrians against Russia, but if it is confined to Central Europe they will keep out of it.

They know that Russia is their chief enemy ; they know that a strong, independent Bulgaria is their best defence against Russia on that side, and they will do their best to maintain it. This long period of uncertainty has tried their patience, exposed them to great dangers, and cost them much money ; but they have never lost their heads, or fallen into any of the traps laid for them by Russia. No country in Europe has met this crisis more calmly and skilfully than Turkey.

As to Bulgaria itself it has surpassed the expectations of those who knew it best, and has utterly confounded the Russians, who seem to have a more imperfect knowledge of it than any one else. It has maintained its independence in face of all the world for two years and a half. It has carried on a successful war, and resisted the open attacks of subsidized bands of filibusters as well as the constant intrigues of Russia. It has seen its chosen and beloved Prince driven out of the country under the most exasperating circumstances. It has been for a year without a Prince. It has accepted a total stranger as a ruler, and through all these trials and dangers it has remained tranquil and peaceful. It has not lost hope, nor has it uttered any word of useless defiance, even against Russia. It has demanded nothing but the right to rule itself, and has been ready at all times to make sacrifices for the sake of peace. If Europe goes to war over this question it will not be the fault of the Bulgarians.

When it is remembered that the Bulgarians have had only a few years of experience in self-government, and that there is not a man among them who has any general or commanding influence or any long experience in office, it must be acknowledged that they deserve the sympathy of Europe. It is safe to say that no people in Europe ever

behaved better under such protracted trial. Whatever may happen in the future let this be remembered to their credit.

The Bulgarian question is really as far from a settlement as ever, and if Russia maintains her present policy it can never be settled without a European war. Every day makes it more difficult, for every day increases the strength of the anti-Russian feeling in the country. It is difficult to account for this policy of Russia, except on the supposition that she has deliberately chosen to make the Bulgarian question a ground of war with Austria, and a means of reaching Constantinople at once.

There has been no time since the revolution at Philippopolis in 1885, when Russia might not have settled this question, in a way to regain her influence in Bulgaria, by adopting a conciliatory policy. All the world is familiar with the effort made by Prince Alexander in 1886, and with the fact that Prince Ferdinand has made a somewhat similar attempt. Every Ministry in Bulgaria has been equally ready to concede everything which Russia can claim under the Treaty of Berlin and more. Russia, on the other hand, has never stated what her demands were. She has demanded unconditional surrender to her will, and has refused always to state what she would do after that; but Russian newspapers have been permitted to state in the plainest language that she proposes to make Bulgaria a Russian province. Had she desired anything consistent with Bulgarian independence, she could have had it at any time from the Bulgarians. When war comes, and England has to consider her duty in relation to it, this fact should be remembered. Nor should it be forgotten that this question has not grown out of any Austrian intrigues in Bulgaria. Until 1886 Austria acted with Russia against Bulgaria, and since that time her influence in the country has been comparatively small, although it has been more sympathetic as she has come to realize that her own fate is bound up with that of Bulgaria. It is Russia, and only Russia, that has made this question a difficult one, and brought Europe to the verge of war on account of it.

Apart from the designs of Russia, the present position of affairs in Bulgaria is hopeful. Prince Ferdinand has not the sympathetic character of Prince Alexander, and does not inspire the same kind of enthusiasm; but he has secured the respect and confidence of the people, and has made no serious mistakes. He impresses one as a man of very considerable political ability, who has inherited some of the best characteristics of his family. If his position is precarious, it is not on account of any internal dissatisfaction or any unfitness for the place, but wholly on account of outside opposition. The Turks would recognize him to-day if they dared to do so, and practically he is recognized.

The general condition of the country is fairly good. The years of uncertainty have seriously injured business of all kinds, and the taxes are heavy; but the people are reasonably patient under these trials. There is more or less opposition to the Government of M. Stambouloff, but it is chiefly on the part of ex-office holders, who, owing to the extraordinary demand for educated men after the war, commenced life as office holders and have no profession to support them when out of office. There is also some dissatisfaction among the people, not only on account of the hard times, but also at the somewhat despotic character of some of the acts of the Government; but, on the whole, the people are patient and loyal.

The various attempts made under Russian patronage to invade the country and create disturbance have utterly failed. The last one, at Bourgas, was not so absurd as it seemed to those ignorant of the personal influence of Nabokoff, the Russian officer in that district; yet the very peasants upon whom he depended hunted him down like a wild beast and killed him. The Bulgarian peasants are still very ignorant. A certain amount of light is coming to them through the schools and through the army, which is, of course, chiefly made up of peasants; but it will take a generation to seriously modify their character. They are not anti-Russian. It is doubtful whether they would resist the advance of a Russian army. They would not be able to understand how a Russian—an orthodox Christian—could be an enemy; but they have no sympathy with revolution or with filibusters, and if they welcomed a Russian army it would only be for the money which they would hope to make out of it. They have no sympathy with Russia as opposed to their own Government.

The enlightened class, which is constantly increasing, has never desired a conflict with Russia; but the conviction is coming to be universal now that Russia will never be friendly to Bulgarian independence, and must therefore be regarded as an enemy. What other conclusion is possible under the circumstances?

Since the above was written the Bulgarian question has entered a new phase, the details of which are too well known to be repeated here. Russia, France, and Germany have acted together at Constantinople in urging the Porte to invite Prince Ferdinand to leave Bulgaria; England, Austria, and Italy have done nothing; but at the moment of writing I understand that the Sultan has asked their advice. So far as I can judge the Turks are strongly disinclined to take any action, and will not do so without the advice of all the Powers.

We have no faith here in the sincerity of this move on the part of Russia. We believe that its object is to gain time and to make trouble in Bulgaria. Nothing can possibly be gained by this step, unless there be a complete agreement between the Powers for a settlement of the whole question. Should such a full settlement be arranged, I do not believe that the Bulgarians would object, or that Prince Ferdinand would attempt to resist it. But neither he nor the Bulgarians will be moved at all by a simple declaration of the Porte or even of all the Powers. Russia must know this perfectly well. What does she propose to do next? Until this question is answered it seems impossible to give her any credit for goodwill; for in no contingency could this declaration of the Porte settle anything. Even if Prince Ferdinand were to leave, the condition of Bulgaria would not be better, but worse than it is now. Either she should be left to herself to work out her own destiny, or this whole question should be settled at once. We are told unofficially by one Russian organ that if he does not go Bulgaria is to be placed under ban and outlawed. She is to be blockaded by sea and land, and starved into submission. Another organ tells us that, if he does go, Bishop Clement, who is despised by every honest Bulgarian as a perjured traitor, is to be entrusted with the government,

and to make peace with Russia. One of these arrangements would please Bulgaria just as much as the other. There is nothing to choose between them.

It is a critical moment for Bulgaria, but I cannot believe that England, or Italy, or Austria will consent to any arrangement which will sacrifice Bulgaria to the tender mercies of Russia. To talk of going back to the Treaty of Berlin is using words without any meaning. Most of that Treaty has no application to existing circumstances, and it is certain that the primary object of the Treaty was to get the Russians out of Bulgaria, and secure the right of self-government to the people. If the situation is not now exactly what was contemplated by the words of the Treaty, if Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia have been united, this is nothing more than what was expected when the Treaty was made. It is not the fault of the Bulgarians that Russia drove Prince Alexander out of the country, nor that the brother-in-law of the Czar was not allowed to accept the place, nor that Prince Ferdinand has not been confirmed by the Powers. Why should they be punished, in the name of the Treaty of Berlin, when they simply ask to be let alone to enjoy the right of governing themselves?

GREECE AND ROUMANIA.

Russia is just now devoting her attention chiefly to Greece and Roumania. She was making every possible effort to overthrow the Bratiano Ministry, and hoped either to secure a pro-Russian government which would aid her in case of war, or, if this was not possible, on account of the position of the King, to create a state of anarchy in the country, which might even serve as a pretext for occupation. In view of this she concentrated a very large army in Bessarabia. What she may do, now that the Bratiano Ministry has held its own, remains to be seen. If she decides to go to war this spring, she will undoubtedly occupy the kingdom, and, if successful in the war, she will annex it. The Roumanian army is a good one, and saved the Russians in the last war; but, if Roumania is left to her fate by the other Powers, she cannot resist the advance of Russia. The pro-Russian party there is not in favour of annexation to Russia, but is deluded by the idea that an alliance with Russia would be rewarded by the annexation to the kingdom of the neighbouring Roumanian provinces of Austria-Hungary, just as the pro-Russian party in Bulgaria is deceived by the hope of gaining Macedonia as the reward of submission. There is no real pro-Russian party in either country. It is the old story of Poland over again—where many real patriots supported Russia to save Poland, and in so doing lost everything. I do not much admire the Roumanians, but they have certainly made great progress under King Charles, and advanced rapidly in civilization. They are worth defending for their own sakes, as well as in the interests of Europe.

I am sorry to say that Russia is much more successful in winning over the Greeks than the Roumanians. I have a profound respect for M. Tricoupis, who has proved himself to be a real statesman, under most trying circumstances. He had the courage to resist temptation two years ago; but the influence of Russia and France seems now to have won him over to a policy of adventure. The King is apparently on the

same side, which is not so strange after his visit at Copenhagen last year. Any arrangement for a Greco-Russian alliance will of course be strongly opposed by Austria, Italy, and England; but the Greeks say that they are bound to listen to Russia because she alone offers them a definite price. It matters little to them that it is to be paid at the expense of Turkey. They covet this territory; they claim it as a right; and this seems to be a favourable opportunity to take it. Formerly Russia intended to give it to Bulgaria, and it is wise to improve the opportunity, when Russia wishes to punish Bulgaria, to secure the prize for Greece. This is plausible, but it is shallow, and, as M. Tricoupis is not a shallow man, it may be that he is playing a deeper game, and hopes by coquetting with Russia to secure a better offer from the other side. But this is a dangerous policy, and it is evident that the other Powers cannot give him Turkish territory to keep Greece quiet. It seems more probable that he really contemplates an alliance with Russia—an alliance which, under any circumstances, must be disastrous to Greece. If Russia is beaten Greece will be further than ever from the realization of her hopes. If Russia is victorious, she will not sacrifice her own interests and plans to please Greece. She will become herself the sovereign power in the Balkan Peninsula, and destroy the hopes of Greece at a blow. A mouse may help a lion, as in the fable, but it does not follow that the lion will invite the mouse to share his kingdom. It can never be for the interest of Greece to have Russia for a neighbour.

England has a special interest in this proposed alliance, because her obligations and interests are such that an extension of the war in that direction would involve her in serious complications. Greece has no better friend in Europe than England. It is not simply a matter of sentiment either, for it must always be for the interest of England to have Greece strong and independent. This is one of the reasons why England is unwilling to see Russia in possession of Constantinople. It would put an end to the independence of Greece, and make her simply an outpost of Russia in the Mediterranean. England fully recognizes the legitimate aspirations of Greece, and has no selfish ends in view. There is not a rod of land claimed by Greece that England would accept as a free gift. This is more than could be said either by France or Russia. After having voluntarily given up the Ionian Islands, England has a right to call attention to this fact as an evidence of her disinterestedness. But the Greeks ought to understand that England cannot see Greece enter into active alliance with Russia under present circumstances without warning her of the inevitable consequences.

THE BALKAN CONFEDERATION.

The idea of a Balkan confederation has been often discussed during the past two years, and in one form or another has found many advocates. Others have treated it with lofty scorn as an absurdity. Just now it is not discussed at all. But there are special reasons why it is desirable to call attention to it in this connection. It involves the question whether it is possible for Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia to be friends. It is said by many that their interests and ambitions are so conflicting that they must always be enemies. Russia has certainly done her best to make them so, and if she intends to absorb the Balkan Peninsula, she has done

wisely. Austria has done something of the same kind in time past, and Turkey has sometimes followed suit. Russia will not change her policy in this respect. She will always oppose a Balkan alliance. It must be acknowledged also that these different nationalities have been willing tools. They have cordially hated one another in the past, and they are not friends now. It is a pity, but it is a fact which cannot be ignored. As things stand now a Balkan confederation, or even an alliance, is an impossibility. If formed under foreign pressure, it would be delusive and ephemeral. If it is ever to come it must be spontaneous, and the result of mutual concessions. In this way, however, it may come in time; for I believe it is quite possible for these nationalities to become friends if once left to themselves. The chief difficulty is with the Greeks; but an article was published in the *CONTEMPORARY*, in November 1885, which was understood to represent the opinions of a distinguished statesman, which showed that Greece was not beyond hope. So far as that article relates to Russia, it would be very profitable reading for Greek statesmen to-day. It is an earnest appeal to England to keep Russia within her own boundaries. It is not at all friendly to the Bulgarians, whom it denounces as the tools of Russia; but, after all, it contains two deliberate statements of the greatest importance. First, it declares that all sober-minded Greeks have given up the dream of Constantinople. They do not want it. Second, it states what boundary would satisfy Greece on the north and east. It should start from the mouth of the Apsos, north of Avlona, follow up this river, pass just north of Lake Ochrida, thence just north of Monastir, crossing the Vardar opposite Strumnitza, crossing the Struma north of Melenicon, and passing on to Nevrokop on the Mestos, thence following this river to the sea. It is something to get a statement of claims. As this territory all belongs to Turkey, which has no idea of giving it up, these claims are somewhat shadowy; but if Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia could come to an honest agreement as to the *limits of their respective spheres of influence*, it would be almost as great a boon for Turkey as for these States. As it is now, Macedonia is the battle-ground of these States, and is kept in a state of confusion and anarchy all the time by the rival propagandas. If a stop could be put to this by mutual agreement, it would give rest to the Turks, put a stop to foreign intrigues, and open the way for really friendly relations between Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia. What is more, it would bring peace to the people of Macedonia, which they sadly need. They have never been so well satisfied with the Turkish rule as they are now, thanks to the wisdom and vigour with which the Turks have lately put an end to brigandage in the province; and there need be no question of separating Macedonia from Turkey. It would be easy for Turkey to rule Macedonia satisfactorily, if once this conflict of interests were ended.

I do not suppose that Greece would expect Bulgaria and Servia to accept the above boundary, but I believe that it would be possible to agree upon a boundary. I presume, in answer to this first proposition, Bulgaria would claim at least the Struma instead of the Mestos, and a line south of Ochrida and Monastir instead of north. There would be a similar difference of opinion between Servia and Bulgaria, but a compromise might be made there also, with goodwill on both sides. At any rate it is very certain that there will be no confederation, or alliance, or friendship between Greece, Bulgaria, and Servia, until some such

arrangement is made as shall prevent such conflicts in Macedonia as have been going on there for years, to the injury of the people and the Government.

It is, no doubt, a great disappointment to Greece to see a Bulgarian power grow up in the Balkan peninsula, but it is a thousand times better for her than to see these countries in the possession of Russia, or even of Austria. It is the part of wisdom to make the best of the situation as it is, and not to sacrifice the possibilities of the present to the dreams of the past. If these small States are to maintain their independence, and develop their resources, they must make mutual concessions and learn to be friends. Even if they are saved from Russia, Europe will not tolerate an endless conflict between them, which would constantly disturb the peace of the world. In this case they will eventually disappear and come under foreign rule. I do not expect to live to see a Balkan confederation, including Greece and Roumania; but, if these lands do not come under the rule of Russia, I do expect to see a friendly alliance between these States, in the interest of peace and goodwill—the sooner it comes the better for them and for the world. It is for the interest of every Power in Europe, except Russia, to encourage this movement. It cannot be forced upon these States, but much can be done by moral influence. Russia is an exception only, because she is determined to conquer these lands and annex them.

ISLAM.

The discussion in England of the character and progress of Mohammedanism, which grew out of the address of Canon Taylor, has excited no little interest in Constantinople, and much that has been written on his side of the question has been translated and published in the Turkish papers here with hearty approval. It is probably this discussion which has led the Sheik-ul-Islam to publish in the foreign papers here a very remarkable letter, which is the only official statement I have seen during my residence in Turkey of the doctrines of Islam. The nominal occasion of this letter was a declaration made to the Porte by a German gentleman of his conversion to Mohammedanism. Such conversions have been very frequent of late, especially of Greeks, Armenians and Jews, subjects of the Sultan. The discussion in England has undoubtedly led the Turks to hope for an extension of this movement to foreigners; and the letter has both a religious and a political object. It is designed to present Mohammedanism in its most favourable light to Christians, not only to win converts, but to show that there is nothing in their faith which can make the Turkish rule abhorrent to Europe, and nothing in the present tendencies of this Government to arouse the opposition of Europe. Although the letter has been republished in many European newspapers, I venture to give the more important points of it here.

TRANSLATION.

... "Conversion to Islamism involves no religious formality, and depends upon the authorization of no one. It is sufficient to believe and to proclaim one's belief. The religion of Islam has for its base faith in the unity of God, and in the mission of His most blessed servant

Mohammed. 'There is but one God and Mohammed is His Prophet.' He who honestly makes this profession of faith thereby becomes a Mussulman. Whoever makes this declaration becomes our brother, for all true believers are brothers.

"Let us enter now into some developments of this faith. Man, who is superior to the other animals by his intelligence, was created out of nothing to adore his Creator. This adoration consists in obeying the commands of God, and in compassionating His creatures. . . . As the human intelligence cannot by itself discover the best method of honouring God, He has accorded to certain men the gift of prophecy. . . . The Book of God, which came last from Heaven, is the sacred Koran, whose unchangeable teachings, preserved from the first day in written volumes and in the memory of thousands of reciters, will endure until the Last Judgment.

"The first of the prophets was Adam, the last was Mohammed. Between these two there have been many. God only knows how many. The greatest of all is Mohammed. After him come Jesus, Moses, and Abraham, then Noah and Adam.

"All these prophets have threatened their followers with the day of the Last Judgment. So it is necessary to believe that the dead will rise, that they will appear before the tribunal of God to render their accounts, that the elect will be sent to Paradise and the damned to Hell. All the actions of each man will that day be examined one by one, and although all the acts of soldiers engaged in holy war, even their sleep, will be accounted, as prayers, they also will have to render an account at the Last Judgment. Exception is made only for martyrs who die for the sacred cause, who will go direct to Paradise without examination.

"Moreover, it is necessary to accept it as an article of faith that all good and evil come alike from the providence of God. . . . Consequently, the true believer ought to have faith in God, in His angels, in His books, in His prophets, in the Last Judgment, and to attribute to His will both good and evil. He who professes these truths is a *true* believer. To be a *perfect* believer he ought also to perform his duties, to pray to God, and to avoid falling into such sins as assassination, robbery, adultery, and sodomy.

"In addition to this profession of faith, a good Mussulman ought to pray five times a day, to distribute each year one-fortieth of his property to the poor, to fast during the month of Ramazan, and to make once in his life the pilgrimage to Mecca.

"If a believer does not conform to these commands of God, and does not avoid the acts which He forbids, he does not, for this, cease to be a believer; but he is considered as a sinner who merits a provisional punishment in the other world. He is in the hands of God, who may forgive him or send him to Hell for a time, proportional to his sins.

"Faith annuls all sin. He who is converted to Islamism becomes as innocent as if he had just been born, and is responsible only for the sins which he commits after his conversion. A sinner who repents, and in person asks from God the remission of his sins, is pardoned (*i.e.*, there is no mediator needed). The only exception to this rule is that wrongs done to a neighbour are not forgiven; for the servant of God who cannot obtain justice in this world can reclaim his rights at the Judgment, and God, who is just, compels the oppressor to make restitution there to

him whom he has oppressed in this world. Even the martyrs cannot escape this. The only way of escape is to get a quitance in this world from those whom you have wronged. In no case is there any need of a spiritual director to intercede for us. . . . The Mussulman religion does not recognize the existence or the necessity of any clergy or priesthood. . . . Only the accomplishment of certain religious ceremonies, such as the prayers of Friday and *Beiram*, is subordinated to the will of the Caliph and Sultan. Obedience to his orders is a sacred duty. As to my office, it consists simply in administering, in his name, such religious affairs as he may confide to me. . . .

(Signed) "The Sheik-ul-Islam,
"AHMED ESSAD."

Naturally, no comments on this letter have appeared in Turkey. No criticism of Mohammedanism is tolerated in this country, and no Mohammedan is permitted to change his religion. No books are allowed to enter the country in any language which speak disrespectfully of the Prophet or the faith. Dante, Byron, Voltaire, and Paley are specimens of forbidden authors. This policy of repression is a new one, and part of a general policy which is said to have originated with H.I.M. the Sultan, intended to preserve and strengthen his government. It appears to be the object of this policy to reduce as far as possible all Christian, and especially all foreign, influence, and to revive the spirit, faith, and influence of Islam, without much regard to former treaties or *Multis*. It is not very easy to form an opinion of the success of this effort to revive Mohammedanism. New mosques are erected in different places, and old ones are repaired, but it is generally at the expense of the Sultan. External forms are more carefully observed, and the Turkish press is more vigorous in its attacks upon Christianity; but whether there is really any revival of faith and zeal among the people it is not easy to say. As far as my observation goes, it is purely a governmental movement, inspired by the honest faith as well as the political designs of the Sultan himself. If it went no further than an effort to convert Christians, to revive the faith of Mohammedans, and to prevent open attacks upon the religion of the empire, I think no one would complain. There is, however, something more than this, which seems to me both impolitic and unjust. There is an effort to deprive Christians and foreigners of equal rights, which must in the end deprive Turkey of the sympathy of Europe. It was a mistake of this kind which opened the way for Russia before the last war, and Turkey ought to have learned from that experience that, however the European Powers may be jealous of each other, however strong may be their determination not to allow Russia to have Constantinople, there is a limit to their toleration of the Turks.

EDUCATION IN TURKEY.

One indication of the spirit of which I have spoken above is found in the new policy of the Government in regard to education. It is making every possible effort to educate the Mohammedan population. Every holder of property in Turkey is taxed for this. This is good; worthy of all praise. I, for one, pay this tax willingly. The more education the better. But the Government is at the same time doing what it can to

hinder Christian education, and especially to destroy all foreign schools. This is as bad and unjust as the other is good. Christians will not attend Mohammedan schools, although they are taxed to support them. They have, by the very constitution of the empire and by treaty, the right to their own schools unmolested. Why should they be taxed then to support schools for the Mohammedans? Above all, after paying this tax, why should it be made difficult for them to have schools themselves?

A few months since the Porte communicated to the Embassies a new law in regard to schools, which I give below. It is cautiously worded, but its practical effect would be to close nearly all the foreign schools in Turkey within six months. The Embassies, of course, resist such an infringement upon rights, not only founded on treaties, but sanctioned by actual enjoyment for centuries. They will no doubt resist to the end and be sustained by their Governments, but the attempt to enforce such regulations shows the drift of Turkish policy, which is, to say the least, unfortunate at a time when they and their friends are most anxious to conciliate public opinion. The regulations proposed are the following:—

“Foreign subjects cannot open private schools in the empire except by submitting to the following regulations, and after having obtained an Imperial Firman promulgated in pursuance of an Imperial *iradd* of H.I.M. the Sultan.

“To this end a petition must be presented to the Ministry of Public Instruction at Constantinople, or to the Governors-General in the provinces, indicating whether the edifice of the school is to be newly erected, or whether a building already existing will be transformed into a school, and where the site of the school will be. This request will specify as well what will be the scholastic grade of the school, and whether it will be a boarding or day school. It will be accompanied besides with the certificates of the professors, by information relative to the internal organization of the school. A copy of each text-book and the programme of studies will also be presented for approval. The Ministry of Public Instruction will have to make inquiry whether the founders of the school, the administrative body, and the corps of instructors have been accused or condemned in their own country for acts contrary to public order, or if they enjoy a good reputation.

“Legalized copies of the certificates with which the professors are provided will be delivered to the Ministry of Public Instruction. The founders of the school will bind themselves by a document, duly legalized at their consulate, not to raise any obstacle, either to the right of inspection of the Ministry of Public Instruction, or to the fulfilment of any legal duty resulting from the exercise of this right. It is forbidden to admit to the schools as pupils any Ottoman subjects, who, not having followed in their own schools the course of religious instruction, have not learned the dogmas of their own creed. Mussulman pupils will not be present at any religious service in the school, and no obstacle will be interposed to their performance of their religious duties.

“Instruction in the Turkish language, as well as in Ottoman History in the Turkish language, is obligatory in foreign schools. There must be entire abstinence from religious instruction, and from that which is contrary to the interests of the country and to public morals.

“If in schools opened by virtue of an Imperial Firman, as above,

there is not full conformity to the present provisions, if there is in them instruction out of books other than those authorized, or if the founders, directors, or professors make verbally to their pupils any suggestions adverse to the State, or which favour the interests of another Power, the school will be closed and the teachers punished.

"Ottoman subjects who may wish to open a private school will be equally required to fulfil the same conditions. Foreign subjects who may teach in such schools will be subjected to inquiry as above. . . . Private schools already opened by foreign subjects without the official authorization demanded above will be closed if in six months they do not obtain an Imperial Firman."—(Oct. 12, 1887) 8 Sefer, 1305.

These requirements are, and are intended to be, prohibitory and not regulative, and it will be seen that they are aimed at all native and foreign schools not established by Government. This is certainly a very short-sighted policy, for if an attempt is made to carry it out it will raise a storm in Europe which it will not be easy for Turkey to weather. I believe, however, that the Porte will be wise in time to avoid it.

MATERIAL PROGRESS.

The same policy which appears in the facts mentioned above leads the Turks to oppose foreign enterprise in the country. They might be justified if there was disposable capital in Turkey, but there is not. It must be foreign capital or none. The Government has been negotiating for years with different parties for the construction of railways in Asia Minor. It appreciates the importance of them, and for a moment last summer it was believed that a concession had been given, but at the last moment the opposition prevailed, and, like all other similar projects, it came to nothing. The real obstacle is the fear of foreign influence. The same difficulty stands in the way of the development of the untold mineral wealth of the country, which, if foreign enterprise were admitted, would fill the empty treasury of the State, and bring comfort to a starving population. As it is, every obstacle is thrown in the way even of those enterprises already authorized. It is true that Turkey has had some unfortunate experiences with such men as Baron Hirsch, from whom she claims many millions, and is likely to get nothing, and who is remembered with anything but pleasure by every one who travels over his serpentine railways; but proper care in giving concessions would save them from a repetition of such experiences, and attract honest enterprise.

The Sultan seems to understand the need of such enterprise, for he is constantly issuing orders for the development of the country. The last one contemplates a complete reform of the agriculture of Asia Minor, and the working of mines, &c. It is to be applied first to the province of Broussa. It is a good thought, but without fresh capital and new life it cannot possibly be realized. Any serious attempt to carry it out would only injure what exists already, and yet that province is so rich that, under favourable circumstances, it might bring in as much revenue as comes now from all Asia Minor. In one respect there is real progress there and in some other parts of the empire. There is at least a serious attempt to put an end to the widespread brigandage which has been wasting the country for some years. More has been done in Macedonia than anywhere else, and the people there are full of gratitude.

If this can be done in Macedonia, it can be done anywhere, and it is to be hoped that brigands will soon disappear, even from the environs of Smyrna and Constantinople.

With security for life and property, with railways and with encouragement for the investment of foreign capital, the material progress of Turkey would be rapid, for the people generally are frugal and industrious. If there could be even a temporary settlement of the Eastern Question, if the Sultan could be assured of peace for a term of years, he would probably abandon his present policy and adopt a liberal one; but with a cloud of war always hanging over him he is inclined to trust no one but his Mohammedan subjects. He might almost say that he trusts no one but himself. Still he has won the respect of Europe, and the sincere admiration of those foreigners who have known him best, and if he had a fair chance he would no doubt conduct his home policy in a way to merit the approval of the world.

THE COMING WAR.

As a faithful chronicler of current thought in Turkey, I am bound to say that war is inevitable, and that it may prove a decided advantage to Turkey, by settling pending questions, and assuring her a period of peace. Personally, I know no more about the probabilities of war than those who still believe that a general European war is too terrible a calamity to happen in this age. I can only say that we in Constantinople see no way of escape from such a war, although it is possible that it may not come this year. No Power can desire this war in itself, but both Russia and France desire what can only be obtained by war.

Russia is determined to secure Bulgaria and Constantinople. Every Russian you meet assures you of this. She has never made a single step towards the realization of this purpose except in war, and she cannot move in this direction now without war. She is prepared for war, the troops are in place. She has such an ally as never before, ready to give her what even Napoleon refused. She has a plausible pretence for war, and the nation is in favour of war. Why then should she refrain from war? If defeated she will lose no territory and no friends in this part of the world. She has no friends here to lose. If victorious, she will win the greatest prize in the world, and be the greatest Power in the world. And there seem to be chances of success. England might keep the peace by joining the Triple Alliance, and Turkey might aid in the same direction, but neither of them will interfere, it is believed, until after Austria has been crushed and the fate of the East practically decided. In view of these facts and of what we see of Russian movements in Greece and Roumania, we expect a war this year, and we expect to see our fate decided by this war, but we shall remain neutral as long as we can. I believe that this is a fair expression of the most enlightened opinion in Constantinople to-day. I record it, not as a prophecy to enlighten the world, but simply as a fact of interest. In regard to the probable result of the war there is no such general agreement. Some think that the end of the war will see Russia in actual possession of Constantinople; but most of those who believe in her success think that she will content herself with Bulgaria and leave us for her next meal. Others are confident that Russia will be defeated, and that we shall have before us here an era of

peace and prosperity. These speculations are hardly worth recording, but they express the current thought of the day.

For my part I am chiefly anxious that in this great crisis England should do her duty. If she does, let the result of the war be what it may, her honour is safe and her influence in the world is secure. Defeat in a just war is better than selfish or cowardly abstention. The very thought of war is repulsive, but if Russia is allowed to carry out her designs the results for humanity will be a greater calamity than war. Let England do what she can for peace; but if war is to come in spite of her, because Russia thinks it worth while to fight for the empire of the world, I do not see how England can avoid defending her interests. I believe that any Government which allowed Russia to secure Constantinople would be condemned to eternal infamy. This may not be the drift of public opinion in England to-day, but it would be the verdict of history; and if the English democracy once comes to understand the interests involved in this question it will support any Government in defending them. Sooner or later it will fight for Constantinople. It cannot desire war. It will not hasten into it; but when the crisis comes England will not be neutral. If there is any Englishman who believes that she will, I commend to him the study of the position of Prussia during the Crimean War, and especially the correspondence of the Foreign Office, the letters of the Queen, the debates in Parliament at that time. Let him ask himself whether all the indignation, scorn, and contempt then heaped upon Prussia by Englishmen would not come back with double force upon England herself if she attempted to play the part of Prussia in a struggle involving the liberties of Europe. This is not ancient history, and it is worth studying, even if the crisis does not come this year.

AN OLD RESIDENT.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *March* 888.

NOTE.

IN the February issue of this REVIEW, in an article entitled "Islam and Christianity," it was stated that the Rev. John Robinson was a "half-breed, his mother having been a Malay convert." Mr. Robinson's son writes us to say that this is a mistake, as Mr. Robinson's mother was a Miss Gordon, daughter of Adam Gordon, of Banffshire, and Mr. Robinson had no Malay blood in his veins. The writer of the article deeply regrets that the mistake should have occurred.—ED. C. R.]

THE OCCUPATION OF LAND.*

I CONSIDER it a very signal honour that I should have been invited to address you this evening. I understand that you are about to start in this club an association which shall meet some four times or more in the course of the year and discuss economic questions which may be suggested amongst the members. You have done me the very great honour of asking that I should preside at this your opening dinner, and should initiate a discussion by delivering an address to you. Quite apart from my personal gratification at this invitation, I must confess to a feeling of pleasure at what some might regard as the resurrection of political economy. I have no doubt that this club (of which I have not the honour of being a member) prides itself on being somewhat to the front in all public affairs. I believe its members are amongst the most advanced of thinkers in matters of politics, and no doubt in other matters of thought of this generation. It is pleasant to think that in such a society Political Economy is treated with respect.

Very hard things have been said of late about political economy. It has been flouted at on many platforms and in almost every newspaper: the irresponsible guides of opinion, who teach us day by day, morning and evening, what we should believe and what we should think, have not hesitated to join with the rest, and to put themselves to the front in flouting at political economy. I belonged to the brotherhood for some years of my life, and I know how easy it is to go with the stream; it relieves us so much of the trouble of thinking. And it must be admitted that very high authority can be vouched to justify the line so generally taken. One very important person went down a few years ago to the country—I think it was to Glasgow—and sneered at those who, he said, “kept mumbling over the dry bones of political economy;” and another equally important

* An Address delivered at the National Liberal Club, April 11, 1888.

personage is supposed to have banished political economy to Jupiter and Saturn. It is remarkable, by the way, and perhaps worthy of attention, that so much regard should have been paid to one of these utterances and so little to the other. Very few people seem to have taken seriously to heart the sneer at those who "mumbled over the dry bones of political economy," but every one has done his best to magnify the somewhat random phrase of Mr. Gladstone when men suppose he talked of political economy being banished to Jupiter and Saturn. But, in truth, Mr. Gladstone never said anything of the kind. Mr. Gladstone, I believe, has some regard to political economy, and his thought, and that of his great rival, were very much the same—namely, that political economy has its sphere, which touches and somewhat overlaps the sphere of politics, but is not coincident with it; and it is idle on the part of those who are engaged in political life, and have to attend to the actual work of political action, to think that they can adopt in their simplicity, and without any qualification, what appears to be the dogma or teaching of political economy; and it is still more idle on the part of professors of political economy to think that their investigations can be used, not as guides, not as indications of what may be done and what may be avoided, but as absolute directions, to be followed implicitly and without qualification, in the actual business and work of life. Political economy and politics are to some extent, no doubt, overlapping one another, but they have their distinct spheres; and the work of the political economist, as compared with that of the politician, seems to be not unlike the labour of the physiologist as compared with that of the physician. The physiologist is engaged in the study of the laws and processes of life; his investigations are studied, adopted, used by the physician; but the physician knows full well that the lessons he learns from the physiologist, although they may guide his action, cannot absolutely determine it, when he has to deal with any concrete case. It does not in the least follow that the work of the physiologist is in vain. Far from it. Peril awaits the physician who neglects it, and peril awaits the politician who neglects political economy. Our analysis of economic life is as valuable, as useful, as real, as important, as the investigations of the natural life of living creatures: we may err, as all men err, in sundry portions of our examinations; we may have thought that we have established some conclusions which have been proved to be imperfectly apprehended; but at least we are able to indicate the broad lines of the nutrition of the economic body; we are able to show how, by certain processes atrophy, and by certain other processes hypertrophy, of the parts of the economic community are produced, and such teaching, if it cannot be immediately carried into practice, is most valuable in guiding and illuminating the action of practical politicians.

It has been my high privilege now for a good number of years to be a member of the Political Economy Club. It is a privilege that I have valued, and do value, very highly. That club has existed nearly seventy years. It began at a time when there were giants in political economy. Among its early members—among the earliest who met together to discuss economic problems—were Mr. Ricardo, the elder Mill, Colonel Torrens, Mr. Tooke, and Mr. Malthus; and the succession has been kept up, if not at the same level, still, I may say with great distinction, even to the present time, as will be confessed when I say that among the names of those that I can recall as members within my own experience were John Stuart Mill, Mr. Newmarch, Prof. Cairnes, Prof. Jevons, and Mr. Fawcett. I speak only of those who are dead—some of them, alas! prematurely taken from us.

What, then, is our principle at that club? We meet together once a month practically during the season. We are a limited number of members—thirty-five ordinary members, in addition to which we have some honorary members—those members who become Cabinet Ministers, of whom we have had not a few:—almost every Chancellor of the Exchequer has been a member of the club;—they are honorary members the moment they become Cabinet Ministers. We have also the power of electing (which we exercise) certain holders of professorial chairs in the United Kingdom as honorary members of the club. We only sit down on an average, perhaps a score, or a little more, but we follow on these occasions a practice which is really beneficial and useful if you wish to have a subject studied—we do not stand up. We sit down, and the man who introduces a subject has possibly only a score or so of members present, to whom he explains for some half an hour the subject which he submits for consideration; other members at the table take up the subject so submitted, and it is carried from person to person during the course of the sitting. That is the quiet and business-like way of proceeding, with an utter banishment of the representatives of the public press; and I would recommend it as an example to you to avoid all publicity if you would seriously desire to pursue a serious discussion of any economic question. Let there be no thought except of the subject, and the opener and those who are going to discuss it with you will go on in a quiet business-like fashion.

I have already said too much, and I ought now to do what I have recommended to you as your function in future—proceed to the subject which I have suggested for consideration this evening—What are the economic principles which should regulate the occupation of land?

In the first place, I lay particular stress on the word “occupation,” because by so doing I get rid altogether, for the time at least, of the

question of ownership of land. I am not engaged in considering what should be the form, or what the degree, of ownership permitted in land. You can imagine societies organized according to many forms of ownership, but underneath all of them there must be occupation. There is the land, and there are the people occupying it. Whether they occupy it as owners or are tenants, or whether they occupy it as tenants under particular persons or as tenants under the State, there is occupation at the base of all. We can easily conceive of a State organized like our own practically with private ownership of the great bulk of the land. We can conceive of a State organized like many of the Oriental States, where the ownership of the land is in the State. Again, where ownership is permitted in individuals, land may be held under the owners by a different set of occupiers, and it may be held by owners as occupiers themselves. All these things are conceivable, and any State might be organized in accordance with any of these principles, but whichever system is adopted you will have to conceive of occupation underlying all forms of ownership. Once more I would point out that, in considering what are the economic principles which should guide legislation in respect to the occupation of land, we get rid of another train of thought, which very much embarrasses, as I conceive, the simple investigation of economic problems: we get rid of the train of thought associated with the historic development of the particular systems which prevail in particular countries. We get rid of all considerations of how it came to pass that in this country a certain form of ownership existed; or that in Ireland, for example, other forms of ownership existed; or in India yet other forms. We put those questions aside, and we put aside also the embarrassing considerations of the obligations which may attach to ownership, or be dependent upon it, which have resulted from these historic circumstances. The primary idea of occupation to an economist, if not to all, is use. If you ask respecting a man who occupies land what he is doing in an economical sense—he is using it; he is turning it to some account. Viewed from the point of view of the economist land is an implement, a thing with which, or upon which, or through which something is done: flocks may be reared, crops may be raised, mines may be excavated and explored. Land is an instrument which, when occupied economically, is used economically, and, therefore, the consideration of the principles which should guide occupancy is intimately associated with the idea of use. I have suggested one or two forms in which land could be used, and it is perfectly clear, from the primary conception of such use, that if it is to be used advantageously it must in most cases be used for some continuous time.

Time is of the essence of really advantageous use. Many forms of occupation are incomplete, are productive of no purpose, or not produc-

tive of the purpose for which they are started, unless a certain time elapses. That time may be greater or it may be less, but it must be some time during which the use goes on, and during which the use is protected. The simplest elementary illustration is that no person would undertake to sow seed unless the use was maintained until a crop was reaped ; or, if such a thing as a change of occupancy ensued, an equivalent compensation should be made for the disturbance. The first idea, therefore, attaching to occupancy is that the condition regulating occupancy should be a defence of occupancy for the purpose of maintaining the useful and continued employment of the implement which is, in the economical point of view, engaging the occupancy of the person who has it in possession. The question then arises whether we can lay down any principles as to the limits within which the use must be maintained. I have suggested one way in which use might be cut short, namely, by allowing an equivalent compensation. But that is not always easy. It would not be always an easy thing to carry it into practice, and there are other and simpler forms which may be considered as regulating the length of occupancy. A simpler form is that the crop which has been sown should be realized—a principle which is embodied in our oldest laws, according to what lawyers know as the doctrine of emblements. But then there are other things. There is not merely such a thing as sowing a crop which has to be reaped ; but there may be, too, some work of which the reward will not come about in such a limited time, the reward of which is deferred, the reward of which comes by instalments ; and then the question arises as to when that particular reward will be sufficiently achieved to terminate the claim to continued possession which arises from that form of occupation. Supposing a person who is in occupation expends a certain amount of capital in making improvements, how long does the claim arise for the maintenance of occupation having relation to the capital so expended ? This is really a question of some practical importance, and I shall endeavour to state what appears to me to be the principle which should govern a determination of the case ; and it is a matter much disputed. Suppose this case : that, instead of employing capital in making an improvement in a particular piece of land, a person employed capital in making a ship, or even in buying a horse. The ship and the horse are both perishable articles ; the expenditure incurred in buying the one, or in making the other, will have to be repaid within the time of the life of the horse or before the ship is worn out, and the rates which are practically charged for freight, for the use of the ship, or for the employment of the horse as a draught machine will, in the long run, be such as to repay the outlay upon that particular object, together with the profit which, according to the ordinary principles of competition, the person making the outlay is entitled to, and

together with the interest on the outlay so made. When the horse and the ship cease to be in use, then, in the long run, there must be repaid to the person who made the one or bought the other the capital expended, together with the profit on the capital, and together with interest on the capital. Well, in making your provision as to the nature of the repayment to the person who makes an outlay upon land, you would have to take into consideration what are really the inevitable conditions of repayment of persons who make an outlay elsewhere; and, if you would have practical equality between the conditions of repayment of the one and the other, you should secure that the conditions of employment of capital shall in one or other form of life, in one field or other of activity, be identical; and I venture to say that is the principle upon which you really must go, namely, that the person who employs his capital in improving land should have just the same—not necessarily more, but just the same—repayment of what he has so expended as the person who has expended his capital in making a ship or in buying a horse—that is, that he should get repaid within the period within which his occupation is secured to him—get repaid his capital, *plus* his interest on the capital and *plus* profit on capital.

But it may very well be that he would get back his capital, that he would get back his interest, and get back his profit, and yet there would be some worth left in the improvement that he has made. There is, in fact, this difference here to be borne in mind—a difference between an unexhausted improvement and an unrecovered improvement. The improvement may be recouped without being exhausted. In the case of the horse and the ship, the outlay will be recouped with the exhaustion of the thing bought or created; but the recoupment in the case of land may be complete without the exhaustion of the improvement made. Therefore, if you have followed me so far, if you agree with me that the law should provide in the case of improvement of land just the same recompense as is provided by the very different conditions of the problem in other fields of activity, and not necessarily more, you will see that the claim for continued occupation in the land is satisfied when there has been recoupment, although there has not been exhaustion. Although, therefore, a man has improved land, and although that land remains improved, thanks to what he has done, yet, if he has been recouped all outlay, according to economic principles he has no ground for complaint, and there is no hindrance to the continued process of improvement if his occupation is determined. That I suggest to you as an attempted solution of the first question. The occupier, in fact, should be defended in his industry being continuous and unslackened industry; he should receive back outlay, profit, and interest at normal rates. There may be social reasons, into which it is not my purpose to inquire, requiring or justifying further defence

than that. There may be social reasons justifying or requiring that the occupation should be protected after that condition is fulfilled. All that I am endeavouring to put forward as a subject for consideration, if not for immediate acceptance, is that the economic reason—that is, the inducement which is necessary to secure improvement—is satisfied if recoupment is complete, and that upon recoupment being complete occupation ceases.

Now, let me consider another question of the possible determination of occupation. I have had in my mind and presented the case of a person making an improvement and kept in possession until all his claims in respect of that improvement are satisfied. Take the case of another person who is occupying land, and making a certain use of it. Let us carry our thoughts to a comparatively new country, where we are free from many of the difficulties and accidents which beset problems of political economy here, and often obscure their apprehension. Let us consider a new country, and let us consider a man who is a squatter on a large scale, and has got the occupation of a particular tract of land. He holds it probably under the State, which will again simplify the consideration of the problem. He has his flocks, but he is an imperfect flockmaster; he does not make all the improvements that he might. For instance, a part of his best pasture is subject to periodical destruction or deterioration in consequence of a certain stream being flooded and overflowing the pasture, and he takes no pains to regulate the course of the stream. Or he may be a person who has not any eye to the selection of his flock, or he may be like the man spoken of by an eminent poet—like that Jones that the Northern farmer talked about, who never mended a fence. Well, such a man being in possession, another person presents himself and says, "I can make a use of that property, that ruin, that holding, which the man who has now got it is not making a proper use of. It is true he is making a use, but it is not an adequate use, it is not a full use, it is a use which I can very much surpass; I can turn it to double the account, I can carry twice the flocks on it that he is carrying, and the flocks shall be better flocks, the wool shall be better, the mutton shall be better; I can make more use of it than the man who has got it in possession." Then does a case arise for determining the possession of the person who has already got it in occupation, although he is in a way maintaining the use of it? Now, if the very principle of occupancy be use, and if the occupancy is defended on the ground of the advantage to the community that results from use, of course imperfect use at once detracts from the defence of occupancy, and the suggestion, if well founded, of a better use constitutes a claim for attention by way of supplanting the first occupant. You are thus carried forwards to the conception of a person who may be described in that phrase which

has an ugly sound, and is sometimes used to denote one of the worst of the human kind—you are here confronted with the conception of a land-grabber. It would seem that a land-grabber may be a person who is working out a really good purpose for the society of which he is a member, although, by claiming that another person should be dispossessed to make room for him because he can turn to better account that which the other person has, he comes under that odious phrase which I have quoted. Yet he does offer to the community some advantage, which should, at all events, justify a consideration of his case. Of course, in a community where private property exists, the test and proof of the reality of his scheme would be found in the offer to pay a better rent; and an offer to pay rent and the capacity of paying it make up some evidence of benefit to the community at large which requires attention; and I submit to you that, just as use protects occupancy, and occupancy is defended as long as use is made, so imperfect use is an imperfect defence of occupancy, and upon adequate cause shown there is a case for the transfer of occupancy from A. to B. if B. offers a more perfect use than A. is able to show by his practice he is capable of achieving. Where the land is occupied in private ownership we have the land-grabber and the tyrant landlord—two persons who have a good deal of odium to live through. But if we have got rid (which is a great comfort in this respect) of the notion of a private landlord, and if we see that it may be the State or the community at large which benefits by the land-grabber as well as production, then probably we shall look with more benignant eyes upon the land-grabber, and be able to see that, after all, he was not an angel of the character that he is generally supposed to be, but one of a different kind. I therefore suggest that, the first principle of the defence of occupancy being that of use, it follows that a better use may justify dispossession—that, just as good and persistent use justifies possession, so evil use or imperfect use will justify prompt dispossession.

But there is another idea which really flows from this, or perhaps it is another form of the same idea. We have been considering so far user of the same kind; that is, one flockmaster dispossessing another flockmaster. But it may be that a user of a different kind is suggested; that, for example, instead of employing a great tract of land for the rearing of flocks, offers should be put forward for transforming it into arable and making it into farms. Those members who are listening to me who are at all acquainted with the politics and the political questions of the Australian colonies will know that the great battle fought out in every colony not definitely settled is a battle as between squatters and selectors, as to the respective rights of continuity of possession of those who are in occupation as flockmasters, and of acquisition of possession by those who wish to come into possession as farmers: under what conditions shall the one set

have their occupations determined and the other set have their occupations sanctioned and commenced? Here it is precisely the same problem at bottom, and must be solved by the same principle as before. If a better use can be proposed by a change of use, there is the same defence and the same justification for terminating the occupancy as is involved in the substitution of an improved use of the same character. The difference in the character of the use does not at all affect the ground of dispossession. If it is a better use of a different character the ground of dispossession is the same.

There is another class of questions which have occupied attention, not only in the Australian colonies, but among thinkers at home in relation to such colonies, upon which perhaps a word may be said, although it may appear rather outside our primary object: I refer to the conditions of first occupancy of land. Those who have studied political economy in its past history, especially in its history in England in relation to colonization some forty or fifty years ago, will remember that at that time there was a great doctrine laid down as to the benefit of restricting the occupation of new lands in colonization. The doctrine took this form:—It is not for the benefit of the community that occupation should flow freely into all the waste places of any new colony, because the effect of that is that you get several districts partially occupied, and none properly occupied; you do not get sufficient made out of your land by leaving it open to be scrambled for in a free fashion, and if you wish to get a full economical benefit out of the development of the new land of a colony you should put restrictions upon its occupation so as to secure a certain class of capitalists, who, and who alone, should be the occupants of the land, who by one and the same process should be furnished with just as much land as they can profitably occupy, and with a certain set of labourers to assist them in the development of the land. Hence arose Mr. Wakefield's scheme of laying down a minimum price of land, which should be sufficient to prevent the land being occupied except by persons who had a certain capital to bring to its development; and, out of the price so paid by these capitalists, labourers were to be taken to the colony, who were to be debarred by the price set upon the land from becoming landowners or occupiers themselves, but were to become labourers working under the capitalist farmers. I have thought it necessary for the completion of the subject to refer to this particular theory, although it is now a matter almost entirely of the past. But I confess it has a very artificial look, and whether it succeeded or not in any degree is much contested by the persons who have actually formed part of the colonial history of the time, and by persons who have followed and studied that history. It broke down, as I think it must have broken down, because you may put your capitalist in as an occupying tenant in the way suggested, but it is not every occupying tenant who suc-

ceeds, even though he has capital to start with, and even though he start in a new colony. And a frequent incident was that after a time he found he could not carry on what he began, and then he had to sell, and when he sold the sale of his land was not under the strict hard and fast line of so much an acre laid down for the sale of waste lands; he sold for what he could get, and hence, by an irresistible and uncontrollable course of events, there came into the market again at much reduced prices the land which was supposed to be restricted for the use of the capitalist farmer. Hence the system entirely broke down. No doubt amongst English communities at large the alternative system of the occupation of fresh lands, which is the idea of American legislation, is the one which is apt to prevail, namely, that any person who is *bond fide* ready to occupy any particular land should be allotted a particular section, just sufficient to be presumably capable of being managed by him, and he may take it and develop it entirely at his pleasure. But it is undoubtedly true as a matter of theory—and this is one illustration of the limitation of theory in application to facts—that there is a good deal to be put forward for Mr. Wakefield's scheme, although in practice it broke down, as I conceive that in practice it always would break down.

Now I have ventured to state what I conceive to be the leading principles which should govern legislation in respect to occupation of land for agricultural purposes. Perhaps I may say a word or two on what is, to my mind, a much more difficult question—namely, the question of the regulation of the occupation of land for mining purposes, a problem which I do not pretend to say I have thoroughly solved myself, but which I submit for consideration. Again, I will conceive of a new country, set apart and free from the conception of private ownership, which I think only bewilders our pursuit of these problems. In a new country, if it was a mining as well as an agricultural country, we should, undoubtedly, find mining and agriculture go on at first *pari passu*. Just as one or the other appeared to be the best mode of application of the particular land occupied and possessed, so the one or the other would come to be the process of development. In the history of such a country there may arise a case in which mining supersedes farming. It never happens, at all events it rarely happens, that land actually occupied for mining goes into farming, because it is practically so much deteriorated for farming purposes by its occupation for mining; but you may conceive of a farming district becoming a mining district.

* Mining leases in England generally contain provisions for re-entering, and ultimately restoring to agricultural purposes such parts of the farms as may be wanted by the miner, but it is doubtful whether these provisions are often turned to practical account. Now, the first condition of the dispossession of the farming occupant, in order to install the mining occupant, would be that the mining

occupant should be able to make a sufficient compensation for the farming occupant disturbed, and for the farming land which is practically about to be destroyed. You will inflict full compensation for the land entered upon, and for the farming purposes turned to no account. But that is only the very first part of the question. The next question is this: the land being turned into mining uses and certain products of the mine coming out, what should be the relations of the community with respect to the person working the mine, governing the occupation for those mining purposes? Of course mines may be of a very different character. There are rich mines and there are poor mines. The poorest mine would in expectation, not always in realization, prove just sufficiently valuable to compensate for the agricultural land which was put out of use. The richest mine might prove very much more valuable than that, and, unless the community is prepared to give recklessly and without any consideration the whole benefit of the richest mine to the person who has been able to discover it, there must be some means of securing for the community the difference between the richest and the poorest mine. The poorest mine just pays, the richest mine will very much more than pay. I do not mean to say that all the difference should be kept by the community, because, mining being of such a speculative character, you would, upon the ordinary principles of protection of the use so attempted, have to make allowance for bad shots as well as for good shots. There would be frequently a considerable overplus of the best mine as compared with the worst mine, and the question is, what should be the condition of the return made to the community by the person working the best mine? This might be suggested. You have got turned out of the best mine a certain quantity of mineral product at a particular price, you have got turned out of the worst mine a certain quantity of mineral product which is sufficient to pay the working: the price would be regulated, in the first place, by what is got out from the worst—that would be the test of the price; then out of the best, having paid a minimum rental for the land so occupied, you might lay down this principle, that the royalty or the recompense to the State should be so much, or such a percentage, of what is realized over the minimum got by the worst mine—not the whole, but a certain proportion. But that may appear open to this objection, that if the mine was absolutely free, and if there was no reservation on the part of the community, a mineral product put out by the richest mine might force down the price of the product in the market so as to drive the poorest mine out of the market, and, if you kept up this royalty on the part of the State, you might in effect defeat your own object, by preventing the richest mine sending the poorest mine out of the market, and preventing that decline in the value of the metal which would otherwise

happen.* That is a consideration which would have to be attended to in practice, and there is no clear rule, to my mind, which can be laid down absolutely to guide what should be the royalty reserved in every case. The principle upon which one would proceed would be that, the price being more or less ascertained by the quantity put out by the rich mine and by the poor, the rich mine driving down the price, and at any particular moment the situation of the poor mine being ascertained, the benefit resulting from the working of the rich mine compared with the poor would be apportioned—a certain proportion to the worker in acknowledgment of the risk run in working, and the rest going to the State. Here, again, I have conceived the question apart from the consideration of private ownership; although in so doing we may get some ideas which may perhaps govern our conception of the claims to royalties where land is allowed to be in private ownership. At all events, it opens up an examination of the case for and against royalties and their bearing on the production of metals; because, whether the royalties are reserved for a particular person or for the community at large, the case for their existence is the same as against the person working on the mine. It is a matter of total indifference to him whether they are reserved to the community or to a private individual.

I have not put forward anything very new. If I had, I should expect it to be received with distrust, because things that are very new on subjects which have been thought out by persons who have been sincere and strenuous in the thought that they have given to them—things that are new and different from the results such thinkers have achieved are certainly open to some suspicions that they may be erroneous. Reverting to the principle that the occupancy of land should be defended as long as the best use is realized, and until either the outlay which has been made has been returned or compensation has been made for a premature termination of occupancy, it may be observed, with reference to agricultural land, that the realization of this principle has undoubtedly been aimed at by the system of leases. It has been supposed that by granting a lease you gave an adequate security to the person occupying the land, and that, with the insertion of covenants of a stringent character, you gave adequate security as to the quality of the user to be made of that land. The leases that prevailed, especially in Scotland, with the adequate conditions of time, of rent, and of covenants, were supposed by many to have been as close an approximation as we can hope for in actual life to the

* This, however, would not be the case unless the royalty prevented the full development of the richer mine. For, if it did not, as soon as the rich mine had undersold the poorer, and the latter had ceased working, the quantity of produce put on the market would be diminished and the price go up again, the poorer mine renewing work; and the only effect of the change would be to transfer the royalty from the landowners (public or private) to the mine-owners. Every mine, however, has its richer and poorer portions, and a uniform royalty on the produce of each part must in some degree impede the full development of the poorer levels.

realization of the conditions which I have ventured to lay down. But obviously there was a want of flexibility about this system, which all would like to see remedied. Possibly it cannot be remedied, but if it could be it should, and it would tend to great advantage in regard to the occupation of agricultural land. Where leases did not prevail there was not unfrequently in the South of England, if not in Scotland, a person who might be called a sort of providential landlord, who was animated with much the same taste and had the same feelings and looked forward to the same objects as the person who farmed under him ; who probably kept some land in his own hand, and developed it as well as he could to the best of his lights, keeping an open eye for every lesson he could learn either in contemporary experience or in the suggestions coming from abroad. And where you got a man like that, who made his own holding a pattern to his neighbours, and was animated by a strong feeling of sympathy for the persons working under him, who had an eye to a good farmer, and knew when to select him, and knew when he was selected that he was a person precious to be kept—when you had a landlord who was thus a farming missionary collecting about himself tenants inspired by his example—you had without doubt a very strong approximation to the ideal conditions which I have laid down. But such a case, even at the best, reminds one very much of what Alexander of Russia said to Madame de Staël, “At the best a benevolent autocrat is a happy accident ;” and, though the accident was not uncommon, there could never be any security that the accident would be followed by another of the same kind. We have some other alternatives suggested now, which have already occupied attention and will occupy attention further. One is the suggestion that there should be generally adopted what has been called in Ireland the three F’s. It has been suggested that every occupier of land should be turned into a permanent occupier, subject to a fixed rent, with fixity of tenure and a free right of sale. That, no doubt, gives permanency and security, and it gives that promise of improvement and of good use which may be involved in the circumstance that good use will be followed by its own reward ; but this is not a perfect guarantee that the use will be good. In fact, I have suggested several cases in which a person, continuously in occupation, is deservedly turned out of occupation because he does not make a good use of the land he holds. And so, if you had farmers with permanency of occupation, with fixity of tenure, but not making the best use of their lands, you might get the whole community’s standard of use declining, and there would be no adequate force to bring such a state of things to an end. If landlords always consulted their interests, you would not want laws to regulate the action of the landlord towards the tenant ; if tenants consulted their interests, you would scarcely want to regulate the tenure of tenants as against the landlord. But you cannot trust one or the other, and there is a com-

munity with an interest which may be different from that of both. Hence, just as I conceive that unrestrained private ownership has broken down, or at all events does not realize all that we could desire, so do I not discern in the legalization of the three F's, even if we could get over the initial difficulty of getting such a system enthroned, any kind of security that we should have realized what we desire. What we are searching after appears to be the institution of some kind of intermediate authority, which should be able to regulate or to supervise the relations between the occupying tenants on the one hand and the person or community entitled to rental on the other, and should be able to supervise, modify, or control their relations one towards another, so as to secure the ideal I have sketched of constant and best occupation. If we could establish in agricultural affairs a body like a *Conseil de Prud'hommes* in matters of commerce, and in matters between employers and labourers, we might possibly realize something of what is done. It would want to be a system of great flexibility and of inexpensive character. Anything of the nature of the system now set up in Ireland would be absolutely impracticable. It breaks down through its very expense; but, if you could get both sides of the controversy to accept the institution of an authority between the occupier and the owner supervising their relations, seeing from time to time how they may be modified by the owner as against the negligent occupier, or by the occupier as against the arbitrary, capricious owner, you might possibly be able to realize what I have suggested as the true ideal to be pursued.

I am more and more impressed with the feeling that, with respect to another form of occupation—namely, that of building land—we shall have to strive after some such intermediate authority. We hear a good deal nowadays as to the result of leasehold tenures; and there is a demand for the redemption of leaseholds and the buying out of landlords. No doubt the existence of the leasehold system does frequently operate so as to cause an imperfect use being made of building land, an imperfect development of its capacity, because the person who is in for the remainder of the lease is not sufficiently encouraged to do—nay, rather is discouraged from doing—what he would do if his rights ran over the term of his lease and were permanent. But it is also true that it is frequently the case that building land is not made an adequate use of, not because the person who is in possession for the far end of the lease has a desire to turn it to account, and cannot get it redeemed, but because he does not care a straw about it, whilst the landowner, who has a good deal of surrounding land, would readily take it back into his possession, and would turn it to the best account if he could acquire it. If you can get, on one side the landowner and on the other side the leaseholder, each able to appeal to an intermediate authority, then you might, in respect of that building land, secure, not only that the best use

should be made of the land for building purposes, but that many of the evils that beset our town population should be removed. It may indeed be said, with considerable truth, that if there was the general power for the redemption of leaseholds, leaseholds would soon cease to exist; there would be no such thing after a time, because all houses would be of freehold tenure. But if that were true—possibly it may be true—that would not exhaust the problem; because even a community of freehold house-owners might make an imperfect use of the land which is part of the town in which they are owners, and it might be for the convenience and even for the essential development of the community at large, that these occupying freehold owners should be subjected to an authority which should be able to prescribe a better use to be made of the land, or, in the alternative, to authorize dispossession. So that, regard being paid to the value of the interests involved on the one side and the other, I confess I look for a solution of the difficulties with respect to land, and the sites of houses in towns, to the institution of some authority, not perhaps precisely the same as that we have contemplated in regard to the occupation of land in the country, but some immediate authority between the owners on the one side and the occupiers on the other, which should be able to override the private will of each or of both. There would be no deprivation of any pecuniary element of property, either from one or from the other, but in the interests of the community at large it may be necessary to prescribe conditions of building, use, and occupation, which might be otherwise neglected by both.

I have only to add, in conclusion, that the whole scope of my suggestions and recommendations has been conceived with one purpose—namely, the liberation and development of the action of those who are working for themselves. I trust that there is not a trace of protection to weakness in any part of my argument. I am not for helping the weak—not at all: what I wish is to help those who are helping themselves. Many weak people have to be ruled out by the severe competition of the world; and this must be recognized as involved in the economic idea which underlies all I have said. I have made suggestions whereby, for the interest of the community at large, persons who are active and pushing should be delivered from the false impediments which stand in their way. That, and that only, is what I have to propose. I have not proposed to protect persons from the competition of their neighbours, or to maintain in imperfect use those who, by the very imperfections of themselves or their use, are suffering in the conflict of life.

In the discussion which followed, sundry criticisms were raised, which were shortly dealt with in the following reply:—

It has been said that my arguments led up to the conclusion that I hold by nationalization of land. I did not express any opinion on

one side or the other. I carefully explained that all my arguments were independent of forms of ownership, that they did not lead up to and did not involve the adoption of any one in particular; and I do not think it would be convenient to enter at present into the argument as to which would be the preferable system in a purely unoccupied country when it was about to be settled. I know clearly what my view is as to the possibility of introducing that system here. With respect to the suggestion, which flowed out of the matter of recoupment, that nationalization is involved, I was considering the question as to what repayment of outlay was sufficient to justify the dispossession of a person in occupation; he might be dispossessed in the interests of the State or in the interests of a private owner—it does not in the least matter; I was only considering the amount that would *justify*, not the amount which would *require* dispossession. With respect to the matter of recoupment it was suggested that there was some difficulty, because the very degree of recoupment might depend upon the length of tenure permitted. It was said that in the case of a horse or a ship, if there was a law which put an end at the particular period to the existence of horses or ships, the recompense required by owners for the use of those commodities during the period of their existence would be regulated accordingly, so as to get a recoupment within that term. That is true, and upon this basis it was argued that, if recoupment is to be defined in the case of occupation of land upon similar principles, the period prescribed by recoupment might influence the price of the commodities raised upon the land and the annual worth of the land. But this overlooks the fact that the price of commodities raised upon land does not depend upon that consideration—upon the particular terms under which the particular person is in as tenant: it is regulated by totally different considerations. The recoupment of land must be made having regard to the price realized for the product as determined by its cost when produced at the margin of cultivation.

Then, again, as to the supposed right of the tenant to possession as long as his improvement is unexhausted, I agree with what has been already said in answer to this claim—that only brings back the landlord in the form of a tenant. Whatever the landlord may be, I do not see why he should be dispossessed for the sake of continuing a person in occupation who has been recompensed to the full extent of his outlay, together with profit and interest as regulated by the market standard of profit and interest.

He has got back all he could claim or obtain in any other occupation: why should he get back more in this occupation? If he gets more, you offer him, for no merit on his part—from the mere accident of his following a particular trade—something which, under the system of private ownership, belongs to the private owner, and, under the system of State ownership, belongs to the State. I see no reason for

passing it on from the private owner to the private tenant. It was objected by another member that I had not explained fully what I meant by use, what was the measure and extent of use, and what was the test of use. I did not say, I think, that the rent offered was the exact measure of the use which I had in contemplation. When attempting to lead the members with me into the consideration of the problem, I turned towards rent as a means of illustrating how one person might be able to make a better use of a particular piece of land than the person who was in possession of it was making. But it was said I threw this overboard in dealing with the question of land as building land, because there I was not considering the best use or the full use. I do not think so. What I had in my mind, if I carried it out, would be this. Here is a piece of land in the middle of the parish of Chelsea or Marylebone, which is occupied with poor, wretched houses, which are not worthy of the site, so to speak. The ground landlord can do nothing, because there are tenants in for the fag end of a lease; the tenants can do nothing, because it is not worth their while to do anything, if indeed they care about it. In such a condition it appears to me, according to the principles I laid down, that it would be convenient if the one party or the other could appeal to an authority, and say, I will show you that a better, a fuller use can be made of this than is possible now, when two conflicting persons cannot be brought to an agreement, though it would be to the benefit of each of those persons to come to some agreement or other. If they were both following their own interests, clearly you would have no occasion to bring in an outer authority; but if there is a sufficient case shown that it is impossible to get the full use of the land by the inaction of the one or the other, then there is a case shown for bringing in the overruling controlling authority to develop that use. It was complained that I did not shadow out the machinery for doing this; but the objector forgot that I was arguing from an economic point of view. I expressly separated the line of the politician from the line of the economist. If as a politician I were to undertake the question, I should be bound to elaborate and present some machinery. . . . But, even if the machinery is impossible, even if it be better to trust to the unregulated instincts of the owner who desires to get the best he can out of the land, and of the tenant who desires to get the best *he* can out of the land—even if in the long run it is better to trust to the outcome of these contending greeds than to attempt to interfere with them, it is still well, in the pursuit of economic investigations, to show what is the ideal to be aimed at. If you get it understood you may reach the mind of some random landlord or some tenant here and there, who will see how to amend his ways and fall into a reasonable course of action.

LEONARD COURTNEY.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

The Collected Works of Francis Parkman. Popular edition in ten volumes. London: Macmillan & Co

WHETHER romance is a distinct quality in human life and history, or is merely the unusual become romantic by force of contrast, it is certain that the romance of the New World, in the view of its people, dwells in the history of the French and Spanish settlements, in the lodges of the savages, in the dense forests that hemmed in the colonies, and among the trappers and Indian fighters—

“The wild, wood-wandering brood of character”—

that haunted the dangerous border.

The early life of the colonists, full of monotonous toil and privation, was seldom varied except by lurid gleams of warfare bursting in from northern or western woods, by sudden visions of plumed and painted warriors with torch and tomahawk, and by thrilling legends of adventure told by prisoners returned from the St. Lawrence. After the lapse of two centuries the tales of the French and Indian wars remain as fresh as of yesterday. The long struggle of the Revolution did not efface them, and the tremendous conflict of the Union with the slave power only obscured them for a time. The history of French undertakings is a part of the geography of the continent. The romance of Maine dates from the residence of the Jesuits on the bold summits of Mount Desert, from the rude feudal stronghold of Baron de Saint Castin on the Penobscot, and from the disputes on the eastern border. Massachusetts still remembers the massacres of Haverhill and Bloody Brook, the capture of Louisburg, the deportation of the Acadians, and the taking of Quebec. In history and legend the brilliant touches come from the gayer life beyond the northern forests. Whittier tells us, in “Snow Bound,”

of his father beguiling the long winter evenings with recollections of his early adventures in Canada : how he—

“ Lived o’er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François’s hemlock trees ;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone ,
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away.”

Vermont was half Gallic in early times ; her own name and that of her capital, Montpelier, attest this ; and the broad lake on her north-western border, so often skimmed by canoes of war-parties—Iroquois, Algonquins, or French—preserves the memory of the gallant Champlain, builder of Quebec and first Governor of New France.

In the State of New York the Dutch traditions prevail only from Staten Island to Albany ; the remainder was the home of the fiercest and proudest of the Indian tribes, whose sonorous names are now borne by the beautiful lesser lakes and rising towns that brighten the rich landscapes towards Buffalo. Upon the bank of the St. Lawrence, along the coast of Lake Ontario, by the cataract of Niagara, and on the margin of Lake Erie, stood the French forts and mission stations which were to bar the westward progress of British emigration and of Protestantism. Every important site has its undying history, in which French valour, Indian ferocity, and the heroism and self-sacrifice of Catholic priests are commemorated.

Following the great waterway of the lakes, the deeds of French explorers and military commanders are associated with many places—notably Detroit, Saut Ste. Marie, Mackinaw, and St. Joseph. Or, starting southward from Lake Erie, one could follow the track of French power to Fort Duquesne (Pittsburgh) at the junction of the Alleghany and Monongahela, and thence by “ the beautiful river ” (Ohio) to the Mississippi, meeting there the line that extended from Lake Michigan by the river of Illinois. French names dot the maps of this vast region ; names of heroes like La Salle and Marquette and of braggarts like Hennepin, as well as names of French cities and towns.

On the Mississippi the associations are fewer, until we come to Louisiana, where the nomenclature is almost wholly French, and where in considerable numbers the descendants of French settlers and of exiled Acadians survive as Creoles.

Florida and South Carolina remember the sanguinary struggles between Spanish Catholics and French Huguenots. The remains of the military works below Charleston, and the great fort of Philip II. at St. Augustine, built of *coquina*, are the only antiquities of the region. Virginia had less occasion to know the French, although she had one severe lesson, when her homespun and moccasined volunteers were

beaten near Fort Duquesne under the lead of the rashly obstinate Braddock.

Before the seven years' war it would have been difficult to see that the vast structure of French power in North America was so near its overthrow. Its strategic positions had been selected with foresight, and were combined in a grand plan, from the St. Lawrence by the lakes and the Ohio down to the Gulf of Mexico. The British colonies had no foothold west of the Alleghanies. The Indian tribes, long hostile to the French, had been forced into alliance, and were the determined foes of the English. Yet with the fall of Quebec the power of France in North America for ever passed away; and after the ineffectual conspiracy of Pontiac, the Indian tribes dwindled, scattered, and disappeared, leaving an illimitable field for the enterprise of the colonies of the seaboard.

The story of French explorations and settlements, of the long and obstinate conflicts with the Indians, of the futile efforts to Christianize them, and of the political and military movements to harass or checkmate the rival Protestant colonies, is one of absorbing interest, and is absolutely necessary for understanding the history of the United States, and especially of the causes which led to their separation from Great Britain. It is equally necessary for those who would have a knowledge of the early condition, habits, and traditions of the Canadian people, and thereby form a just estimate of the relations of those important colonies to the Crown.

Whatever works upon Canada may have been printed, there have been none worthy of the subject until the appearance of the series by Francis Parkman. His volumes are the result of nearly forty years' labour, and have been written after careful examination of authorities and study of contemporary history. He has prepared himself by going over the immense field, and becoming familiar with the topography of all important sites of towns and battle fields. Further, he has seen the native Indian at home, untouched by civilization, has learned his language, and studied his habits as a hunter and as a warrior. He has also spent much time in Canada, not only with men of letters versed in its history, but with the *habitants* and other rural people. It is seldom that a writer has come to his task with such thorough preparation, and it is still rarer to find a man so prepared with the taste and skill of a practised writer, and able to make sober history as attractive as romance. As the circumstances in which these books were written are peculiar, it is desirable to give a brief account of the author, the means he has pursued, and the discouragement against which he has striven.

He was born in Boston, Mass., September 16, 1823, the son of an esteemed clergyman, and graduated at Harvard College in 1844. In his boyhood he had lived with his maternal grandfather on the border

of the Middlesex Fells, a wild wooded region near Boston, which still retains much of its native character, and there he became familiar with uncultivated Nature, and with the wild animals that haunted the forests and lakes. When he began his college course he had learned a little Latin and Greek, but was more proficient in catching squirrels and woodchucks; and his vacations were chiefly spent in the vast forests between Maine and Canada, or in those of Canada itself, or else in examining the scenes of battles, raids, and skirmishes in the French and Indian wars. For, at an early age he had determined to study the Indian tribes, and to write an account of their wars with European settlers, and of the struggle between the French and English for the dominion of the New World. His experiences were sometimes exciting, and with a spice of danger. Once, in 1842, he went with two companions to the head waters of the Connecticut River, and struck a course by compass through the woods—there being no path—and, after crossing two mountains, reached a small brook that formed the source of the River Magalloway. This was among the mountains just south of the Canada line, and the nearest settlement was forty-five miles distant. The young explorers followed the brook all day, caught plenty of trout, encamped at the foot of a fall, and next day set to work to make a canoe—the stream being there deep enough to float one. The canoe was of fresh spruce-bark, and therefore of the frailest, and it was soon wrecked in a rapid. The friends followed the stream on its bank to where it is joined by a large branch from Parmecheena Lake. There, in the midst of a cold, steady rain, they made a raft, lashing it together with grape-vines, pushed from shore, got safely over one rapid, and then stuck fast in another among boulders in mid-stream. The raft soon went to pieces, and the voyagers with difficulty got to shore, where they spent the night in a spruce swamp. In the morning they began another canoe, which was finished in a day, and then paddled down stream from morning till night. They found shelter from the rain in a shed built by lumbermen, and next morning reached a log-cabin at the foot of the great rapids of the Magalloway. They had been exposed to the rain three days and nights, and were hungry as wolves, their provisions being gone.

Such was a part of the early training of the historian of the Northern Settlements, and of the French and Indian wars. He afterwards made many journeys in various parts of the continent, but the most memorable was that into the Indian country west of the Mississippi, of which he has written a graphic account in "The Oregon Trail."

The westward-bound traveller, who takes a seat in a luxurious "palace car" at St. Louis or Chicago, and is borne smoothly along towards the mountains, finding everywhere, day after day, the marks

of civilization—rising towns, or farms with grass, crops, and cattle—seldom remembers that the region he is traversing was represented in the maps of fifty years ago as “The Great American Desert.” That region of long levels, interspersed with “rolling” prairies, and watered by shallow rivers, was formerly peopled only by scattered Indian tribes, without fixed habitations, tilling only small patches of maize, beans, and pumpkins, and living mainly by the chase. There herds of buffaloes roamed at will, seeking pasture in the river bottoms or on the plains, and everywhere pursued by the savage hunters. The only white men were trappers and fur-dealers, who generally inclined to the habits of the Indians, and found wives among their squaws. Two main trails crossed the Desert, east and west—one toward the Pacific, called “The Oregon Trail,” the other being the route of traders to Santa Fé, in Mexico. Both were marked by the bleaching bones of buffaloes, horses, and oxen; for, before the days of railways, endless files of tent-covered waggons were carrying the restless inhabitants of the great midland basins and of the Atlantic slope on their last migration. It was at the peril of their lives that the emigrants ventured to pass through the hunting grounds of the fierce red men, and not a few fell by the way. The destruction of animals also was frightful. Bands of warriors, bristling with feathers, and hideous with streaks of black and vermilion, armed with lances, bows, and arrows, hovered in that silent expanse, sheltered at night in lodges, made of poles and covered with buffalo skins, that could be set up or removed in an hour, and left no trace of their occupancy but circles of ashes and the refuse of open-air cookery. Old men, squaws of all ages, children, and numberless ill-conditioned, yelping dogs accompanied the little army. The “braves,” unequalled horsemen, scoured the country for game—mainly buffalo, as that supplied them with clothing and shelter, as well as food—but content with deer or antelope when the other was not to be had. They rioted in time of good luck, and famished when game was scarce; but were always ready to form marauding parties when there were scalps or plunder in view.

All this has gone by. Not an Indian or buffalo survives in what was “The Great American Desert.” The United States surveyors have run their lines, marking the boundaries of States, counties, and townships, and the silent power of law is everywhere felt. The long processions of white-topped waggons have ceased; farms are enclosed, roads laid out, and trees planted. Lines of railways cross the levels and wind among the hills. The mystery and terror of the wilderness have vanished.

Parkman, with his kinsman, Quincy Adams Shaw, went, in the spring of 1846, from Boston to St. Louis, by rail, steamboat, and stage coach, the trip occupying a fortnight. There they procured their outfit—a

cart, horses and mules, a variety of presents for Indians, and two French guides or servants. The ascent of the Missouri River to Kansas City took eight days; it was a continued struggle, as the current is rapid, with frequent sand-bars and shallows, besides being obstructed by snags and "sawyers." From Kansas City, on the western border of the State of Missouri, they took their course by land to Fort Leavenworth, and thence by way of the Big Blue River and the River Platte to Fort Laramie. As has been said, there were then no state or territorial lines, but they crossed first a part of the present State of Kansas, going north-west; then, Nebraska, going west; then turning north-west again, they entered the south-east part of Wyoming Territory, in which Fort Laramie is located. The fort was then a fur-trading station, outside the pale of civilization.

On their way they saw many Indian tribes, and, by gaining their confidence and friendship, came to know their wandering life, with its two great passions—hunting and war—and its vicissitudes of barbarous plenty and starvation. They observed the ceremonious customs of councils and receptions, and the etiquette in the exchange of presents, and were able to maintain a courtly *tenue* at feasts of dog-flesh, and to be on agreeable terms with the unattractive squaws and their swarming papposes. They learned what offerings of tobacco would propitiate the grave and stolid warriors, and what flaming kerchiefs and strings of glittering beads would fascinate the women. But they had not seen a war party, although there were constant rumours of preparation. We may well believe that Parkman would not have provoked them into a combat; yet, as fighting was their chief glory and most usual employment, he greatly wished to see a tribe fully equipped and in motion. Therefore, when he and his companions were coming near Fort Laramie, he took one of the guides and joined a party of Indians who were going to cross the Black Hills in search of buffalo in the region beyond—a region where they were almost sure to be attacked by hostile tribes, Arapahoes and Crows. Shaw, being somewhat ill, and unequal to the certain fatigue, went with the other guide, taking the cart and stores, to the Fort, there to wait for Parkman's return.

The excursion through the Black Hills was of itself a long and perilous journey. The route was difficult, and the aspect of the country wild and terrible. It is seldom that one reads a truthful narrative so absorbing as this; and it is evident there is not a particle of exaggeration in the daily account. The scenery is well sketched, and the author happily avoids the modern vice of insincere rapture. We do not tolerate hysterics over a landscape or a sunrise in any one but Ruskin or Emerson. The subtle traits of these adventurous Indians, their dress, accoutrements, and barbarous exploits stand out in clear relief. Parkman is modest as to his share in the enterprise,

but we easily recognize a degree of courage and prudence quite unusual at the age of twenty-three.

The hunting tour was full of adventure and incident, but there was no serious encounter with the wily enemy. His Indian friends had set out in martial array, with all their rude pomp of feathers, pennons, and trophies, but they returned peaceably, bringing with them an ample stock of dried meat and skins for their lodges. The buffalo were seen in vast numbers, sometimes covering the plain with blackness, even to the distant horizon, and the slaughter was appalling; there was a rage for destruction for the mere pleasure of killing. It is difficult to realize the descriptions of these enormous herds, and the strewing of the plains with such multitudes of carcasses to be devoured by wolves. It is no wonder the buffalo has been exterminated.

This experience was invaluable for Parkman. He had seen all phases of Indian life. He knew the Indian village, with its noise and squalor, infested by screaming children and base curs. He had seen the Indian dandy, the athletic "brave," and the severe and wily chief. He had witnessed their horsemanship, their feats with bow and lance, and their boisterous games. He had lived in their smoky lodges, and on the march had learned to be as patient of hunger, of rain and wind, as his hosts. He had seen nearly all the famous tribes, and knew the badges and traits of each. Henceforth Sioux, Sacs, Foxes, Snakes, Crows, Shawanoes, Wyandots, Arapahoes, Delawares, and Ogillallahs were more to him than names. As their customs and character have been without change, he could fully understand the part their ancestors had played centuries before. Such knowledge no other historian, and no prominent writer of English, ever attained. It enabled him afterwards to follow with certainty the tortuous course of Indian diplomacy, and to recognize the ferocity which lurked in the nature of them all.

One result was to destroy any illusion as to the virtues, fidelity, eloquence, poetry, or teachableness of the red race. The degrading custom of polygamy, and the shameless barter of squaws for ponies or other merchandise, were among their minor sins, mere instances of bad taste, compared with their habitual fiendish cruelty.

Parkman has given graphic portraiture of the French guides, who had taken squaws for wives; and the glimpses we get of the effect of these alliances go far to explain the instability of the French settlements.

After joining Shaw at Fort Laramie the party took a southward course through what is now the State of Colorado, passing by Pike's Peak and the sites of the (since discovered) gold mines. As they came near the Mexican boundary they saw detachments of United States troops, principally fresh volunteers from Missouri, on their way

to the seat of war; and the little they saw of the tumultuous good humour of the soldiers—all equals and wholly without subordination or discipline—was a most amusing picture. Turning eastward, they travelled towards the Missouri River, finding plenty of buffalo on the way, and came into the borders of civilized life with worn-out equipments and broken-down horses. With eyes singularly fresh and sympathetic Parkman looked upon cultivated fields after having been in the desert so long. The passage in which he describes his lively impressions is worth quoting:—

“We were passing through the country of the half-civilized Shawanoes. It was a beautiful alternation of fertile plains and groves just tinged with the hues of autumn, while close beneath them nestled the log-houses of the Indian farmers. The maize stood rustling in the wind, ripe and dry, its shining yellow ears thrust out between the gaping husks. Squashes and huge yellow pumpkins lay basking in the sun in the midst of their brown and shrivelled leaves. Robins and blackbirds flew about the fences, and everything betokened our near approach to home and civilization. The forests that border the Missouri soon rose before us, and we entered the wide tract of bushes which forms their outskirts. We had passed the same road on our outward journey in the spring, but its aspect was now totally changed. The young wild apple-trees, then flushed with their fragrant blossoms, were hung thickly with ruddy fruit. The vines were laden with purple grapes, and the slender twigs of the swamp-maple, then tasselled with their clusters of small red flowers, now hung out a gorgeous display of leaves stained by the frost with burning crimson. . . . We entered the forest, checkered, as we passed along, by the bright spots of sunlight that fell between the opening boughs. On either side rich masses of foliage almost excluded the sun, though here and there its rays could find their way down, striking through the broad leaves and lighting them with a pure transparent green. Squirrels barked at us from the trees; coveys of young partridges ran rustling over the fallen leaves; and the golden oriole, the blue-jay, and the flaming red-bird darted among the shadowy branches. We hailed these sights and sounds of beauty by no means with unmingled pleasure. Many and powerful as were the attractions of the settlements, we looked back regretfully to the wilderness behind us.”

They were again eight days upon the Missouri River, being frequently stuck on sand-bars. They had started April 28, and, as they came back at the time of autumnal frost, they had spent at least five months in making the trip. They bade an affectionate farewell to their guides, and in a fortnight more reached home.

Parkman had not imagined that this was to be his last visit to the Indian country; or, rather, that the westward movement of emigration would so soon replace buffalo with cattle, and change the wild prairies to fruitful fields. The rapidity of the change was due to the discovery of gold in California in 1848, and soon after in various nearer regions. Writing in 1872, he says:—

“The wild cavalcade that defiled with me down the gorges of the Black Hills, with its paint and war-plumes, fluttering trophies and savage embroidery, bows, arrows, lances, and shields, will never be seen again. . . . The Indian of to-day, armed with a revolver and crowned with an old hat,

cased possibly in trowsers, or muffled in a tawdry shirt, is an Indian still, but an Indian shorn of the picturesqueness which was his most conspicuous merit."

So "The Oregon Trail," written first as a narrative of youthful adventure for the *Knickerbocker Magazine* (N.Y.), is as truly a history as any of the author's volumes, and is an important introduction to them.

"The Oregon Trail" was published in 1847, and the author at once set to work upon "The Conspiracy of Pontiac." He made a great collection of materials, both in America and in Europe, and visited every important place named. His eyes were affected, however, by too close application, and for three years he was not permitted to read or write. But the documents and memoirs were read to him, copious notes were made, the narratives were sifted, and then the composition of the work went on by dictation. This process, though slow and laborious, was, as the author says, not without its advantages. The authorities were "more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under ordinary circumstances."

Pontiac was the son of a chief of the Ottawas by a mother from the Ojibwas, two tribes which inhabited the northern part of the peninsula of Michigan. He was possessed of an unusual share of the bravery and craft of his race, joined to a perspicacity and breadth of view seldom seen in a savage. The "Conspiracy," which began in 1763, after the fall of Quebec, was an attempt to combine all the scattered and discordant Indian tribes for the capture of the frontier posts held by the English, to hem in the colonies of the seaboard, and to prevent further encroachment upon Indian territory. The main purpose of the book is to present a picture of the American forest and of the American Indian at the time of the surrender of Canada and the extinction of the French power in North America. The location of each tribe and of the important forts is shown upon a map. A considerable part of the first volume is devoted (1) to an account of tribal organization, religious rites and customs, powers of the chiefs, ruling passions and traits; (2) to a retrospect of the French and English settlements, and the contrast between the character and methods of the feudal and Papist Canadians and the democratic and Protestant New Englanders; (3) to the policy of the French in regard to the Indians, contrasted with that of the English; and (4) to the collision of the rival colonies and its results. This forms, in fact, a *résumé* of Canadian history. As Parkman subsequently wrote separate volumes upon these topics and events, this recapitulation, preceding the account of the "Conspiracy," might appear now to be superfluous; but it serves an excellent purpose as it stands, and no reader who wishes to survey the whole field will regret the time given to the preliminary view. The "Conspiracy" is the last of the

author's works in the order of events, yet its completeness in what is necessary to understand Indian character, policy, and methods, and its admirable historical retrospect, make it an excellent introduction to the series. After finishing it and "The Oregon Trail" the reader can take up the other volumes, of which the order is as follows:—

- I. "Pioneers of France in the New World."
- II. "The Jesuits in North America" (a history of missions).
- III. "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West."
- IV. "The Old Régime in Canada" (an account of the Colonial Government).
- V. "Count Frontenac and New France under the reign of Louis XIV." (a continuation of the preceding).
- VI.
- VII. "Montcalm and Wolfe" (the end of the long contest between France and England for the possession of Canada).

Part VI. is a work upon which the author is now engaged, and will be the last of the series. There will then be a history in eleven or twelve volumes, virtually continuous, and yet every portion will be reasonably complete in itself.

There is something at once pathetic and inspiring in the struggle between the unconquerable will and the disordered nerves, as witnessed in the patient, though often interrupted, labours of Parkman. "The Pioneers of France in the New World" was not published until 1865, fourteen years after the appearance of the "Conspiracy." The delay was unavoidable. In all those years "the state of his health exacted an extreme caution in regard to mental occupation, reducing it at best within narrow and precarious limits, and often precluding it. Indeed, for two periods, each of several years, any attempt at bookish occupation would have been merely suicidal." A condition of sight, arising from kindred sources, did not permit reading or writing continuously for much more than five minutes, and often did not permit them at all.

The writer well remembers seeing Parkman frequently during this period walking on Boston Common with the aid of a cane, his figure attenuated and unsteady, his eyes shaded from the light, his face pale, but animated by a serene and indomitable courage. He had to forego even looking at a newspaper, not alone on account of his weak eyes, but on account of a painful sensation in his head like that of wearing an iron crown. He lived, however, literally in hope, continuing his great and costly preparations for future work, with an abiding faith that somehow he would be able to accomplish it. It was pathetic to see such energy and will fettered by a feeble bodily frame, but inspiring to think of the soul superior to its environment. With robust health, what might not such a man have accomplished and enjoyed! One sees in all his books, from "The Oregon Trail" for-

ward, such exhaustless spirits, such fulness of life, such joy in Nature, such sympathy with men of action, that his long periods of imprisonment must have been as painful as those of Silvio Pellico.

But from the time of his third work his health improved, and the subsequent volumes came out with shorter intervals—1867, 1869, 1874, 1877, and 1884. Under the circumstances, it was not only wise, but inevitable, that the history should be written by subjects, each complete in a measure. A continuous narration, blending all the topics as it progressed, would have been perhaps too much for his physical powers, and might have been at any point left unfinished.

From the beginning, the French displayed marvellous enterprise and daring in their attempts at discovery and settlement. No people can boast more heroic names among explorers and navigators than those commemorated in Parkman's volumes. In point of time they were beforehand with the English, both in discoveries and in settlements. Quebec was built a year after the settlement at Jamestown in Virginia, but twelve years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, in Mass., and twenty-two years before the Puritans set up their colony at Boston.

The Huguenot expedition to Carolina was but an episode—a most thrilling one, as narrated by Parkman; the continuous historical interest lies in the North, in the maritime provinces north-east of the New England States, in the broad region of the St. Lawrence, in the countries bordering the great northern lakes, and in the vast basins of the Ohio and the Mississippi. With their early start and abundant energy, with wiser notions of political economy, and with enlightened and practical management on the part of the Home Government, the French might have mastered the continent, or the larger part of it, and to-day New France might have been the name of a rising nation in the West—French in language and traditions, and Roman Catholic in faith and loyalty.

The Pioneers of France offered a marked contrast to the English settlers south of Canadian woods, not only in character, but in aim and methods. Their plan was to establish depots for the fur trade and mission stations side by side, and to sustain their colonists and civilize the Indians by the joint means of cent. per cent. and Gospel truth. They brought with them feudal privileges, distinctions of caste, *seigneurs* to hold the land, and peasants to till it, the emblems and vices of royalty, and a large enough number of Black Robes, as the natives called the Jesuits. It was an enterprise in which the Papacy had a controlling influence, since all plans and regulations were subordinated to one aim. Moreover, it was so wholly and openly under the rule of the Jesuits, that the ordinary priests, Sulpitians and Récollet Friars, were treated with small courtesy, and were without influence.

The fur trade prospered for many years. The dealers became rich, and in time the markets of the world were glutted, and the beaver well-nigh exterminated. The Jesuits secretly had a hand in it, *ad majorem Dei gloriam*, and many of the Governors, too, illegally shared profits with traders, who thereby purchased privileges and immunities. Numbers of the people, for the sake of the trade, neglected the cultivation of the soil, so that bread-stuffs had to be imported from France; and a race of wild and dissolute men sprang up, *coureurs du bois*, who, fleeing from civilization and law, learned to love the life of the savages, and to share all that was novel to them in their detestable vices and cruelties.

The fur trade at first pleased the Indians, since it furnished them with guns, powder, and lead, as well as brandy and tobacco; but the brandy maddened and debased them, and then they were corrupted by manners more shameless than their own, so that they became equally dangerous whether as foes or allies. Those who were "Christianized" swallowed the priest's wafers, but were no more averse to a broth of human flesh, or to the torture of a prisoner by fire, than before their "conversion." They wore on their breasts the Crucifix instead of a "medicine" charm, and received the blessing of their "spiritual fathers" when setting out on an expedition for murder. Returning, the sacred emblem of their redemption swung among gory scalps, or necklaces of ears and fingers. The most revolting barbarities experienced by inoffensive New England colonists on the border were perpetrated by bands of "Christian" Indians, who came through Canadian woods in winter, led sometimes by French officers, but oftener by priests, who had crossed the ocean to teach them the worship of Jesus, and who had no objection to their brain-ing men, women, and children, so long as they only brained heretics. Christianity had brought little change except in substituting a new superstition for an old one; for the mystery of the Cross and the Eucharist was never more than a superstition to those dark and malevolent creatures.

In another view the Jesuits were the bravest and most self-sacrificing missionaries the world has ever seen. No danger deterred them; they penetrated the wilderness, and lived unprotected among their flocks of wolves. They eagerly baptized infants and sick people by stealth, and seemed to court the honour of martyrdom. Sooner or later they all fell victims to sudden outbursts of savage wrath, or to the slow and unspeakable tortures of mutilation and burning. No Christian confronted with wild beasts in a Roman amphitheatre ever showed more serene courage. Had their martyrdom been less ignoble, or done in view of a so-called civilized people, they would all ere this have been canonized by the Church they served so well. But the results of their labours were not in proportion to their zeal

or their sufferings. The yoke of the meek and lowly Jesus sat lightly at best on the shoulders of the savage red man; and there came a time when the mission was admitted by all to have been a failure. Its results had all along been seen by all except the missionaries, but when the Hurons and others, who had nominally embraced Christianity, were all killed or driven away by the ferocious Iroquois, there was nothing more to be hoped for.

The French policy toward the Indians was unwise and disastrous, because it was vacillating. They should have either adopted the calm and far-sighted tactics of the Pennsylvanian Quakers, or followed without flinching the steady and stern system of repression which the New England colonies put in practice against the Pequots and Abenakis. The lower classes took Indian squaws for wives or companions, and naturally sank to their level. The French leaders armed their savage allies against the English and Dutch, and constantly instigated them to make raids on the frontier settlers. Afterward, the treacherous natives often turned the lessons they had learned against their instructors. More sagacious and resolute conduct, toward the Iroquois especially, might have inspired them, if not with fear, at least with respect; but, having been dallied with, and allowed to believe that they were dreaded, they grew more audacious, and in a series of attacks devastated the fields and villages on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and murdered great numbers, even under the guns of the forts.

But one error or misfortune is always linked with another, and there were many such links in New France in her time of trouble. The reason of the anxiety of the Governors to keep the natives as allies was because of the short-sighted parsimony of the French Home Government in keeping down the expenses and the military force of the colony. It will be remembered that most of the disasters happened during the reign of Louis XV., when the Minister and the administration of colonial affairs were controlled by Madame Pompadour. Governors, general officers, and Intendants of Finance were sent over without experience, and with small resources in men and money; and all found themselves obliged to court the favour of the Jesuits on arriving at Quebec. The revenues of the colony were small, because the population was small, and few were prosperous cultivators, and because much of the income from furs was made away with. The population could not solidly grow when all the arable land was held either by Jesuits or Court favourites: the free ownership of land is the life of a new settlement. Another difficulty was the small number of marriageable women, although the Government strove to remedy this by sending over some ship-loads, and by offering bounties on marriages and pensions to parents of many children. The population was further restricted from the fact that Protestants

were not allowed to emigrate. The ecclesiastics kept strict watch lest heresy should come over like small-pox. And yet France had thousands, probably a hundred thousand, Huguenots, who were longing to escape from oppression, and would have been glad to establish themselves where they could live unmolested. With a statesman at the head of affairs these intelligent, sober, and industrious people would have been granted leave to join the colony, taking with them a great increase of wealth and fighting power.* With such help the colony might have been soon self-sustaining, and the presumption of the savages would have been checked. France listened to her priests, and lost her colony.

But the sums granted from the royal treasury were seldom honestly expended. The Governor had no control over the intendant, who was the Colonial Minister of Finance. Intendants and other officials in league with them, not content with illegal participation in the profits of the fur trade and in the receipts of contractors, stole the King's money by every device known to peculators; and they so crippled the last of the Governors that the fate of the colony could not be averted. The situation of a proud, gallant, and loyal man like Frontenac was painful enough. The Jesuits were determined to keep their ascendancy, and often by their secret machinations frustrated him in the proper management of the Indians; the King's Government was doling out insufficient supplies and finding fault with an extravagance for which he was not responsible; while a "ring" of office-holding thieves, whom he could not check nor punish, spirited away his military stores and drained the treasury. The evils were too many and too great to be remedied. If religious bigotry kept out population, and so lessened military force and public revenues; if feudal laws and customs restricted ownership of land; if the leaders encouraged a demoralizing trade, instead of the industries that might have turned the wilderness into smiling fields; if that trade was the means of arming against the colony a legion of treacherous and pitiless foes; if intendants and treasurers embezzled the funds that should have maintained garrisons; and if the foolish policy of the Home Government so fettered the Governor that he could only look on these dangers and villanies, helpless to overcome them—what was to prevent the sure catastrophe?

The catastrophe was of France's own seeking. Eager to carry out her great plan, she had sought to complete the cordon of forts from Quebec to New Orleans, and to harass and, if possible, destroy every English settlement, although the continent had ample room for colonies from all nations. By the employment of her savage allies in midnight murder and arson, she had invited retaliation and courted the combination that was to be the ruin of her projects. Virginia

* This point is argued forcibly by Voltaire in his story, "L'Ingenu."

and the middle States longed to avenge the defeat of Braddock and the destruction of their frontier settlements, and to secure the fort at the head waters of the Ohio. New England, long patient under outrages done at the bidding of French officers and priests, gladly laid siege to Louisburg and menaced Quebec. Even then, if the Ministry at Versailles had possessed any foresight, or had the least notion of the future power and wealth of the Western Continent, the worst danger might have been averted, and France might have retained the grandest appanage of her Crown. But France was in the thick of the struggle with the invincible Frederick, and thought more of her barren prestige among European Powers than of her mighty possession across the Atlantic. She could send a hundred thousand soldiers to fight the battles of Maria Theresa, but grudged five thousand for the defence of Canada against its gathering foes. At last, when she had seen her allies, the Hurons and other converted Indians, all butchered or scattered by the Iroquois; when she had lost Fort Duquesne, the key of the Ohio valley, and fort after fort on the great lakes; when Louisburg had fallen, and Acadia was devastated and ruthlessly depopulated as a punishment for the misdeeds instigated by her emissaries—then came the final, the irremediable blow, the taking of Quebec by Wolfe, and the sceptre of the Western World passed for ever from her incompetent hand. The results of nearly two centuries' labour, the toil of navigators and explorers, the heroism of great soldiers, the devotion of priests, the loss of thousands of brave men, had all been in vain. In the shame and rage of defeat, France had only the poor and tardy consolation of imprisoning the chief of the infamous plunderers that had done their part in effecting the ruin of the colony.

The humiliation of France at this crisis was not complete without the surrender of her possessions in India, and the firm establishment of the sway of Great Britain over that vast peninsula. For the doubtful and costly glory of a long war on the Continent she had lost her share in two great empires.

There remained the French colony of Louisiana, including not only the present State of that name, but a vast territory west of the Mississippi River. This was sold to the United States by the Emperor Napoleon I., and the French population is now relatively diminishing.

Canada after the conquest was rapidly filled up by emigrants from the British Isles, and the French part of its people has hardly held its ground. [See *Note*.] The mills of New England are now largely worked by Canadian-French, who are displacing the Irish, who had displaced native workers. Excepting in geographical names and in history, France is destined to disappear from the Western Continent.

Every reader of history knows that the fall of the French power

in Canada naturally led to the independence of the American colonies, declared sixteen years later. If France had been victorious, and had been firmly planted on their northern border, the colonies would not have thought of separation from the British Crown; but, having no further apprehensions from without, they could freely consult their own political interests. During the seven years' war the Colonial Militia had been under British generals, learning the discipline and art of war. The number of men drawn from the colonies, particularly from those of New England, New York, and Virginia, was very large; at one time one in eight of military age in Massachusetts, and one in five or four in New Hampshire, were in service. Massachusetts, too, bore the cost of the expeditions under Sir William Phips, a burden probably as great in proportion to her resources as her share in the expense of the late Civil War. It was an exhausting, costly, and thorough school of arms, conducted by the British Ministry and its military officers, and it led to important consequences. The Home Government had not sought to hamper the colonies by religious tests or feudal tenures, and, except in restricting certain manufactures, its policy, on the whole, had been just and liberal; still, few statesmen had foreseen the rising power, or taken into account the free spirit of a people educated by adversity, and impatient of control from without. Had the Ministry forbore from interfering with local industries, left them free to set up foundries, factories, and shops, forbore to tax them without their consent, and given them representation in Parliament, the separation might have been long delayed. If any one could have proposed a fair scheme of federation, the British Empire might have been the one colossal power of the world; but federation was not one of the ideas of the eighteenth century, least of all in the mind of George III. At that time a colony was a dependency, to be governed by the royal pleasure, and colonists were distant people, with no share in *Magna Charta*, who would never absurdly think of intellectual or political equality with the mother country. With a lesson of history in mind, it will be interesting hereafter to follow the development of modern theories in the relations of Great Britain with such gigantic and widely separated dependencies as Australia and the Dominion of Canada. It will be momentous to be assured that the connections are at once firm and elastic, or that some happy equilibrium of forces may maintain a planetary harmony.

Parkman's works fulfil one condition indispensable for success: they are always attractive, often brilliant, and have a continuity of interest that holds the reader as under the spell of a great historical novel. In fact, the sustained and growing attraction of the series is irresistible. The reader sees that the author has made the amplest and most thorough preparations, and writes from full knowledge; yet

the narrative is clear of all tedious details, and the foot-notes indicate the sources. After observing the abundant citations, one is not surprised to learn that, in addition to the library of printed authorities that have been drawn upon, no less than seventy large folios of MSS. have been accumulated by the author. But the chief merit, next after historical accuracy, is in having so distilled all the contemporary memoirs and relations as to give their essence in a spirited and effective way. The series of works covers a broad field and a long space of time, but the transit is made with pleasure, and at the end one is able to recall all its striking incidents like the memory of a gallery of pictures. Parkman's nature is nervous and energetic, and his style has a quality that does not invite repose; still, it is difficult to see how the stately movement of certain great histories could have been followed in treating of life among the Indians, or of events that were so unexpected and often so thrilling and tragic. His use of language is naturally forcible and often picturesque, but evidently he has not attended to verbal nicety, or cared to attain to the serenity which characterizes writers like Prescott: he is too fervid in temper and too strong in conviction for that, and he indulges in emphasis like an impassioned story-teller. Doubtless, there are many sentences which a severer taste would have dictated in more simple language, but even a critical reader will bear with the occasional stress for the sake of the general effect, and of the many passages that are powerful and memorable.

Readers will notice the many graphic pictures of scenery in these books. The author is at home in aboriginal woods, by the banks of rivers, among lonely mountains, and on the shores of sylvan lakes. He seems to know every tree and bush, every wild animal, fish, and bird. The scenes he sketches have the power of truth, and we feel sure, as we read, that so bloomed the wild flower as he passed, so spread its boughs the tree, so lay in coils of light the river, so sang or poised in air the bird. With most writers, even with those who appear to love Nature, their descriptions have only a general truth; their landscapes are the conventionalized sentiment of Nature; while, in the pages of Parkman, we are impressed by a vividness in form and colour which could only come from long and affectionate familiarity. The trees, shrubs, grass, and living creatures are all individualized, so that in mass and in detail they seem to have been photographed. This faculty gives a singular charm to many of the recorded adventures, especially when the author sketches the splendid figures of the Indians—with bodies and limbs of Greeks in bronze—their celerity of movement, their startling ornaments and equipment. In fact, this faculty, born of the all-observing eye, inspires us with confidence in every situation. We identify ourselves

with the observer and narrator. We see and hear with him, and at the close we seem to have ourselves passed through the events and scenes, and to think of them as of our own experience.

Parkman appears generous as well as just in his estimate of French explorers and pioneers. His accounts of La Salle and his lieutenant Henri de Tonty, of Cartier and Champlain, of Bouquet, the gallant French-Swiss officer, and of Count Frontenac, Governor of Quebec, may be instanced as admirable pieces of historical portraiture. He is as fair to Montcalm as to Wolfe. He does justice to the bravery and self-devotion of the Jesuits. If there is a trait of noble character he is zealous to exhibit it. But with the system on which the French colony was established he has no sympathy; as against royalty, feudality, and privilege he is a New England democrat; as against Papal pretensions and Jesuitic intrigues he is a liberal-minded Protestant. But when he refers to the New England colonies, and to their sacrifices and virtues, he is not a blind adulator, for he freely admits their faults and criticizes their errors.

A multitude of stirring and important events come to mind in re-reading these volumes. One that stands out most vividly is the massacre of the French Huguenots in Florida by Menendez, followed by the stern vengeance of Dominick de Gourgues. The Spanish fort at St. Augustine, the sand-hills around that old town, and the long white shore of Anastasia Island opposite—as well as the remains of the French fort in Carolina—have had for the present writer a deep and melaucholy interest since Parkman's thrilling account of those tragedies was published. From that early time down to the planting of the Cross of St. George on the rock of Quebec what a succession of picturesque figures appeared on the shifting scene! Pioneers, sailors, soldiers, priests, governors, with dreams of empire and vice-regal state, representatives of the *haute noblesse*, peasants, *coureurs du bois*, hunters and trappers, wily traders, *seigneurs* like De Saint Castin, and patriarchs like Sir William Johnson, surrounded by dusky Hagers in their sylvan harems, thick-witted *parvenus* like Sir William Phips, grave young leaders like Washington, with destiny in their calm eyes, dark and powerful Napoleons of the woods, like Pontiac, Evangelines of ruined, hapless Acadia, and heroes like Montcalm and Wolfe, whose fame is united for ever!

Comment upon the separate volumes would lead us too far. It is enough to indicate their quality, and the importance of the subject for all readers of English. It may be added that the thoroughness with which Parkman has done his work renders it quite unlikely that any later historian will supplant him. His works have a solid foundation, and will endure, something which cannot be said with certainty of some of the most brilliant histories written in the United States.

Parkman is rather above middle height, slender and sinewy, with a thin but agreeable and thoughtful face, and engaging manners. He lives in summer at Jamaica Plain, one of the suburbs of Boston, where he is noted as a successful cultivator of roses, a taste which he shares with the venerable Bancroft. In winter he lives in Chestnut Street, Boston, on what is known as Beacon Hill, near the beautiful Common, and but a short distance from the house once occupied by Prescott. It is an interesting fact that Bancroft once lived on the other side of the Common, and that Motley also lived on Beacon Hill; so that the four leading American historians were residents of the same part of one city, and were virtually neighbours.

F. H. UNDERWOOD.

[Note to page 656. ---The statement that "the French part of its people has hardly held its ground" in Canada, refers to the Dominion *as a whole*; it is not true of the Province of Quebec by itself. There the French are increasing, on account of having large families, at a rate far beyond that of the British.]

MR. DAVITT'S TREATMENT OF IRISH STATISTICS.

THE Irish landlords have appealed for compensation. Under these circumstances Mr. Michael Davitt has felt it to be his duty "to warn the people of England of the true character of the claimants." In performing this neighbourly office Mr. Davitt has paraded before the public a mass of statistics. With these statistics I propose to deal, by pointing out that, while some of them have been inaccurately stated, others, owing to certain omissions and the novel method of presentment adopted, are, though correctly given, calculated only to obscure the very matter which they profess to illustrate. To adopt any other course would entail a dereliction on my part of that social duty which Mr. Davitt is at such pains to perform. I propose, however, to confine myself to a criticism of these statistics, and to a short comment on the interpretations placed upon them.

With the claim of the Irish landlords and their position relative to the English people, I shall have nothing to do, and for two reasons. In the first place, because the attacks now habitually made upon the rights of Irish landlords in their own property have been sufficiently dealt with, notably by Professor A. V. Dicey, in the last number of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*; in the second place, because such a course is, I submit, by no means essential to the completeness of an answer to Mr. Davitt. For though Mr. Davitt begins by exposing the wickedness of the Irish landlords for the benefit of the English people, yet long before he has got midway through his argument the English people are forgotten, and he unexpectedly concludes with an appeal to the Irish landlords to make terms with their adversary whilst they are in the-way with him. And with Mr. Davitt for their adversary, it is needless to say that the terms are Home Rule and

Mr. Henry George. It is impossible to reduce the discussion of such threadbare themes within the limits of an article unless Mr. Davitt's method of short but confident assertion is adopted. The advantage, however, of publishing an opinion upon them unaccompanied by the lengthy arguments required for its support appears to be more than doubtful. With statistics it is otherwise; a correct is, in most cases, as short as an incorrect statement of figures. It is only the capacity for making the former which appears to be the rarer gift of fortune.

Neglecting, then, for the reasons given, the initial address to the English people and the final appeal to the Irish landlords, we find the body of this versatile plea to consist in two sets of statistics. From the first set, which is a carefully compiled selection from the Tables of reductions in rent adjudicated under the Land Law (Ireland) Act, Mr. Davitt draws an inference—viz., “that the landlords of Ireland have pushed their legal powers far beyond the limits of moral sanction.” The second set, composed of some statistics of emigration, inhabited houses, outrages, and poor relief, he introduces with an assertion, to wit, that Irish landlordism, and, as far as I can gather, Irish landlordism to the exclusion of all other causes, is alone responsible for all the evils which they disclose.

Neither the manner in which the first statistics are presented nor the inference deduced from them can be allowed to pass unchallenged. Mr. Davitt doubts “very much whether the extent to which rack-renting has prevailed in Ireland is at all adequately realized in England. General averages do not,” in his opinion, “convey to the public any such vivid impression as the statement of the facts in a few cases.” Admitting, for the sake of argument, and only for a moment, that a large reduction proves the original rent to have been unfair, and, looking at the matter from Mr. Davitt's point of view, it is hard, at any rate for a Saxon mind, to understand how an impression of extent can be better conveyed by preferring a statement of individual cases to one of averages. A clue to this mystery may lie in the epithet “vivid.” By a “vivid impression” we are, possibly, to understand one which does not tally exactly with the facts of the case. If this is so, Mr. Davitt, even before engaging on his search for striking instances, succeeds in the one average which he does give in conveying a sufficiently “vivid impression.” We read that “the Report of the Land Commission tells us that the reduction in cases tried by the Commission amounts to 31 per cent. for the year ending August last.” This sentence can only bear two meanings, neither of which is in accordance with fact. If by “the cases tried by the Commission” we are to understand cases in which rents have been fixed by the Irish Land Commission, then for 31 per cent. we must read 25·9 (*vide* Report of the Irish Land Commission, August

1886 to August 1887, Table V.). If, on the other hand, these words are loosely used to express the effect of all the decisions delivered during the last year by the several tribunals having power to fix rents under the Land Act, we are entitled to ask why, out of three tables, the one showing the greatest reduction has been arbitrarily selected? For by no ingenuity can these words be construed as indicating the cases tried by Sub-Commissions (Table III.) to the exclusion of those tried by the Irish Land Commission (Table V.) and by Civil Bill Courts (Table IX.). As a matter of fact, while the reductions fixed by the Sub-Commissions during the year in question averaged 31·3 per cent., those fixed by the two other bodies averaged 25·9 and 28·1 per cent. respectively. But to obtain an exhaustive view of the average of reduction it is necessary, in addition to rents fixed, to consider also the agreements lodged with the Land Commission (Table XI.) and with the Civil Bill Courts (Table XIII.); the average of reduction for last year being in the former case 17·4 per cent., in the latter but 1·45 per cent. I regret to be obliged to spoil the effect of Mr. Davitt's picture by calling attention to these four tables, which deal with the year August 1886 to August 1887, and are passed over in silence by Mr. Davitt. In doing so some "vividness" has, I fear, been unavoidably sacrificed. At the risk of an even greater loss of that ornamental quality, I would submit that, if an indictment of the morality of landlords is to be founded on the amount of reduction in their rents, a wider basis than the figures of one year must surely be necessary to support such a charge. Difficult as, in my opinion, it would be to prove that a reduction can only be due to the fact that the former rent was oppressive, it is obvious that this difficulty is very much increased by narrowing the period under consideration. For the persistence of abnormal reductions under varying circumstances and for a considerable time, is, though a weak one, the only plausible reason for believing "oppression" to be the true and single efficient cause of such reductions. If, then, we take the percentage of reduction, not for the one year selected by Mr. Davitt, but for the six years ending August 1887, we find it to be in decisions given by Sub-Commissions 20·1, by Civil Bill Courts 21·2, in agreements lodged with those Courts 16·9, and in those lodged with the Land Commission 16·6; while in the period from May 1883 to August 1887 (the longest in this case shown in the Report) the reductions fixed by the Land Commission averaged so little as 11·6 per cent. Lest it should be thought that the cases of large reductions are greatly in excess, and that these figures may, in consequence, be misleading, I may as well state that, while the cases fixed by Sub-Commissions with average reductions of 20·1 per cent. numbered 84,158, and those fixed by Civil Bill

Courts, with average reductions of 21·2 per cent., numbered 7640; the cases fixed by, or lodged with, these and the higher tribunal, and bearing, in each category, average reductions of less than 16·9 per cent., amount in all to 91,999.

I will not describe as “startling” the figures which I have deemed it necessary to add to Mr. Davitt’s solitary average. But I venture to think that the more complete, though, doubtless, the less vivid, impression which they give of the effect of the Land Law in reducing rents will come as a surprise to many. Few who read every day of “terrible rack-rents,” and who continually hear the former iniquity of landlords assumed as an undisputed element in the Agrarian question, would suppose that the reductions decreed by a law, ~~having~~ powers to regulate rents by compulsion, would in so many cases be less than those observable on all sides in England, where no such law exists.

I confess that I am loth to abandon the study of “general averages,” and to turn my attention to “facts in a few cases,” for I do not in any way share Mr. Davitt’s predilection for the latter. He seems to suppose that an hypothesis gains in stability by each successive diminution of the basis upon which it rests. Gladly would I accept this doctrine, for then my task were an easy one indeed. Narrowing my premisses to one fact in the Report of the Land Commissioners, and thus increasing by many degrees the cogency of my reasoning over that of Mr. Davitt, who rests his case largely upon the action of so many as nine landlords whom he names—narrowing my premisses to this portion of one line, to be found on page 14 of the Report—

Province or County.	Number of Cases in which Judicial Rents have been fixed	Acreage.			Former Rent.	Judicial Rent.	Increase per cent.
		A.	R.	P.			
Fermanagh	11	184	3	9	£37 6 10	£100 12 6	165 3

I would triumphantly demonstrate, that all rents in Ireland have been for years ridiculously low, and incidentally, to complete the parallel, I should expose the infamy of the eleven tenants of Fermanagh: I should hold them up to universal execration and give them to understand that, “if strict justice were done, they would be compelled to” pay the difference of the “rents which they well knew they were not morally entitled to” retain.

The table showing this increase in the rents fixed in Co. Fermanagh is that which exhibits the effect of the decisions by the Irish Land Commission from the 25th of May 1883 to the 21st of

August 1887. The same table shows that the average increase upon thirteen cases decided during that time, in Kildare has been 9 per cent., and that in Meath nineteen decisions have been given, with an average increase of 1 per cent. But even in the one year upon which Mr. Davitt harps, the year ending in August last, rents have in some cases been increased. The decisions of the Land Commission show in Co. Kildare an increase of 21·1 per cent., in Queen's County an increase of 2 per cent., and for the whole province of Leinster an increase of 6·7 per cent.

I am unfortunately debarred from attaching much importance to selected cases. I cannot, however, pass from the single facts culled by Mr. Davitt with such care from so vast a field without indicating that, though intrinsically of little worth, they are very noticeable for two reasons. In the first place, Mr. Davitt's admission that he has "here submitted the worst cases of rack-renting that have recently come under public notice" is very interesting. And in connection with this admission the method which he has deemed it advisable to adopt in exhibiting them is a matter of even greater interest. By departing from the practice universally employed in comparing an old rent with a new one, Mr. Davitt is enabled to state the result of his comparisons in figures far larger than any to which the public is accustomed. The 50s., 100s., and 200s. per cent. obtained by his peculiar process, and scattered liberally through his pages, may well startle the eye of a casual reader and shake his former conviction that, say, 40 per cent. was an exceptionally large reduction. In considering the change in a rent necessitated directly, as in England, by an alteration in prices, or indirectly through a Land Court, as in Ireland, the ratio of the old rent to the new is the fact at which all observers wish to arrive and to see clearly stated. And this fact is so stated on all sides by expressing the reduction as a percentage of the original rent. Mr. Davitt alone gives the percentage of the excess of the old rent over the new. An example will make this clear. The rent of a farm is £100; it is reduced to £50. All authorities, with the exception of Mr. Davitt (even the tables from which he has taken his figures), concur in calling this a reduction of 50 per cent. Mr. Davitt calls it an excess of 100 per cent. For instance, I find in his article: "New rent, £18; old rent, £37 18s.; excess, £19 18s. The excess, it will be seen, is more than 100 per cent."

Such, then, is the nature of Mr. Davitt's first set of statistics. They consist of cases chosen, as he tells us, "in order the more vividly to present to the English mind the way in which Irish landlordism has fulfilled its function." But in the absence of any further direction it is more than doubtful whether "the English mind" will be able to discover any connection at all between the falling of rents

and the function of landlordism. The whole private affairs, for instance, of the Rev. E. J. Smyth are "vividly" presented to us. What can we infer from them? Possibly since his rents, like those of many an English landlord, have been reduced on an average of 40 per cent., that his comfort in this world is somewhat curtailed. Mr. Davitt has grave doubts of his salvation in the next. Here in a nutshell we get the comparative worthlessness of the "English mind" in drawing conclusions. Its smaller calibre, or some other inherent disadvantage under which it labours, will in like manner preclude it from adopting the interpretation placed upon these statistics. The fact that a fall in prices, the prevalence of agitation, a decreasing population, and many other matters might equally well account in Ireland, as some of them do in England, for the necessity of lowering rents, vitiates to its limited understanding the whole of Mr. Davitt's contention. The consideration, again, that if the landlord is proved to be a villain when a rent is lowered, the tenant must stand a rogue confessed when it is raised, also gives pause. Altogether I am afraid that Mr. Davitt will be disappointed in the mental capacities of his audience. They will, I fear, find it as hard to infer the moral turpitude of Irish landlords from the few figures he sets forth, as to argue with him from the impoverished condition of poor Mr. Smyth's pocket to the possible retribution which awaits him in another life.

The second set of statistics are, as I have said, introduced by an assertion. To speak more accurately, they positively bristle with assertions and implications. Let me disengage from the context a certain number, and proceed to consider them. We read, "the government of the country was placed absolutely in their hands;" that is, in the hands of the landlords. "What account can they give of their stewardship to the English people?" In Mr. Davitt's impressive words, "The awful record is before the world." And here follow statistics of emigration, of the decrease in the number of inhabited houses, and of eviction. Three things are here implied—(1) That the landlords are responsible for all emigration and for every falling off in the number of inhabited houses. (2) That all emigration is an evil. (3) That the same may be said of each decrease in the number of houses. Now, it is clear that the only value, in so far as Mr. Davitt's argument is concerned, of the first two series of figures, must be found in the implications bound up with them. If the subjects they illustrate are not evils, these figures evidently furnish no weapon for his onslaught upon the landlords. But how hard it would be to prove that in the case of Ireland emigration is an evil! Upon this subject I will content myself by submitting two considerations. (1) The districts from which the stream of emigration has been most remark-

able, both for its volume and persistence, are still known as "the congested districts." (2) According to Mr. Gladstone's showing, speaking in the House of Commons, April 18, 1887, four millions of emigrants are estimated to have amassed wealth in their adopted countries to the amount of £655,000,000, and to have sent home to their friends £39,000,000. It is wholly inconceivable that any such result could have been obtained within the more restricted limits of Ireland. And if so, how are we to believe that emigration has in any way injured the material prosperity of those who remained, or of those who crossed the sea? It is interesting to note in this connection that, so lately as in 1883, Mr. Gladstone's Government legislated for the purpose of encouraging State-aided emigration.

"Then we owe it to the Irish landlordism that the number, of inhabited houses, which was 1,328,839 in 1841, fell to 961,380 in 1861." Mr. Davitt seems to suppose that the diminution in the number of the population, and the diminution in the number of the houses, are two separate national calamities, for both of which the landlords are to be made responsible. To me it seems that the diminution in the number of houses is due to the diminution in the number of the population; that the diminution in the number of the population has proved an injury neither to those who have gone nor to those who remain; and that whether it be an injury or not it is in no way due to the action of the landlords, but to well-known economic causes, the most striking and important of which was the terrible potato famine of 1846.

Whatever may be thought, however, of these general propositions on the subject of population, there can be no doubt that in his treatment of emigration statistics Mr. Davitt has surpassed himself. They are at once the shortest and most astonishing feature in his case. It goes without saying that our minds are first prepared for their due reception by one of those general assertions, already alluded to, which act invariably as harbingers to each item of Mr. Davitt's statistical information. The number of evicted families, and, we are left to suppose, the number also of houses levelled, is in this case heralded, lest it should miss its proper effect, by the following announcement:—"In no other country in the world is a landlord permitted to destroy his debtor's property." It is given to few to possess the universal knowledge necessary to a contradiction of this proposition. But I should be glad to know in how many countries in the world it is not in the landlord's power first to take the property of a defaulting tenant, and then to destroy it. Consider, for instance, the case of France. In a report on Agriculture, by Mr. Vice-Consul Warburton, at La Rochelle, published by the Foreign Office at the price of one penny, I find on page 3 the following paragraph:—

"Every tenant is bound to pay his half-year's rent the day it becomes due (here they often pay before); if he does not do so . . . his landlord sends him, by a 'Huissier,' what is called a 'commandement,' which is a notice ordering him to pay at once, under pain of a seizure. The law gives him twenty-four hours to obey this order, and then if he has not paid, the Huissier, without any decree or process from a legal court, takes possession of everything in the place, farming stock, implements, crops, furniture, money, or anything else he may find—all goes to satisfy the claim for rent, to the exclusion of any other debts."

Nor would Mr. Davitt's dictum, I infer from a quotation given in the "History of European Morals," apply to the practices of landlords in classical times. Mr Lecky, in illustrating the Stoic view of suicide, quotes from Musonius :—"Just as a landlord who has not received his rent pulls down the doors, removes the rafters, and fills up the well, so I seem to be driven out of this little body." I leave this assertion and pass to the grossly inaccurate statement to which it forms the preface. "It is calculated that, from 1849 to 1882, 482,000 families were actually evicted." The only existing information from which any calculation of the kind can be made is so simple in its character that it is difficult to account for the failure of the many who have attempted it. The first statistics of eviction were published on the 8th of April 1881, by the late Mr. Forster the Chief Secretary at that time.* They gave returns for the years 1849 to 1880 inclusive, and a total of the number of families evicted during that period. This total was 90,107. A return was published for the year 1881, showing the number of families evicted to be 3415; and a similar return for the year 1882, showing that number to be 5201. The calculation, it will be seen, consists in adding these three totals together. The sum obtained, 98,723, is then the required number of families actually evicted from 1849 to 1882. Under these circumstances, it was a matter of some surprise to find Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons, April 18, 1887, quoting the number of persons evicted at 3,668,000 on the authority of a certain Mr. Mulhall. It was astonishing that any one professing the slightest acquaintance with Irish affairs should go out of his way to quote the figures of a statist living at Buenos Ayres. And this was all the more astonishing in the case of the head of the Government which first published the only *bona fide* statistics of evictions for those years. Curious as Mr. Gladstone's error may have been, that of Mr. Davitt by far transcends it in the power of compelling wonder. For, in July last, Mr. Balfour pointed out in the House of Commons that Mr. Mulhall had taken the number of persons given in the official return, and, although the number of persons and that of families were printed in parallel columns, had assumed the persons to be

* House of Commons Paper, No. 185. Session, 1881.

families and multiplied their number by seven, thus obtaining the figure quoted by Mr. Gladstone. This speech was of course reported with, I suppose, more or less accuracy in most of the newspapers of the United Kingdom. Nor is this all; a letter from Mr. Balfour to a correspondent, indicating this very error, was published through the Press Association at the end of July. A letter to the same effect appeared in the *Times* of September 7, and another, with a like purport, in the *Standard* of September 22. These letters were noticed in more than one of the evening papers. Professeur A. de Foville contributed an article on the subject to the *Journal de Statistique de Paris*. A gloomy shadow is cast over the prospect of the Irish question ever being cleared up, when we find a professed expert in Irish affairs, and one whose testimony will be in many places believed, so doubly fortunate. It is a strange mischance for such a man, first to be ignorant of the returns of evictions, and then to have overlooked so many notices in the press, any one of which would have given him the information he required.

I cannot leave the figure 98 723 without noticing that it includes an unknown number of sub-tenants, whose eviction was merely formal and only for the purpose of legally completing the eviction of the middle-man or tenant who held directly from the landlord. It also includes an unknown number of cases in which eviction was effected at the suit of other creditors than the landlord.* The returns show that in 25,749 cases the tenant or sub-tenant was re-admitted on the day of eviction, either as a tenant or as a caretaker. They do not show how many, and the number must be a large one, were subsequently re-admitted during the legal period of redemption.

"Then," Mr. Davitt asserts, *more suo*, "these evictions have been the fruitful source of crime." To remove all doubt upon this point five years are picked out from among the last thirty-two, and arranged to show that the number of outrages varies with that of evictions. I do not know any appropriate epithet for this method of selection; it is plain, however, that none save the years fittest for Mr. Davitt's contention survive. If in the place of this selection the last seventeen years are taken, and two curves are drawn showing the fluctuations in the number of outrages and of evictions respectively, it is sufficiently apparent that these numbers do not vary uniformly. The number of evictions between '70 and '71 only fell 12 per cent.; that of outrages 75 per cent. In '73 and '74 evictions rise slightly, and outrages fall. In '75, '76, and '77 evictions fall, and outrages rise. In '82 evictions rise 52 per cent., and outrages fall 36½ per cent. In '84 a large rise in evictions is accompanied by a fall in outrages; in the

* These classes were distinguished for the first time in the official statistics of 1887.

next year a heavy fall in the former coincides with a rise in the latter. It is evident that the connection between evictions and outrages, if such a connection exists, is not illustrated by comparing their statistics.* If it could be shown that a series of events has existed with which the statistics of outrages do vary concomitantly, we should be at liberty to believe that the facts composing that series were possibly connected with Agrarian outrage, in some way, as cause and effect.

That such a series exists in the criminal legislation for Ireland is, I think, shown very clearly in the following table :—

1870	"Peace Preservation Act."	1870 to 1871...Fall in outrages	75	per cent.
1875	This Act was lightened.	1875 to 1876...Rise	53½	" "
1880	" " dropped	1880 to 1881...Rise	79½	" "
1881	"Protection of Person and Property Act."	1881 to 1882...Fall	36½	" "
1882	"Prevention of Crimes Act "	1882 to 1883...Fall	68½	" "

The statistics of poor relief are the last matter I have to notice. The cost entailed upon the country in its administration is, of course, on Mr. Davitt's theory, also to be set down against the landlords. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Davitt is unwise in directing attention to this matter. The scandalous malpractices of the guardians in distributing the grant made last year to the Western Unions are still fresh in the memory of the public. How Ireland would have fared in the past but for the generous and timely assistance of England may be judged from a statement made by Mr. Henry H. Fowler, M.P., Secretary at that time to the Treasury, in the House of Commons, April 6, 1886—a statement to the effect that out of remissions upon Irish loans amounting to a total of £9,140,002, so large a sum as £7,018,373 stood for remissions upon loans made to relieve famine and distress.

In the general condemnation of the landlords following these statistics, and preceding the final appeal to their interests, the opinion is quoted of an anonymous writer to the *Times* of thirty-five years ago. Elsewhere we are forbidden to set against this attack the favourable judgment pronounced by Mr. Gladstone in 1881, although he spoke at the time as a responsible Minister from his place in Parliament. So be it. I am aware that the Irish party, as a whole, has a great contempt for all the opinions expressed by their present leaders before the introduction of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill. Will they despise the following report of a portion of a speech delivered, subsequently to that event, by Lord Spencer, at Bristol, upon June 23, 1886?—"He believed the English Government had

* In making this comparison I have excluded threatening letters from "Agrarian outrages." In the case of the year 1870, threatening letters are not distinguished from other forms of intimidation. I have therefore assumed that in that year they bore the same proportion to the other forms as in the next ensuing three years.

improved the condition of Ireland in these respects, and the Irish now were better educated, better fed, better clothed, and in better circumstances, in every respect, than they were thirty years ago."

I have paid no attention to the mere abuse of the Irish landlords with which the article I have been considering is freely spiced. "Their statements to Lord Salisbury cannot be relied upon in any respect;" "The public conscience of England has been shocked by the barbarities of which Irish landlordism has been guilty," &c. Stripped of such Celtic ornaments, the argument of Mr. Davitt appears to me as naked and vulnerable as the body of an ancient Gaul deprived of his torque and shield. But I am under no illusion. Without a doubt the same imaginary statistics and the same fantastic assertions will figure in the next kindred contribution to the Irish question. I lay down my pen convinced that the 482,000 evicted families will still hold a prominent place in Irish controversy.

GEORGE WYNDHAM.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION IN BOARD SCHOOLS.

THE words Technical Education have now two distinct meanings—one, the teaching of a specific art or trade; the other, instruction in elementary science bearing on all arts or trades, and the training of the hand and eye, which together facilitate the acquisition of any art or handicraft the pupil may select when he quits the school for the workshop. It is with Technical Education in this latter sense the following pages endeavour to deal.

For several years a feeling of **alarm** has been growing up in this country that we shall lose our position as one of the first, if not the first, industrial nation in the world. Foreign manufactures, it is said, are driving our goods from the markets abroad, while foreign artisans are taking the place of British handicraftsmen in our very midst. Free Trade has opened our ports to all foreign-made goods, while the Protective policy pursued by most Continental nations prevents a like sale of our goods abroad. Our complete political freedom also naturally attracts foreigners to our shores, who, it is alleged, are, by the superiority and cheapness of their work, able to undersell our own artisans.

If these allegations be true—and, though there may be some exaggeration, they have no doubt a large substratum of truth—what must be done to prevent our losing our place among the nations? Free Trade we cannot abandon, and we must console ourselves under our present trials by the fact that our sufferings from bad trade have not been greater than, if so great as, those of other countries in which a Protective policy has prevailed. Nor can we prevent foreigners from settling among us. It would indeed be most unfair in us to drive them away, when our own sons and daughters go to seek their fortunes "over the world. Moreover, such a course would be shortsighted

in the extreme, as we should, without doubt, provoke reprisals from other nations. Happily for us, the alarm lest we should lose our position has created the desire to find some means of averting the threatened evil. This desire has been slowly spreading, until recent events seem to show that the nation is at last thoroughly aroused and will hurriedly seek the remedy we need. It must be borne in mind, however, that in our haste we may fall into errors we might have avoided had we been earlier aware of our danger, and had we been able to adopt our remedial measures with greater deliberation. We may, therefore, expect that false steps will be taken, sooner or later to be retrieved, before we succeed in affording to our artisans the means by which they may hold their own against other nations. More than the superiority a wholesome rivalry may obtain we ought not to desire. That the success of one country must cause the ruin of another is a proposition too revolting for countenance. No doubt there will be suffering during the adjustment of various industries between nation and nation, but in the long run it will be found that there is room for every country to exercise the industry best suited to its climate and capabilities.

The foreign artisan comes to England because he has a reasonable expectation that he will be able to support himself here by the work of his hands. What reason has he for entertaining this expectation? It must be confessed that he can work cheaper, and in some cases better, than our own artisans. The cheapness of his labour I do not propose to discuss. It is a characteristic which will cease as soon as the foreigner appreciates the greater comfort our artisans enjoy, the shorter hours they work, and the better sanitary conditions under which they may live—all requiring a larger income than is sufficient to procure the bare necessities of life. The superiority of work is the real point to which we must turn our attention. We cannot admit that the intelligence of the foreigner is greater than that of our own countrymen. Is it not that his intelligence is more completely drawn out by the better education he receives—an education more fitted to prepare him for the struggle of his future life than that which we afford to the children of the working classes at home?

While providing a certain education for the head, we have neglected that of the hand. Our neighbours have been wiser in their generation, and hence the superiority of the foreign artisan. I must, however, on no account be understood to be making a sweeping assertion that every foreign artisan, of whatever kind or from whatever country, excels his English collaborator. In many trades, I believe, the British artisan is inferior to none. Nevertheless, the foreign handicraftsman in some departments of trade is beginning to take the place of our native workers. For instance,

it has been stated by master tailors that the foreign journeyman is driving out the native workman. Our lads, except those brought up in 'reformatories, industrial or pauper schools, or orphanages, are not taught to use the needle sufficiently early to give them the dexterity essential to make a good needleman. Doubtless, it is this lack of manual dexterity which hinders our artisans in various employments from becoming as good workers as their foreign compeers. Efforts are, I believe, being made in various parts of the country to supply this want in our primary education. I will deal chiefly with those of the London School Board, because I have but little acquaintance with what has been achieved in the provinces or among voluntary schools in the metropolis.

In the infant departments under our Board, boys have for many years been more or less taught to use their fingers in sewing, knitting, modelling, and other Kindergarten occupations; but at seven years of age, when they enter the boys' department, they drop all the manual occupations they have before practised, with the exception of drawing and writing, which only exercise the right hand, and that in an incomplete manner. Girls have, meanwhile, had an advantage in this respect over their brothers—one of those rare instances in which the female has been better treated than the male. The hand training carried on in the infants' department is continued in the girls' school by means of plain sewing and elementary cooking—handicrafts, if we may so call them, which are intimately connected with the occupations of their future life. This instruction gives girls that dexterity of hand which prepares them at a more mature age for the specific training by which they may become skilful professors of the culinary or the dressmaking art. But when a lad of thirteen or fourteen begins to learn his trade, he has lost any little manual dexterity he may have acquired in the infant school; and this he must regain before he can achieve success in his handicraft—often a tedious, and sometimes, it would appear, an impossible process, because, in the lapse of time, his fingers, for want of exercise, have become clumsy. It is to avoid this obstacle that children are made to begin their factory life at a tender age.

As long ago as February 1883 a Special Committee was appointed by the London School Board "to consider and advise how far the Board might facilitate technical education, or co-operate with those bodies who were carrying it on." The Committee examined several witnesses, well able from their knowledge and experience to give valuable evidence on the subject. Among them were Professor Thompson, Mr. Trucman Wood, and Sir Philip Magnus.

Mr. Thompson, Professor of Natural History at University College, Bristol, now Principal of the Finsbury Technical College, strongly recommended the teaching of drawing, especially mechanical drawing,

and also modelling in clay. He suggested, too, that the experiment might be tried, on a small scale, of teaching handicrafts in our schools, and he believed that some of the ordinary trades which work in wood or stone might be thus introduced.

Mr. Truefman Wood, Secretary to the Society of Arts, recommended the teaching of mechanical drawing in all elementary schools. Elementary science and mechanics should also be taught, illustrated with suitable apparatus; but he did not consider it advisable, even if it were possible, to teach specific trades in elementary schools, though he quite agreed "that general instruction in handicraft would be useful, by teaching the children the use of tools without reference to special trades," and he believed that the experiment of fitting up a workshop in one of our schools was worth trying.

Sir Philip Magnus, in answer to the question, how the School Board could aid in the development of technical education, said

"he thought it might render such assistance in various ways. Instruction should be given in the elementary schools in machine drawing. Better instruction might also be given in freehand drawing, of the defects in which the Institute's examiners in technology generally complain. In a large number of schools workshops might, with advantage, be established, in which a certain number of the more advanced boys might have the opportunity of gaining instruction in the use of tools in the same manner as is done in the primary schools in France under the new Act. It would be a great advantage to the boys on leaving elementary schools, be their occupation what it may, to have acquired the facility of using their hands, and to have gained a knowledge of the properties of different kinds of wood, as well as of iron and other metals, which could only be obtained by working these substances themselves. By the establishment of workshops in schools the boys, when apprenticed, would advance more quickly in their career, and reality would be given to their scientific instruction as well as to their lessons in mechanical drawing. He considered the great want of this country to be higher elementary or intermediate schools of a technical character. . . . Pupils in elementary schools, having a taste for art, should be taught modelling, the study of which is not sufficiently developed in this country."

He thought "that the Board might further aid in assisting technical education by the loan of its rooms for the formation of evening classes, it being always understood that, in order that the instruction should be of any use, it must be of a practical character, and that the classes should be well furnished with all necessary models, apparatus, &c."

Communications were also received from the Clerks of the School Boards of Glasgow, Manchester, and Sheffield. In the two former cities local associations had relieved the Boards from the necessity of affording technical instruction; but, nevertheless, in Manchester the Board had introduced a lathe and a group of joiners' benches into class-rooms of two of their schools, and each scholar in the higher standards of the school takes his turn at the manual exercises, receiving one or two lessons a week, a joiner being present to give the

instruction. No extra charge is made for this. One of the schools is the lowest under the Board, for two-thirds of the children are admitted free, while the other is attended by the sons and daughters of artisans and small shopkeepers.

The Clerk to the Sheffield Board gave information respecting the admission, the examination, the fees, the subjects of instruction, and the results of the Central Higher School established in that town. In the workshop attached to the school the practical work contemplated includes (1) the production of simple but perfect, geometrical forms to teach accuracy and skill in the use of tools; (2) the construction of models in wood for use as examples in model drawing; (3) the construction of simple apparatus to illustrate, by actual experiment, the principles of levers, pulleys, wheel and axle, the crane, and strain on beams with different positions of load; (4) the mechanics of the roof, arch, and bridge; (5) for more advanced pupils the construction of apparatus illustrating lessons in machine construction, applied mechanics, building construction, and mechanical engineering. He added that there is a system of scholarships by means of which from fifteen to twenty specially clever boys and girls are enabled to pass from the ordinary schools to the technical instruction at the Central Higher School.

I have just learned from the Clerk to the Sheffield Board that girls, in addition to the ordinary subjects, learn in this school physiology, hygiene, theoretical and practical chemistry—a few take mathematics, and cookery is to be introduced next year. For girls in Standards VII. and ex-VII. physiography and French are also added.

There is no doubt that the opportunity of attending this school induces both boys and girls to remain much longer under instruction than they otherwise would. Such training is found to be no less useful to those who apply the special knowledge they gain in industrial pursuits than to those who become teachers. Indeed, by far the greater proportion of female pupil teachers employed by the Sheffield Board come from the Central Higher School. The education they there receive prepares them to pass through their career as pupil teachers without undue strain on their health and strength.

From the evidence adduced the Technical Committee of the London School Board arrived at the conclusion that it was not desirable to teach special trades or handicrafts in the schools of the Board. They believed that such teaching was beyond the scope of a body whose duty it is to direct elementary education, though at the same time they were convinced that elementary education ought to include such subjects as should prepare the pupils for learning the trade or handicraft they might choose when they had quitted the school.

These views were adopted by the Board, and consequent improvements in our methods of teaching have ensued. We appointed

a peripatetic science teacher, thus following, but only to a limited extent. the practice of the Birmingham School Board, which, for several years past, has given instruction in elementary science in this manner in all its schools, to both boys and girls. This peripatetic science instructor is a professor, so to speak, who visits certain schools once a fortnight, and gives practical lessons in mechanics, illustrated by suitable apparatus, to boys in the upper standards. Like instruction is carried on by the schoolmasters between the fortnightly visits of the science teacher. The instructor visited about twenty schools, and the experiment has proved so successful that, in the early part of 1887, three more science teachers were appointed. This number will enable about eighty schools (boys' departments) to be brought under the practical teaching of mechanics at a cost for the whole number of nearly £1200 a year. Eighty, however, is but a small proportion of our schools, numbering now nearly four hundred.

A carpentering class has been formed at the Beethoven Street School at the request of the head-master, and has proved both popular and successful, and, what is of greater importance, is the means of retaining boys longer in the school than they would remain if no such class existed. The master, speaking of the lads not yet old enough to share its benefits, says: "Many wistful eyes are turned towards the open workshop door by the younger boys during play-time, and they speak of the time when their turn shall come."

Before the Technical Committee closed its deliberations, it received evidence bearing on a method for training the hand and the eye based on scientific principles which originated in Sweden. This method has been named the *Slöjd* by its founder, Herr Abrahamson, of Naas, near Gothenburg.* It is now well known on the continent of Europe, has been described in educational reports in the United States, and adopted in some schools; but it has only recently begun to attract attention in this country. *Slöjd* is a Swedish word which has no equivalent in English. It, however, may be translated by the term education through the hand, or "hand-training" as a means of education as distinguished from hand-training as a means of learning a trade.

Perceiving that the education of the head, unaccompanied by that of the hand, would not prepare the rising generation of men and women for their future battle of life, Herr Abrahamson founded a school on his estate in which teachers could study a method of developing the powers, both mental and physical, of their pupils, with the definite object of giving to them general manual

* The definition of the object at which *Slöjd* aims, and the description of the method pursued in the attainment of this object, are taken from a paper sent to me by the Director of the School at Naas. The whole of this paper was printed in the *Journal of Education* for February 1887.

dexterity and of implanting in their minds both respect and love for labour, even for the rougher kinds of handiwork. Slöjd is also intended to foster a love of neatness, order, cleanliness, and accuracy; to induce habits of attention, industry, and perseverance; to develop the physical powers, and train the eye to the perception of form and beauty.

Herr Abrahamson considers that the study of Slöjd should be engaged in by the pupil as a voluntary exercise, and, in order to render it attractive, the course of instruction should fulfil the following conditions: The articles to be made must be useful and various, the work at the commencement not fatiguing, though at the same time it must be real work and not play. The first articles must be so simple that the pupils can at once begin on their manufacture without going through a preparatory course of exercises which lead to no completed work. Nor must any of the articles consist of so-called ornamental work; they must be of a character sufficiently simple to allow the pupil to make them with precision and entirely by himself. They must not only permit of neatness and cleanliness in their construction, but must require thought and consideration, and on no account must they involve merely mechanical labour. The manufacture should be adapted to increase muscular power. Tools in as great a variety as possible should be employed, together with as much manufacture—*i.e.*, work of the hand—as is practicable. This instruction should be given, not by a trade master, but by an ordinary school teacher duly trained, and, if possible, by the teacher of the school the child attends. It is obvious that the aim of Slöjd teaching may be pursued by various methods, but, as the curriculum of the elementary schools in Sweden, as in our own country, includes many subjects, the time devoted to Slöjd is necessarily limited. For this, among other reasons, one method only—namely, work in wood—is now employed at Naas. It includes carpentry, turnery, and carving. These three differ from joinery in the following particulars:—First, the articles are usually smaller (most desirable, it will be at once seen, when it is children's fingers that are to manipulate) than those made by a joiner; secondly, the tools employed—for instance, the knife, the most important in Slöjd—are seldom used by joiners; thirdly, the division of labour, customary in a trade, is not permitted in Slöjd, nor is the use of the lathe necessary.

The number of pupils in a Slöjd class must be small, individual instruction being one of the essential elements of success. The teacher should lead his pupils to think out for themselves the exact course they must pursue in manufacturing an article. Drawings and flat patterns are not employed, but the model to be copied is laid on the piece of wood to be used and the work “drawn out;” or the pupil himself makes his own patterns, using rule and compass

for that purpose. No artificial polish is used, and the quantity of material employed is as small as possible.

The pupil must learn to work both in soft and hard woods; neither should there be much turning or ornamental carving, but, as has been before remarked, the model to be copied should develop the pupil's sense of form and beauty. To this end the Slöjd syllabus should include spoons, ladles, and other curved forms, to be executed with a free hand and chiefly by the eye. In going through the entire series the pupil should learn to use all the more important tools and to practise the various manipulations to which these tools lend themselves. He should also be exercised in producing different forms by various combinations of handiwork. The series of models should continuously progress from the easy to the difficult, from the simple to the complex, including ample variety in form, and each article must be in such relation to its predecessor that the pupil may be able to complete his copy correctly and without help from his teacher. In the early portion of the series only a very few tools must be employed, but as the pupil progresses he must learn to use fresh tools and new manipulations.

The knife chiefly assists in the beginning of the course. In copying the models in the early portion of the syllabus a rather hard wood should be used, and the articles made be capable of speedy execution, the pupil proceeding step by step to those requiring a longer time.

The school for teachers has been with a rare generosity thrown open to all, whatever their country, entirely free of charge. Houses have been built for their accommodation, where they can board and lodge at an extremely moderate outlay. This school was, I believe, first made known in England by Frö Löfving, a Swedish lady, who some years ago held the post of Superintendent of Swedish Drill under the London School Board. In 1883 at her request Herr Abrahamson sent an invitation to the Board for two of our head-mistresses to spend some time at Naas and qualify themselves for teaching Slöjd in England. We accepted the invitation, and in due course two of our head-teachers went to Naas, where they remained for six weeks; returning home each bringing forty articles she had made with her own hands with most creditable success, and both of them enthusiastic for the promotion of Slöjd teaching. One of these, Miss Warren, thus describes in the *Practical Teacher* her studies at Naas:—

"The parent establishment at Naas instructs both boys and girls, and generally the age of eleven is the guide for the start, but it must be understood this age is by no means arbitrary.

"... Another important factor is that of probable stay in the school. The children as they grow useful at home are often tempted to leave school, and in this the parents encourage them, finding their services useful in the home. It was discovered that Slöjd became a sort of lure to keep the child at school, who from time to time would take home a useful article. Thus children

are often retained in school after the permitted withdrawal, to give them the special advantages to be derived from their Slöjd course. . . .

"From six to eight in the morning the work-room [at Naas] was open for all who wished to avail themselves of it before breakfast. The Slöjd master in attendance, Herr Otto Saloman, nephew to Herr Abrahamson, and director, gave a lecture in Swedish on the work to the Swedish and Finnish teachers. Breakfast was universal at eight o'clock. At nine the Slöjd-room bell rang, and then all were expected to be at their benches, where work was carried on most industriously, with but twenty minutes' compulsory rest, until one o'clock. At two, we went again to the work-rooms, and continued until five, when labour was finished for the day. Some hour during the morning Director Saloman lectured in German to those who did not attend the Swedish exposition. We, not understanding either language, took our lecture in the evening, Herr Saloman sparing no pains, with what little English he knew, to make us understand Slöjd. He is, without exception, the cleverest demonstrator I have ever heard. We often came from these evening lessons, saying that we had learnt more in the hour than any one else had ever taught us in a month. This is the kind of thing that went on for six weeks, Herr Abrahamson coming up from 'Naas Proper' every day, and by every means in his power infusing the spirit of work into us, planning little excursions in our leisure, musical evenings, and dinner parties in his grand old home. Boats we could have without the asking; the beautiful lake running at the bottom of the grounds resounded with song and merriment."

What I learned from Miss Warren of the excellence of the Slöjd system induced me to visit Naas in the autumn of 1885, where I was most kindly received by Herr Abrahamson, who took me over his institution, showing me the workshop and the lecture-room, hung with portraits of men of various nationalities, selected, I suppose, for services in promoting manual training as a method of education. England is represented by John Locke, who, in his "Thoughts on Education," urges the teaching of trades to the children of the rich—not, of course, as a means of helping them on in after-life, but of preventing their falling into evil courses from the lack of interesting occupation in their leisure hours. I visited the houses in which the adult pupils are lodged, each with a room for reading and recreation, the schools for the children of the labourers on the estate, and the pretty house of Herr Saloman, the director of the Slöjd school. In these institutions male teachers alone were at work. There were no women taking lessons in the course then in progress. The twenty minutes' rest during the morning was employed by a group of the pupils in singing. They came from various countries, though, I think, all from the northern parts of Europe; one of these was teaching the others his own National Anthem.

The School Board was so much impressed by Miss Warren's evidence with the importance of Slöjd teaching, that it was decided to establish a Slöjd class as an experiment, and Miss Warren was to be its head. She, however, very soon quitted our service to become Superintendent of Kindergarten method under the Leicester School Board. Her departure and other unforeseen delays prevented

our commencing our experiment till the autumn of 1887, when Miss Clark, Miss Warren's companion at Naas, gave a course, lasting three months, of instruction, at one of our schools, to a small number of boys and girls, who attended as volunteers on Saturday mornings. Its success encourages us to continue the class, but we have been met by a difficulty which is an obstacle in the way both of this experiment and of the one carried on at Beethoven Street School. It is this: technical instruction, with the exception of the teaching of sewing and cooking, is not one of the subjects included in the Educational Code, and, in providing the necessary material and tools for our experiments, the Board overstepped its legitimate powers. Nevertheless, it was considered advisable to try whether the Department would sanction manual training, a subject of instruction so manifestly advantageous to children in elementary schools. The result has proved—what has previously been the case—that the Board must act as pioneer to the Education Department. The cost we have incurred was, in the first instance, surcharged by the auditor, and though, on our petition, it has been since allowed, it is on condition that we spend no more money on manual training. Consequently, the expense must be defrayed from our private purses, or our experiment must be abandoned. In order to leave no stone unturned, we sent a memorial to the Department, in which we have asked whether certain articles of the Educational Code may not be so construed as to permit manual training. But the Department has answered that it could arrive at no decision on this subject while the scheme for technical instruction laid before Parliament last Session was still under discussion. This Bill was discharged before the House rose last autumn. But as in all probability the same or a similar Bill will be brought in during this Session, we need expect no further response to our memorial for the present.

The question of technical instruction has progressed with so great a rapidity during the last few months, that we may look forward with confidence to a change in the law which will enable the Education Department so to modify the articles of the Code as to permit manual training being carried on in all elementary schools. But here a danger rises against which we must guard. The Bills discharged last Session—one brought in by the Government and the other by Sir Henry Roscoe—deal exclusively with schemes for affording technical instruction to those boys who shall have reached the upper standards, omitting those whom unfavourable circumstances prevent from attaining to a position sufficiently high to share in this instruction; thus, in fact, helping those only who are best able to help themselves. Again—a more serious defect—they postponed manual training until thirteen or fourteen, an age, as has been seen, too advanced for dexterity to be easily obtained. It will be therefore necessary to watch the new Bill,

and endeavour to adapt its provisions to the real needs of the children of the working classes.

In the spring of 1887 classes were opened at the City and Guilds of London Institute for the purpose of giving instruction in the use of tools to masters engaged in elementary schools. They were largely attended by teachers under the London School Board. Professor Unwin, under whose general guidance these classes were carried on, is of opinion that the pupils not only exhibited an enthusiasm in their studies, but a facility in acquiring practical skill he did not expect in men of their profession. A good proportion of the students, who had taken an elementary course during the spring and summer, returned to the Institute when the autumn session opened, and joined another advanced course, while at the same time fresh pupils formed a new elementary class. Thus are our masters preparing themselves for carrying on the technical instruction of our elder pupils so soon as the necessary alteration in the law permits.

Happily, however, the Board is not compelled to await the decision of Parliament before, at least, trying to introduce manual instruction into our boys' schools. The City and London Guilds have contributed a sum of £1000 for the purpose of establishing classes for teaching the use of tools. The experiment is to be continued for twelve months. Six centres for such instruction have been chosen—three on the north and three on the south of the Thames, in which classes are carried on in buildings belonging to the School Board. They were opened in January of this year, and are under the joint control of a committee representing the Institute and the Board. But here, again, is a possible danger to be guarded against—that, namely, of giving instruction in a particular trade in contradistinction to preparation for handicraftship generally. We must not turn our pupils into premature artisans while they are yet in schools and too young to choose their vocation in life; moreover, they will learn their trade far better in a workshop than in a school, where, to a certain extent, the work must partake of an amateur character.

It is a common remark that, while much of the instruction provided in our Board schools is not adapted to prepare our pupils for their future career, we omit to teach those very subjects essential to the formation of capable men and women. But, then, have we arrived at an agreement upon what are essential subjects? There are some among us who consider it superlative folly to give our pupils an insight, however small, into the literature of our country, the heritage, we must remember, no less of the peasant than of the prince—knowledge which affords even to the poorest a source of pure enjoyment of which nothing can deprive them. These critics would treat with contempt the teaching of elementary science, which, by enabling the

pupil to understand in some degree the phenomena surrounding him, will not only afford him the highest delight, but will endue him with large powers of usefulness to himself and his fellow-creatures, both in promoting their comfort and in preventing their suffering. For instance, a few years ago an explosion of gas occurred in a house so close to one of our schools that it might have caused terrible injury had the children been present at the time. The sufferings inflicted on persons in the house itself were most horrible, involving certain loss of health and power, and very probably that of life itself, to two at least of these unfortunate victims. The smell of gas had been very apparent during the day previous to the evening on which the explosion took place. A little knowledge of physics would have warned the inhabitants of their danger, and enabled them to avert this terrible calamity.

Again, what do our critics say to our teaching our pupils to observe and admire the beauties of Nature? The power thus acquired will be not only a source of extreme enjoyment, but, by filling the mind with what is pure and elevating, will exclude what is bad and degrading. The human mind must have food, and, if it cannot obtain that which is wholesome, will perforce feed on that which is deleterious. Further, does not a knowledge of the laws which govern the social well-being of the community show us the suffering we bring, no less on others than on ourselves, by their infringement—infringement as frequently the consequence of ignorance as of wilful disobedience. To endeavour, therefore, to remove this ignorance, and to promote obedience to these laws—laws, we must remember, which are beyond our power to abrogate or even alter in the slightest degree—surely should be the aim of all sound education. “The education of the people,” says the late William Ellis, “is not to be confounded with the mere teaching of reading, writing, and arithmetic, nor with what goes by the name of history and geography. It means the teaching of the conditions of well-being and the training to an observance of those conditions.”* It may be here noted that a beginning has been made in a few of our Board schools in the teaching of the truths which underlie social well-being.

Many persons will doubtless maintain that the subjects of instruction I have described are altogether beyond the scope of elementary schools, while others, who may recognize their value, will still object to them on the ground that they overcrowd the curriculum when it is considered how short the time is which a child of the working class can devote to school education. Most of these subjects, however, already have some place in our course. Reading is occasionally illustrated by extracts from our great authors, and pieces by well-

* Ellis on “Education.”

known poets, adapted to the capacity of the pupils, are learned for recitation by every standard in our schools.

Elementary science, under the name of object lessons, is one of our compulsory subjects, though it requires a much greater development and far better methods of teaching. Freehand drawing, which should develop a taste for art, is taught in all boys' departments, though it is taken in only a few of the girls' schools. Social economy, as Mr. Ellis designated the truths he taught, need not absorb a large amount of time, while the moral lessons they convey should pervade the whole government and discipline of the school. With regard to manual training—for the girls we have sewing and cooking; some sweeping and cleaning might be added. A good beginning in such training may be introduced into the boys' departments even under the present Code, though, as we have shown, it will need modification for the fuller development of education through the hand. The time spent in this training will be no real loss to the literary side of education, for the change of thought and employment necessitated by manual occupations will enable the pupil to return to the schoolroom so ready for hard study that he will soon make up for the interval which has been devoted to the education of his hand.

Improved methods of teaching will make learning easier to the pupil, and, what is of far greater importance, draw out his intelligence, thus enabling him to acquire knowledge by himself long after his school education is finished. That there is great room for improvement in the subjects we teach, and in our methods of teaching them, is perhaps apparent to no one more clearly than to members of the School Board themselves. It is this conclusion, the result of years of experience, which led to the appointment, in March 1887, of a Special Committee "to consider the subjects and modes of teaching in the Board's schools" with a view to their improvement. To help us to attain our aim, the Committee has sought the advice of those whose knowledge and experience on the subject have been proved in various ways—teachers in elementary schools, professors from technical colleges, persons whose occupation it is to train teachers and examine schools, gentlemen and ladies whose interest in education has led them to observe and consider the merits and demerits of various methods by which it is carried on both at home and abroad, and working men, whose opinion we sought on the kind of hand-training it is advisable to give. The evidence we have received has convinced us that henceforth hand-training must occupy a place in our school course, while we have arrived at the same conclusion as the Committee of 1883, that the teaching of definite trades is entirely beyond the scope of our work. The Committee also believe that the Kindergarten principle should no longer be limited to infant departments, but that it should govern the whole school life of the

pupil. The old-fashioned mode of teaching by words and not by things is fast giving way to the new one—that which teaches by experience instead of by dogma. Such is the Kindergarten principle, as fitted to the boy or girl of fifteen as to the infant of five; needing only that its ^{*}application shall be adapted to the age of the pupil. This principle is embodied in the Report the Committee presented a few weeks since to the Board. Its adoption is under discussion at the present moment. Should its recommendations be carried into effect, we shall at least have grasped the soundest principle of education yet discovered, and may hope to better prepare our pupils for their future vocation than we can under our present system.

The changes necessary to accomplish these improvements will cost money. The sum we may be obliged to expend will to some eyes present imposing proportions when viewed *en bloc*; but, divided as it is among the whole body of ratepayers in the metropolis, each person's share becomes inconsiderable, and it will impose no heavy burden on any one, while on a large class it will be so light as to be scarcely perceptible. Yet this money, wisely expended, will make all the difference between the far too mechanical teaching we give at present and the improved methods we must introduce if we desire to enable our working classes to hold their own against other nations and to diminish in the next generation the vast army of the unskilled—*i.e.*, the unemployed—who are the perplexity of the present. Shall we, therefore, lose the ship for the sake of a ha'porth of tar? The public must decide. It should, however, bear this fact in mind, that the cost incurred in education is spent quite as much for the benefit of those who pay it as for that of the persons educated—ignorance being most costly to the community, as the chief source of poverty and of crime. Is it not wiser, then, if we consider the subject on no higher ground than as a pecuniary question, to spend money in making good citizens rather than in repressing bad ones?

ROSAMOND DAVENPORT-HILL.

THE DISLOCATIONS OF INDUSTRY.

MR. GIFFEN, in one of his admirable contributions to the science of statistics, has calculated that wealth in Great Britain increases at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum, while population increases only by 1·3 per cent. We should naturally draw the conclusion that, under such circumstances, the country will soon forget what poverty was. When we test this conclusion, however, by every-day experience, we find, as a matter requiring little statistical proof, that we have, every now and then, what are called Depressions of Trade; that the masses are as far as ever from being assured of steady work and wages; and that at the present time there are more unemployed on the streets of our great cities than ever.

It is now over forty years since Carlyle wrote his "Past and Present." The work of genius, indeed, is not of an age, but for all time; but surely it is not because of the genius of Carlyle, but because of some strange mismanagement on our part, that the condition of England described in his first chapter is substantially the condition of England to-day. "We have more riches than any nation ever had before. In the midst of plethoric plenty the people perish."

There is no need to exaggerate the hardships of the working classes. Without being suspected of the heresy that the former days were better than now, we may be allowed to think that the present days should be immeasurably better than they are. It is no doubt true that the working man's kitchen to-day is more luxurious than the banqueting hall of the Middle Ages. But if we compared the noble of those ages with the noble of our own, and the peasant of those ages with the labourer of the present, we should see that,

while the one class has risen to a level of luxury undreamt of in the older world, the other is not yet assured of the necessities of life.

We are so familiar, however, with the phenomena of depression of trade and irregular employment, that we do not sufficiently realize how strange it is that such things should be. We need not wonder that, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, famine—actual want of food—swept away the population that tended to outrun its means of life. We know that, in those times, though the population was scanty, the return of land to labour was scanty also. England was in great part a land of tangled wood, and marsh, and moor; with few roads, and bad; with an agriculture little more advanced than that of the Indian ryot of to-day. But in our England, full to repletion with wealth of every sort, with ships bringing grain from every land till it is carried as ballast for very abundance, that there should be want, actual starvation, in poor men's homes, and that no man can very well say why,—this is a strange thing.

According to Mr. Atkinson's calculations,* ten men on a bonanza farm in the Far West can produce enough by their labour to serve bread to one thousand persons in New York. If that calculation is correct, then in every community of a thousand people within reach of American grain 990 are released from the necessity of raising food, and are free to produce other useful things. Mr. Atkinson further calculates that one operative in a cotton factory makes sufficient cloth for 250 people; in a woollen factory enough for 300; while the modern cobbler, working in a boot and shoe factory, furnishes 1000 men, or more than 1000 women, with all the boots and shoes they require in a year. In face of this enormous outpour of wealth, where a few men can turn out enough of the necessities of life for hundreds, how is it that there are people in England starving for want of food? It certainly is no niggardliness of Nature. It is no fault of our instruments of production. It must be something terribly far wrong in the way we organize and employ these great resources.

The general phenomenon we wish to investigate, then, is the unsatisfactory state of the working classes in view of this immense production of wealth. The unsatisfactoriness consists mainly in two things—that wages are at all times low in comparison with what we might expect, and that employment is irregular.

There are two explanations very commonly given. They are not pressed as logical theories; they are not exactly answers to the same question. They are rather of that dangerous class that describe a phenomenon, and are taken to account for it. The first puts the question, Why are wages low? and answers, On account of bad dis-

* "The Distribution of Products," p. 76.

tribution of wealth. The second puts the question, Why is employment irregular? and answers, Because of over-production.

I. *Bad Distribution.* It is said that the present system of industry tends to concentrate wealth in the hands of the few, and keep the masses at a low level. Admitting Mr. Giffen's figures, it is said that all the increase of wealth over population only goes to make the rich richer. Mr. George will have it that, in an old country, and even in a new, wealth can only find one resting-place—the pockets of the landowners. If his theory do not square with the facts of reduced rents and diminishing cultivation, he takes the easy way of ignoring the facts. Mr. Hyndman, on the other hand, points to the long lines of suburban villas, and the new men everywhere planted on the old acres, and gives a very definite answer as to where, in his opinion, the added wealth is going to. More moderate men are content to take Mr. Giffen's figures of the great increase in incomes between £200 and £400, and accept his conclusion that middlemen and retailers are getting the lion's share.

But does the phrase "bad distribution" explain anything? At first sight it seems true to say that, if the middle and upper classes are absorbing the increasing wealth, it sufficiently accounts for the comparative poverty of the working classes. But there is an assumption here that requires to be dragged to the light of day—viz., that great wealth at one end of the scale involves great want of it at the other. If wealth comes into the world, and you get it, I can't have it. This is charmingly simple, but it assumes that, in industry, what one gains another loses. The assumption is so common, and so serious, that it deserves a detailed refutation.

What do we mean when we say that a man is becoming richer? Do we mean that he actually consumes more upon himself in the way of selfish expenditure? Well, apart from the fact that a man's "self" generally includes his family and his friends, and that expenditure may be "selfish," and yet not condemnable, it is a more difficult matter to be entirely selfish in consumption than we quite realize. A man can only wear one suit of clothes or drive one pair of horses at a time, and, if he go beyond the statutory four meals a day, he only increases the possibilities of indigestion. There are physical limits to such consumption. But even in this he cannot be wholly selfish; cannot greatly increase his consumption without calling in other men, to share his abundance. The making of his clothes helps to clothe the tailor. His horses are a source of income to grooms, and stable-men, and horse-dealers. If he rise from beer to champagne he supports the highly skilled labour of the vine-grower instead of the unskilled toil of the hop-picker. No man liveth to himself, and we cannot even die by ourselves:—the cost of a sumptuous funeral makes the heart of the undertaker

glad, and even the earth grows greener for our dust. So that, if we assume our rich man to spend his wealth merely in selfish consumption, it does not necessarily follow that any one is the poorer for him.

In our social system, however, increase of wealth does not mean, to any material extent, increase of this kind of consumption. Nor does it mean the accumulation of hoards and stores. It means, for the most part, increasing power over the services of other men. The power of sixpence in my pocket depends on the want of sixpence in yours. I may not have a rood of ground or a spare umbrella in my possession, but I have only to flourish a hundred pound note to have the services of the civilized world at my disposal to the extent of £100. Is any one the poorer then that the rich man hires his services, and pays wages? It is rather curious that, in this matter of "making work," common-sense has been wiser than the political economy of the old school. Political economy would have sent the squire to London to the Army and Navy Stores to buy his goods in the cheapest market. Common-sense has always condemned that as partaking of the vice of absentee landlordism. It has glorified Sir Roger de Coverley as the typical squire and the special providence of the district; buying from the village shops; getting the servants from those bred about the hall gates; organizing and finding and making work for his tenants and dependents.

In feudal and semi-feudal times there was little difference between the life of the master and that of the man. Wealth did not mean selfish expenditure. It showed itself in a more liberal table, in wider hospitality, in a greater personal retinue; and these retainers were assuredly not the poorer that the added wealth came first into the hand of one person, presumably the wisest, and was distributed out by him, not as wages, but as provision. But to-day the tie of the cash payment is the strong one. The modern relation of the employer to his hands, with whom he has no personal dealings, has been extended to landlord and tenant, squire and villager. The division of labour and the organization of industry on a large scale have divided classes so sharply and entirely that it is not now so clear that one man's wealth is not another man's poverty. But though disguised, it is, to a great extent, as true as before.

However unconscious of personal relations, the rich man and his tradesmen are dependent on each other. The hall is even more dependent on the cottage than the cottage on the hall; for the cottager, thrown on his own resources, could use his hands, where his master, in the same circumstances, would be helpless enough. The rich man cannot increase his pleasures without paying the poor man wages, and so giving over part of his wealth to be spent by others.

In fact, almost all expenditure involves a partnership. The one partner may have the honour of directing how the money shall be spent; the spending of it all is a thing that goes beyond him.

The lazy idea that one man's wealth involves another man's poverty still induces a good deal of preaching against "culpable luxury," without any clear idea of what the culpableness consists in. This unguarded condemnation of luxurious expenditure is a heritage of simpler times and of simpler morals. When the world was poor, wealth had the form of a store of goods. From this store a man was always subtracting something for his subsistence; to it he was bound to add, on the whole, more than he withdrew. There was little command over Nature; man had to do the hard work, with only his strong arms for tools; and, as no one could add much, no one had a right to waste much. Luxury was culpable. But our wealth, and our manner of getting wealth, are entirely changed. The hand of man is now known to be a very weak tool, although a very cunning one; so we hand over the artistic work of the world to be done by it, but the hard work we get done for us by the forces of Nature we have pressed into our service.

The joint factors in wealth production are still, as always, human labour and natural powers. But, as time goes on, man does more of the directing, Nature more of the working. We cannot toughen our muscles beyond those of the Greek athlete, but we can get the Nasmyth hammer to do the work of a hundred athletes. Parallel to this is a change in the position of various kinds of producing. We do not multiply our necessities; we direct our industry to the supply of the various comforts and luxuries that are the conditions of refined life. Food growing, which in earlier times was the most important and most honourable of callings, has passed into the background, just because it is not the material wants of man that are infinite, but the æsthetic. As we get richer we do not ask for more loaves, but more beauty. It is by gradual development, then, that we have risen to the high level of comfort. The increase of industry has been, and must be, in the direction of luxury. The entire fabric of our industrial organization is based on the demands of luxury from increasing numbers.

But all this time our morals—so far as we consult our morals in our expenditure—are the morals of a simpler world, and we do not seem to be able to quit ourselves of the haunting idea that luxury is culpable. As before, we are ready—in theory—to respond to the call: "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." All through Mill, for instance, there is an under-current of disapproval of the man who buys velvet, and of approval of the man who makes it; commendation of the setting up of factories and of cultivating land, condemnation of the building of mansion houses and of the laying out of

parks. Yet a slight consideration would show that there is some confusion of thought here. It was the demand of a world growing rich that called forth the production of luxuries. To cease consuming these luxuries, or suddenly to turn supply into different channels, would be a perilous remedy. If the rich were to clothe themselves in simple woollens, and live on brown bread and barley beer, the whole industrial fabric would come tumbling about their heads. Or if some millionaire, fired with economical enthusiasm, were to put a few millions more into the manufacture of simple cotton cloth, for the apparently sufficient reason that there were a good many bare backs still in England, would he do more than complicate our problem? He might produce cloth a farthing a yard cheaper, but it would probably be at the immediate cost of depriving a good many persons of the means of buying cloth, or buying anything else. As we shall see later, the interests of the consumer are inseparably bound up with those of the producer, and to consider either as paramount is one of the *sophismes économiques* which Bastiat did not escape from.

Considerations such as these serve to show that there is an unwritten chapter in political economy; namely, almost the entire department of consumption and expenditure. But, perhaps, too, they make sufficiently clear the present contention, that the selfish expenditure of the comfortable classes will not explain the poverty of the masses.* When, however, we go beyond this selfish expenditure, it becomes more evident that bad distribution is no explanation. Mr. Giffen has calculated £200,000,000 as the annual saving of the British nation; by which he means, I believe, that of the £1,200,000,000 of income we are supposed to have, a sixth part is set aside for the permanent endowment of the whole community. This wealth is partly statical, partly dynamic. In the shape of hospitals, galleries, public parks, churches, colleges, and so on, the rich individuals of the nation communize their wealth; that is, instead of handing it down for the individual benefit of their heirs, they turn it into common means of benefit, either for particular classes, or for the whole community. Under the form of investments, again, they build railways, or ships, or factories, or organize bodies of men to turn out an annual supply of wealth for the community that grows in numbers and in wants.

So far, then, as new wealth takes either of these shapes, no one is the poorer. The rich men who invest their money are, of course, consciously doing well by themselves for themselves; but they could not do so to any great extent unless they were serving the convenience

* This is, of course, very far from saying that such expenditure has nothing to do with poverty. It is undoubtedly in the power of the rich to direct their expenditure consciously to ameliorate the conditions of the poor, while a great deal of luxury is actually destructive dissipation of wealth.

and supplying the wants of the whole community. It is all the same whether it is poor men or rich who invest; their investments are so far common property.

In the cases, then, both of selfish consumption and of investment, the bad distribution of wealth does not account for the phenomena we started with—the low level of wages and working-class comfort. The whole theory is a misconception of what rich people do with wealth: a vague notion that they eat or drink it, or dissolve it, as Cleopatra did the pearl in Antony's draught. The power of a man over great wealth is little more than the power of directing how other people may consume it.

There is, then, no necessary connection between bad distribution and the phenomena we are investigating. If all our factories were running full time, and not a man were unemployed in the country, there would still be the same bad distribution of wealth. Some men would have their £50 a year, some their £3000.

II. Over-production. It is said that irregularity of employment, which is the worst hardship of the working classes, is due to over-production. We have then to investigate the place and meaning of over-production in our industrial system. It is an explanation that has met with little justice from economists, but is a favourite one with men who delight to call themselves "practical." At the outset we are met with a paradox which is sufficiently striking.

1. Logically speaking, to account for the poor condition of the working classes by over-production is absurd enough. The phenomena of this condition are low wages and periodical want of employment, and to account for this by multiplication of commodities is like accounting for starvation by satiety.

2. We cannot deny that almost every particular trade we know has over-produced. But if a general over-production is the sum of particular over-productions, we seem really to have what we have just called a logical absurdity.

We are compelled to re-examine each member of the paradox. As regards the first: a general over-production would mean that every consumer within reach of British goods has been before now filled up with all the necessities and comforts peculiar to his ambition. I say ambition; assuming, for the moment, that each class has a customary level of comfort to which each member of it strives to attain. But in answer it must be said that few of us have too much of any one good thing beyond the ordinary necessities of life; certainly each of us wishes a little more; while the working classes, who form three-fourths of the nation, must be credited with a very poor ambition indeed if they are content with their present level of comfort. It

certainly is not because the women of Lancashire are all well clad that the looms are standing idle, nor because we are all well fed that farms are going out of cultivation. But customary levels of comfort not yet attained give a very inadequate idea of the possibilities of production. All levels of comfort must rise. Wants come with having : no sooner are the material needs supplied than all the endless wants of education and culture emerge ; and, to supply these, endless production is required. We must repeat, then, that general over-production of wealth is a logical absurdity.

As regards the second, particular over-production ; we have to ask what are the proofs of this over-production. Are there, everywhere, accumulated stocks of goods which the public will not take off the makers' hands ? Probably there are such stocks, but the common answer will be ;—it is not that stocks are accumulating, but that they are, from time to time, moved off at a loss. And here we begin to suspect that the paradox is the fallacy known to logicians as Equivocation. In short, the word over-production has been used in different senses in the two members of the paradox. In the first case, over-production would mean that goods are produced which the world does not want, and will not have. In the second, it means that goods are produced which the world does want, but cannot afford to buy. There is at all times a level in prices determined by cost of production, below which goods cannot permanently be sold. The higgling of the market—the cutting of one commodity against another, and of the same commodity at different times and places—may hide this level for long periods ; but over the mass of commodities the truth remains, that you cannot sell for 19s. what it cost you 20s. to produce. What our merchants, then, mean by over-production is that more goods are made than the consumer will take at a price to pay cost of production. Unlimited production would be over-production even if the world were in rags. In calculating the amount of production that will be taken off his hands, the maker has to take account of two things : the strength of the consumer's desire for the goods, relative to the strength of his desire for other goods, and his ability to pay the cost of production. Over-production takes place whenever there is any miscalculation here.

We arrive, then, at this conclusion : that the over-production which every trade knows of is the result of a hitch between buyer and seller ; a miscalculating of the proper equation between supply and purchasing power. It appears to me that this last sentence points to the weak point in our industrial system, and that if we follow out its suggestion we shall arrive at an adequate explanation of irregularity of employment, periodical depression, and a low working-class level of comfort.

Let us look fairly at the problem. First of all: we have an immense accumulation of wealth, both statical and dynamical; an income of £1,200,000,000; natural resources of all sorts; hereditary skill acquired during two generations; and a highly organized system of division and co-operation of labour.

This is the background. In front we have these phenomena: an infinite series of human wants still unsatisfied; profits fallen away to nothing and wages reduced to the point of necessity; stocks of goods lying dead in the warehouses of all countries; thousands of men in the streets unable to find work at any wage.

Carlyle put the problem in its most direct form. "Here," he said, "are the millions of bare backs, and there are the millions of spun shirts. How are they to be brought together?" It seems to many an impossible thing, but that they can be brought together may be proved by a very simple illustration. Suppose you have in the circle of your pensioners a baker, a tailor, and a joiner. Separately they are walking the streets looking for employment. Not only are they adding nothing to the world, but they are subtracting something: viz., the subsistence they get from your charity. Unless you have been keeping your money in a stocking at home, this charity is a diminution from somebody's living. But, as paupers have to be fed somehow, either by the State or by individuals in it, you are only doing what the world at large must do somehow.

Well, tired of a charity which generally ends in making a spiritless dependant out of an independent workman, you contribute a little thought to the subject; and, as a result, you buy some flour for the baker, some cloth for the tailor, and a few planks for the joiner, and you set them to work in a spare room of your house. You find, probably to your surprise, that the baker bakes enough for himself and the other two, and, besides, supplies your household with bread; that the tailor clothes himself and his fellows, and does the mending for the family; that the joiner, after he has knocked together a shed for the work which now shows itself as co-operative, is doing odd jobs about the house. In this way, not only do you get back all the capital you advanced, but you find that you are making a little income out of your charity.

From this experience, if you are a wise man, you will learn several lessons. For instance, you will probably get rid for ever of the idea that "making work" is unconomical—unless, indeed, it be of the nature of those institutions, the treadmill and stone-breaking. You will get shaken in your so-called Malthusian faith, that Providence sends people into the world without providing sustenance for them. You will learn that, however much disguised by competition, all division of labour is only a co-operation of workers to support each other, instead of a wasteful providing of each man for himself.

You will master the economic doctrine, disguised by Stock Exchanges, that interest, profits, and wages, come out of new wealth won from the environment of Nature by the labour of man. Lastly, you will see that, in terms of Carlyle's problem, the thing which is to bring the bare backs and the spun shirts together is the organizing power of human brains.

To understand the peculiar problem of employment of the present day, we have to remember that the conditions of living and of wealth are totally changed from what they were a century ago. At that time it would have appeared absurd to think that any one could starve in the midst of plenty. Men then depended simply on the land, and so long as man does so, and is content with this simple life, he need scarcely ever starve. But when steam brought in sight the undreamt of possibilities of wealth, as many as could forsook the land. Industry became an implicit contract between manufacturer and farmer, where the former cut himself off from the old means of living on condition that the latter would grow enough for both, and give his surplus food in exchange for the manufactures. But, even so late as the beginning of this century, this division was not complete. Industry was carried on in the cottage, with the garden patch or the family field close by. There were few factories. The employers of labour were travelling merchants, who bought up all the production of particular workers, or gave out material to be made up in the homes of the workers. But the application, first of water power and then of steam, brought in the factory system, and completed the division between the country and the town. To-day, when the factory system has come to its full development, what is the position of the worker?

He has no access to the land on which he might, at least, support life simply as his fathers did. He has no tools of his own, or capital to buy them. Even if he had, he has no market, for capitalist production on a large scale makes small production unprofitable. In short, the workman thrown out of employment cannot help himself. He must wander the streets till he finds an employer who wishes him. All labour in the present day waits, not on the capitalist—that is a Socialist mistake—but on the *entrepreneur*, the organizer. If he fail to interpret the wants of the market, the market goes bare, and the workman has to live on charity. In a word, the very life of thousands, perhaps millions, rests upon the ability of employers to find a market for goods produced in huge quantities in anticipation of demand.

That is what I meant by saying that the one thing that can bring the bare backs and the spun shirts together is the organizing power of human brains. We have now to look at the function of the employer, and see why it is that he is not able to organize better. For, remembering the infinity of human wants, and the willingness of un-

employed hands, it is the organizer we must blame.* The fact seems to be that the world's progress is continually outrunning its organizing power. Production of anything is so great that a few manufacturers speedily supply all the demand for their goods, and then, instead of waiting for the articles to win their way, and make a market, they double their production in order to cheapen it by a fraction and undersell their rivals; they glut the market, and then throw the worker on the street till things right themselves. All the time the world is wanting and waiting for other things; when one demand is supplied, if the same energy were turned on to supply another, there would be no over-production.

The function, then, of the wise organizer is to keep a watchful eye on what the consumers need, to have it ready for them at the time and place it is wanted, and not to produce more than is wanted. But here we come in sight of the consideration that takes away from the blame of the organizer. It is the fact that we have adopted a system of industry that makes exceptional demands on organization—a system so complicated that we must have many mistakes and failures. We have adopted division of labour as our great principle of industry, and this division of labour has peculiar dangers that did not exist in simpler times. In those days the workman did the whole of his particular business. No one now does the whole of anything; each man does one little part of a thing, and hands it on to the man of a complementary trade to do another part, and so on. Take such a small thing as a spool of cotton thread. To-day the Egyptian woman takes a few pods of cotton, and with the aid of a distaff twists them into a coarse thread. But consider how the same result is reached in our organization of industry. In Carolina the planters cultivate the cotton plant on great estates. Under a tropical sky, and amid malaria which is death to white men, the negro picks it. In New Orleans the merchants pack it and arrange for sending it to Europe. The railway and shipping industries carry it to Liverpool. Arrived there, one trade receives it, stores, and sells it. Then the cotton spinners take it, and thousands of operatives are employed in doing nothing else than watching the machines that take the dirty cotton, tear it and tease it and clean it, carding it with iron teeth, combing it with steel combs, drawing it out finer and finer in successive frames, till the self-acting mule turns it out as the gossamer-like yarn. In this cotton spinning there are some

* "Fancy a farmer's wife, to whom one or two of her servants should come at twelve o'clock at noon, crying that they had got nothing to do; that they did not know what to do next; and, fancy still further, the said farmer's wife looking hopelessly about her rooms and yard, they being all the while considerably in disorder, not knowing where to set the spare handmaidens to work, and at last complaining bitterly that she had been obliged to give them their dinner for nothing. That's the type of the kind of political economy we practise too often in England."—*RUSKIN'S Political Economy of Art.*

ten different trades carried on under one roof, and men's and women's lives are spent in doing one small part of what is itself but a small part. Then the yarn is taken by the Brooks or Coates or Clarks; huge mills and thousands of spindles are kept running for one insignificant process alone, viz., laying six strands of yarn together and twisting them into a thread, just as any child might do with his fingers. The twisted yarn is sent to bleachers near the towns. All over the Highlands there are little mills, where the birchwood is sawn into lengths, cut into blocks, and finally, by a single turn of the lathe, changed into the small wooden spool. The thread and the spools are brought into the factory again. Here is one flat of workers winding the hank; another changing it to smaller spools; another putting it on the small "bobbin" we all know; another putting on the labels; another tying up into dozen parcels. And only then, after passing through some dozens of trades, comes into our modern hands what the Egyptian woman does all for herself.

What is true of one trade is true in more or less degree of all. The world's industry is carried on as a vast co-operation or division of labour. It is like an extremely complicated machine, where every separate trade represents some wheel, or crank, or pin connected with and necessary to the working of the rest. It is the very perfection of the machine that makes it so easily go wrong. The penalty of all high organization is high sensitiveness. One would say, apart from metaphor, that the necessary thing for the proper working of any such machine would be, that there was one mind to look after it; to see that all the parts were balanced and harmonious. That, of course, is impossible in our larger machine; but, just in proportion as we get away from this one informing mind, do we endanger the smooth working of industry. Now, the fact about our divided industry is, there are scarcely two consecutive processes that are regulated by one mind. The organization of industry, as we know it, is kept in work by the individual self-interests of many men working, for the most part, without knowledge of each other.

To make this clearer: if over every class of trade, from its raw material to its finished product, there were one head—if, *e.g.*, any one person, or organized company of persons, could say to the planter;—"Next season the world will require so many thousand bales of cotton;" to the spinner;—"Have your spindles ready to take these up;" to the twister;—"Be ready to take so much yarn as it comes from the spinner"—then the working of the various trades into each other would be easy. There would be steady demand and steady supply, continuity of employment, and no depression. But the calculation of the spinner is simply this: "Last year I sold so many pounds weight, and made so much profit; with this profit I shall put down a few more thousand spindles, and trust to selling all the new

production somehow—either from a new demand, or at the expense of some one who cannot sell so cheap.” That is to say, each maker of each little part guesses what the makers of the other little parts will require, and generally guesses wildly enough. The wonder is, not that there is periodical depression, but that the industrial machine works at all. Trades do work into one another somehow, but at the cost of an enormous deal of friction and an enormous amount of waste. Any one who has had experience, as the writer has had, of carrying on two processes of consecutive manufacture under one roof knows the difficulty. If, *e.g.*, in one mill there is spinning yarn and twisting the same into thread, it at all times needs careful and individual management to arrange from month to month that there is production of yarn, just enough and no more, to keep the twisting frames steadily working. Even with the best management there is every month a considerable quantity of capital sunk in real over-production; production, that is, of stuff that is not wanted at the time, or perhaps is not wanted at all. It is not too much to say that there are in our great factories some millions of pounds of yarn that are dead stock; good yarn, but not the right yarn for the market; numbers too coarse perhaps, or too fine; goods that will be wrought up some time, but meantime are unsaleable.

But this is a simple case in comparison with the actual facts of divided industry. Take these two processes from under the one roof; carry out the division of labour as it is everywhere being carried out; put the spinning mills in Bolton and the weaving ones in Glasgow. Consider, then, the scores of spinning factories working for the scores of weaving factories, but with no head over any two consecutive processes; working only by rough guesses, not to dignify them by the name of calculations. Can we wonder that factories are built to supply wants that do not exist; that machines are made and set to turn out what there is already too much of; that one process, and one trade, is brought to a standstill for want of the others which ought to be ready to take up the part-product and are not; that miscalculation produces too much here, too little there?

Now if it were a finished article, that was thus turned out in too great abundance, that is, an article ready for consumption, such goods would always find a buyer at some price. But our greatest industries are those which are turning out only parts of things, and these parts are useless for any human want if not complemented by other processes. A half-spun yarn, *e.g.*, or a half-twisted thread, or a bar of pig-iron, what good are they to any one if the supplementary processes, necessary to fit them for human use, are not available? It is essentially the same as if one man started a factory to make pin heads, and found that there was no one producing the body of the pin.

This hitch in the continuity of divided industry may conveniently be called the dislocation between producer and producer. The necessity of organized industry is that each individual, each trade, even each country, should work smoothly into every other. For want of knowledge of each other's wants they cannot do so. Too much is produced, or too little, or the wrong thing, and a part of the industrial machine is dislocated—thrown out of gear. There is much capital sunk in this over-production, in putting things in the wrong places, or leaving them half finished. The wealth that might have been immediately consumed, or been put into the dynamic form of assisting future production, lies unproductive; ultimately it may be lost or not; but, in any case, it is as good meantime as if buried from the world.

The organization of our industry, however, has led to another and an even more serious hitch: what we might call the dislocation between producer and consumer. To understand this we must keep in mind the twofold character of most men as at the same time producers and consumers. To-day, of course, few men produce what they consume. We can conceive of a time when each man only made, or dug, what he wanted for his own living, as we can conceive of a clergyman reading his own sermons. But both are beyond the historic horizon. So long, however, as agriculture was the mainstay of the country, men did live from their own fields, and only sold the surplus they had left after their own consumption. But in our capitalist times no one makes for himself; each makes goods that require a market; and the larger the production the greater the chance of miscalculating the consumers' wants. This, of course, is economical production; thanks to it we are able to put within the reach of even poor people luxuries undreamt of by the richest of our ancestors. But there is a very great danger that attends this division of labour. As levels of comfort rise, more and more men embark their fortunes in the making of luxuries, and bind up their workers' destinies with their making. Capital is sunk in their manufacture; workmen skilled in special lines are trained to rely on this trade for their daily bread. And here is the penalty. These goods are not necessities of any man's life. They cannot themselves support life, and they are things the community can quite well for a time do without. If there is a bad harvest, or a war, or any destruction of capital, or any of the many hitches possible in our industrial machine, those who suffer begin to economize, and they first, of course, economize on luxuries. The results we all know. So long as there is any profit at all the wealthier makers increase their production to make up in "turn over" what they lose in price; the weaker go on short time or close their factories: the capital sunk in mills and machinery lies unproductive, and the moth

and rust get their share. Those thrown out of employment go to swell the great army of the unemployed ; they increase the competition among the workers of other trades, take the bread out of their fellows' mouths, and bring down the rate of wages all over.

Now, when once there is a hitch between maker and maker, or maker and consumer, it is very easy to account for the other phenomena of depression by simple contagion. If any considerable body of men are once thrown out of employment they cease to buy the goods they did before. Every man from whom they formerly bought is affected, is less able himself to buy ; and the depression propagates itself from the makers of luxuries to the producers of the commonest necessities. It is, perhaps, worth while to go more fully into this. Every man, as I said, economically has two sides ; he is a seller and he is a buyer. He sells his labour, and with the wages of that labour he buys goods. But his buying of the goods depends on his selling of his labour. So long as he can freely sell there is little danger of more being produced than he will consume—the proof of which is that, in good times, when there is plenty of employment, there is no cry of over-production. But if he cannot sell his labour he cannot buy the goods made, however much he may want and even require them, and there is over-production. We should have a clearer, though not necessarily a more correct, view of it, if we called the phenomenon in question under-consumption ; they are two names for the same thing. In any case, the necessary action and reaction of buying and selling come to a stop ; the seller and the buyer prove their dependence on each other by suffering with each other.

Suppose that we were all engaged in one great factory—a factory containing many trades under one roof. In one part, suppose, men are baking, in another brewing, in another making cloth, and so on. What would be the condition of this community's prosperity ? It would be that they were all working, and all getting wages for the work done, and with these wages were buying from the others all the things they made. Who are the buyers of this great and varied production ? No other than the sellers. Who are the sellers ? No other than the buyers. They sell the product of their own labour ; they buy the products of the labour of others. There is no outside market. If you cannot sell you cannot buy ; if others cannot buy you cannot sell. You are shut up in a circle : you can only have steady production if you have steady consumption ; you can only have steady consumption if men are kept in steady production.

But if, in this factory, the demands of the consuming producers are such, that there are great classes of men trained up to make the things which the other workers have been buying readily, and if the demand for these goods suddenly fall off, the makers of them are thrown out of employment ; they get no wages ; and they in turn

cannot buy the things they were buying, and thus they cease demanding from those left in work. These latter gradually find themselves without a market; their labour also comes to a standstill. Just, then, in proportion as our labour is organic is any distress contagious.

Now, if in a community like this there is danger that men may cease buying because they cannot sell, much more is it the case in our modern society, where there are great numbers of men and greater numbers of women doing nothing else but wastefully consuming. Their demand is dominated by fashion, and is necessarily capricious and spasmodic; so much so that one would be inclined to say that the vagaries of each season's fashions are enough to give the first start to the contagion of depression.

To sum up. The explanation of irregularity of employment, and with it of the low level of working-class comfort, is to be found in the very perfectness of our organized and divided labour. We are, most of us, spending our lives in making little parts of things; we depend on others to do the other parts that are to supplement and complement our labour. And, again, all of us who are producers are dependent on a demand that is annually becoming more varied and more capricious. As producers, we are getting less able to stand alone. As consumers, more responsibility is thrown upon us. The industrial machine is getting more organic and more sensitive. Consequently every year it takes less to cause a dislocation of industry: every year the slightest dislocation propagates its effects sooner and wider.

The outlook, I am afraid, is not very hopeful. The sensitiveness of highly organized industry is a thing that cannot be cured. Our Free Trade policy is the carrying out of the principle of the division of labour and organization of industry to its full and logical extent. By our adoption of it we have set before us an ideal of industry organized over the field of the world, involving the most entire dependence of trades and countries on each other—a form of industry so highly organic that it will thrill from one end to another at the slightest dislocation.

As we become more dependent on organization, our hope for the future must be in the organizer. We may be sure that, gradually, the friction of competition will bring more organizing power to the surface. But there is a better hope than that, and one not so hopeless of realization as when Carlyle expressed it. It is that a better conception of the place and dignity of industry may induce the best men of the nation to become captains in this war against bare backs. The last hundred years have been the experimental time of a new age. It was inevitable that the Frankenstein of steam should do many and cruel things before it got subdued to be the slave of humanity. It

was inevitable that men should get intoxicated with the possibilities of wealth, and mistake the accumulation of it for life itself. It was inevitable, too, that great command over labour should be associated with great rewards, and noble work be done for noble salary. But in the evolution of the world there is no evil but brings a larger good. It is possible that this very disease of bad distribution may bring its own cure. Are there not signs that the younger men of the middle classes, brought up in luxury, are growing careless of that whose want they have never felt, and may soon seek nobler lives in organizing and regimenting men to work for themselves, not for their masters, and to find a life fit for human souls in their work, rather than after it? Or that we economists may, even in his lifetime, acknowledge our debt to the man we have so much derided, in accepting his words as the new gospel of industry?—

“The merchant’s function is to provide for the nation. It is no more his function to get profit for himself out of that provision than it is a clergyman’s function to get his stipend. The stipend is a due and necessary adjunct, but not the object of his life, if he be a true clergyman, any more than his fee (or honorarium) is the object of life to a true physician. Neither is his fee the object of life to a true merchant. All three, if true men, have a work to be done irrespective of fee—to be done even at any cost, or for quite the contrary of fee; the pastor’s function being to teach, the physician’s to heal, and the merchant’s to provide. That is to say, he has to understand to their very root the qualities of the thing he deals in, and the means of obtaining and producing it; and he has to apply all his sagacity and energy to the producing and obtaining it in perfect state, and distributing it at the cheapest possible price where it is most needed.

“And because the production or obtaining of any commodity involves necessarily the agency of many lives and hands, the merchant becomes in the course of his business the master and governor of large masses of men in a more direct, though less confessed way, than a military officer or pastor; so that on him falls, in great part, the responsibility for the kind of life they lead; and it becomes his duty, not only to be always considering how to produce what he sells, in the purest and cheapest forms, but how to make the various employments involved in the production, or transference of it, most beneficial to the men employed.”*

WM. SMART.

IN THE STUDIO OF CAROLUS DURAN.

CAROLUS DURAN is known by name in England fairly well. A sprinkling of the young painters now working in London have been his pupils, and have diffused an acquaintance with him and his work. Journalism has cleverly sketched an aspect of the man for English readers, and some of his paintings have been exhibited in the Academy. But his pictures have not often obtained the places they merit in our exhibition, and journalism, in sketching him as a lion, has occupied itself rather with the roar and mane of the animal than with the deeper leonine qualities. His sincerity, and extreme energy of interest in all that relates to his art have been inadequately recorded.

Genius manifests itself in art in many ways—principally, to speak roughly, in two. The one way is the way of the ideal, the decorative, the fanciful, the arabesque. It finds, hovering somewhere midway between its own soul and Nature, with her family of facts, the perfectly melodious pattern, the subtly designed group whose coruscations of detail and pauses of breadth linger in the memory, the Medusa face whose beauty haunts; it seizes on them and fixes them for the world. The other way is by so clear and lucid a vision of Nature, that to translate a chapter of her reverently into painting, without thought of the impety of an added or subtracted jot or tittle, is enough, and more than enough, for the occupation of a full life.

Duran is a painter whose genius is of the latter stamp. His work in portraiture, when I saw it and compared it with the living originals, was a startling revelation to me of how like paint may become to flesh and blood, of what subtle distinctions there are between face and face in every several quality, capable of being discriminated by the clear-seeing eyes of genius and recorded by its flexible hand.

A man of such calibre, and having the position and social privileges of a portrait painter of the first rank, who has driven across Paris, criticized a studio-ful of pupils whom he teaches gratuitously, and arrived at his own *atelier* by nine o'clock in the morning, and who, with some exceptions, has done this twice a week during the greater part of the year and for fifteen years in succession, has some uncommon qualities besides his artistic power.

The system of art-teaching that is usual in Paris is so little known in England that it calls for a few words of description. The "*Atelier des Elèves de M. Carolus Duran*," for instance, is a community that exists for the purpose of receiving his instructions in painting. The pupils pay the rent of the studio, choose and pose the models, and manage all their own affairs; the *patron* having nothing to do with the financial side of the studio except that he has sometimes come generously to its rescue, and kept it afloat when in difficulties.

M. Duran gives the permission to each pupil to enter the *atelier*, all regulations concerning its working must be submitted to him, and he retains the right to forbid the studio to any pupil he ceases to approve of. Under such a system a studio develops a distinguishing characteristic personality. A pupil who pays for his master's instructions may reserve the right to qualify some of them for himself as he receives them; he may take the criticisms of a master whose principles he does not wholly accept. But the authority of the master who gives his time is despotic. If you do not work in the way he tells you, you are bidden, as by Erasmus' innkeeper, "*Quære aliud hospitium*." By the nature of things pupils educated in this way are likely to be more enthusiastic admirers of their master than those taught on another system.

It is no doubt a gratification to the ambition of any man to find himself at the head of a band of aspiring youth: to see written after the names of rising painters the inscription, usual in France, "*Elève de M. So and So*." In Paris, too, there exists another way in which the pupil may indirectly repay his master. The members of the selecting and hanging committee, or jury, for each year's Exhibition are chosen by the suffrages of the exhibitors in the Salon, and it is expected that a pupil should vote this honour for his master. Consequently the more pupils a man has had, the higher on the list his name is likely to be. But M. Duran does not lay himself out for this recompense; he freely admits foreigners to the benefits of his *atelier*, and it is often half full of Americans, English, and other aliens, while only Frenchmen have the right of voting for the jury. And he has expressed himself as equally pleased to teach few pupils as many, if they work hard and are in earnest.

A studio of students in Paris is a rather different thing from the corresponding institution in London. It begins work, for one thing,

at a much earlier hour : half-past seven or eight being usual instead of ten. Both the workers and the idlers seem to take themselves with less seriousness than on this side of the water. The French art student while he works will talk, sing, or whistle with dreadful frequency, whilst the American or Englishman beside him is generally silent, or only stops now and then and relaxes a set face whilst he makes a remark, and then goes on working.

The idle French student is simply the noisiest creature in creation, and when he is in a majority in a studio, the effect is beyond any comparison I can think of, except, perhaps, a voyage in one of those ships of King Hiram's that were freighted with apes and peacocks. I shall not easily forget the clamorous discussions in the Carolus Duran *atelier* during the week after the Salon opened. A very Babel of vociferous disputation possessed the place, and when there was an instant's lull, into it some one plunged with a yell of "Dites donc Cabanel!" (or any other artist), with a shrill accentuation of the name in the direction either of admiration or derision. And then Babel closed in again upon the laudation or abuse of that artist and his works. There was a Frenchman in the studio at that time who supported the unpopular thesis that Puvis de Chavannes could paint, and was always ready to be drawn into fierce argument on the point. He had a trumpet-like falsetto that could emerge even amid that Babel, and he had two stock observations with which he punctuated all disputations: "C'est épatant" or "C'est dégoûtant." A picture by *Puvisse* (with the *s* multiplied by ten) was in his opinion *épatant*; most other works were in comparison *dégoûtants*. I am inclined to envy that man the clear-cut simplicity of his artistic faith.

The Poles were an interesting feature in the studio as I knew it; in general intelligence and cosmopolitan knowledge they ranked high among their fellow-students. Most of them had a considerable facility of design that was greatly beyond their power of painting what was before them: a certain faculty of representing vigorously an elaborate battle scene by sunset, or the like, out of their heads. As an instance of their linguistic enterprise, I remember one of them telling me that his greatest literary admiration was for Lord Byron, and that, having read him translated into Polish, he learned English to be able to read him in the original. He said once, rather pathetically, that it was possible to speak English, and to speak it well too, and yet not so as an Englishman could understand it.

It may be worth while briefly to describe Carolus' own way of work, as I saw it one morning when he painted a head from the model in the *atelier*.

He drew it in on the canvas in charcoal, and had it fixed before beginning to paint; and the drawing of it was as interesting as the

painting. Of all materials known to art, none enables skilful fingers to produce an effect more instantaneously than soft charcoal on a half-primed canvas. Darks of velvety depth may be obtained in the first moment, and modelled up with a finger-touch into the most delicate half-tones appreciable in the second. I confess that I, for one, expected to see a vivid presentment of the model leap into life on the canvas under—one may be permitted for once in a way to say—the Promethean touch of the Master.

But no. As the drawing proceeded, and one began to grasp its meaning, it became obvious that he was reserving all effect for the painting, towards which this was the sternest preparation. With the care of a general, who surveys the ground on which he is about to hazard battle, did Carolus place his masses and lines: rubbing out occasionally, making alterations, and holding up the stick of charcoal between his eye and the model to take measurements, as humbly as any tyro setting out his first drawing from the antique. When done, the only remarkable thing about the drawing was its extraordinary precision: the lines were such as any one might trace had he the knack to persuade them to go exactly into their right places.

Haydon tells a story of a gentleman who came to see the Elgin Marbles when they were first exhibited, and, being rather astonished than delighted, asked the man who looked after them wherein their particular merit lay. The man replied, "Why, they are so like Nature, sir." "Pooh," said the gentleman, "there's nothing in that." "But," adds Haydon, "the man was right."

And so with this piece of workmanship of Duran's; all through drawing and painting there was no *bravura*, there were no *tours-de-force*; nothing was remarkable but its simple directness and its truth to Nature.

His palette held these colours:—

White (*blanc d'argent*).

Yellow ochre. He strongly objects to the use of any other yellow in flesh painting, especially anything of the nature of chrome or cadmium. Raw sienna is looked upon as a useless colour in this *atelier*.

Laque Rose Dorée.

Laque Capucine.

Laque Garence Foncée. These colours correspond roughly to what we call crimson and madder lakes.

Burnt sienna.

Emerald green. He had these on his palette, but to the best of my recollection he did not use them.

Cobalt. Made much use of.

Mineral blue. A strong blue, not used in the painting of flesh.

Raw umber.

Brun de Bruxelles. A very useful colour, to which we have, as far as I know, no English equivalent. It seems bituminous in quality, without the bad habits as to not drying of most bituminous colours.

Ivory black.

He used two vehicles in this work: his usual diluent of linseed-oil and turpentine (about half and half) and some *siccatisf*. His use of the latter was probably owing to the rapidity with which he was going to execute this head.

The first touch went on to the very darkest part of the whole subject, the shadowed side of the hair. The darks of the hair being given, he sketched in the shadows on the face with *brun de Bruxelles* and *siccatisf*, and then swept in the mass of the hair and the dark colour of the background.

Then came the *demi-teint général*, laid on, as he tells his pupils, with the difference that the practised hand of the master combines a second process with this laying on; and the *demi-teint*, as he spreads it, seems, almost imperceptibly, to model itself. Then the exact colours and tones of the shadows were painted into the brown preparation. Last of all came the high-lights. The process, including drawing and a little interval whilst the *fixatif* was drying, took thirty-five minutes.

Then M. Duran left it, saying that he was too busy to give it more time, and emphatically adding that if he were to do more it would be in the direction of simplifying, and not of adding detail. It was a wonderful piece of work, and an extraordinarily exact portrait of the model. We all worked from him for a week, and refreshed ourselves by studying the *patron's* performance whilst our subject rested. We all painted much better than usual that week; but, though Carolus had a half-hour, and we half a dozen mornings to do it in, not even the best of us—and some were not bad—got our work anything at all nearly as like our original as he had. More like I don't think it is within the resources of painting to be.

When one saw that painted head in its first freshness from half the studio's length away, and it was surrounded by live heads, it seemed rather to be one of them than a picture. The next time Carolus was in the studio he came up rather anxiously to look at his production, and saw that it was good, for he remarked: "Ah, c'est de la peinture ça."

I have heard quite recently that the *atelier* has been closed, Duran feeling, I suppose, that, as far as personal teaching goes, his work has been thoroughly and sufficiently done. My notes of his studio talk on painting and how to paint were made from day to day, as soon as might be after the criticisms, &c., that they aim to reproduce, between October 1885 and May 1886.

The utterances of a man of genius on the art which he practises always have a special interest. It presents bygone painters in a fresh light to hear a living master of the craft speaking of them. Even on art subjects that have been so thoroughly threshed out that nothing new remains to be said about them, and no man can do more than take this or that side of a question, one pauses anxiously to see into which scale the master throws his weight. On his own practice and methods, and on that chapter of art—still making itself—in which his name will one day be written for posterity, his utterances are even more vital to himself, and more important to his hearers.

Talking to pupils who have thoroughly given him their allegiance, a master expresses himself more freely and completely than with any other audience. If he speak to the general public, he has to translate himself into a popular idiom to be understood; he must add to what he has to say some casual quality of interest in order to secure attention. If he speak to men of his own standing, he will be the less free himself that he must be always somewhat on his guard, whilst to admiring disciples he may almost say of himself what a man says only to himself or to the diary that he means to remain unread whilst he lives.

After M. Duran had gone through the *atelier* correcting work, he would not unfrequently smoke a cigarette and give his disciples a little discourse—*à propos*, perhaps, of work done outside the studio and submitted to him; landscape sketches, or studies done in dissimilar schools by foreign pupils who had recently joined the *atelier*. Or he would talk of what matter connected with the fine arts was uppermost in his mind, always having a tendency towards the merits of Velasquez. From these little discourses, from his criticisms on the work of each pupil from the model, and from his lectures—rather more deliberate, but still quite *extempore* and informal, on the subjects he had set for composition and the resulting designs—my notes were taken.

In the course of a studio year, with a constantly changing mass of pupils, a master has occasion to say two or three times over most of the important things that he has to say at all on the matter in hand. Being from the first interested, not only in what he said, but in the very eloquent way he said it, I feel fairly confident that there are not many representative *dicta* on art of M. Duran's at this period of his career that are not indicated in these notes.

This at least. I have set down nothing from hearsay, or where the difference of idiom between the languages has left me in any doubt as to his precise meaning. Every sentence is the nearest English equivalent possible to me of something heard directly from the lips of Carolus Duran.

There are a few vigorous phrases of his that still cling in the

tongue in which they were pronounced, even to an Englishman who speaks "the French of Stratford-atte-Bowe." *Demi-teint* is the watchword of the Carolus Duran *atelier*: the *demi-teint général*—that great half-tone that gives to the representation of a figure the unity and simplicity found in Nature. A characteristic of Carolus Duran's teaching is his emphatic assertion that "high-lights" are not a separate thing from the *grand demi-teint* of the figure; but only a brighter tone, differing from it much less than one would suppose.

The result of this part of his teaching on the works done in the *atelier* that he instructs is that their general appearance strikes one as brighter and far higher in key than the usual productions of an art studio. That the student has not to make a very decided difference between high-light and highest half-tone, of course enables him to paint the latter all the more brilliant. It is surprising to any one who has been previously taught painting on another plan, to find, when working on the Carolus principle, spreading the half-tone everywhere, and touching the high-lights on to it, if possible "palpitant, comme dans la nature," with how little additional brightness of colour sufficient brightness of effect may be produced to represent well a brilliant high-light.

The *envelope* of a figure is an expression he is fond of, too; meaning by it the suavity and absence of hardness that the human figure takes by reason of its distance, its perpetual slight movements, the texture of its skin, &c. On account of this, all tints used in painting the figure must be swept into and blended with their neighbours, any hardness suffered to remain producing from him the scathing remark, "Vous faites un homme de bois!"

Even worse than hardness Duran hates any exaggeration of the changes of local colouring, or of the differences in colour between the grey to be found in flesh and the warmer tints of it. "Vous mettez trente-six-mille petits colorations que vous ne voyez pas!" expresses his most violent antipathy.

CRITICISMS ON PAINTINGS FROM THE LIFE.

You have not the character of the model. You make all successive models of the same character. If the models of last week, and the week before, were put up there beside him, you would readily recognize that he is quite different from either of them. Very well, then, if you cannot get at his character in any other way, put them beside him in imagination, and make a comparison.

Compare the head of the model with that of your comrade who is working beside you, and note the difference in character.

¶ The character of this man is that he has very strong arms, but is flat on the chest and body generally—you have rounded him equally

all over. You must not romance about the model; you must paint his portrait.

In your painting I see light here and here and here and here; (on a head) in the model I see one broad light on the cheek, all the rest is in half-tone.

LOOK OUT FOR THE HALF-TONE.

A half-tone with varied accents, strong or luminous; the whole of painting lies in this.

I look at the model, and this is my first impression—a broad plane of light on the chest, with a brighter accent. Everything else is in half-tone, with accents of varied strengths.

This is the first impression, which you must continually reproduce for yourself, and retain to the end of your work, however much you may elaborate it.

The head (said of a particular model, but applicable to most) is more highly coloured than the rest of the body.

This must be given, but do not exaggerate it. It is, as you will find if you look at it with half-closed eyes, rather a difference of value than a difference of colour.

Simplify, rather than exaggerate, differences of colour.

In beginning to paint, leave the high-lights out of the question, and look out carefully for the great general half-tone that characterizes the model and marks his individual temperament. Think what kind of a man he is.

It is the looking out for the thirty-six thousand inessential details that leads you to neglect this half-tone. It is always to be found in Nature, if you look at it freshly.

Look at the face of your comrade there, you should be able to find a half-tone that would do for the whole of it—his beard and all! (Confusion of individual alluded to.)

You are making a wooden man. Remember that the anatomy of the model is all wrapped up in an envelope, producing an effect of unity. So do not put on your high-lights 'lard, and white, and floury; they are not a different thing from the rest of him, they are only a lighter tone of the general colouring, and they should be touched on to the half-tone, palpitating, as you see them in Nature.

When you think you see in Nature lights as white as you are painting them, hold up your pocket-handkerchief against them, and you will see the great difference there is between them and whiteness.

Remember you have to paint the density of the atmosphere that extends between you and the model. Hold up your hand against him, and note the difference between the light and shade on that near to your eye, and on that at a distance from it. It is part of your study to paint that distance.

You must not do things just because you have done them before so many times, because you are in the habit of doing them. You must do what you mean to do, what you *will* to do.

Painting does not consist in the mindless copying in mosaic of all you can see in Nature scrap by scrap.

It consists in the thoughtful and direct conveyance of a single fresh impression, unincumbered by matter not to the point.

Seek for the things that convey the life and the quintessence of what you are representing.

When a poet composes a sonnet, there are a quantity of things that might be said about his subject that cannot possibly be contained within his limited space of fourteen lines. His art consists in laying aside what is needless, and filling his verses with vital matter only.

If I were to paint that box, with the palette lying on it, I should not copy every little smear of colour in detail; I should render with truth the great tones of it, and the thing would be done.

OF SOME PAINTINGS SUBMITTED TO HIM BY A PUPIL WHO HAD JUST ENTERED THE STUDIO.

There is a good deal of careful study in these, but it is misdirected. They are diagrams of physiognomy, and in looking after this the appearance of life has been lost. There are hard lights and differences of colouring scattered all over them, entirely destroying the impression of unity that you get from Nature. It is quite possible to see all these things in Nature if you hunt after them, forgetting the relations that they bear to one another and to your first simple impression of what you are going to paint. Look at that (my brown-holland painting coat); if I chose to peer into it, and look for scraps of colour, I could say there is a little bit of bluish colour up by the button, and then a piece of orange next to it, and so forth to any extent. That, however, is not the way I should choose to go to work. I should half close my eyes, and mix a big half-tone for the whole of it.

OF SOME LANDSCAPES SUBMITTED TO HIM.

This (evening effect with moonrise) is not bad at all; only, if all those houses had caught the remains of the sunlight, there would certainly have been one that was brighter than the rest. You have made them all of the same value.

The water in this one is heavy; it may have been like that in value, but in Nature it certainly conveyed the impression of being liquid, which it does not in your painting. You must think about the nature of things as well as copy them.

The sky in this is bad; you have left hatched brushmarks in it, which destroy inevitably the ethereal quality essential to a sky. If you find in painting these evil brushmarks interfering with the nature of what you are representing, take a soft brush quite clean and get rid of them.

In this painting there is much that is fresh and forcible, but the colour is exaggerated, and the values are incorrect. If you had remembered how many thicknesses of atmosphere there were between you and this piece of distance you would not have painted it so positive a blue. The result is that it does not keep its place in the picture, but comes as forward as many things meant to be close at hand.

It is like the work of the impressionists, whose pictures are full of pieces of blue and orange jumping out to strike you in the eye.

This piece of black in the middle-distance (a lock gate)—if you paint it so strong as far away as that, there is nothing left in your colour box with which you could possibly give the full strength of a piece of black wood in the foreground of your picture.

There is quite a battle of strong colours in your sky; and the result is it has not the delicacy that the sky should have compared with terrestrial objects. Such violence of colour would be only possible in a storm.

Take care of your values. You have trees at varying distances of the same value; they would all be different in Nature.

NATURE TREATED BY VELASQUEZ AND OTHER MASTERS.

You find this search after the great unity and simplicity of Nature in all the greatest masters of painting, but beyond all in Velasquez. All the essence of life, all the characteristics of individuality—all are there in his works, and all given with a mere nothing. There is a head of Philip of Spain in the gallery at London, which is indeed a treasure. That is painting.

I wish I had here some of the pictures by Velasquez at Madrid to show you, but, failing that, you may find a great effort after the simplicity of Nature in the works of the Venetians in the Louvre: especially in the work of Paul Veronese. In Titian the search after this truth is not always so obvious; in some of his subject pictures he looked rather for other things, but it is to be found in his best portraits.

Look at the head and neck of the model as she rests! How simple it is, and how simply it might be conveyed by a true half-tone, a few stronger touches, and an accent of light on the neck. That is how Velasquez would paint it, with a mere nothing. That is how I, with rather less skill, should paint it too.

Done like that it need hardly take six minutes to paint, but done

in the way some people go to work you might toil at it for six days and then not reach it.

Paint like Velasquez, gentlemen. Ah, Velasquez !

We are not mathematicians, gentlemen ; we are artists—people capable of feeling an emotion ; and we should be capable of retaining an impression once felt, and of reproducing it by our art, in spite of all the difficulties and distractions we may meet on the way.

Study Correggio for this : the impression of simplicity and innocence that he received from Nature he retained to the completion of his work ; though underneath it, and completely concealed by it, there certainly lie the elaborate system of his art, much labour, some fatigue, and even a measure of disgust.

There is a picture by Cuyt, in the Louvre, very admirable in this respect of unity. In spite of the heaviness of the execution, and the absurd figures he chose to introduce, we recognize how fully he has grasped the effect of sunlight, how well he has held on to it and expressed it.

They do very terrible things nowadays at Antwerp in the way of painting. They do not follow their own Rubens, who, at all events, painted brightly. They paint flesh as if it were a horrible, dull, heavy thing, and—look now at my hand, how clear and fresh it is ! It is quite like a sugar-plum. Yet not white, not at all white ; look at my handkerchief against even the lights of it, how very different it is. A great neutral tint, that is what flesh is.

You should continually think about the nature of the thing you are painting, and try to get at the life and the essence of it. Weigh the model in your mind, and then calculate if your painting of him would weigh the same. Think of the different weights of a mass of flesh and a mass of marble. If you look at the pictures of the present day in the Salon you will see how few men represent the effect of the flesh truthfully. One man's figures look like stone ; those of another like inflated balloons ; and so on—anything but flesh.

THE CHOICE OF A MASTER.

It is a complete mistake for students to go to one master after another. They should find out the master whose aims are those that they themselves wish to make their own, and stay with him, and believe in him. They used to do so in my young days ; but there seems to be no faith left now.

All aims in painting are not of the same order, and cannot be indiscriminately mixed. I have one aim in painting, M. Gérôme another, M. Lefebvre another, M. Laurens another, M. Bouguereau another. If a student finds out that the aims of the master under whom he has begun to work are incompatible with his own, he should leave him as quickly as possible. You sometimes hear a man say,

"I have been to this man to study, and then to that one, and then to that other, and yet I have learnt nothing at all." Of course he has not.

ON THE SUBJECT "EVENING," GIVEN FOR DESIGN.

There are different orders of subjects that a picture or a design may belong to; dramatic, plastic, or impressional. The subject of evening is essentially one that should be rendered by an impression. The plastic element may appear in it, but it will be incidental.

Sunset comes first into one's head as characteristic of evening. But, to render well the impression of evening, not merely the physical aspect of the descent of the orb of day will suffice, nor the representation of a disconnected moment of time. If by chance you had slept all day long, and were wakened at sunset, you might take it for morning.

Evening, as it concerns and interests humanity, has to do with not only what it is, but what has preceded it, and what it is a cessation from.

You have to give in your design all that you feel about this time of day, and what poetry of thought it awakes in you, for every artist must be a poet. And the poetical nature inevitably sees even the plain facts of Nature tinged with the colouring of its own mood. If you go out into the country to watch and study the effects of evening, you will retain your personal pre-occupations, and, be they what they may, they will in some degree affect your perceptions of the evening. The pre-occupations of anger, of world-weariness, of sadness, or of love—even of financial difficulties—if they be in you, will influence the result of your perceptions.

If you come out into the pageant of the evening sad, disappointed, and weary, it will be a different thing to you from what it is to your neighbour, who issues from his house elated by a day of successes.

The "Angelus" of J. F. Millet is a magnificent example of a treatment of this subject of evening, brimful of poetic feeling. The peasants who listen to the evening bell: Millet gives not only a moment of their lives, but the whole, the essence of it—not only the momentary pause while they listen, but the dull-heavy day of monotonous labour that has preceded it: this and all the tragedy of it Millet gives, by the means of his art and by the poet's soul that was in him.

To give a different impression of evening by a widely different man. I know a picture of Evening by Rubens in the gallery at Madrid, not as painting a very important specimen of his work, but interesting by the unity and vividness of its impression. Rubens loved the flesh, he exulted in picturesqueness and magnificence, he was full of joyous sensation. And his evening picture is the evening of a day passed in leisurely study, in philosophy, in courtly love-

making, in sport, or in the chase—the grand signor's impression of evening, widely differing from that of the toiler so sympathetically given by Millet. It interests us by giving so perfectly evening from an individual and personal point of view, the individuality being that of the grand signor.

The artist goes for his material to Nature, but studies his own heart for his impression. It is this quality of personality that attracts and delights us in a work of art, for an impression that is common to everybody belongs to no one. But, you will ask me, how should we proceed with subjects of the dramatic order—should we in the same way give our own personal impression of them? No; a dramatic subject has an existence of its own, outside yours, into which you must enter, bringing with you your capacity of receiving an impression. Don't evolve things out of your inner consciousness, and don't paint conventional anger, conventional joy, conventional love, or conventional grief. If you want to represent grief, you must go to your own heart, and try and feel it as your subject would have felt it; putting yourself into all his or her circumstances. If you do this quite sincerely the personal quality will still remain in the work and flavour it through all the allowances you make for the different age and sex of your *dramatis personæ*.

Rembrandt was a great master of dramatic pathos, for the very reason that he went to his own heart for all the feelings he portrayed, there realized them, and never lost grip of what he had learnt there.

Look at Paul Veronese's "Marriage of Cana." It is splendid painting of gorgeous event, no more; for the story, the subject, the miracle, there is no care at all. And then look at Titian's "Supper at Emmaus:" that is a very fine picture, it contains a beautiful corner of natural landscape, and the figures are given with great dignity. He treats his subject more feelingly than Veronese, but he is really not a whit more deeply moved by it. Rembrandt, treating the same story, has made his interior poor and unadorned, his figures homely and coarse; but the pathos of the subject is given with an intensity as deep as the source of tears.

CRITICISMS ON SKETCHES OF EVENING.

This does not represent evening; if you put your finger over that little strip of red in the sky, it might be any other time of a dark day. *You should represent evening so that it could not possibly be any other time of day—morning, for instance.

You should not want to paint Zola, nor should you seek for degrading incident as a subject. A philosopher has said that every man contains in himself two beings—an angel and a swine. You should try rather to raise yourself with the angel than to wallow

in mud with the swine. If you were choosing a girl for a companion, you would not prefer the ugliest and dullest you could find, but would select the most sympathetic and the daintiest; and you should act in the same way in choosing your treatment for a subject. It is true enough that the Dutch painters introduced into their pictures incidents of a gross nature, but it must be remembered that the occurrence of such incidents in public was an essential part of their daily life, and even their ideal world would have been incomplete without it.

Here you are poetical! So poetical indeed that I cannot tell what you mean. You should not follow Kaulbach's example, whose pictures want each a book written about them before they can be understood.

ON A SUBJECT GIVEN FOR DESIGN—"THE DEATH OF THE
MAGDALENE."

There are usually several possible treatments of a subject in painting. In this subject there is an exceptional range of possible methods of treatment, so that I cannot tell you beforehand that it should be treated in this or that particular way. I know how I myself should treat it, but that would be in a personal manner, only proper to myself, and it is quite right that each of your conceptions of the theme should be distinct and different from it.

Among a host of others by various masters, there are two pictures that are probably familiar to you, or you know them by photographs at least. One is a Correggio, the other a Rubens in the Museum at Lille. Correggio's treatment is essentially plastic; the scene of his picture is delightful; he pleases himself by placing a beautiful woman picturesquely in it, and there he ends. There is nothing deeper than that in his beautiful painting.

In the work of Rubens the Magdalene dies supported by two angels; the solitude about her is suggested with a few touches only, yet the idea of a solitude is sufficiently conveyed. She is not beautiful as Correggio's Magdalene, but she is a more real woman, and she is really dying; she is in the very spasm of dissolution, and the picture is impressed with the thoughts and realities of such a moment. Rubens painted that from his heart and soul as a man and as a poet; and the result is, that beyond the painting one is moved to a deep delight by it, a delight that grows at each successive sight of the picture, and that never wears out.

Yes, he was a real poet this man, this Rubens, who was in love with the flesh, and with splendour, and turbulence; who seemed to paint to the sound of trumpets.

Raffaello every one calls the divine; the gentlemen who write about art agree with one voice to place him highest for the qualities

of the soul. And yet Rubens, whom no one has called divine, had more poetry than he, and painted more from his heart and his very soul. Raffaele was an artist of the highest rank, but a plastic artist, not an emotional one; he cultivated to the uttermost the possible grace of the human form, and tenderness, suavity, and harmony. Everything in his work is melodious and beautiful, but nothing of it all came from his heart; and nothing of it touches ours. How should it? He lived a life of untroubled felicities, in which success came after success. Look in Raffaele for grief—it is an attitude; for rage—it is an attitude; fitting for a gallery of expressions as they are represented, not as they are.

But Rembrandt and Rubens are not like this: with them the form is by no means always harmonious; it is often incomplete, even coarse. Beyond this superficial people and art critics do not penetrate, nor can they recognize that these two felt their subjects as men and true poets, and that their works contain far deeper qualities than picturesque and plastic perfections. Indeed, at first, and all at once, these deep qualities are not easy to realize. They lie hidden behind a door, whose key is hard to find, but when once found it unlocks a source of ever-increasing delight.

One sees a difference in the works of the Venetians, and realizes its cause in their more sunny and undisturbed lives: Titian dying an old man by the accident of the plague; whilst Rubens, after a life disturbed by troubles, died between fifty and sixty of the gout or of heart disease.

Feel your subject then, not as painter, but as man, as poet; and if you can realize it thus, your work will endure. The greater poet you are the better your work will be. Of course I am speaking of the poetry that can fitly be expressed in painting, and I am supposing all along that you are a capable painter; to be a cook at all one must know how to make sauce. How useless poetical gifts may be if you have not the feeling of a painter, the works of Ary Scheffer will show you.

ON PAINTING FROM LIFE, AND ON SINCERITY AND CLEVERNESS.

In painting from the model you have to give a translation, a rendering of Nature. It is much better to simplify than to exaggerate the accidental varieties you find in the colouring of the model. If you make the difference between the tones you put side by side so strong as that, you will confuse the effect of your painting when seen from the right distance. Make the difference less strong than it seems to you in Nature, and at a distance you will find that it is strong enough.

Sincerity of treatment is better than any amount of cleverness. It is fatal when cleverness is substituted for sincerity.

You have a shadow there, on the neck, that looks like a stain, because it is not true in value. There is a shadow there in Nature; it is even stronger than you have made it; but it takes its place in the general colouring, and does not look like a patch. It does not strike me in my first broad impression of Nature, and it should not in your work.

You see, don't you, the good effect of lessening the light on the eyes in your picture? One is inclined to think that sparkling lights on the eyes are larger than they really are; if one makes them so, they grow yet larger seen from a distance, and destroy the effect.

The very clever people are really the unfortunate; the awkward are the lucky ones. However unskilful you may be, if you work sincerely and study Nature, you will do a thing that is fine.

There was a pupil working here once, a young fellow of ability, whom I used to tell from time to time to distrust his cleverness. Whilst he continued to consult me about his painting he produced some remarkably fine work. You see what he is doing now, painting slap-dash—like Velasquez as he thinks, and from *chic*, whilst Velasquez always followed Nature reverently.

You should not aim at painting all at once, as I do now. It did not come to me in that easy fashion; I have old paintings of mine, done in my youth, that are just as hard as tin. You see me put in a finger with a touch—I didn't do that always; I used to paint laboriously, taking bit by bit from Nature, like a child; putting ten touches where now I put one.

There are early paintings of Velasquez, beautiful in drawing, tone, and value, but still hard, dry, and laborious: he learned his latter style by that, and there is no other way. I would rather see you draw like the early painters than work in a slap-dash way and produce nothing but sketches to the end of the chapter. Drawing is the soul of the matter after all.

On your insistence on being sincere the whole thing depends: I take it you look for success, for glory. Paint justly, that is the only way, and your future depends on it; and to you at your age the future is an important consideration: it matters less to an old man.

H. ARTHUR KENNEDY.

THE CIVIL LIST.

THIS article will assume that—whether or not any subject of the State desires change in the law determining the form of government—all will agree to the annual granting by Parliament, so long as the monarchy endures, of a sufficient sum for the support and maintenance of the Sovereign and royal household. No attempt will be made here to determine what that sum should be, but it will be contended that, whatever the sum, it should be fixed in one total by the House of Commons, and that the amount should be clearly stated in some Parliamentary Paper, as easy of access to all as every other official document relating to the national expenditure which has been ordered to be printed by the House.

At present there is very great diversity of statement as to the actual cost of the royal family. The Financial Reform Almanack for 1887 states £808,316 as the “grand total of twelve months’ payments in connection with the royal family, not including the cost of the royal parks.” This total, of course, includes the respective surplus incomes of the Duchies of Lancaster and Cornwall. The First Lord of the Treasury, speaking in Committee of Supply when somewhat similar figures had been suggested by Mr. Conybeare, said that “the figures of the hon. member were seriously inaccurate, and he must enter his protest against the habit which sometimes prevailed in the House of making statements hap-hazard which could not be supported by facts.” As the Chairman of Committees ruled that it was not competent on the vote then under discussion to inquire into, or to state the details of, the whole of the cost of the royal family, I contented myself with the observation that if the Treasury presented with the Estimates an explanatory memorandum giving the total annual payment in respect of the royal family, and show-

ing in detail the various items making up that total, it would—if it did not prevent inaccurate statements from being made—at any rate afford easy means of authoritative correction. I asked for such a memorandum in 1886 when the Liberals were in office, and, not obtaining any promise that it should be furnished, divided the Committee on the first item in the Estimates relating to this subject—viz., the cost of royal palaces wholly in the occupation of her Majesty. In 1887, under the present Government, I raised the same point, and again divided the Committee, and, on my threatening to divide on other items, Mr. Jackson, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, gave a qualified assurance that he would endeavour to secure that such a statement should be prepared to accompany future Estimates. At present no unofficial member of the House of Commons can do more than guess the gross total. The annual "Finance Accounts" show, p. 49, under the heading "Civil List charges as per schedule to the Act 1 Vict. cap. 2, £385,000," thus made up: "Class I., her Majesty's privy purse, £60,000;* II., salaries of her Majesty's household and retired allowances, £131,260; III., expenses of her Majesty's household, £172,500; IV., royal bounty alms and special services, £13,200; VI., unappropriated, £8040." Class V., stated separately, consists of "pensions granted under the above Act (limited to £1200 per annum), £25,065 8s. 2d.;" making, "total amount issued on account of the Civil List, £410,065 8s. 2d.," with on p. 50, "annuities to the royal family, £158,000." There is a note to this last heading, "Some of these annuitants receive emoluments from the amounts voted for the Forces," but there is no explanation of what are the several amounts so received, or by whom; though, in the cases of all persons not members of the royal

* George Canning, speaking in the House of Commons Feb. 25, 1819, said that, originally, the Privy Purse was a part of the Civil List, and that, at the commencement of the then present reign, no character of sanctity was attached to it; but, in the exact proportion in which Parliament interfered with the other parts of the Civil List, so had they recognized the Privy Purse as the property of the Sovereign. It had been first so recognized in the proceeding of 1780, of which Mr. Burke was the mover; secondly, in the Bill founded on that proceeding, which was brought into the House in 1782, but not carried into a law; thirdly, in the Act which passed in 1786, embodying, and enacting, the system framed by Mr. Burke [in all these cases the whole of the Civil List was brought under the control of Parliament, except the Privy Purse, which was specially exempted from it, and, in the last case, which gave to these arrangements the form of law, the amount of the Privy Purse was specifically stated, as at present, at £60,000]; fourthly, when the Regency Bill of 1788 secured the Privy Purse, its profits and savings, to the King; fifthly, by an Act passed in 1799, the power, in the King, of bequeathing those savings, as private property, was distinctly recognized; sixthly, by the Act of 1811, which set apart the Privy Purse as the indubitable property of the Crown, as it had been set apart by the Regency Bill of 1788—a precedent the more important as it could not be doubted that the latter had received the approbation and sanction of his Majesty after his recovery; and lastly, the Act of 1812 completely set the question at rest. Mr. Sheridan, speaking in the House of Commons on June 5, 1795, mentioned that in the reign of George II. the Privy Purse was £36,000 a year; that at the beginning of the reign of George III. it was made £48,000; and that in 1777 it was increased to £60,000.

family, such pluralities of payment are distinctly shown either in the Estimates or in the Finance Accounts.

But this sum, £543,000 (exclusive of the pensions), is far from covering the total expenditure; there are other items not included in the £543,000 which are charged on the Consolidated Fund, and there are also various items scattered through the Civil Service Estimates and the Army and Navy Estimates. Some of these items are only discoverable by the aid of skilled knowledge and official guidance. Had the Estimates been intentionally framed so as to hide the total cost of royalty, the end could scarcely have been more effectually attained.

Mr. Munro Ferguson last session placed on the Order-book of the House of Commons a notice for a Return showing the several sums paid to members of the royal family in connection with naval, military, or other posts. This notice was officially blocked by the Government, and, as the Ministry took the whole time of the House, Mr. Munro Ferguson asked the First Lord of the Treasury why the Government had blocked his notice, and was informed by Mr. Smith that he considered the demand "invidious." This concealment is in the highest degree unwise; the public, left to guess at the emoluments of various royal personages, may form exaggerated notions of the burden on the taxpayers. If the various posts may be fittingly held, they ought to be fully made known. Any reason which is valid against stating the emolument received by any member of the royal family should be equally valid against the retention of the office for which the emolument is received.

Whilst the "Civil List" is now understood to signify only the sums appropriated from the Consolidated Fund or voted annually by the House of Commons for the support and maintenance of the Sovereign and royal household, it formerly meant the total charge for the civil expenditure—that is, it included all items for the government of the nation, except army, navy, and ordnance. The best modern official statement on the Civil List is that given in p. 585, vol. ii., Parliamentary Paper 366, ordered to be printed July 29, 1869, being a Return, on the motion of Mr. Gladstone, of the public income and expenditure in each financial year from 1688 to 1868, with very full explanatory notes on many of the matters arising therein. There is a widespread delusion, shared by the leading members of both political parties, that the amount granted by Parliament for the Civil List is in lieu of certain Crown lands, or their income, surrendered to the public by the Sovereign, and, as this delusion has obtained express statutory sanction in the present reign, it is necessary to trace back the Civil List to its origin in the reign of William III., and through its various stages to the present reign. There was no specific Civil List prior to the Revolution of 1688, although on September 4, 1660 (*Commons Journals*, vol. viii. p. 150), a committee, which had been appointed

soon after the Restoration, reported that "the total of the revenue" of Charles I. averaged, from 1637 to 1641 inclusive, £895,819 5s., of which £210,493 arose from payments partly not warranted by law, and partly expired; "that the expences of his said late Majesty's government did amount to about £200,000 a year above the receipts;" and that the income of his now Majesty (King William III.) was estimated at £819,398, made up of "the Customs, £400,000; the composition for the Court of Wards, £100,000; the revenue of farms and rents, £263,598; the office of postage, £21,500; the proceeds of Deane Forest, £4000; the imposition on sea coal exported, £8000, with licences and other additions, £22,300." The House thereupon resolved, "That the present King's Majesty's revenue shall be made up £1,200,000 a year." On May 22, 1688 (*Commons Journals*, vol. ix. p. 715), it was resolved, "That the revenue which was settled on his late Majesty for his life be settled on his present Majesty for his life." That is, so far as the resolution of one House of Parliament could effect it, there was a life grant to William III., and nothing more. Until that grant William owned nothing of these sources of revenue. On April 25, 1689 (*Commons Journals*, vol. x. p. 104), the House of Commons resolved, "That out of the publick revenue, for the charge of the civil government, including what is to be allowed to her Royal Majesty the Queen Regnant, the Queen Dowager, the Prince and Princess of Denmarke, and the Marshal Schombergh, there be allowed the sum of £600,000 per annum."

On April 27, 1689 (*Commons Journals*, vol. x. p. 106), the House of Commons formally and for the first time resolved that certain items there specifically set out form part of the charges of the civil government. Most of these items have ceased to belong to the Civil List, and have now developed into the huge volume forming the annual Civil Service Estimates, or are otherwise charged on the Consolidated Fund.

On December 21, 1697 (*Commons Journals*, vol. xii. p. 14), it was resolved, "That in a just seuse and acknowledgment of what great things his Majesty has done for these kingdoms, a sum not exceeding £700,000 per annum be granted to his Majesty during his life for the support of the Civil List." This resolution was carried into effect by the 9 & 10 Will. III. cap. 23, by the first thirteen sections of which certain duties and revenues therein specified were granted "during his Majesty's life." Section 14 stated that "it is intended that the yearly sum of £700,000 shall be applied to his Majesty for the service of his household and family, and for his other necessary expences;" and it provided "that if the said great and small branches and revenues" therein mentioned "shall produce in clear money more than the yearly sum of £700,000," "the overplus of such produce shall not be disposed, made use of, or applied

to any use or purpose, or upon any pretext whatsoever, without the authority of Parliament." This last section was repealed by the 12 & 13 Will. III. cap. 12, sections 3 and 4 of which gave any surplus, "during the King's life," "for the use and service of his Majesty's family and household, and for other his necessary expences and occasions."

It is not immaterial, in view of the contention that the Crown lands have been or may be considered as the private property of the monarch, to observe that on February 7, 1697-8 (*Commons Journals*, vol. xii. p. 90), Bills were ordered to be brought in for vacating all grants of estates and other interests in England and Ireland from the Crown during the reign of Charles II., James II., and since February 13, 1688, and for appropriating the same to the use of the public.

An account was made out in 1699 by way of estimate of the annual produce of the funds so appropriated to King William III.'s Civil List, and of what was then comprised in the Civil List expenditure. This account is on pp. 586-593 of the before-quoted Parliamentary Paper, reprinted from the official MS. book deposited in the Record Office. The funds appropriated include hereditary excise, hereditary post-office duties, small branches of the hereditary revenues—viz., first-fruits of the clergy, tenths, fines for writs of covenant and entry payable in the Alienation Office, post fines, wine licences, sheriffs' proffers, compositions in the Exchequer, Customs seizures, revenue of Duchy of Cornwall, rents of Crown lands and fines for leases, $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. duty, tonnage and poundage duty. The Civil List expenditure contains, first, the Civil List charges, now standing at £385,000, and which there amount to about £167,000; then royal palaces and gardens, now separately voted in the Estimates; then come foreign and colonial services, salaries, and expenses of civil departments, law and justice, pensions and perpetuities, none of which are to-day included in the Civil List, but which are all voted separately in the Civil Service Estimates.

It is clear from the foregoing that there was no surrender of any property or revenues by William III. or by his Queen, Mary. As individuals, they could inherit nothing from James II., who was still alive, who made no cession to them, and who had an actual heir also living. As King, it is clear that William III. enjoyed only the life grant made to him as Sovereign by Parliament. The fact that certain revenues had theretofore been described, and continued to be described, as "hereditary revenues" neither gave nor even implied any personal right or title to these revenues on the part of King William III. They had been so described under the Stuarts, and before, and retained their ancient description. When Queen Anne came to the throne on March 8, 1701-2, it is perfectly evident that she did not succeed to

any estate of William in the revenues granted by the Civil List Act, for under that Act William only took for life. Accordingly, on March, 17, 1701-2, the House of Commons resolved (Commons Journals, vol. xiii. p. 802), "That towards the supply to be granted to her Majesty for the better support of her Majesty's household, and of the honor and dignity of the Crown, the same revenues which were payable to his late Majesty King William of blessed memory during his life, be granted and continued to her present Majesty Queen Anne during her life." In the Civil List Act, 1 Anne, stat. 6, cap. 7 (or cap. 1, according to the Revised Statutes), there is no suggestion that she had inherited any property, or of any surrender by her. The Act is a new grant, and declares: "Your Commons have freely and unanimously resolved to give and grant, and do hereby give and grant, to you our most gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Anne the several rates, duties, impositions, and charges hereinafter mentioned during your Majesty's life." Again a life interest only is created.

This Act in express terms recognizes specifically that the revenues of what are called Crown lands ought to be devoted to the expenses of the civil government of the nation—that is, to meet the amounts now included in the Civil Service Estimates. Section 5 says: "And whereas the necessary expences of supporting the Crown, or the greatest part of them, were formerly defrayed by a land revenue, which hath from time to time been impaired and diminished by the grants of former Kings and Queens of this realm, so that her Majesty's land revenues at present can afford very little towards the support of her government; nevertheless, from time to time, upon the determination of the particular estates whereupon many reversions and remainders in the Crown do now depend or expect, and by such lands, tenements, and hereditaments as may hereafter descend, escheat, or otherwise accrue or come to her Majesty, her heirs or successors, the land revenues of the Crown in fines, rents, and other profits thereof may hereafter be increased, and consequently the burden upon the estates of the subjects of this realm may be eased and lessened in all future provisions to be made for the expences of the civil government," it was enacted that "no grant shall be made of land for more than thirty-one years, or for three lives, and at a reasonable rent," and that no other grant shall be made for any estate or term longer than the life of the monarch, "and that any grant of either land or revenues contrary to such enactment shall be null and void."

It is not unimportant that by 19 Geo. III. cap. 15, sec. 1, this is repealed so far as it relates to the Duchy of Lancaster. One contention in this paper will be that any income of the Duchy of Lancaster must be reckoned in the Civil List allowance to the Sovereign, and any income of the Duchy of Cornwall must be reckoned in the allowance to the Prince of Wales.

George I., who succeeded Anne, had no rights whatever of heritage by descent. His succession as King was solely founded on the Act of Settlement. If, ignoring the Pretender, the male line of the House of Stuart be taken to have ended with James II., the right of blood was not in George I., but in the House of Savoy through Henrietta Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I., thus making an array of some fifty persons between George I. and any possible right of ordinary heirship. George I. did not put forward any pretence of surrender. That George I. was not considered by the Parliament as succeeding to any of the revenues is clear, for the Speaker, on the occasion of the Address from the Commons, declared—

“That when his Majesty shall please to answer the impatient desires of his people, by coming to take possession of his kingdoms, he will find himself equally established in these revenues, as if he had succeeded to all by an uninterrupted right of inheritance; the only difference is this, that if he had inherited them, he would have wanted one single proof of the duty, and affection, and unanimity of his subjects” (“Proceedings of House of Commons, 1714,” vol. i. p. 6).

The Civil List Act, 1 Geo. I. stat. 1, cap. 1, does not pretend any such surrender. There is a new grant to George for life as Sovereign only in the exact words of the statute of Anne, with one important addition: “except the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, which is by law vested in his Royal Highness the Prince as Duke of Cornwall.” Assuming the legal truth of the declaration in this exception, it would mean that the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall had been included in the Civil List income during the reigns of William III. and Anne only because there was then no son of the reigning Sovereign. This point will be dealt with later.

By 1 Geo I. stat. 2, cap. 12, the Civil List—that is, still for the whole civil government—was increased to £910,000, section 25 forbidding any grant or disposition by his Majesty of any overplus. This, of itself, is clear evidence that no individual right in any grant of the revenues was either claimed by George or admitted by the Parliament of that day.

The next Civil List Act, 1 Geo. II. stat. 1, cap. 1, is in all respects the same as the statute passed on the accession of George I. There is no suggestion of any kind of surrender. The grant is again for life only. This view is confirmed by the language of Mr. Canning, who declared that “George II. had not surrendered the hereditary revenues to the disposal of Parliament.”

Considerable change was made in drafting the Civil List Act of George III. In the preamble to 1 Geo. III. cap. 1, it is recited that “Your Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify your consent that such disposition might be made of your interest in the hereditary revenues of the Crown as might best conduce to the utility and satis-

faction of the public." And it is upon these words, which were then so much sheer audacity of invention, that the surrender myth is based and has been built up. George III. had extraordinary views as to the control of Parliament over the public purse, for when Sir E. Astley on April 4, 1770, moved for a Return "of all grants, pensions, and increased salaries since the commencement" of that Parliament, the King wrote to Lord North that the proposal was one "which no candid man could be supposed to adopt." It is clear, however, that the King understood Civil List payments in a wide sense, for he writes to Lord North on February 28, 1771, with reference to a subsidy to the King of Sweden: "As there is no publick mode of obtaining the money that is expended in that corruption, it must be taken from my Civil List, consequently new debts incurred; and when I apply to Parliament for relieving me, an odium cast on myself and Ministry, as if the money had been spent in bribing Parliament." In the Civil List Act of George IV., the recital words are improved, and a most grave change is made in the enacting words. The recital in section 1 is: "And whereas your Majesty has been graciously pleased to express to your faithful Commons in Parliament assembled that whenever their attention should be directed to the provision to be made for the support of the civil government, and of the honor and dignity of the Crown, your Majesty would leave entirely at their disposal your Majesty's interest in the said hereditary revenues." And the Consolidated Fund having been established in 1787, the enacting words provide that the produce of all hereditary rates, duties, payments, and revenues "shall during the life of his present Majesty" "be carried to and made part of the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and from and after the demise of his present Majesty shall be payable and paid to the King's Majesty's heirs and successors," these last words entirely changing that which was formerly only a grant for life to the actual monarch into an additional grant of a reversion to future monarchs. In the Civil List Act of William IV., this form of enactment is repeated, but the recital words are much stronger than in the 1 Geo. IV. cap. 1, sec. 1. They run: "And whereas your Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify to your faithful Commons in Parliament assembled that your Majesty placed without reserve at their disposal your Majesty's interest in the hereditary revenues, and in those funds which may be derived from any droits of the Crown or Admiralty, from the West India duties, or from any casual revenues either in your Majesty's foreign possessions or in the United Kingdom; and that in surrendering your Majesty's interests in revenues which had in former settlements been reserved to the Crown, your Majesty rejoiced," &c. This form of recital implied that which most certainly had not been true, if by "reserved to the Crown" it was meant that either of the monarchs since the Revolution of 1688

had had the personal enjoyment of any or all of these several revenues. In a discussion in the House of Commons during the passage of the Civil List Bill of King William IV., the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that "his Majesty's resignation of the hereditary revenues of the Crown did not comprise those of Cornwall and Lancaster, because those of Cornwall never became the property of the Crown unless when there was no heir apparent of the throne; and the revenues of Lancaster had been from a very early period subject to peculiar regulations totally independent of its authority."

The Civil List Act of the present reign still further improves on the recitals of the previous Acts, and gives the surrender myth statutory voucher. It recites that "the said several hereditary rates, duties, payments, and revenues now belong and are due and payable to your most excellent Majesty. And whereas your Majesty has been graciously pleased to signify to your faithful Commons, in Parliament assembled, that your Majesty placed unreservedly at their disposal those hereditary revenues which were transferred to the public by your Majesty's immediate predecessors." It is under cover of this that many Conservative and some Liberal speakers seek to set off the net income of the Crown lands against the amount of the present Civil List grant; but if the contention is good as to the revenues of the Crown lands, it must be equally good as to the monarch's private property in all the other hereditary rates, duties, payments, and revenues, the annual total of which now amounts to millions. During the stages of the last Civil List Bill a motion was made by Mr. D. W. Harvey, "that provision be made in the Civil List Bill for the protection of the right of Parliament to inquire into and appropriate the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall and the Duchy of Lancaster." On a division, this was defeated by 184 against 52.

The income of the Duchy of Lancaster is now treated as the private income of the Queen, but during the reigns of William III., Anne, George I., and George II. the whole of the surplus revenues of the Duchy formed part of the general Civil List income. It is fairly clear that when, in 1830, Lord Holland was appointed Chancellor of the Duchy, he then regarded the Duchy revenues as within the control of Parliament. The King (William IV.) wrote to Earl Grey, December 1, 1830:—

"The King is induced to make this confidential communication to Earl Grey, as to the head of his Government, and the individual on whom he rests his hopes of support, in consequence of some hints thrown out by Lord Holland, when his Majesty placed in his hands the seals of the Duchy of Lancaster, and of some further observations which he made to him yesterday, which his Majesty cannot deny to have occasioned to him considerable alarm and uneasiness, as threatening an invasion of those rights and privileges which he is in duty bound to maintain and to transmit unimpaired to his successors. It appeared to be in the contemplation of Lord Holland, not only to admit of

the threatened interference of Parliament in the concerns of the Duchy of Lancaster, but even to promote it, and his Majesty cannot but apprehend that the idea of submitting them for investigation to a committee of the House of Commons has been entertained.

"To such a course his Majesty conceives that he would be justified in objecting most strenuously, as being inconsistent with, and in violation of, the especial and hereditary rights which, as Sovereign of this country, he possesses in the Duchy of Lancaster, and as tending to lower his dignity and authority, and to bring his name into contempt.

"Earl Grey cannot be surprised that the King should view with jealousy any idea of parliamentary interference with the only remaining pittance of an independent possession which has been enjoyed by his ancestors during many centuries as their *private and independent estate*, and has now, as such, lawfully devolved upon him in right of succession. That he should feel that any successful attempt to deprive the Sovereign of this independent possession will be to lower and degrade him into the state and condition of absolute and entire dependence, as a pensioner of the House of Commons, to place him in the condition of an individual violating or surrendering a trust which had been held sacred by his ancestors, and which he is bound to transmit to his successors.

"The King cannot indeed conceive upon what plea such a national invasion of the *private* rights and such a seizure of the *private* estates of the Sovereign could be justified. . . . The King has entrusted the *guardianship* of this his ancient private estate and inheritance to one of his confidential servants, who, upon his installation into the office of Chancellor of the Duchy, took a solemn oath that 'all things that may serve for the weal and profit of the King's Highness, his "heirs and successors" (that is, in relation to the Duchy of Lancaster), and for the good rule and governance of the said Duchy, he would well and truly do and fulfil to his cunning and power.' And his Majesty has fair reason to expect that a pledge so solemnly taken will be fulfilled, and that he will be supported in his assertion of those *private* rights, not only of himself, but of his heirs and successors, as they have devolved upon him, *separate from* all his other possessions *jure coronæ*, and consequently as his separate personal and private estate vested in his Majesty by descent from Henry VII., in his body *natural*, and not in his body *politic* as King."

The Parliamentary Paper before quoted, p. 470, says :

"The revenue of the Duchy of Lancaster has been vested in the Crown since the time of Henry IV. It was his private property when he acquired the Crown, and, being afraid the property would merge in that belonging to his higher title, he took care to have an Act of Parliament by which the two were kept distinct."

I have been unable to find the statute of Henry IV. referred to; it is not mentioned in the Chronological Index of Statutes under the head "Lancaster, Duchy." The Parliamentary Return goes on to say :

"So it continued till the time of Edward IV., who declared the Duchy of Lancaster forfeited; but he kept it distinct from the possessions of the Crown, though in a somewhat different form to that in which it had been placed by Henry IV.; for he settled it upon himself and the future Kings of England, to be for ever separate and distinct from the property of the Crown."

Here again there is no trace of any statute of Edward IV. to this effect.

The "payment made for her Majesty's use to the keeper of her Majesty's privy purse" out of the income of the Duchy of Lancaster

for the year ending December 21, 1886, was £50,000, the total income being about £70,000. This shows a great increase during the past fifty years. The annual amount paid to her Majesty from 1838 to 1845 averaged £12,000. In 1868 the amount paid to her Majesty was £28,500, the total receipts being £42,395.

Until August 1883, a sum of £100 10s. 10d. was voted in the Civil Service Estimates for creation fees payable to the Duchy of Lancaster, and this annual sum was, in August 1883, commuted at 26·945 years' purchase for £2709 1s. 10d. In examination before the Select Committee on Perpetual Pensions, Sir Reginald Welby handed in the following statement:—

"The creation money formerly payable to the Duchy of Lancaster was made up of the following items—viz.:

County of Lincoln	£20	0	0	a year
„ Nottingham	20	0	0	„
„ Derby	20	0	0	„
„ Hertford or Essex	40	10	10	„

Total . £100 10 10 „

No information is preserved in the Duchy of Lancaster Office of the origin of these grants, but it is presumed that their origin might be traced by a search in ancient records."

It is clear that if the officials of the Duchy had "no information," they or the Treasury officials had the means of getting the information, for the Charter Roll 23rd Edward III. showed that, in the case of the Earl of Lincoln, the £20 a year was granted so "that the said title may not be called altogether void and useless," and was granted to "the aforesaid Earl and his heirs under the name of the Earl of Lincoln," and was so granted in lieu of "the third penny for the said county of Lincoln." This "third penny" was an ancient payment to the Earl of each county for administering justice in the Earl's Court, or county court. Sir Reginald Welby, quoting Stubbs, says "that very little was heard of this third penny after the thirteenth century." Here it was paid down to the month of August 1883, and then redeemed at twenty-seven years' purchase. The £40 10s. 10d. is by Pipe Roll of 42nd Edward III. the survival of the like "third penny" formerly received by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, from the county of Essex. The de Bohuns all became extinct in 1471, but the "third penny" kept alive for four centuries later. The £20 for Derby was to be paid, according to the Pipe Roll 42nd Edward III., "under the name of the Earl of Derby," and the Pipe Roll 10th Elizabeth makes exactly the same statement for the £20 for Nottingham. No explanation is given why these two sums of £20 should have been receivable by the Duchy of Lancaster whilst an Earl of Derby existed. Nor is any statute quoted showing any authority for the obtainment of these moneys from the general taxpayer instead of from the four counties on which they were charged.

The before-quoted Parliamentary Return says :—

“A part of the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster arose from certain duties of prisage and butlerage of wines brought into the port of Liverpool and other ports in the County Palatine of Lancaster. By an Act 43 Geo. III. cap. 156, the Treasury were empowered to contract for the purchase of these duties for an annuity payable out of the Consolidated Fund. An agreement to this effect was confirmed by the Act 2 & 3 Will. IV. cap. 84. It appeared that these duties had been leased by King George III. for two lives to the Earl of Clarendon, who was made a party to the agreement. The terms of the purchase were that an annuity of £803 out of the Consolidated Fund was granted in lieu of these duties to the Earl of Clarendon during the continuance of the lease, and thenceforward to his Majesty in right of his Duchy, the annuity to commence from the day of surrender of the said lease.”

This £803 is now one of the charges in perpetuity on the Consolidated Fund, and appears in the Finance Accounts for 1887, p. 81.

The following explanation was given of butlerage and prisage by Sir Reginald Welby in his evidence before the Select Committee :—

“Prisage was a right the King had by ancient prescription of taking to his own use, and at his own valuation, as much of all merchandise belonging to merchant strangers, out of every ship importing the same, as he had occasion for, under the name of prisage. Customs were both fixed and uncertain duties paid on importation and exportation according to the value of commodities. Native merchants paid customs only, except in the article of wine, on which they paid prisage. Merchant strangers paid butlerage, but not prisage; and natives paid prisage, but not butlerage.”

It can hardly be wondered that great dissatisfaction is expressed at the perpetual continuance of this £803 as compromise for such a right, which ought not to have existed in this century in any form of survival from the old feudal times.

With reference to the income of the Duchy of Cornwall, it is officially admitted that “during the reigns of King William III. and Queen Anne the net revenues were paid into the Exchequer, and thus formed part of the public revenue” (*Ibid.* p. 43). It is true that it is also officially asserted that it was “specially settled to the use of the Sovereign,” but, as is also admitted, without any application on the other side of the account to the special use of either of their Majesties. I am inclined to put the opinion, that it was specially settled, to the credit of the vivid loyalist imaginings of the Treasury official responsible for the Duchy memorandum in the Return of 1869.

Very little is known of the “Tyn Affaire,” though £1,523,000 passed through the Exchequer in connection with this and the Duchy of Cornwall in the reign of Anne alone, and the accounts of the net public income in the reign of William and of Anne more than once mention the net income of the Duchy of Cornwall amongst the general receipts. For the year 1887 the gross receipts of the Duchy were about £88,860, out of which £60,563 3s. 3d. was paid to his Royal

Highness the Prince of Wales. Here again there has been a great improvement in the net income, which in 1838 was £11,536, and in 1863 was £46,616.

Amongst the items of income there is : "To annuity received from the Consolidated Fund under the Act 1 & 2 Vict. cap. 120, in lieu of tin coinage duties, post groats, and white rents ; year to October 10, 1886, £16,216 15s." Sir Reginald Welby was examined at some length on this item before the Select Committee on Perpetual Pensions. He stated that this sum of £16,216 15s. for ever was given for the loss of a portion of a gross revenue, of which the net revenue at that time was £11,536, and that £630 14s. 2d. of the £16,216 15s. was as compensation for post groats in Cornwall, which at that time only realized net for the Duchy £10 per year. He further stated that this £10 was paid by one Benjamin Tucker under a lease expiring April 5, 1841 ; that King William IV. had expressed his intention that the post groats in Cornwall should cease on the termination of the lease ; that her Majesty had confirmed such intention ; that the Treasury had by minute in 1839 directed that the £630 14s. 2d. should not be paid after April 5, 1841, and that this minute had been laid before Parliament. Sir Reginald Welby stated that, notwithstanding this minute, the £630 14s. 2d. had never ceased, but was still paid, and that "there was an absolute gap in any authority for the payment." He stated that the Duchy officials had protested against the reduction, but admitted that there was no minute of the Treasury cancelling the minute of 1839 directing the payment to be diminished.

On the view that the Duchy of Cornwall is the private property of the Prince of Wales, it is a little difficult to understand the fashion in which the pension of £2000 per annum to Lord Auverquerque or d'Auverquerque became payable out of the national Exchequer. On June 9, 1694, King William III. and Queen Mary II. granted two pensions of £2000 a year each to Henry de Nassau, Lord d'Auverquerque, his heirs and assigns, for ever, one £2000 to be paid out of the hereditary land revenues in the principality of Wales, the other £2000 being charged upon the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. Of this last £2000, one-fifth, or £375 16s. net, is now charged on the Consolidated Fund (the whole £2000 having been transferred to the Excise on June 24, 1714, by royal sign manual). The other four-fifths were commuted in 1853 by the payment to Earl Cowper of £43,000. There was also another pension of £3000 per annum granted by King Charles II. out of the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall to John Granville, Earl of Bath, but it was in this case provided that, in the event of there being a Duke of Cornwall, this amount should be paid out of the hereditary Excise.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN ANCIENT ROME.

I.

IN early Rome we find the same state of matters as we have found in Greece.* The city is the unit. This city-state consists of citizens who have all equal rights and privileges. All outside of the city have at first no rights within its territories, and if they come within the city, they have no claim to justice or consideration except what they can obtain through a citizen. In all ancient cities there was always a large number of slaves, men or women who either themselves or whose ancestors had been taken captive in war or stolen from their homes. Thus there were three classes of the population—citizens with full rights and privileges, aliens with no rights of their own, and slaves who were regarded as mere property. But the development of the city of Rome follows a different course from that of the Greek cities. The Romans gradually extended the privileges of citizenship till the unit was no longer a city, but a nation, and finally it became the civilized world. Aliens make no prominent figure in Rome, as they did in Athens, unless we consider the plebeians as aliens, and in the process of time the plebeians became citizens, and every civil distinction between them and the original citizens vanished. Besides, the Censor had the right to put the name of an alien on the list of citizens, and no doubt many foreigners became Roman citizens in this way. The slaves also had a more advantageous position in Rome. The road to citizenship was at an early period laid open for them. Their masters manumitted many of them, and they became freedmen. These freedmen came to be numerous and influential, and the Censor Appius Claudius in 312 B.C.† admitted them all to the full rights of citizenship. They were not,

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, vol. xxxii. p. 647, vol. xxxiv. p. 700.

† Dionysius makes Servius Tullius admit the freedman to citizenship: iv. 22.

indeed, allowed to enjoy the honours of the State, but this same Appius Claudius granted to the sons of freedmen admission into the Senate, and his right-hand man, Cn. Flavius, *carule* ædile of the year 304, was the son of a freedman. Thus, in course of time, the slave became the freedman, the freedman's son became an *ingenuus*, or freeborn citizen, with all the rights and privileges of Roman citizenship.

In Roman society there were these same three classes of women—the full citizen, the alien, and the slave. The Roman citizen could marry only a woman who was the daughter of a Roman citizen. Marriage with any other was impossible. The very object of marriage was to produce a race of citizens, and therefore both father and mother must belong to the class of citizens. It was for this reason that such care was taken of the purity of Roman women, and such a broad distinction was drawn between the conduct of the man and the woman. There must be no suspicion of spuriousness in regard to the Roman citizen. But the offspring of the man with a foreign woman or a slave did not become a citizen, and therefore the State was perfectly indifferent as to what relations might exist between a male citizen and alien women or slaves, and society was equally indifferent.

We have already seen what was the result of this state of matters in Greece. In Rome the result was different. The alien women attained to less prominence even than the alien men, and in this account of the position of women in Roman society we may pass them without notice. A few foreign women appear in the early history of Rome, and play a prominent part; but the tales are borrowed from Greek stories of the times of the Tyrants, and do not fit in with strictly Roman ideas. During the best period of Roman history alien women are never mentioned, except in plays borrowed from the Greek, and it is only when we come to the later days of the Republic that we begin again to hear the names of a few. But their presence is owing to the prevalence of Greek ideas and Greek customs, and even the few that are mentioned keep in the background.

The female slaves also do not demand our attention. The female slave was treated simply as a cow or sheep. If she produced healthy offspring, it was so much gain to her master, and he did not care who was the father. Of course she could not marry, and all her children were the property of her owner. Sometimes a male slave and a female slave were allowed or compelled to live together, and there was something like a marriage. But they had no right to their own children, and no obligations towards them except such as were imposed upon them by their proprietors. At the same time, as their fertility was a source of revenue to their masters, they were often

treated very kindly. In olden times, the female slave who had three children was allowed a dispensation from hard work, and if she had more she sometimes obtained her freedom. The Romans had a great liking for the slaves who were born within their households, and often brought them up along with the young members of the family, with whom they thus became intimate. This close connection tended to lessen the sense of absolute proprietorship in many cases, and the slave woman was treated with consideration. It was no doubt through such influences that the lot of the slave woman was ameliorated, and when we come to the times of the Empire, we see laws made to protect them, and freedom frequently conferred upon them. *

It is, then, the matrons alone who are conspicuous in Roman history. Every citizen girl married and became a matron, and it is that class exclusively which we shall discuss.

Now, the first remark that has to be made is that Rome gave the same expansion to marriage as to citizenship, and thereby produced a revolution in the position of woman: a revolution, however, gradual in its extension and gradual in its effects, but of most momentous consequence to the world, for it broke down completely the old constitution of city-states, by which their privileges were conferred on men as members of families, and established a new and world-wide constitution by which men obtained their privileges as men. In the earliest stages it is possible that the right of intermarriage may have existed between Roman citizens and citizens of various towns of Latium. Certainly the legends make Roman princes marry into Latin families. But on the establishment of the Republic the right of intermarriage existed only between patricians of the city. A patrician man could not marry a plebeian woman, nor a plebeian man a patrician woman. The children of either marriage could not be patricians; they could only be plebeians, and were not under the control of the father. But after various struggles this wall of separation between patrician and plebeian was broken down, and the Lex Canuleia, in 442 B.C., conferred the *conubium*, or right of intermarriage, on the plebeians. Livy puts speeches into the mouths of the proposers and opposers of this measure. They have no claim to be historical; but they reveal the fact that Livy thought the objections to the extension of the *conubium* were as much religious as civil. There was a further extension of the *conubium* when Rome, in the middle of the fourth century before Christ, admitted to its citizenship some of the Italian, especially Latin, towns which it had subdued. The bestowal of the citizenship on the *libertini*, or freedmen, still further extended the *conubium*. In 89 B.C. the Italians received the *conubium* by the Lex Julia and Plautia. During the later days of the Republic, and in the time of the Empire, the citizenship was conferred on men in various parts of the world, and especially on

various towns in the provinces. Soldiers also, who had served for a certain time, and had allied themselves to foreign women, had these alliances converted into legitimate marriages. In fact, the right of intermarriage had become of much less value. In early days the privileges of patricians were great, and it was worth while to take care that these should be secured only to genuine patrician offspring, especially as only genuine patrician offspring could perform due sacrifice and worship to the gods of the family and the State. Even in the days from the Punic wars to the end of the Republic, Roman citizenship was at once valuable and honourable; for the Roman citizen paid no taxes, and in an indirect way might share in the plunder of the world, and he enjoyed peculiar advantages in the eye of the law. But these advantages vanished with the advance of the Empire, which reduced all to a dead level of subjection, and at length, in 212 A.D., one of the most hated of tyrants, Caracalla, conferred the citizenship on all the inhabitants of the Roman Empire, and with it the *conubium*. After this any man might marry any woman, and the factitious distinctions which had ruled the ancient world vanished for ever. The world owes no gratitude to Caracalla for this grand consummation; for his only motive in conferring the citizenship on all was that all might be compelled to pay taxes, and that aliens might not escape, as some of them had hitherto done.

The outline of the history of what we may call the external emancipation of woman now given is, we have no doubt, substantially correct and based on trustworthy sources; but when we come to deal with the moral progress of women, and their position in the midst of Roman society, great difficulties meet us, which attach to all early Roman history.

Rome, according to the usual account, was founded in 753 B.C. There is no trace of any regular literature between that date and 390 B.C., when the city was burned to the ground. The Romans, no doubt, knew the art of writing at an early period; but any records kept by them were of the most meagre kind, and nearly all of them must have perished in the conflagration of 390. One hundred and seventy years have to pass before regular histories of Rome began to be written, and nearly all the literature and monuments during these 170 years have disappeared. We are thus without authentic documents for the minute history of the Roman people for 500 years of their existence. During this period the position of women underwent important changes; but, owing to this absence of documents, we are unable to explain these changes. We have, however, a very definite tradition to start with. This tradition presents itself everywhere in the works of Roman poets and historians, and pervades the ideas even of the late jurists, and we may feel confident that it is substantially correct. This tradition is to the effect that the position of the

Roman matron was quite different from that of the Greek matron in the time of Pericles. The Roman matron was mistress in her own household. As the husband took charge of all external transactions, so the wife was supreme in household arrangements. The marriage was a community in all affairs, and within the home the utmost diligence, reverence, and harmony prevailed. The wife sat in the atrium, or principal hall, dispensing the wool to the maid-servants, and herself making the garments of her husband and family. She did not cook or do what was regarded as menial work. She dined with her husband, sitting while he reclined, when they were alone. She received the friends of her husband and dined with them also. She walked in and out with great freedom, and she nursed and brought up her own children.

This is a bright and beautiful picture, and some of the traits remained true to the end of Roman history. Many stories are told of the affection of husband for wife, wife for husband, children for parents, and parents for children. Thus we are informed of the father of the Gracchi, that he caught a couple of snakes in his bed, and, on consulting the haruspices, or diviners, he was told that he must not kill or let go both: that if he killed the male, he himself (Tiberius) would die; if he killed the female, his wife Cornelia would die. Tiberius did not hesitate in his choice. He loved Cornelia. He was elderly, she was young. He therefore killed the male snake, and a short time after this occurrence he died. The story is no doubt true, as the authority for it was his famous son Caius.

Nothing could be more striking than the affection of Cicero for his daughter. He writes to her in the most endearing terms, cared for her every want, and was inconsolable for her loss when death carried her away. There are numerous instances in which wives resolved to share the ill-fortune of their husbands, to endure calamity along with them, and to die rather than survive them.

This ideal remained with Roman men till the end of the Empire. It is the standard by which Juvenal metes out his criticism on the women of his own day, and many of the ill-natured judgments uttered against the sex are based on the old-fashioned conception of a Roman matron's duties.

But there is quite another side to this picture. In the early stages of Roman history there is reason to believe that the Roman wife was completely under the control of her husband. The Roman idea of a family made the father a despot, with power of life and death over his children, who could do nothing without his consent. This was the case in regard to male children, even after they had reached a considerable age. Women, according to the opinion of the early Romans, were always children. They required protection and

guidance during their whole life, and could never be freed from despotic control. Accordingly, when a Roman girl married, she had to choose whether she would remain under the control of her father, or pass into the control or, as it was called, into the hands of her husband. It is likely that in the early ages of the city she always passed from the power of her father into the hands of her husband, and the position she occupied was that of daughter to her husband. She thus became entirely subject to him, and was at his mercy. Roman history supplies many instances of the despotism which husbands exercised over their wives. The slightest indiscretion was sometimes punished by death, while men might do what they liked without let or hindrance. "If you were to catch your wife," was the law laid down by Cato the Censor, "in an act of infidelity, you would kill her with impunity without a trial; but if she were to catch you, she would not venture to touch you with her finger, and indeed she has no right." Wives were prohibited from tasting wine at the risk of the severest penalties. The conduct of Egnatius was praised who, surprising his wife in the act of sipping the forbidden liquid, beat her to death.* The same sternness appears in the reasons which induced some of the Romans to dismiss their wives. Sulpicius Gallus dismissed his, because she appeared in the streets without a veil; Antistius Vetus dismissed his, because he saw her speaking secretly to a freedwoman in public; and P. Sernpronius Sophus sent his away because she had ventured to go to the public games without informing him of her movements.

I think that we may see that the Roman matrons did not like this arbitrary treatment, and that they protested against the assumption that they were beings quite different from their husbands, and entitled to no rights and privileges as against them. And the interesting feature in the history of the Roman matron is the gradual emancipation which she effected for herself from these fetters of Roman tradition and usage. Unfortunately, we are not able, as I have explained, to trace fully the processes of this emancipation, but we can indicate some influences which worked in this direction.

First, the Roman records show that it was not safe to trifle with the feelings of Roman women. They were, like Roman men, possessed of great decision of character, and when provoked could do the most daring deeds, reckless of the consequences. If they were treated kindly, and on equal terms, they were the best of wives; and I am convinced that their goodness and firmness were the most effectual causes of the freedom which they attained. But if husbands put into force their traditional power, and claimed supreme domination over them, they were exactly the women to resist. And the history of Rome throws a lurid light on this aspect of their character; for

* The story may not be historical, but the Romans regarded it as such.

occasionally they took stern and wild vengeance, when husbands went too far in their despotic actions. I will adduce one or two instances of this.

In the year 881 B.C., many of the Roman citizens, and especially many of the Roman nobles, were attacked by an unknown disease, which showed the same symptoms in all, and nearly all perished. The cause was wrapt in obscurity, but at length a maid-servant went to a curule ædile, and said that she could explain the origin of the disease, but would not do so unless security were given her that she would suffer no harm in consequence. The curule ædile brought the matter before the consuls, the consuls consulted the Senate, and a resolution was passed guaranteeing safety to the maid-servant. Whereupon she declared that the deaths arose from poison; that the matrons were in the habit of compounding drugs, and she could take the officials to a house, in which they would come upon the matrons while engaged in the operation. The officials accepted her offer, followed her and found, as she said, the matrons compounding drugs. About twenty of them were conveyed to the Forum, and were subjected to an examination on their doings. Two of them, of noble family, and with patrician names, Cornelia and Sergia, affirmed that the drugs were perfectly wholesome. That could be easily tested, and the two matrons were requested to prove their truthfulness by drinking the mixture. The two matrons begged for a few moments of private talk with the rest of their associates, but within sight of the people. Permission was granted, a few words were exchanged, and then all the twenty matrons came back, boldly quaffed the liquor, and died in consequence. Then a search was made for all the matrons who had been engaged in this conspiracy, and 170 of them were found guilty. The men explained the occurrence by asserting that the women were infatuated; but probably they knew well why recourse was had to such violent measures, and that Roman matrons were not likely to be subjected to tyranny without making an effort in one way or another to put an end to it.

An occurrence of a similar nature took place in 180 B.C. In this case there can scarcely be a doubt that a real plague raged, for it lasted for three years and decimated Italy. But the women were enraged with the men for the harsh measures which had been taken against them in connection with the Bacchanalian mysteries, and they seem to have regarded the plague as affording a favourable opportunity for the use of poison. In 180 B.C. the prætor, the consul, and many other illustrious men died. A judge was appointed to inquire into these deaths, and especially to examine if poison had been employed. The historians do not narrate the results of this investigation, but we are told that the wife of the consul was tried and condemned to death. Thirty-six years after this, two men of

consular rank were poisoned by their wives. In subsequent times the use of poison became frequent; and particularly in the early days of the Empire, the matrons about the Court were accused of having constant recourse to it to get out of the way men whom they did not like, husbands, and sons, and others connected with them, as well as strangers. And one writer remarks that wherever there were irregularities there were poisonings. Some historians have rejected these tales of poisoning as the inventions of credulous annalists, I think without good reason. But whether the stories are true or false, the Romans believed them, and they embody the Roman belief in regard to what women could do. And it seems to me that we must regard them as indicating that the Roman matrons felt sometimes that they were badly treated, that they ought not to endure the bad treatment, and that they ought to take the only means that they possessed of expressing their feelings and wreaking their vengeance by employing poison.

In the history of civilization, religion often acts as a liberator of women. Sometimes, indeed, it acts in an opposite direction, when, by false conceptions of humanity, it restricts the duties and privileges of women. But, on the other hand, religion generally excites the mind to a wild state of enthusiasm, and in this enthusiasm the ideas and prescriptions of conventionality are set aside, the pleasures of liberty are felt, and by degrees a permanent gain in freedom is established. We find this to be the case in Greece, where almost the only occasions on which the women came in contact with the outer world were supplied by the observance of religious festivals. The Roman religion was in many respects unlike the Greek. It was not brightened by genial fancies, it afforded no scope for emotional outpourings, its prayers were confined to fixed formulas, and its ritual was strictly prescribed. It was, like the Romans themselves, solemn and sedate. The Roman religion, therefore, did not contain those elements which could contribute to enlarge the freedom of women. There were, indeed, various festivals which were celebrated by matrons alone, into which it was death for a male to intrude, and these afforded women opportunity to consult with each other. But it may be doubted whether the Roman women ever used these meetings for any other than their purely religious purposes, and whether these gatherings were ever characterized by fervour and frenzy. It was in the introduction of foreign gods and worships that the craving of the Roman women for religious excitement was gratified, and in the celebration of these worships we see that the women were sometimes as daring as in their poisonings. They naturally took to the foreign gods whose worship was accompanied by great elevation of the spirit and outward demonstrations. Thus we are told that the worship of the Idæan Mother, the goddess whose

priests danced wildly, cutting their bodies until the blood streamed down, was introduced in 204 B.C., and that on that occasion the highest matrons of the city went forth to receive the goddess, and, amidst prayers and incense, and in the sight of the whole population, carried the goddess to her temple. In this case there was no irregularity in the introduction of the new worship, for the act had been ordered by the Senate at the instigation of the College of Diviners.

But the women did not always wait for the sanction of the State, but acted on their own impulse. The most notable instance of this nature was the introduction of the Bacchanalia, or worship of Bacchus, in 186 B.C. The historian, Livy, gives us details of this event, and his account is confirmed by a contemporary tablet of brass, containing a decree or rather a letter of the Senate, found in Southern Italy in 1640. The narrative throws great light on the effects produced by the introduction of a new worship, and therefore I will relate the circumstances with some minuteness. A Greek of low birth came to Etruria, offering to initiate the people in the mysteries of Bacchus. The rites of that god were often celebrated in Greece by night, and were accompanied by feast, dance and song. This was to some extent a new feature of worship to the Italians, and the Etrurians were seized with a fury for it as by a plague. It spread from Etruria to Rome. At first the worship was carried on in secret, but at length the matter reached the ears of the consul. A woman who had been initiated, testified that at first women alone were admitted to the celebration of the rites, that they met in the day time thrice in the year on fixed days, and that matrons were elected priestesses. At length, however, a priestess, acting as if by the advice of the god, initiated her sons, changed the festival from the day time to night, and appointed the celebrations to take place five times every month. At the rites the men leapt and tossed their arms about in the most frantic manner, amidst the clashing of cymbals and the beating of drums, and they uttered prophecies; while the women, dressed as the worshippers of Bacchus, howled and yelled, rushed with dishevelled hair and blazing torches down to the river Tiber, plunged their torches into the river, drew them forth still blazing as if by miracle, and returned, still howling and yelling, to their celebrations. The woman also declared that the frenzy had taken hold of a large portion of the population, including many of the nobility; but that for some reason or other, very recently a resolution had been passed that none should be initiated who were above twenty years of age. The consul, on receiving this information from the woman, brought the matter before the Senate, an inquiry was instituted, and it was discovered that above 7000 men and women had engaged in these secret celebrations. The feature in this case which interests us, and at that time attracted the

notice of the Senate, was that persons of both sexes and various ages met together at night and engaged in orgies, in which wine was freely drunk. The Roman citizen was forbidden to practise any worship not sanctioned by the State; but here the women defied the law of their country and outraged the old Roman notions of propriety. Stories soon got abroad, as they always do in such matters, that it was not merely for the worship of the god that these nocturnal assemblies were held; that, in fact, these meetings were scenes of revelry, and that in them poisonings and fabrications of wills were concocted. The worship thus became, according to these reports, an immoral conspiracy, and all who had taken any part in it were searched out and punished. Many were thrown into prison: some were put to death. The women were handed over to their relatives to be punished in private, and if no relatives could be found, then they were punished in public.

It may be doubted whether the immoral character of this religious outburst was not grossly exaggerated, and whether the scandals attributed to it did not arise simply from the fact that it was the work of women. "First of all," said the Consul in his public harangue on the subject, "a great portion of the initiated were women, and that was the source of this evil." Such ebullitions of women were regarded by the stern old-fashioned Romans as in the highest degree discreditable, and they must be repressed even by the severest measures.

For a time the religious mania seems to have subsided, but in the later days of the Republic and the commencement of the Empire, the Roman matrons displayed the same rage for foreign worships. The temples of the Egyptian goddess Isis were crowded, and her priests were caressed and revered. Many women became adherents of the Jewish faith, and Eastern divinities had numerous devotees.

In these cases the women claimed for themselves the right to worship whatever god pleased them. Often, in carrying out this worship, they had to break through the rules of conventionality, and they thus asserted for themselves a freedom which nothing but a religious impulse would have led many of the more sensitive to claim.

The women of Rome were also roused to self-assertion by the interference of the laws with their special concerns, and they did not hesitate to step out of their usual routine to oppose such laws. Thus, for instance: A law had been proposed in 215 B.C. by Oppius, a tribune of the people, to the effect that no woman should be allowed to possess more than a half ounce of gold, to wear a parti-coloured garment, to ride in a chariot within the city of Rome or a town occupied by Roman citizens, or within a mile of these places, except for religious purposes. The exact object which this law had in view is not made clear to us. Long before this, at the time of the Gallic invasion 392, the liberty to ride in a chariot had been conferred on

Roman matrons as a special privilege, because when the Roman State had not sufficient money to pay the ransom demanded by the Gauls, the Roman matrons came forward and presented their gold and other ornaments to the treasury. It is possible that Oppius may have thought that the Roman matrons in 215 B.C. were too slow in imitating the generosity of their ancestors, and the law may thus have implied an insulting rebuke. But there cannot be a doubt that the law was specially designed to put a curb on the extravagant expenditure of the women at a time when all the resources of the community were required to meet the dreadful emergencies which had befallen the State. It was therefore one of those sumptuary laws which make their appearance in early stages of government, examples of which are to be met with in Scottish legislation; as, for instance, when the Estates in 1567 passed a law that "no woman should adorn herself with dress above what was appropriate to her rank." But whatever may have been the object, the law became peculiarly galling to the matrons. They might submit patiently while distress prevailed, but the terrible Punic war had now ended gloriously, success crowned all the military expeditions of the Romans, wealth flowed in from the East, the men had taken advantage of the prosperity, and it seemed singularly hard that women alone should not share in the indulgences which riches had carried in their train. Probably many complaints had been uttered in private, but the full current of feeling did not come to light until two tribunes of the people proposed the abrogation of the Oppian law. Then the subject seized the public mind. It became the topic of conversation at the baths and the barbers' shops, at the public and the private gatherings of men. Some were for the abrogation, some were against it, and intense bitterness prevailed on both sides. It was not likely that the matrons would remain silent on such an occasion. They, no doubt, plied their husbands, sons, and other relatives with every possible argument, by every form of entreaty. But their ardour could not be confined within the limits of the house. They left housekeeping to take care of itself, and issued forth into the streets and public places to waylay every man that had a vote. They did not wait till they became acquainted with the men. They assailed strangers as well as friends. They also held meetings among themselves and had secret deliberations. Each day their numbers swelled. Roman citizenesses from distant towns and villages flocked in to help their sisters of the city. No stone was left unturned. They went to the nobles, they interviewed prætors and consuls. At length the day drew near when the vote was to be taken in the public assembly. A great meeting was held on the previous evening. One of the consuls, the obstinate red-haired Cato, delivered a savage speech against the matrons. Others joined in his resistance. The tribunes who had proposed the abrogation

spoke in their favour, and they were well supported. But the matrons must have spent that night in great anxiety. They knew that two of the tribunes were ready to oppose the abrogation, and that their veto was sufficient to prevent the abrogation passing. And therefore their resistance must be overcome. The women were determined. They rose early; they gathered in vast crowds; they surrounded the houses of the obstinate tribunes; they coaxed, they threatened, they employed every form of womanly persuasiveness on these two tribunes, and at last the tribunes gave way. The abrogation of the law was formally put to the meeting; there was no opposition; and the women gained their point. One historian asserts that, on hearing the news, they burst into the assembly, donned their ornaments once more, and celebrated their victory by a spirited dance within the legislative buildings.

The historian Livy, to whom we owe the most vivid account of this outbreak of the matrons, furnishes us with a report of the public meeting held on the day before the vote was taken. Especially he supplies us with the speeches of the principal opponent, Cato the Consul, and of L. Valerius the Tribune, who proposed the abrogation. We can have no hesitation in believing that these speeches are the productions of the historian himself. Cato, we may be sure, did speak on the occasion, and the speech which Livy puts in his mouth is in harmony with his character. The stern lover of old ways had a detestation of woman's rights and a contempt for woman herself, mixed doubtless with a sneaking dread of her power. One of his sayings handed down to us is: "Had there been no women in the world, the gods would still have been dwelling with us." But another is also attributed to him—a modification of a saying of Themistocles: "All men rule their wives, we rule all men, and we are ruled by our wives." The speech in Livy shows little of his ferocity. It contains the arguments that would have been used in the time of Livy, and for his time it is valuable:—

"If men," he says, "had retained their rights and dignity within the family, the women would never have broken out publicly in this manner. If women had only a proper sense of shame, they would know that it was not becoming in them to take any interest in the passing or annulling of laws. But now we allow them to take part in politics. If they succeed, who knows where they will end? As soon as they begin to be equal with us, they will have the advantage over us. And for what object are they now agitating? Merely to satisfy their inordinate craving for luxury and show, which will become only the more intense the more it is gratified."

The reply of L. Valerius was, like many of the replies of men in behalf of women, I am afraid, far from satisfactory to them:—

"Cato is wrong in asserting that women make a public appearance on this occasion for the first time. The wives of the first Romans stepped publicly between fathers-in-law and sons-in-law. Roman matrons went on deputation

to Cœriolanus, they interfered at the Gallic invasion, they performed public services in religious matters. Then the prosperity following the Punic Wars has brought advantages to all classes of the community; why should the matrons alone be excepted from this good fortune? And why should men grudge them their ornaments and dress? Women cannot hold public offices or priesthoods, or gain triumphs; they have no public occupations. What, then, can they do but devote their time to adornment and dress? Surely then men ought to let them have their own way in these matters."

On another occasion the women of Rome gathered in numbers and made a public appeal. The circumstances were these: The triumvirs, Octavianus, Antony and Lepidus, had proscribed a large number of citizens, and they confiscated and sold their estates in order to meet the expenses of a war then going on. But land was a drug in the market, and, besides, people were unwilling to purchase property exposed to sale in consequence of violent acts. The sum, therefore, obtained from the sales fell far short of the amount required, and the triumvirs had to look to other sources of revenue. They accordingly passed a decree that 1400 of the richest women in the city should lay before them an exact statement of their means, with severe penalties against concealment or undervaluation; and they claimed the power to employ any portion of the wealth thus reported to them for paying the expenses of the war. The women were thrown into the utmost perplexity and distress, but they could find no man daring enough to plead their cause before the triumvirs. Left to their own resources, they went first of all to the sister of Octavianus and the mother and wife of Antony. The sister of Octavianus and the mother of Antony gave them a kindly reception, but Fulvia, the wife of Antony, drove them from her door. Thus insulted, they turned to the tribunal of the triumvirs. Hortensia, the daughter of the famous orator Hortensius, spoke in their name. She delivered a powerful speech, which is highly praised by the great Latin critic Quintilian, and she succeeded in getting the demands of the triumvirs reduced to a comparatively small sum.

These public appearances of women were, of course, only occasional; but they were frequent enough to show that women had interests of their own, and had resolution enough to assert them when such a course was necessary.

Perhaps the cause which altered the position of women most of all, next to their goodness, was the change in the circumstances of the Romans, brought about by the extension of their empire and the increase of wealth. I have already said that it was held as a maxim that woman can do nothing of herself; that she must be under the guardianship of her father, her husband, or some tutor; and that in the earliest period the girl, on being married, passed from the power of her father into the hands of the husband. It has been inferred by some, from one form of the Roman marriage rite, that there was

a time when the Roman bought his wife from her father or guardian, and thus acquired full power over her. He did not treat her as a slave. His own respect for Roman citizenship and the mother of Roman citizens would prevent this; but his power over his slaves could scarcely be greater than that over the wife for whom he had paid. Then there was a time when religion required that the wife should pass into the hands of her husband. Every family in Rome had special gods of its own, who were supposed to protect it, and these gods could be worshipped properly only when the sacrifices were offered by members of the family. It was profanation for others to attempt this service. So if the wife had not been taken into the family of her husband, she could not have shared in his worship, she would not be present at the family festivals, and she would be bound to go to the worship of the gods and celebrate the festivals of her father, to whose family she would still belong. Thus pecuniary and religious considerations would create a transference of the wife into the family of the husband. But when we come to historical times we find both of these influences dying out or dead. The pecuniary influence was gone. The wife was no longer bought. And the religious influence existed only in a few families whose members might attain to the highest priesthoods of the State. In fact, the Romans had given up, to a large extent, their special family gods, and therefore transference of the wife into the family of the husband became unnecessary.

What, then, took the place of this transference into the family? To answer that we must look into the condition of the Romans in respect of wealth. At the earliest stage the Romans lived in humble cottages. The consul might command armies, but he dwelt within a house of few chambers, and might often be seen ploughing his own land. The household lived on the produce of its own farm. In these circumstances the wife could be nothing else than an economic housekeeper, working with her hands and entirely dependent on her husband for her maintenance. Probably her father would not wish to have her sent back to him, as he might have enough to do for the rest of his family, and he would be very unwilling to pay back the sum which he had received for her, and so the wife had to make up her mind to submit. But a change in her position took place when wealth began to flow into Rome. Then the men obtained ample means, and money would be to them no consideration. The fathers scorned in such circumstances to sell their daughters; but, on the contrary, came to feel that it was their duty to provide for them for life. The daughters would thus no longer wish to be in the power of their husbands but in that of their fathers. A further development took place when the women themselves came to possess wealth. Fathers left large sums to their daughters, husbands left

large sums to their widows, and thus arose a class of rich women. This seemed such an anomaly to some of the Romans that they tried to check it. A law was passed (the *Dex Voconia*) in 169 B.C., by which it was illegal to make a woman heir to a fortune above 100,000 asses, and she was never to get more than the heir appointed in the will. But the necessity of the law might have proved its futility. Throughout Roman history a marked feature is the strong affection of fathers for their daughters and of husbands for their wives, and no law could effectively restrain them from contriving to give the most part of their goods to those whom they loved. Accordingly, the fathers and husbands invented devices by which all such laws might be evaded. A father, for instance, named as his heir some man who had solemnly promised that he would hand over all the fortune to the daughter. The heir thus became a mere trustee, and the Roman law at length sanctioned such trusteeships. And thus, although the woman was nominally under the power of a guardian, she had yet full liberty to do with her property as she liked, and she gained the importance and influence which belong to wealth. These changes produced a revolution in the nature of marriage. Marriage now became a contract. It was the invariable custom for the father to give a dowry with his daughter. The interest of this dowry was sufficient to support her, so that she could be no burden on her husband. In fact, the husband was not liable for her support except remotely; the duty fell on the father first and then on various kinsmen, coming only at a late stage on the husband. The husband had the right to the use of the dowry while the marriage continued, but if it was dissolved, without blame on the wife's part, he had to return the entire dowry. Of course the wife might have money of her own besides the dowry. That remained entirely in her own power, or the power of her father or guardian; the husband could not meddle with it. He might persuade her to bestow some of it on him, but he had no legal control over it.

Marriage was thus a contract which came into full force when the woman was led to the house of the man. It was a contract which must be made in the presence of witnesses, and it could be dissolved; but, again, the dissolution of it must be carried out legally—*i.e.*, in the presence of competent witnesses. Religious ceremonies accompanied the marriage, but the religious ceremonies had nothing to do with the contract, and therefore were not essential to the marriage. It was necessary in this contract that husband and wife should give their consent, and when they were under control, that their parents or guardians also should consent. Generally each family had a family council, consisting of friends and relatives, and this council would be summoned to decide on the terms of the contract, and it was deemed disreputable in a man to dissolve his marriage without

invoking this council. Husband or wife might dissolve the marriage for any reason, but precipitation was guarded against by the necessity of legal forms and by the practice of asking the advice of this council, at the head of which was the father of the husband or wife.

Such, then, was the position of woman in respect to marriage in the last centuries of the Roman Republic, and it will be seen that she was on a practical equality with man. This state of matters sometimes caused curious combinations in life. The most singular case, one throwing much light on the ideas of marriage prevalent among the nobility of Rome, is that of Hortensius, which has been related by Plutarch. Hortensius, the great Roman orator, was anxious to be allied to Cato, the champion of Roman liberty, who died at Utica, and to marry Cato's daughter. There was one difficulty in the way. Cato's daughter, by name Porcia, was already married to Bibulus. But Hortensius did not regard this as a serious obstacle. He went to Bibulus, told him his wish, and begged him to dissolve his marriage with Porcia, and thus afford himself an opportunity of marrying her. He stated that after she had borne him two children he would relinquish his marriage claims, and she might remarry Bibulus. Cato, the father, was consulted, and refused his consent. But Cato suggested a way out of the difficulty. He himself would yield up his own wife Marcia to Hortensius on condition that her father did not object. Her father agreed, but on one stipulation, that her former husband should be present at the marriage. Cato accepted this stipulation, and Marcia was married to Hortensius. Hortensius died and Marcia became a widow. But she did not remain a widow long, for she soon married her former husband, bringing with her the fortune of Hortensius. In this case there is no constraint of any one and no illegality. Cato and Marcia dissolve their marriage voluntarily and legally; Hortensius and Marcia marry voluntarily and legally; and Cato and Marcia marry again voluntarily and legally. Marriage existed so long as both parties were fully agreed; and the only obstacle to a dissolution of the marriage was the necessity of carrying it out in a strictly legal manner, and the duty of consulting near relatives.

In our next paper we shall discuss what was the effect of this arrangement on the happiness and character of women.

JAMES DONALDSON.

THE POWER BEHIND THE POPE:

THE STORY OF LASSERRE'S VERSION.

IN this article I have simply to narrate a marvellous story of blighted hopes, leaving the bitterness of controversy to any who may harbour bitter feelings towards the Church of Rome. I have taken pains, both in France and in Italy, to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the leading incidents of the case, and in the following statements I shall limit myself to ascertained facts. It would be folly to exaggerate where the truth is stranger than fiction.

M. Henri Lasserre was a Colonel of Artillery in the French Army. He was also an old friend of M. de Freycinet. M. Lasserre was troubled with sore eyes, and his friend, M. de Freycinet, knowing him to be a devout man, encouraged him to go to Lourdes, then famous in France for miraculous cures. He went to Lourdes and his eyes got better. His own account of the matter is simple: "Our Lady of Lourdes has cured my sore eyes."

In gratitude M. Henri Lasserre wrote the history of the alleged appearance of the Blessed Virgin Mary to the peasant girl Bernadette of Lourdes. The book was called "Notre Dame de Lourdes." It was written in charming French. Each incident was narrated with the picturesque directness of a polished French officer, and the persons and localities referred to were set forth in well-executed engravings. The book created "Notre Dame de Lourdes." The Archbishop of Albi wrote thus to M. Lasserre: "Sir, our Lady of Lourdes owes you a recompense." In fact, she owed him everything. He may safely be considered the patentee of the whole business, for without his prismatic and potent pen the wonders now so famous would scarcely ever have been heard of beyond the little Pyrenean village of Lourdes. Several apparitions, similar to that of Lourdes,

were reported in various parts of Germany, but Prussian policemen were despatched to the places, and the miraculous evaporated at the approach of Bismarck's representatives. The French apparition, on the contrary, revealed to France by the eloquence of M. Lasserre, received the patriotic sympathy of the nation, and while the poverty-stricken cabins of Lourdes rose into a pretty and prosperous town, the nine days' wonder of the place bloomed out into the greatest miracle of modern times.

The book accomplished a second object, which may interest prose writers generally. It created for M. Henri Lasserre a colossal fortune. One in communication with M. Lasserre declares the work "the greatest bookselling success of this century."

No one ever drank once only from a desert fountain, or wrote a successful book and then retired from authorship. Henri Lasserre wrote "Bernadette," "Les Episodes," and "Mois de Marie," but as he was still working on the material exhausted by his great book, his new works added little to either his fame or fortune.

On a happy day he discovered the Four Gospels. He felt the spell of the simple but profound narratives which reveal Jesus of Nazareth in all the tenderness and loveliness of perfect manhood, and in all the might and majesty of Godhood. He saw that the four-fold story of Jesus was the very book that the French people needed. He believed that the Gospels would be received with joy by his countrymen, and he resolved to prepare for them a version worthy of their acceptance.

Prompt and zealous, he began the work of translation; his aim being, not to render the Gospels in the French as it ought to be, but in the French as it was. The result was a living translation, in the sparkling current language of Alexandre Dumas, or rather, in the brilliant picturesque style of Henri Lasserre, so familiar to the faithful in the glowing pages of "Notre Dame de Lourdes."

The work appeared in perfect form. Every page said "read me." The arbitrary divisions of chapters and verses with numbers, which trip up Frenchmen who attempt to read the Bible for the first time, had wholly disappeared. The narrative fell into natural clauses and paragraphs, well spaced out, and the current of the Book of Life flowed on the page in abundant light. The Gospel of the Kingdom, uncramped by closely packed type, or jerky verses, was made as attractive to the reader as the most trashy novel. The most charming book in the world was printed in such a charming form that "a man of the world or a beginner, a woman of fashion or a servant, might read, understand, enjoy, and love it, without the help of any one."

In substance the version is as faithful as Henri Lasserre could make it. The author having himself felt the miraculous healing of

the Blessed Virgin Mary, maintains the theory of the perpetual virginity with much boldness and ingenuity of translation. In Lasserre's hands our Lord's "brethren and sisters" become his "near relations, aunts, and cousins." The renderings in various places are given with literary variety, not with scientific precision. The translation of the passage used by the Church of Rome to confer the Primacy on Peter is ingenious, and is accompanied by a critical explanation which the uncritical reader will probably accept. In a few other passages, around which ecclesiastical theories have concentrated, we find unconscious traces of the author's bias; but the renderings and notes are clearly in accordance with arguments which have convinced himself.

In questions of larger importance, M. Lasserre breaks away from the traditional renderings of the Papal Church. With splendid courage, he translates the Greek word *repent* (*Μετανοεῖτε*) by "be converted," "repent," instead of by "do penance;" and he declares, in a note, that the Latin rendering (*Pœnitentiam agite*) fails accurately to represent the Greek original, "which means change your sentiment, repent, be converted; and does not, like the Latin, bear the idea of voluntary austerities with the object of expiation." To this rendering he sticks not uniformly, but in all places where the old rendering might be liable to misconstruction. The same fearlessness is manifest in the translations, "Adore the Lord thy God, and do not render worship to any but Him alone;" and "We are servants without merit," &c.

The translation is made from the Greek, and the translator has not only consulted the commentators of his own Church and the Fathers, but he has not neglected Protestant sources of information. "The Land and the Book," by Thomson, Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," the works of Trench, Alford, Tischendorf, Wetstein, Bengel, Tregelles, &c., have been examined, with a view to a right understanding of the original text; and the result is a free, fearless, and faithful rendering, in so far as Henri Lasserre—hampered with legendary lore, and lacking in requisite scholarship—was able to deal with the subject. Taken as a whole, the version is remarkable for its intrinsic excellence, but it is still more remarkable as being the work of a devout Roman Catholic.

To the version is added a preface as remarkable as itself. It is a brilliant essay of thirty-seven pages, and it is one of the most formidable indictments of the Church of Rome for withholding the Gospels from the people ever written by a candid friend.

He begins by deploring the "notorious fact that the Gospels are scarcely ever read by those who profess to be fervent Catholics, and never by the multitude of the faithful." He declares that of "a hundred persons who practise the Sacraments, there is seldom one

who has ever opened the Gospels;" that "the greater part of the children of the Church know the Divine Book only by the fragments contained in the Prayer Book;" and he adds his belief that it is no exaggeration to say that there are not three believers in each parish who have tried to study the Gospels. "The Gospel—the most illustrious Book in the world—is become an unknown book."

He declares that the Bible was not always so neglected; that all the Fathers of the Church, from Tertullian to St. Bernard, urged the people to read both the Old and New Testaments, which were intended for all lands, races, and times. He declares that "none of the great men or saints have deprived a single soul of direct textual communication with the words of our Lord," and he quotes Chrysostom at large in support of his assertions.

He blames the Protestants for their free handling of the Bible, which led the Council of Trent to decree that every translation should have episcopal sanction and explanatory notes, and he considers that, in consequence of this decree, the Bible ceased to be a household book, and the Catholics feared to read the book lest they might be poisoned by Protestant heresy concealed like serpents beneath its leaves.

M. Lasserre then falls with tremendous severity on the modern Romish system which deprives the people of the Bible:

"Without daring to formulate publicly an absolute prohibition of the Scriptures, this timorous school aims at taking out of the hands of the faithful the Divine Book, which is the foundation of our faith, and by degrees to replace it by a pious literature. Some of these books are excellent, but this is the exception. In the majority of these works, in which alas! the sugar of devotion replaces the salt of wisdom, the eternal verities and true teaching of the Gospel become quickly diluted, and lost in strange waters; special and party doctrines, ascetic or mystic considerations, rules of piety, methods, means, processes of perfection, and all sorts of prayers. Many of them are enervating by their intellectual inanity, by their narrowness of conception, by their false ideas, or their absence of ideas, by their absolute ignorance—ignorance of the real world, ignorance of the human heart, ignorance of the true ways of God. But all together, the best as well as the most lamentable, are something else, yes, absolutely something else than the Gospel whose apostolic mission they have noiselessly usurped."

A few pages further on he breaks forth again with the same indignation on the ecclesiastical pabulum of his Church:

"The watery and sugary effusions which, under the form of works of piety, have replaced in the case of the majority the Gospel nourishment, so pure, so substantial, so strong, so life-giving, can have had no other effect than to weaken the vigour of the Christian constitution.

"... Petty devotions have too often taken the place of noble sentiments and high virtues; trifling practices have taken the place of manly actions. The true type of the perfection to be reached has been falsified, altered, attenuated. To the great and apostolic image of the *Saint* whose example

kindled enthusiasm, has succeeded the pale and washed out image of the holy man whose life kindles no fires in the souls of others, and draws none within its orbit."

To replace such stuff Henri Lasserre sends forth his version of the Gospels with the following brave words:—

"We must lead back the faithful to the great fountain of living water which flows from the inspired book. We must make them hear, taste, and relish the direct lessons of the Saviour, the words full of grace and truth which fell from His lips. We must put before them those teachings which have been given for all ages by the perfect Life—the life perfectly human and perfectly divine, of Him whom no sincere intelligence can contemplate without bending the knee, whom no true soul can hear and see without loving, without being seized with the desire to follow Him, and the will to serve Him. We must put the earth again face to face with Jesus Christ."

The preface closes with a prayer of wonderful sublimity and tenderness.

The book was published in the closing days of 1886 or early in 1887. How strange that such a book, with such a preface, should proceed from the author of "Notre Dame de Lourdes!" Strange that such a book, with such a preface, should be dedicated to "Notre Dame de Lourdes!" But there was something still more strange. The book appeared with the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Paris, and the approval and benediction of the Pope. On the first page appeared these potent words:—

"ARCHEVÊCHÉ DE PARIS

Imprimatur,

FRANCISCUS, *Archiepiscopus Parisiensis.*

Parisiis, Die 11 Novembris, 1886."

The *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Paris, given in accordance with the rules of the Council of Trent, made the translation an "authorized version." It made known in a formal manner that "the diocesan authority had examined the work, and declared that it contained nothing contrary to the doctrine of the Church or the edification of the faithful," and that consequently the faithful might read it in perfect safety.

This was backed up by a letter from the Pope, written by Cardinal Jacobini, Secretary of State of the Holy See, and officially communicated through the Nuncio of France. The letter, in the original Italian, and in a French translation, followed the title-page. It ran as follows:—

"To M. Henri Lasserre, of Paris.

"Most Illustrious Seigneur,

"The Holy Father has received in regular course the French translation of the Holy Gospels which you have undertaken and accomplished, to the delight, and with the approval of, the Archiepiscopal authority.

"His Holiness commissions me to express to you his approval of the object

with which you have been inspired in the execution and the publication of that work, so full of interest. He thanks you for the homage of filial devotion which accompanies the volume which you offer to him; and he charges me to make known to you his earnest desire that the object which you pursue, and which you indicate in the preface of your book, may be fully attained.

"Yielding most willingly to your desire, His Holiness sends you, from the bottom of his heart, his apostolic benediction.

"And I myself profit by this opportunity to declare myself, with much esteem,

Your very affectionate servant,

"L. Cardinal JACOBINI.

"Rome, 4th December, 1886."

The *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Paris placed Lasserre's version regularly in the hands of the French people. The Pope's letter placed the stamp of authority, not only on the translation of the Gospels, but on the terrible preface, which is expressly mentioned.

These recommendations, added to the intrinsic merits of the work, ensured its success. A few weeks after the book was published, I received a copy of the *third* edition. A few months later, I bought in Paris a copy of the *twenty-first* edition. The sale of the version exceeded the most extravagant anticipations. Edition poured from the press on the heels of edition, until, within the space of twelve months, twenty-five editions had been published. It seemed as if Roman Catholic France was eagerly accepting the living Gospel of the living God.

When the book had reached the twenty-fifth edition, a splendid edition was issued "at the request of a great number of bishops and priests." All the ages were called on to illustrate and adorn the universal history of the God-man. The volume is illustrated from the ancient catacombs and from the modern surveys of Palestine. It is adorned with the masterpieces of Perugino, Raphael, Michel Angelo, Fra Angelico, Van-Dyck, Albert Dürer, Rubens, Leonardo da Vinci, Rembrandt, Lebrun, Overbeck, &c., and with a great many photographs of the places referred to in the Gospel narratives. In no instance, as far as I know, have the Gospels ever been published with such wealth of illustration, artistic and accurate. To adopt the language of the editor's preface: "Like the Royal Magi at the cradle of Jesus Christ, art, history, and nature have brought their treasures to illustrate the sacred record of His life here below."

From preliminary matter in this *édition de luxe*, we learn still further "the verdict of the Supreme Authorities that govern the Church." "A month after the first letter from Rome, His Excellence, the Cardinal Vicar of His Holiness, the illustrious Cardinal Parocchi, wrote a second letter also dated from the Vatican."

He had not read the entire work, but from what he had read he declares:

"The famous author of the History of Notre Dame de Lourdes has just

The immediate result of this Decree was the withdrawal of Lasserre's version from circulation. So completely was this done that it was only after a weary search I found a copy at Pau. When I asked for the book, I got the uniform reply: "All copies have been recalled."

Any additional words from me would only lessen the effect of this astounding Decree. A few points, however, deserve consideration.

Does this Decree place the Pope in the Index? The Pope publicly and officially sanctioned and approved the book and its preface, and his letter accompanies all the copies.

How does the infallibility stand in the transaction? We are told that the Pope is only infallible in the discharge of his teaching office. In officially blessing and applauding Lasserre's version of the Gospels, he was acting in the discharge of his teaching office. *Is not the infallible teaching therefore in the Index?

Can the Congregation of the Index annul the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Paris, given in accordance with the decree of the Council of Trent? The Archbishop acted with calm deliberation. He had the book twice examined by the priests of St. Sulpice, and he was within his well-ascertained rights in officially sanctioning the book for his diocese.

One thing is certain: there is a power behind the Pope, the bishops, the press, and the people, still strong enough to strike the Gospels from the hands of those who would read them.

Another thing is certain: the Gospels have a power to charm both priests and people if they were permitted to read them.

What is not certain is how this matter will end. Will the Pope, the Cardinals, the bishops, the French Press, and the French people, tamely submit to be treated as children incapable of judging for themselves? And what of the French people who have bought the twenty-five editions of the book, and who have heard in their own tongue their Saviour's voice, which is still ringing in their ears?

And what of Henri Lasserre, on whom the Divine eyes have looked down from the Cross? How will he settle the question of his duty to the God-Man whose word and will he so clearly understands? Of one thing I can assure him. He has the sympathy of all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. And I think I can also promise that until he brings his acts up to the level of his brave, true words, the people for whom his version was intended shall not be left to perish for lack of the Bread of Life.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

A PARLIAMENT OR A CONGRESS ?

"I have no doubt the result of a considerable amendment of the rules of the House of Commons will be to send from time to time, when there are bad Houses of Commons, a considerable number of objectionable measures to the House of Lords, and I hope the House of Lords will not shrink from acting upon its conscientious convictions."

LORD SALISBURY at Oxford, November 23.

"The House of Lords must be mended or ended."

MR. JOHN MORLEY, M.P.

"If ever you succeed in altering the character of the House of Lords so that it shall consist of intense and determined politicians, you will pronounce the doom of the present system of Government."

LORD SALISBURY, House of Lords, March 20.

TWO momentous things were done by Parliament within the past couple of months. The front Opposition Benches, both in the House of Commons and the House of Lords, voted for motions against hereditary legislators ; and the House of Commons passed the last of the new Rules of Procedure. These steps have a vital relation to each other, as perhaps the utterances quoted at the head of this article sufficiently show. Popular feeling has been impelled so close to the House of Lords that the question whether the structure shall be renovated or abolished, "mended or ended," is now an imperative question of practical politics which can no longer be neglected. At the same time the House of Commons has been undergoing a renovation. Following the example of the American House of Representatives, it has been, so to speak, changing its base and preparing to become more of a legislative and less of a deliberative assembly than it has been in the past.

The amendment of the House of Lords has become a living question just as the House of Commons has been giving such absolute power to majorities that the rights of minorities will cease to be respected unless they can find protection in a Second Chamber. It needs but little foresight to perceive that a grave pass in the history of the two ancient Chambers of the British Parliament is at hand.

A similar crisis was reached by the two Houses of the American Legislature about half a century ago. It was a crisis brought about by a supposed necessity for speedy legislation, by obstruction, and by proposals to reform Parliamentary procedure. The two Houses met the contingency in different ways. The Senate held to its traditions, most of which it inherited from the British Parliament, and weathered the storm without altering its procedure. The House of Representa-

tives "went in" for the new Rules. Till that day, both Chambers had fairly justified the expectations of the framers of the Constitution in remaining each the even balance of the other, with the preponderance, whenever there was any, in favour of the popular Chamber. From that day the even balance began steadily to disappear. The Senate increased in dignity and influence; the House of Representatives proportionately deteriorated. For the reform of procedure adopted by the latter House proved to be not merely an affair of convenience, but a revolution in the whole character and spirit of its constitution.

This American precedent cannot but throw considerable light on the present controversy in England. It was a very curious thing to witness, during the recent discussions on Procedure, that, while constantly alluding to American examples, and imitating American precedents with almost slavish admiration, neither the reformers of procedure in the House of Commons nor the would-be reformers of the House of Lords (if we except Mr. Morley and Lord Rosebery) made a single well-informed appeal to American experience. Political thinkers in the United States must find it a profoundly puzzling phenomenon to see the House of Commons eagerly adopting the practices of Congress just as they are themselves declaring that if representative government is to be restored to its true purposes in America, and American public life rescued from the blighting influence of "bossism" and machine-politics, these practices must be discarded, and the ways of Congress remodelled so as to bring them more nearly into harmony with those of the English Parliament.

THREE AMERICAN TENDENCIES IN THE NEW RULES.

There are three cardinal tendencies in the new Rules of Procedure which the House of Commons has just adopted—viz., to depreciate and repress debate, to increase the power of the Speaker, and to devolve work upon Standing Committees. The second is the inevitable resultant of the other two. All three tendencies come from America.

The Closure, with which Mr. Smith is making the House of Commons so familiar, is simply the Previous Question which is so terribly familiar to the House of Representatives. Mr. Smith moves "That the question be now put," and the Speaker, upon his own responsibility, decides whether he will allow the motion to be made or not; the Congressman moves, "Shall the question be now put?" and the American Speaker, before admitting it, takes the sense of the House: that is the only difference. The Standing Committees are the patented invention of Congress, and the chief peculiarity of its constitution. The House of Commons has appointed two American Standing Committees, to which are to be referred all Bills relating to Trade, Shipping, and Manufacture, and to Law, Legal Procedure, and

Courts of Justice. There has been a motion on the paper from the front Opposition Bench, calling for the appointment of three more Standing Committees to deal with the Army, Navy, and Civil Service Estimates; and private members have put down motions calling for Standing Committees on Agriculture and Foreign Relations. Thus, behind the two already appointed, there is a tendency in favour of more. More must come, if the experiment with two works well. It was Sir Erskine May who first broached the plan of Standing Committees for the House of Commons. He pretended to derive his idea from the old Grand Committees of which vague mention is made in the Journals of the Long Parliament. This was pardonable in an antiquarian Clerk who worshipped the traditions of an ancient assembly. But it was like going to the College of Heralds to find a mail-clad ancestor for a *nouveau riche*. The parent of Sir Erskine May's Grand Committees was a thriving Yankee. It was nothing more nor less than the Standing Committee system of Congress, and the offspring resembled the parent in every particular. Indeed, Sir Erskine May's description of his Parliamentary Utopia is so good an exposition of the principles of the American system that there can be no better preface to an examination of that system. "The organization of such a plan," he writes in his "Machinery of Parliamentary Legislation,"* "might be attempted in the following manner:—

"The House should be divided into six Grand Committees, consisting of about 110 members each, to whom would be added fifteen or twenty Ministers and other leading members, who would be nominated to serve upon all the Grand Committees. The members would be distributed by a Committee of Selection, subject to approval by the House, in such a manner as to secure an equal representation of political parties, interests, and classes in all the Committees, and, at the same time, to maintain in each a preponderance of members more particularly conversant with its peculiar department of business. . . . Each Committee should have assigned to it a chamber, arranged so as to admit of the distribution of parties, and to afford facilities for debate. It would be a novel experiment to admit the public and reporters to the deliberations of a Committee; but this would be an essential part of the proposed plan. The main object in view is to invest the deliberations of these Committees with as much importance as possible, and to delegate to them the discussion, and, as far as possible, the decision, of questions which now devolve wholly upon the House. If this could be accomplished, the labours of the House would be to that extent diminished. Perhaps the number of days in the week on which the House would sit might be diminished; at all events, the length of the sittings might be curtailed, and the two or three hours after midnight, which now inflict so much fatigue on busy members, might often be spared. The tendency of such an arrangement would be to make the House a Court of Appeal, as it were, from its Grand Committees rather than a Court of Primary Jurisdiction in all legislative matters as it is at present. . . . In a Grand Committee, whose deliberations offered no impediment to the progress of the business of the House, and whose proper duty it was to discuss the clauses of a Bill, a more careful revision of them might reasonably be expected. The majority

* Reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, 1854, pp. 33-37.

of the members would probably be interested in the subject of discussion; and those who desired to offer their opinions would be heard without impatience. In each Grand Committee the Government would be represented by its official members, who had charge of any Bill, and by independent members co-operating with them; and the Opposition and other parties would have equal opportunities of advancing their own opinions. . . . Every vote would be open to revision by the House; and their minutes of proceedings and division lists would show how far they had paid attention to their duties, and were entitled to support. If the experiment of Grand Committees should prove successful in the case of Bills, it might be extended to other descriptions of business with equal, if not greater, advantage. Bills relating to religion and trade, for instance, which are now required to originate in a Committee of the whole House, might more conveniently be initiated in these Committees. . . . With what alacrity would the House refer the question of Maynooth and the Nunneries to the Grand Committee of Religion! How gladly consign intricate questions of Law Reform to the Grand Committee on Law and Courts of Justice!"

This speculation, while being an almost accurate sketch of the American system of Standing Committees, is an admirable *résumé* of the arguments, the fallacies, and the delusions of those who have just revived Sir Erskine May's nostrum in the House of Commons. It shows, too, how the idea is necessarily an expanding one. The House has begun, however, at the end instead of the beginning of Sir Erskine May's suggestion. It has rescinded the Standing Order concerning Bills relating to religion and trade, and it has established Standing Committees for Bills relating to Law, Courts of Justice, and Legal Procedure, and to Trade, Shipping, and Manufactures. We shall presently see what the working value of this scheme is as proved by fifty years of experience in America.

The third tendency of the new Rules, the growth of the power of the Speaker, seems to arise naturally as a consequence of the other two. The old theory of Parliament, from the days of Lenthall, that belief in the impartiality and respect for the authority of the Speaker depended upon his absolute powerlessness, has been overthrown by the new Rules. They heap power after power upon the Chair: the option of refusing the Closure motion, the option of refusing certain motions for adjournment, the power of summarily ordering a member to quit the House and remain without its precincts under ignominious restrictions.

Each of these powers inflicts a disability upon all other members of the House as compared with the member in the Chair. The first two take away a right which has hitherto been the imperious privilege of every representative of the people—the right to move a resolution when it was in order. The third, which not only strikes a blow at the dignity of the House, but allows the Speaker to disfranchise a constituency for the time being, is a power which the House has hitherto jealously kept in its own hands, and exercised under the gravest sense of responsibility. In America the Speakership of the House of Representatives began on the old English theory. Gradually

its character was transformed by the phenomenal growth of its powers, until now the American Speaker is the most powerful administrative officer in the Constitution, next to the President. The Committee system has only to grow in the House of Commons, and the nomination of the Committees to be transferred for convenience' sake from the Committee of Selection to the Speaker, for the Speaker of the House of Commons to become as powerful an administrator and as essentially a partisan, as his brother in Washington.

HISTORY OF CLOSURE IN CONGRESS.

A glance at the history of Closure in Congress affords a singular illustration of the old truth that there is nothing new under the sun. Reading the *Congressional Globe* for 1841, one might fancy oneself turning over certain pages of "Hansard." In 1841 the Whigs came into office, rather eager for work, after having been out for a dozen years. They were met in both Houses by a persistent minority bent on giving them the most active opposition. The Democrats had able leaders, especially in the Senate. They systematically opposed all the Whig measures, "hammering them incessantly," as they said themselves, and "impaling them against the wall." Their contention was that all the Whig measures meant "plunder," and should be resisted to the last gasp. It was obstruction pure and simple. The imperious will of the great Whig leader, Henry Clay, could ill brook being thwarted in this fashion. He declared that the interests of the country demanded some rule of procedure in Congress which would enable the majority to get control of public business. The minority, he said, controlled the action of Congress.

Accordingly, two new rules were submitted to the House of Representatives. One extended to the House the power to apply the Closure, or Previous Question to the Committee of the whole in the most drastic manner.* The other provided that no member should, under any circumstances, speak longer than an hour.† The first of these rules was passed, after a bitter struggle, on the 6th of July. Here is a passage from one of the speeches against it, that of Mr. Medill, who afterwards became Governor of Ohio; it is worthy of comparison with the utterances of Mr. W. H. Smith, or Mr. Arthur Balfour, when they were opposing the Liberal Closure Resolutions in 1882:—

"What is the tendency and operation of this monstrous proposition? It is to enable the majority to apply the gag in Committee of the whole, as well as in the House, and thus cut off debate on any subject whatever. This is a proposition which, I venture to say, was never before made in any legislative body, and in the British Parliament would subject its mover to the most indignant rebuke. In

* "The House may, by a majority vote, provide for the discharge of the Committee from the consideration of any Bill referred to them, after acting without debate upon all amendments pending, and that may be offered."

† "And that no member be allowed to speak more than one hour to any question under debate."

the Committee of the whole, the utmost latitude of debate has ever been indulged, and there the minority have a right to be heard without any other restraint than is imposed on all. . . . But adopt the proposition of the gentleman from Massachusetts, and you can cut off all debate, not only in the House, but the Committee of the whole, whenever a drilled majority shall so determine."

The proposition, nevertheless, was adopted, and so was the one limiting speeches to an hour, and both of them have remained rules of the House of Representatives from that day to this. The first member cut short by the hour rule was a Mr. Pickens. It was on the day after the rule had been passed. He protested, as the Speaker commanded him to sit down, that it was "the most infamous rule ever passed by any legislative body." What would he have said of a rule to limit speeches to twenty minutes, which a British legislator had on the notice paper of the House of Commons during the recent discussions?

The new rules having been passed in the House of Representatives, Mr. Clay sought to have them adopted by the Senate. It was in the Senate that the Democratic obstruction was most formidable. But in the Senate the new rules were rejected with scorn. Indeed, they evoked such a feeling that Mr. Clay did not venture to carry them to a vote. The minority, led by such men as Franklin, Pierce, James Buchanan, and John C. Calhoun, threatened physical resistance if ordinary opposition did not avail. The Senate passionately clung to its privilege of free debate. It had always done so. It had never possessed the Previous Question of the House of Representatives, and in March 1806 it had gone the length of abolishing the antiquated and harmless form of the Previous Question, which the framers of its constitution, copying the forms of the House of Commons, had embodied in its first set of rules. The minority in 1811, by defeating Mr. Clay's proposals, proudly claimed that they had "saved the body from degradation, constitutional legislation from suppression, liberty of speech from extinction, and the honour of republican government from a disgrace to which the people's representatives were not subjected in any monarchy in Europe." To this day the United States Senate is without the Previous Question, the Closure, or restrictions upon the freedom of debate in any shape or form.

How far have the predictions of the Senate as to the consequences of adopting these restrictions been justified by the experience of the House of Representatives? How far has its own experience justified its vauntings as to what its conservatism had preserved? It is hardly too much to say that the experience of these two Chambers of the American Legislature, working side by side, is a study of unique and priceless value to all who think of reforming either the procedure or constitution of the House of Commons or the House of Lords. When one American Chamber is seen to have increased in influence

and authority at the expense of the other, and when political thinkers of great weight in America are found declaring that this displacement of power is largely attributable to the different methods of procedure in the two Chambers, surely at the present crisis English politicians would do well to give some heed to this example from over-sea.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE STANDING COMMITTEE SYSTEM IN CONGRESS.

The Standing Committee system in Congress began much as it is beginning now in the House of Commons, with a small number of Committees, and a large number of members serving on each. In this way a fair share of the publicity on which Sir Erskine May sets such value was doubtless secured for their proceedings. The House, moreover, carefully considered their reports, and did not let the Bills they recommended pass without at least knowing what they were about. As time went on, however, members of Congress got tired of carefully considering things twice over, once in Committees and again in the House. Having, as members of Committees, given their minds wholly to one set of Bills, they were not, as members of the House at large, concerned diligently to study other sets of Bills to which other Committees had been wholly giving their minds. Not only their interest, but their legislative ambition, was entirely monopolized by the measures of their own Committee. They had worked hard on these during most of the Session, had made compromises and come to decisions; and when at length they brought them down to report them to the House, they were far more anxious to get them successfully through than to fight over again, on the floor of the House, the battles of the committee-room. Much less were they in a mood to compel other Committees to fight *their* battles over again and join them in the fray. Members of Committees, too, spoke with an authority on the particular subjects they had considered, which placed Congress at large at a disadvantage, and rendered it reluctant to set its own opinion against that of men who were in a certain sense its chosen specialists. The fallacy which underlies the contentions of those who believe that much labour can be saved by the Committee system, without impairing the efficiency of the House as a whole, soon became apparent. It might have been all very well if the members of the House and the members of the Committees had been two different sets of persons. But, being the same individuals, Congress soon found that to expect the Committee work and the work of the House as a whole to be equally well done was to expect double labour from the members. The time, labour, and men used up in Committees were time, labour, and men taken from the House. It was seen to be impracticable for Congress to discharge the two functions efficiently with the same set of men, or without loss of

time. Congress had to make up its mind whether its legislation should be practically done altogether by itself as a body, or altogether by its Committees. It decided against itself; and, having decided, it proceeded to give effect to its decision without any constitutional squeamishness. It created more Committees, and reduced the number of members serving on each. From three Committees, amongst which all its members were distributed, the House of Representatives has now come to have forty-seven Committees, with a working average of half a dozen members each.* To these Committees it has practically delegated all its legislative authority. From being the mere scrutineers and reporters, they have become the dictators and final arbiters of legislation.

One American writer says Congress is now "the slave of its Committees." Another declares that Congressional Government is "government by the chairmen of Standing Committees." Congress, in fact, from being a single homogeneous legislature, has become a heterogeneous congeries of "little legislatures," sitting for convenience in the precincts of one building, and holding a joint meeting occasionally for the purpose of recording their decrees. This is the realization of the ideal sketched out by Sir Erskine May: "The number of days in the week on which the House would sit might be diminished. . . . The tendency of such an arrangement would be to make the House a sort of Court of Appeal, as it were, from its Grand Committees."

JOINT OPERATION OF CLOSURE AND STANDING COMMITTEES IN CONGRESS.

Senator George F. Hoar, from whom I have borrowed the expression "little legislatures," is one of the best authorities on Congressional Government in the United States. He has given, in an article on Congressional procedure,† an interesting account of the manner in which Standing Committees get their Bills reported to the House, with the aid of what he calls the "guillotine" of the Previous Question. He calculates that in the course of each Session two hours is the utmost time that can be allowed to each of the forty-seven Committees "to report upon, debate, and dispose of all the subjects of general legislation committed to their charge;" and "from this time must be taken the time consumed in reading each Bill, and in calling the yeas and nays, which requires forty minutes for a single roll-call." Rigid economy of time is secured in the following manner: one member is selected by each Committee to take charge of its report. He is accorded the floor for one hour, and of that hour he is absolute

* On some Committees there are eleven members, on some fifteen, on some seven, and on some five.

† "The Conduct of Business in Congress;" *North American Review*, vol. cxxviii. p. 113.

master. He does not use up the whole hour himself, but permits little speeches to be made by opponents and friends of the various Bills under his charge. No member must go beyond the few minutes allowed him by this committee-man, who acts as if he were the Speaker, and who takes care never to let the hour expire without moving the previous question. Several thousand Bills are passed on to the Committee every Session, and this is the only way in which the House of Representatives debates on any of that enormous mass of legislation. Indeed, with the exception of the more extended discussions on the Revenue and Appropriation Committees, this is practically the only form of debate in which the House of Representatives indulges.

But even the Committee system is found to be too difficult a process by the passion for breathless legislation which the facile procedure of the House of Representatives has begotten. Senator Hoar gives particulars of a startling device by means of which he says "a large proportion, *perhaps a majority*," of all the Bills which pass the House are carried through :—

"Every Monday, after the morning hour, and at any time during the last ten days of a Session, motions to suspend the rules are in order. At these times any member may move to suspend the rules, and pass any proposed Bill. It requires two-thirds of the members voting to adopt such a motion. Upon it no debate or amendment is in order. In this way, if two-thirds of the body agree, a Bill is by a single vote, without discussion and without change, passed through all its stages, and made a law so far as the House of Representatives can accomplish it; and in this mode hundreds of measures of vital importance receive near the close of an exhausting Session, without being debated, amended, or understood, the constitutional assent of the representatives of the American people."

As to his opinion of the merits of this system, Senator Hoar says :—

"It is needless to set forth at length the evils which this state of things brings forth. There is one which I regard as peculiarly unfortunate for the character and dignity of the House, and whose bad consequences cannot be over-stated. It is that almost invariably the Speaker of the House is forced into the position of a party leader. . . . The House is losing its freedom of debate, of amendment, even of knowledge of what itself is doing. A member is almost the last person to ask what is contained in an Appropriation Bill in its final passage. More and more the contest over important measures is a contest, not whether they shall be discussed, but whether they shall be brought to a vote."

Another distinguished American authority, a writer who may not inaptly be styled the Professor Dicey of the United States—namely, Professor Woodrow Wilson, Fellow in History in Johns Hopkins University—expresses a still more emphatic opinion of the Standing Committee system supported by the Closure. In his striking work, "Congressional Government,"* he says (p. 78):—

* "Congressional Government: A Study in American Politics." Boston, 1884.

"In form the Committees only digest the various matters introduced by individual members, and prepare it with care, and after thorough investigation—but in reality they dictate the course to be taken, prescribing the decisions of the House not only, but measuring out, according to their own wills, its opportunities for debate, and deliberation as well. The House sits not for serious discussion, but to sanction the conclusions of its Committees as rapidly as possible. It legislates in its committee-rooms, not by the determinations of majorities, but by the resolutions of specially commissioned minorities. Legislation, which is not thoroughly discussed by the legislative body, is practically done in a corner. It is impossible for Congress itself to do wisely what it does so hurriedly, and the constituencies cannot understand what Congress does not stop itself to consider."

Again (p. 113) :—

"The doings of one and the same Committee are foolish in pieces and wise in spots. They never can, except by accident, have any common features. Some of the Committees are made up of strong men, the majority of weak men; and the weak are as influential as the strong. The country can get the counsel and guidance of its ablest representatives only upon one or two subjects; upon the rest it must be content with the impotent service of the feeble. Only a very small part of its most important business can be done well; the system provides for having the rest of it done miserably, and the whole of it taken together done at haphazard."

DEGENERATION OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AS COMPARED WITH THE OTHER BRANCHES OF THE LEGISLATURE.

For the displacement of the constitutional balance between the two Houses of the American Legislature, Senator Hoar holds the procedure of the House of Representatives mainly responsible. He is of opinion that the effect of certain parts of that procedure has been to "diminish the authority, weight, and dignity of the House, and to deprive that illustrious body of that equality with the Senate which the framers of the Constitution contemplated." The decline of the House of Representatives as compared with the Senate is a fact patent to all observers. No one in the United States denies the superiority in all respects of the Senate. What is not so obvious is the abnormal advance of the Presidential branch of the Legislature, owing to the necessity of imposing some check upon the headlong legislation of the primary branch. Under President Cleveland, this feature has become quite a phenomenon. He has used the veto as no other President has done. The need for legislation is at all times more apparent than real, and the United States to-day is suffering heavily from over-legislation. Congress has found that increased facilities for legislation only increase the demand instead of lessening it. "*L'appetit vient en mangeant*," dit Angeston." To satisfy its appetite for law-making it has even encroached on the domain of the State Legislatures. It has undertaken not only more than it ought, but more than it can do, and to-day it groans about its block of business as bitterly as the British Parliament. Without dignity, without consideration, without debate, the House of Representatives

hurries piles of measures through its mill. Even the Senate does not prove sufficiently strong to resist its pernicious activity. The third arm of the Legislature, the President, has to step in to save the country from this flood of helter-skelter legislation. The veto is called into force to discharge imperfectly the duty that can only be properly done by a wisely dilatory set of rules, which would not only delay at every step measures that have entered the House, but discourage from entering the House at all every measure not driven by the impulse of real necessity. President Cleveland in 1885 vetoed no less than 114 of the Bills which had passed the forty-ninth Congress. True, 103 of these were Pension Bills, that is, jobs for private individuals. But while this fact doubtless justifies President Cleveland at once in his high-handed action, what does it say for the two legislative assemblies which in a single Session perpetrated such a catalogue of iniquities? And what a commentary is the whole fact upon the system of Congressional legislation—one man, with the approval of the country, nullifying by wholesale measures which both Houses of the Legislature had deliberated upon and passed! What a position for Congress to occupy without causing a revolution! Doubtless President Cleveland is saving the State—saving it from its representative institutions. Will the English Parliament, the House of Lords being abolished, or remodelled on the plan of the Senate, and the House of Commons being Congressionalized, with its Closure and its Standing Committees, ever come to occupy such a position that an English Sovereign daring to revive the obsolete veto will be hailed as the saviour of his country?

Understand, that until President Cleveland's day the veto had practically remained a dead letter in the United States. Each President had no doubt used it, but seldom on more than one or two Bills in a year. Here is a list from the year 1809 :—

President.	Bills Vetoed during his Term of Office.
Madison (double term)	5
Jackson („ „)	6
Tyler (single term)	6
Polk („ „)	1
Pierce („ „)	6
Buchanan („ „)	3
Johnson („ „)	11
Grant (double term)	27
Hayes (single term)	11
Cleveland (in 1885)	114*

* I have not been able to procure, in time for this article, the number of Bills vetoed by President Cleveland in 1886 and 1887, but I have reason to believe that the number in each of these years was larger than even in 1885.

DEPRECIATION OF DEBATE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

This is a very large subject, and within the limits of this article only its salient features can be discussed. Enough, however, has probably been said to make it plain that the policy of devolving work upon Standing Committees and extinguishing debate has not proved an unmixed blessing to Congress. But is this the direction in which the House of Commons is moving? As to Standing Committees, we have seen that the House of Commons is beginning on about the same scale as that on which Congress began, and Sir Erskine May's sketch shows that to develop as Congress has developed is the hope of the authors of the English system. As to extinguishing debate, that I venture to regard as the most dangerous tendency of all, and it is unquestionably strong in the House of Commons. Mr. Smith is making the Closure very familiar, and when the Liberals return to office and Mr. Smith is opposing their measures, it will become more familiar than ever. But it is not so much the new Rules themselves or their application, but the temper and spirit that exist behind them in the House that look so threatening for debate. Take up the notice paper any day during the discussions on procedure or refer to the speeches. One gentleman proposes to do away entirely with the debate on the Address. Another moves that if a member repeats himself he be put to silence, on the first occasion for the sitting, on the second for a week, on the third for a month. A third moves that all speeches be limited to twenty minutes. A *viva voce* question-time is more than the impatience of another ardent legislator can stand: he proposes to have all the answers printed and circulated with the orders of the day. Several other honourable members never get up to speak without making some apologetic allusion to saving the time of the House, as if in their idea every spoken word were mere waste. No doubt a fair proportion of these gentlemen are liable to have applied to them the fable of the fox who lost his tail in a trap, and wanted to persuade all the other foxes that the right and fashionable thing to do was to get their tails cut off likewise, since many of them could not interest an audience like the House of Commons for even twenty minutes to save their lives. No doubt too many of their notions arise from mere thoughtlessness. But their clamour is considerable enough to give a catching cry to the country, and the House of Commons has listened far too freely to such clamour already. The spirit they represent is inimical to all debate. A further manifestation of it has been seen recently in a habit which has sprung up in the House of canvassing the opinions of members on pending questions *in a circular*. The notion underlying this is that there is no necessity for but *discussion* or exchange of ideas between members at all, every member business his mind made up on a given question before he comes down without *discussion*. What can be the ideal of these reformers? It is a

Parliament doing its business by dumb-show, having voted all speech an unnecessary evil? They would be much more satisfied, it is evident, with the method of Congress than with the methods of the House of Commons, and their tendency is distinctly against debate. That it is against the traditions of the House and fatal to its dignity is equally certain. How little appreciation of the true dignity of a Parliament is compatible with that spirit, was shown by another motion which one of these reformers had on the paper. Not content with the Speaker having the power to order a representative of the people peremptorily to leave the House, this gentleman wanted the expelled one to be made to apologize at the bar and promise never to do it any more before being allowed again to take his seat!

EFFECT OF ABSENCE OF PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE ON AMERICAN PUBLIC LIFE.

The House of Commons, it is plain, is in danger of injuring its function of debate for the sake of its function of legislation. Of the two the threatened function has hitherto contributed most to its renown and to the healthfulness of the State. The House had better look to it, the more especially in view of the possible rivalry of a reformed Second Chamber, that it does not impair its own influence in striking at this function. Something else is required from a Parliament besides the mere manufacture of laws—the ventilation of grievances, the supervision of administration, the enlightenment and education of public opinion. Congress has given up debate, and confined itself solely to legislation; and what is the result? Public opinion is starving in America for want of Parliamentary debates to nourish and elevate it. Politics are corrupt and narrow for want of the publicity which alone can broaden and purify them. On every hand one hears an outcry for the restoration of Parliamentary debate, or sees expedients to supply its place. Professor Wilson says: *—

“For the instruction and elevation of public opinion in regard to national affairs, there is needed something more than special pleas for special privileges. There is needed public discussion of a peculiar sort—a discussion by the sovereign legislative body itself, a discussion in which every feature of each mooted point of policy shall be distinctly brought out, and pushed to the farthest point of insistence, by recognized leaders in that body; and, above all, a discussion upon which something—something of interest or importance, some pressing question of administration or of law, the fate of a party or the success of a conspicuous politician—evidently depends. It is only a discussion of this sort that the public will heed; no other sort will impress it. . . . Even more important than legislation is the instruction and guidance which the people might receive from a body which kept all national concerns suffused in a broad daylight of discussion. There is no similar legislature in existence which is so shut up in the one business of

* “Congressional Government,” p. 84.

law-making as our Congress. Other national legislatures command admiration, and verify their name of 'Parliaments,' by talking official acts into notoriety."

A movement has recently been set on foot in America for the purpose of establishing a scheme of permanent Republican clubs. The object of these clubs is, by public discussion, to educate the voters and raise politics out of narrow local channels. It is, in fact, to do for the American public what the debates of the House of Commons do for the public of Great Britain. In the March number of the *North American Review* appear the opinions of a number of Republican politicians on this movement. They all declare the crying need for public discussion, and some even express a hope that the example of these clubs may have an effect on the Legislature.

It is strange that it is at the moment when the debates of the House of Commons have reached their highest degree of usefulness that this attack should be made upon them. They never wielded such a wide-reaching living influence upon the mind and affairs of the country as they do now. That is because the Press has extended their audience from the benches of St. Stephen's to the utmost confines of the nation, and because the debates on the whole, after making all allowances, have risen to the greatness and dignity of the new occasion. Not only are they reported in British and Irish papers, but American papers, which begrudge half a dozen lines to the proceedings of Congress, often devote several columns to cabled reports of a field-night in Westminster. If Burke were in Parliament now he would not be known as "the dinner-bell." His audience in the House itself would be more worthy of him than the guzzling squires who emptied the benches when he rose, and he would only have had to wait till next morning, and not till the next century, for millions of readers to devour the manna of his political wisdom. The debates of the House of Commons have ever been the health-giving breath of English political life. It is to the fierce light which beats upon all who are prominent in the Parliamentary arena, to the intense gaze of public attention which the debates of the House of Commons have managed to fix upon all that takes place upon its floor, that England owes the uncorrupted ambitions and the lofty and transparent conduct which have in the main distinguished her public men above those of every other self-governing nation. What can be a greater check upon political tergiversation, where any check at all is possible, than the wholesome knowledge the English public man possesses that on the floor of the House, upon that exalted and conspicuous platform, where the eyes of the nation are scrutinizing his every look and expression, he will have to stand up and account for the vote he gives or the opinion he espouses? All this certain hasty people wish the House of Commons to give up, in order to become a sort of silent legislative

gas-engine with an attendant train of machine-politicians to turn its handles.

In the dignity and impartiality of its Chair, the House of Commons has also maintained a pre-eminence above all the legislative assemblies in the world. Why? For the same reason to which almost every superiority in the methods of the House of Commons over those of other assemblies can be traced. Because it has had an experience which none of the others have had—a long struggle with the Sovereign and with a rival Chamber, out of which it has had to purchase virtually with its blood every liberty and privilege it possesses, and every shrewd device for guarding what it has won, which it has enshrined in crabbed standing orders and quaint old usages. In the days when the Speaker was a king's spy upon the House, and when there were standing orders to lock his back-door, and lay the key upon the table, the House learned the lesson that to secure any respect for the occupant of the Chair, he should be stripped of every shred of power. He should simply be the spokesman and servant of the House—like Lenthal, “with eyes to see and ears to hear only as the House should order him.” Up to a few years ago it remained a mystery what would happen if the Speaker should “name” a member to the House. When he did name a member it was found that nothing would happen unless the House took action and passed a resolution. The naming was simply complaining of the member to the real Sovereign, the House. It was this helplessness and need of support by the House which, by making every member a defender of the Chair, saved its true authority and dignity hitherto. Even when active partisans, like Addington, Grenville and Abbott, filled the office, they were powerless to turn it to their ends. Now all this is altered. The Speaker is no longer without eyes to see or ears to hear only as the House directs him. He can do a great many dangerous things on his own initiative. The other day in the French Chamber, a deputy (M. de Cassagnac) accused the Speaker to his face of political turpitude and partiality in the Chair. Charges have been made in the Press—unjustly, no doubt, but openly—that Mr. Carlisle, Speaker of the American House of Representatives, only secured his election to Congress by tampering with the returns. If the tendencies which have now set in in the House of Commons increase in force, the day may not be far distant when similar attacks on an English Speaker may not be regarded as sacrilegious or extraordinary.

Those tendencies, however, are as yet only in the bud, and they may be nipped before it is too late. A Local Government Bill for England has just been introduced. Home Rule for Ireland will be passed by-and-by, and Local Government for Wales and Scotland. When this great devolution of business take place there will be no

need of Standing Committees and Closure, unless the Imperial Legislature follows the example of Congress and attempts to pass more laws than it ought to. Obstruction need never again be feared, now the Irish question has obtained a proper hearing. The obstruction period of the Parliament of 1880, against which *post factum* precautions are now being taken, was not the first "block of business" the House has had to deal with. It imagined it had such blocks in 1848, in 1854, and in 1861, when it appointed Select Committees to consider how they should be relieved. It is four-and-thirty years since Sir Erskine May's Grand Committees were thought to be a crying necessity. Yet the House did not adopt them, and managed, nevertheless, to get through some important legislation. The Committee of 1861, like wise men, reported that "the old rules and orders, when carefully considered and narrowly investigated, were found to be the safeguard of freedom of debate, and a sure defence against the oppression of overpowering majorities." All the blocks passed away of themselves, all the storms blew over. So it will be in the future. None but an Irish party can successfully obstruct, and they only, because they are supported by the public opinion of their country. No English obstructives would be supported by English public opinion—unless, indeed, the House of Commons, after a damaging rivalry with a reorganized Second Chamber, had fallen so into Congressional ways that a party of filibusterers would earn the thanks of their country by attracting some public attention to its doings.

Since the foregoing pages were put into type, Mr. James Russell Lowell has, during the present April, delivered his remarkable address to the new Independent Party, which has entered American politics for the avowed purpose of reforming them. All who are interested in this topic should read this speech, with its complaints of the dwarfed and unwholesome public life, of the ineptitude and uninterestingness of Congress, of the "little men" into whose hands the machine of the Constitution puts the national destinies, and its passionate yearnings for something loftier and purer for the politics of a great people. It is, at the least, a striking symptom.

With all this, it is strange what a fascination the American Constitution continues to exercise at a distance. It is the French Chamber now, it appears, which is to be shaped after it. General Boulanger, or rather M. Laguerre, his spokesman, for him, declares that what he meant by "Revision" is to make the French Constitution more like the American.

THOMAS P. GILL.

LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT FOR LONDON.

I HAVE been asked by many whether Mr. Ritchie's pending measure is satisfactory as regards London. To this question I can only answer Yes, and No. It is satisfactory or not according to the point of view from which it is looked at. Regarded as a complete plan for meeting the wants of Local Government in London it is very defective. Regarded as a step towards such a plan, it is a bold and important one, in the right direction, the necessary condition of all other steps, and based upon the principle which has been consistently urged by the Municipal Reform League, and which I hold to be a thoroughly sound one. Indeed many may think, I myself am inclined to think, that the matters which must be dealt with before a scheme approaching completeness can be formed, will be handled with greater ease and with more knowledge and certainty, after a general representative assembly of Londoners has been called into existence, than before.

The importance of the present step can hardly be gauged without looking back over the course which the controversy as to London Government has taken for some years past. I have just been reading over again a paper contributed to this Review in February 1882 by Mr. Scott, the veteran and respected Chamberlain of London. He did not deny that a Local Government was required for all London outside the City—that is, for about 79 out of every 80 Londoners. But in favour of the City he skilfully put forward the wide differences of opinion expressed as to the nature of the Government required; availing himself to the full of such authorities as the Commissioners of 1853-4, Mr. J. S. Mill, Mr. Charles Buxton, and Mr. Torrens, to show that the lines of reform should be sought in the direction of building up separate municipalities corresponding with the then parliamentary boroughs. He certainly was able to show an imposing

array of opinion in favour of such a plan, and against a comprehensive or single Government. And he emphasized the divergences of opinion in the words of Lord Derby, who, with his rare capacity for tersely exhibiting all sides of a subject, had put the following questions :—

“Are you to have one gigantic Local Parliament? Or are you to break up the four million inhabitants into eight or ten distinct incorporated boroughs? Or are you to create, as in the case of the London School Board, separate bodies, charged with one separate duty?”

In the month of March 1882 Mr. Torrens, then representing an important London borough, wrote as follows :—

“Thoughtful and frugal men have had too much cause to distrust pretentious projects of centralization, and they naturally fear being involved afresh in liability to jobbing without limit and profusion without end. There is not a man whose experience and judgment I am used to rely on for advice regarding local affairs or legislative changes who does not share these misgivings. Local independence is, I believe, greatly preferred by sensible people to any new-fangled scheme of municipal caucuses. They think the ten cities of the Thames entitled, each of them to have the management of their own affairs. They are sick of the encroachments and usurpations of Whitehall, and they know that a monster municipality would prove but a form of transition through which we should pass into the custody of a paid executive—a huge cage, into which, if ever our unwieldy metropolis were goaded or beguiled, its freedom would be gone.”

It would in fact be easy to show that the leading idea, which, in the minds of the authorities above referred to and in those of many Londoners, created distrust of a comprehensive Local Government, was the fear of that horrible thing called “centralization.” Some thought, with Mr. Torrens, that it would subject us more to “Whitehall,” not seeing that Londoners were already subject to “Whitehall,” for the simple reason that an enormous multitude of human beings had come together with common wants and interests, and, having no Local Government to regulate them, were forced to resort to the National Government for that purpose. As between “Whitehall” and London, the object proposed by the advocates of a Single London Government was not centralization but the very reverse. The only possible method of taking London affairs out of the hands of the National Legislature and Executive, was to establish a Single Local Government. Ten such governments would, as regards wants and interests common to the mass of London, be just as impotent as the existing thirty-nine; and the necessity for calling on the Crown and Parliament to help in every difficulty would be as imperative as before.

Besides the groundless fear of “Whitehall,” there were those who feared that a Single Government would be unable to deal efficiently with the various needs of so vast a place as London. In that sense they deprecated centralization. That view is by no means

groundless, and something will be said about it presently. But the two views were, as always happens in such cases, very much mixed up by those who did not care to distinguish between them; and in the field of argument (for I here put aside mere interested opposition) the most formidable foe of Unity of London Government was the horror of centralization, and its most formidable rival was the scheme, recommended by such high authority, of Plurality of London Governments.

While Mr. Torrens was writing the sentences above quoted, I was composing an answer to Mr. Scott, which appeared in the March 1882 number of this REVIEW. During the summer of 1880 a few private persons, including myself, resolved to work in combination for the purpose of enforcing on our fellow-townsmen the conviction that London required Unity of Local Government. We called ourselves the London Municipal Reform League. Our cardinal principle was this: that the common wants and interests of Londoners required a common Government—viz., a Municipal Corporation of the ordinary English type, such as exists in other great English towns. Other matters were left to be worked out when the main principle should have been accepted: what precise area should constitute the London Municipality; what should be deemed to be common interests requiring a common Government, and what to be local interests which might be dealt with by a more strictly local authority; what should be the relation between the common Government and the smaller local authorities; what assimilations of municipal franchise and parliamentary franchise were required; from what areas the members of the Corporation should be elected, and other matters of less moment. Some of these questions are obviously of first-rate importance, when once it is decided to frame a single Government. But until that principle is agreed upon, it were idle, or worse than idle, to raise knotty questions of detail. So we set ourselves to familiarize people's minds with the idea of a single Government, and to prove by argument and illustration how urgently Local Government is required for London, and how impossible it is to attain the end except by Unity of Government.

It seemed a sadly uphill work at first. Weak in numbers; weaker in purse; viewed with suspicion by most of the constituted local authorities, and with dire hostility by some; working on non-political lines, and so coldly looked on by those who care most for party strifes; dealing with a subject on which the great mass of Londoners were apathetic, because they had not heard it discussed as a popular topic, and so knew not its value; with powerful and wealthy interests opposed to us; with high authorities adduced against our views; strong only in argument; we endeavoured by the dissemination of explanatory literature, and the delivery of innumerable addresses

among clubs, debating societies, and other associations, whenever a few persons could be gathered together, to fill people's minds with the conviction—first, that there was such a question as the Self-Government of London, which it behoved them to attend to; and secondly, that it ought to be resolved in our sense.* A few obscure agitators our enemies called us, with the customary ascription of selfish motives and predatory aims. But before long the truth began to tell: our numbers increased; so did our audiences; so did the interest with which they listened. Mr. Gladstone's Ministry thought it right to take up the matter. And, though that had the effect of throwing against us the forces of the most acrimonious opposition that has existed in my lifetime, and so of giving to the movement a party character which we did not desire, yet it excited public interest to an extent otherwise quite unattainable.

In March 1882 I argued against Mr. Scott in the tone of a man who has to convince an adverse or indifferent majority. By 1884 the balance had inclined the other way. A powerful Ministry then for the first time propounded a measure based on the principle of unity, and it was accepted by the party which supported them. Sir William Harcourt's plan was bold and statesmanlike, and, if circumstances had admitted of the passing of any large English measure, it would probably have been moulded into a very valuable scheme of Local Government. He had thoroughly convinced himself of the necessity of a Single Government for London, and, if he erred, it was in applying that principle too rigidly. I have above intimated an opinion that London is too vast in size, and its affairs too multifarious, to admit of administration in all things from a single centre. I think that there should be District Authorities as well, and that in order to induce able and responsible men to work on such bodies, they should have, as the Vestries have now, a definite legal character, and important duties to perform. "Sir William Harcourt's Bill proposed to sweep the existing Vestries and Boards entirely away, and to substitute for them bodies with only such powers and functions as might be allotted to them by the Central Government. I believe that if such a scheme had passed into law it could not have been worked well. But the blemish was one easily removable in Committee; and I yet hope to see the very difficult but necessary task of readjusting the areas and functions of the lesser Local Governments of

* It must not be thought that, in attributing this importance to the work of the League, I am forgetting the labours, self-sacrifice, and public spirit of individual workers, which first broke the ground. Long before the League was formed, Mr. James Beal devoted his time and means to the advocacy of London interests, and thoroughly grasped the principle of Unity of Government. It was he who first convinced me of the importance of the principle, and incited me to work for it. Mr. Firth made himself master of the subject, and compiled a book which is a mine of knowledge upon it. And those two, with Mr. Lloyd, the honorary secretary, have been the most powerful agents in the propagandist work of the League.

London accomplished by a simple machinery, not at one stroke, but with the aid of time and of an efficient Central Government.

These views were shared by the majority of the Council of the League, and are well shown by two resolutions, passed in February 1886 after a long discussion extending into a second night's meeting:—

"1. That the first object of municipal reform is to establish a Common Council, or representative Government, to be elected directly by the inhabitants of London, and to possess generally such powers as are necessary for the performance of civic functions over the whole of London, to be called the Corporation of London.

"2. That having regard to the great size of London, and to the fact that there are existing authorities which perform portions of civic functions within restricted areas, it is desirable to maintain subsidiary Civic Authorities in the form of District Councils, also directly elected, with a definite legal status and definite functions for local purposes."

So far as I know, those who gave expression to the above general views still retain them.

The foregoing account of the struggle to obtain a Government of London will enable any reader to see why and how far the present proposals are calculated to satisfy those who have taken an active part in that struggle. If we are to have a single Government, directly resting on a broad basis of popular election, and invested at first with such powers that able and ambitious men will be attracted to serve on it, we are to have the main thing we have been seeking for. Such a body, if applying itself earnestly to its work and doing it well, is certain to acquire before long the full measure of power which it deserves, and which is for the general benefit. If it starts with a smaller range of powers than we should wish a perfect Local Government to have, that is, in my judgment, no disadvantage. It may well prove more injurious for a newly created body to find itself overloaded with business, which then it will do badly and so become discredited.

Does then the Bill offer us a real efficient working Government? What it does is this: It takes the whole Metropolitan area, by which is meant the area now administered by the City of London, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and the thirty-nine Vestries and District Boards under the Metropolis Management Act 1855, and erects it into the County of London. As such it will be governed by a County Council, like other English counties. The Council consists of a number of elective councillors, with an addition of selected councillors corresponding to aldermen in municipal boroughs. The elective councillors sit for three years, when a new election takes place. The electors are such persons as are burgesses in municipal boroughs, very nearly, if not quite, the same as may now elect to London vestries—i.e., they must occupy premises in the

electoral area (the whole county apparently), and have resided there or within seven miles, and have been rated, for twelve months preceding the 12th of July in each year, and have paid their rates up to the preceding 5th of January. Every elector is qualified to be a councillor. 'As to the number of the Council the Bill is silent. It provides that the whole county is to be divided into Electoral Divisions, "arranged with a view to the population of each division being, so nearly as conveniently may be, equal," and each division is to return one councillor. But Electoral Divisions are not to combine fragments of county districts, and for this purpose the parishes, districts, and places mentioned in Schedules A B and C of the Metropolis Management Act are to be considered county districts. Subject to these rules, all the arrangements of electoral divisions are left to be made by the Local Government Board. Such is the constitution of the County Council of London.

It is obvious that the provisions about Electoral Divisions are seriously defective. In order to make an efficient County Council there must be numbers enough to give it a feeling of strength and to man its numerous committees. And for the due conduct of elections, Electoral Divisions must be of convenient and adequate size. These matters are far too important to leave to the Local Government Board. It may be very proper that such an authority should demarcate areas on principles fixed by the Legislature. But the Bill throws upon it the decision of most important questions of principle, which may make or mar the whole scheme. Indeed, the mere arithmetical and geographical problems which the Local Government Board is set to work out, are of great difficulty, if not insuperable. For the purpose of forming an Electoral Division, they may take the whole of one of the present districts, or they may cut it into two pieces or into twenty, or they may unite it with another whole district; but they may not unite any portion of it with another district, or unite the whole of it with any portion of another district, or any portion of another district with it. At the same time, they are to make the Electoral Divisions equal in population, "as nearly as conveniently may be." I cannot see how even an approximate equality in numbers is to be attained under the condition of never fusing together less than the whole of two existing districts, except by making the divisor of the population a very small one. A small divisor yields a large quotient. Suppose the Local Government Board finds that equality cannot be obtained with a larger divisor than 5000, which in some counties may be a very reasonable number, that would give a council of about 800 for London. Or 10,000: that would give about 400. Or suppose it gave up the attainment of equality "as nearly as conveniently may be," as being incompatible with the other conditions, and took the existing districts as Electoral

Divisions, perhaps splitting some of the largest into two. Then we might have a Council of 50 or so.

There is another problem connected with these divisions which is far too important to be committed to a branch of the Executive. The Bill makes one exception to the rule of equal population. It provides that in the case of the City the rule need not be observed. No reason is given, and no guide or rule of proportion is given. What is the Local Government Board to do? The population of the City is about 50,000. Suppose that 20,000 is taken as the datum line of population for an electoral division, to be approached as nearly as possible: that will yield a Council of about 200. Is the City to return its proportion of two or three members to that Council; or is it to return twenty or thirty? I have no particular distrust of the Local Government Board, or any ground for supposing that its officials will act otherwise than becomes reasonable and sensible men. But what is reasonable in such a case? I myself have no conception, and probably the Board would be as much puzzled as I am.

Enough has been said to show that the Bill lays upon the Local Government Board a weight heavier than it or any Executive Office can bear. Its decisions might by a miracle give satisfaction, but it is more probable that they would cause general discontent and agitation. The very foundations of Local Government cannot be laid except by the National Legislature, where all views may be heard and fully discussed, where reasons for the decision arrived at are given in the face of its opponents, and where minorities are either convinced by argument or reduced to acquiescence by finding that the greater political force is at the back of their opponents. This question is not one of number or measurement, but of policy. Let the Executive settle details, but let Parliament furnish the guiding principles. For London the Act itself should specify at least approximately the number of the Elective Councillors, which I should put at not less than two hundred and not more than two hundred and fifty. And for London I am disposed to think that the better plan would be to take the existing Parliamentary Divisions as Electoral Divisions, and to make each of them return a plurality of members. This was the conclusion come to at a conference held on the 1st of May between the Council of the League and delegates from a number of London associations.

Faults may be found with the constitution of the Council in other respects, of which the most obvious is the creation of Aldermen, or Selected Councillors, by the appointment of the Elected Council. I am one of those who think that in all bodies, which are not only deliberative and within their sphere legislative, but are mainly or largely executive, it is desirable to have the power of assuming into themselves a small number of additional members. It is possible in this way to secure the services of persons eminently fit for the

transaction of official business, who are averse to seeking popular suffrages, or who, in the particular constituency to which they offer themselves, may not be appreciated, or may be postponed to another worthy competitor. In this opinion I have the misfortune to differ from the great majority of those with whom I usually act, and whom I find to be singularly jealous of any secondary election. There is indeed no doubt that secondary elections do yield a different result from primary ones. The very object of them is that they should do so. That any large proportion of a popular representative Government should consist of the appointees of the representatives, would be dangerous to the authority of the Council. A very decided preponderance of opinion among the electors on an important question might be overborne by the votes of those whom they have not elected, and serious discontent would result. The proportion of appointees proposed by the Bill is one-third of the direct representatives, or one-fourth of the whole Council. That is far too large. If the proportion were one-tenth, the appointees could only turn the scale in cases where opinions among the direct representatives were nearly balanced, and no great discontent would ensue, while yet a substantial amount of valuable service might be secured for the public benefit. But I believe it would be better to forego the advantage of assumed or co-opted members; than to weight a directly representative body with so large an amount of indirectly representative element.

Another point on which I find considerable dissatisfaction to exist is, that the Bill does nothing by way of conferring the Municipal Franchise on those who possess the Parliamentary Franchise. It is true that the artisan classes of London are perfectly apathetic about local elections, and other classes take little part in them. According to the last return, only one elector in thirty-three voted in vestry elections. In answer to remonstrances it is alleged that the municipal franchise is so arranged as to exclude many and to make the right of others uncertain. This is by no means the whole explanation. But it will clearly be a great saving of expense and trouble, and a great aid to plain people in understanding their position, if the arrangements for Parliamentary elections can be made to serve for Municipal elections. In all operations worked by great numbers of people simplicity is a main condition of success. And as in the case of Electoral Divisions, so in the case of the Franchise, every effort should be made to use the same machinery for both kinds of elections as far as the nature of the case admits.

I hold also, on political grounds, that it would be better to admit to the Municipal Franchise all who possess the Parliamentary. Not on party political grounds; for my experience of London during twenty years shows that the more the franchise is extended, and the more the use

of it is protected, the larger is the proportion of votes cast for the Conservative party to which I do not belong. But on the broader political ground, that, in the circumstances of our country, among the flux and fusion of old beliefs and institutions, and the changes which are taking place and are yet to come, the path of greatest political safety is to be found in the spread of interest in public affairs, and in the attraction of great numbers of people to take part in them. That can only be done by establishing many centres of public action, or, in other words, by vigorous and popular Local Governments. I look upon the Municipal Reform Act of 1835 as (except possibly the Poor Law) the boldest and greatest exploit of the Whig Ministries, and the most steady in its effect on our national life. I have always advocated a powerful Government of London on a broad popular basis, as the most conservative of reforms and the most likely to avoid the dangers of popular commotion. And whatever reasons have prevailed with us to call in vast numbers of the poorer classes to take part in Parliamentary elections, are good for calling them in to take part in Municipal elections. Of the two it appears to me more desirable that the mass of the community should interest themselves in local public affairs than in national public affairs.

But, though feeling strongly the expediency of an alteration in the Franchise, I do not think it reasonable either to blame the Ministry for not touching such a matter now, or to expect them to yield to any urgency upon it. I suppose indeed that the matter is quite settled by the passing of the Electors Bill; and if so, it is settled quite rightly, I think. The present measure is for the creation of County Governments. The Franchise question affects boroughs as well as counties. It is moreover in itself a question of great magnitude, and affording many points for combat; and to mix up such a question with a measure also of great magnitude as well as novelty and complexity, would probable ensure failure for both objects. It is proposed to establish County Local Governments on the same lines which have proved so beneficial in large towns. How this will answer in the rest of the country my knowledge of rural affairs is not sufficient for me to judge. But London, though now to be called a county, resembles other large towns, and we may gladly accept here what has done such good work elsewhere, though we may not think it perfect.

I mentioned just now how few Londoners care to take part in local elections. One of the reasons frequently assigned is that the qualifications required for a vestryman is such that the artisan classes and poorer householders do not care to choose as between one man and another. I do not myself believe in the potency of this reason. But at any rate it will not exist as regards the County Council. A vestryman must, in some parts of London, be rated at £40 a year,

and in others at £25. A councillor need only possess the qualification of an elector. No property qualification for the Council will exist, except in cases so rare and exceptional that they may be left out of consideration.

I pass now to the powers assigned to the County Council; not for the purpose of explaining in detail the jurisdiction of that body, but to show that the range and importance of its functions is such as to attract men of character and ability to serve in the exercise of them. It will be very hard, and to me very surprising, if the attraction is not found sufficient. The Council has all the power vested in the Metropolitan Board of Works, and a number of others besides. Such are the granting of liquor licences and a variety of other licences and certificates; the regulation of pauper lunatic asylums and industrial schools; the arrangement of Parliamentary elections; the supervision of divers matters relating to the health and safety of the community; the keeping of certain records of religious and social institutions; the appointment and payment of a number of county officials; and the management of the county property. Other powers there are, proper for an urban government, which, if not conferred at once, will certainly be conferred before long: such, for instance, as the regulation of public conveyances, the provision of water, of artificial light, of tramways, and of other conveniences. The only power commonly vested in municipal corporations, but denied to London, on which it is desirable to make some remarks here, is the Control of the Police.

I am not going to argue the general question whether police kept for local purposes and paid by local funds should not be under the orders of the Local Government. It is hardly disputed but that they should be, as a general rule. The reason assigned for making a difference in the case of London is, that it is the seat of the National Government, who ought to have a police force at their command. That is not the historical reason for the present arrangement. When the existing police force was created by Sir Robert Peel, the City of London, having a proper Local Government, and being able to maintain a police force of its own, was kept in an independent position, which it still retains and which the Bill does not disturb. But the rest of London had no Local Government, and so in the matter of police, as in other things, the National Government had to act as a Local Government. When London obtains a proper Local Government there will be a new state of things calling for new arrangements. I am disposed to think it right that the National Government should have police as well as soldiers under its control at the seat of Government. But that is no reason why it should have the sole control of the police over the whole Metropolitan area. The arrangement is not satisfactory, and it has been of late causing a considerable amount of friction between the existing local authorities and the

police authorities. It requires readjustment, which must be made on careful consideration. I for one am quite content not to press it now. It is one of those things which will be settled better after the formation of a Local Government of London.

There is however one new proposal relating to the police, which, if I understand it, is calculated to make the present position worse, and which calls for close attention. At present the City raises, controls, and pays for its own police. For the rest of London the Crown raises and controls the force, and partially pays for it. Roughly speaking, the Metropolitan ratepayers at present contribute £700,000 for police, and the Exchequer £500,000. In the counties the Exchequer has given subventions in aid of rates, to the extent, I believe, of one-half the pay and clothing of the police. It is now proposed to hand over to the County Governments the proceeds of certain taxes, in lieu of the subventions. Apart from questions of account, that process leaves the counties in much the same position as before. The assigned taxes will become local funds. Their police will be locally raised, paid for, and controlled (whether by Justices or County Councils matters not to the present purpose), though aided by the conversion into local funds of part of the general taxes. But when it is proposed to apply the same principle to London, different considerations come in. London will have its share of the general taxes. It will lose the half million now paid by the Exchequer for the police. But the Crown is to retain the power of raising the force, fixing its number, and controlling its action, while not affected by the expense, as is the case while it contributes a proportion. The net result, as seems to me, is that the London police, except in the City, will be entirely governed by the Crown, and entirely paid for out of local funds.

Another question is suggested by the Police Clauses of the Bill. At first sight it looks as if the City is to receive a share, some £50,000, out of the assigned taxes. That would clearly be wrong, and repeated perusal of the Bill has convinced me that it is not meant. But the matter should be placed beyond dispute or doubt.*

That leads me to the position which the Bill assigns to the City of London, which is very exceptional, and, if the measure were considered as anything but provisional in this respect, ought to be very rigidly scrutinized. The leading idea seems to be that the City shall occupy the same position in London as a Quarter Sessions borough occupies in a county. It seems to me that there is no analogy between the cases. Such a town, say, as Exeter is not only in history and law but in the nature of things a community separable from the community of Devonshire, with a number of

* The passages relating to this subject are scattered, and require close attention to understand. I may very easily have misconstrued them, or have missed something of importance. I subjoin the references:—Clause 22: (1), (2), (ii.); Clause 23: (2), (h), (i), (j); Clause 91.

local needs and resources quite different from those of its surrounding county. But the City of London is an integral part of London. If the right thing had been done, it should have received the growing town gradually into its arms, as indeed it did in earlier times with Holborn and Bishopsgate. Whatever distinctions exist between the depleted City and the surrounding outgrowths are legal and artificial. The people whose industry gives their enormous value to the City banks, warehouses, and offices, live mostly in the real London, on the other side of a boundary line invisible to the eye and existing only in law. The City has profited very largely, and still profits, by taxes levied on real London, for coal, wine, and grain. It has control over the markets of real London. It possesses bridges over the Thames in the heart of real London, and valuable estates enriched by the industry of real London, and acquired in times when the City of London was real London. It is difficult to assign a single object of Local Government in which the wants and interests of the City are not the same with those of real London, or in which the supply of those wants and interests would not be forwarded by a Single Government and hindered by the existence of two.

I speak cautiously in matters of great complication, to be learned from a Bill which is not addressed to London alone, which deals with London affairs in a fragmentary way, mixes them up with rural affairs to which they have little resemblance, and in some important cases enacts that certain provisions shall apply to London, not directly or certainly, but "with the necessary modifications," or "so nearly as circumstances admit," or "as if" certain things "were" or "had been" what they never have been and never can be.* So far as I can see, the City will be a part of London County, for the purpose of contributing to the expenses of the Board of Works as it now does, and of some other county business, and for the purpose of the administrative business of Quarter Sessions, and for very little, if anything, else. It is to be a separate licensing division, with some peculiar privileges as to the formation of a licensing committee. Its jurisdiction over markets and bridges, and police and traffic, its receipt of taxes, its corporate property, are left untouched. It will be to a great extent an artificially made foreign element in the midst of a great organism, of which it is properly and substantially a member, which will envelop it on all sides, will constantly seek to assimilate it, and to which it will be a cause of disease and disturbance till the assimilation is achieved.

We may indeed be certain that the cure of this mischief will be completed after more or less struggle. Indeed, I take the glaring defects of the present scheme to be evidence that its framers contemplate further and speedy provision for the special wants of London. London Government forms of itself so large and difficult a

* See Clauses 36, 37, and 52 (5).

subject, that we can readily divine good reasons for not introducing it into a measure for creating County Governments, in more detail than was rendered necessary by the dealings with the counties in which London stands. But there is one provision in the Bill, which is calculated to increase the difficulty of supplying present defects. I have before pointed out, in another connection, that the City is exempted from the rule which provides that Electoral Divisions shall be equal in population. It is evidently intended that the City shall have more members than other parts of London. If we knew the extent of this advantage, and found it to be very trifling, it might not be worth arguing about, though its principle is unsound. But we are in the dark as to its extent, and therefore must insist on a right principle being observed. Why is the City to have more than its share of members? If on account of its wealth, that principle will affect other parts of London besides the City. But population is taken, and rightly taken, as regulating the number of members over the rest of London, and the City should be treated as other places are treated.

With respect to the other existing areas of Local Government, those of Vestries and District Boards, there is again much obscurity; but, according to the best opinion I can form, they are, both as to jurisdiction and extent, left untouched. For the purpose of creating electoral divisions they are to be deemed county districts, but they are not county districts for any other purpose. In my judgment it is right to leave them untouched, except potentially, in the present measure; but it is very important to provide some machinery for the more convenient distribution of areas, and, to some extent, of functions. In Sir William Harcourt's plan, which made a clear sweep of their functions, it was provided that their areas might be readjusted by schemes of the Common Council. In the present Bill other County Councils are empowered to make schemes, requiring the approval of the Local Government Board, or of Parliament, or of both, for alterations in the numbers and areas of electoral divisions (clause 57), for the division, union, or fusion of county districts or parishes (clause 59), and for the abolition, restriction, or extension of the jurisdiction of any local authority—clause 61 (4) (a). I think that the method which Sir William Harcourt applied to areas in London, and which Mr. Ritchie applies to areas and functions in the provinces, is by far the wisest method of dealing with the existing Local Governments of London. Possibly it may be so intended. This is not the place to argue the construction of the clauses I have just referred to; but my conclusion upon them is that the London County Council has the power of making schemes under clause 57, but has no such power under clause 59 or 61. Efforts should be made to amend the Bill so as to give the Council in clear terms the power of making Parliamentary schemes for readjusting not only electoral

divisions but the areas and functions of existing Vestries and District Boards.

The result is, that if satisfactory arrangements are made as to electoral divisions, and if such machinery as I have just been speaking of is provided, we shall have got what is, all shortcomings notwithstanding, a great and valuable measure. The Single Government has now been accepted by both the great political parties, and the rival Plural Governments have, we may hope, been finally routed. Following the principle of Unity, Mr. Ritchie's Bill gives us an assembly representative of the whole of London, unhampered by property qualifications, and elected by a constituency which, though it is narrower than the Parliamentary constituency in some important respects, is wider in others. This assembly is clothed with an amount of power, which, though imperfect, is even at the outset sufficient to employ the highest abilities and to satisfy the honourable ambition of men who aspire to direct public affairs. It must be remembered that the value of such an Assembly cannot be measured by the mere extent of its executive powers. In affairs pertaining to London at large it will certainly be the voice of London, which is now dumb, to speak for London, and the hand of London, which is now inert, to act for London. In such an assembly will be discussed problems affecting the general welfare of London, and the opinions of Londoners will be formed, and, when formed, ascertained, in a way that is now impossible. If a bargain is to be struck or a battle to be waged with a water company, if a railway is to be carried through London, if great endowments are to be applied for the benefit of London, we shall know, and Parliament will know, not only what is wished by this or that vestry, or group of individuals, but what the representatives of Londoners report to be the prevailing conviction or feeling of Londoners on the question. The distribution of markets, questions of clearances and new dwellings, of open spaces, of the incidence of local taxation, and other matters, will be discussed and threshed out in this assembly, will be decided when the jurisdiction to decide them exists, and when it does not will be brought before Parliament with the weight attaching to the deliberate opinion of the Council of London. Friction there will be, strife, rivalries, petty or otherwise, failures, all the drawbacks which are found to attend even the most successful of human institutions. In spite of these the world gets on, especially in societies where large freedom of action is given, and there is no reason to fear that, in the new Government of London, goodness and public spirit and wisdom will not prevail, on the whole, over evil and selfishness and folly.

The future of Londoners is in their own hands. An instrument of great power is offered to them; and if they do not accept it and use it for their own benefit, they will have themselves to blame.

HOBHOUSE.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION.

THIS question interests, or ought to interest, all classes. Unfortunately, the question has been rendered distasteful to many who would otherwise give it candid consideration, by the stormy feebleness and not entirely Christ-like way in which it has been sometimes treated.

On this question, as on many others, the extremists have done harm. One section of writers, professing to honour God, have not fulfilled the law of Christ. Probably they have never understood it. The opposing extremists have not unfrequently exhibited an ostentatious readiness to insult the opinions, and—what is more dangerous—the sentiments of a people profoundly attached to ancient usage. The old and illogical arguments have been dressed up and used remorselessly. “It is ancient, and therefore venerable,” has been answered by the plea, “Ancient usage is only a phrase for unreasoning prejudice.” The law of Moses has been cited as though a Prophet greater than Moses had never spoken. The argument from sacred considerations has been ignored, as though the great Legislator of Israel had been an insignificant personage, and as though Christ’s words, that the Sabbath was made for man, had no more than a negative meaning. The extremists ruin causes everywhere because they alienate the central portion of society. The issue is fought out between extremes. The disgust felt by reflecting men is counted selfish indifference by the fanatic and the partisan; Wisdom is obliged to cry in the street, because she is expelled from the houses of the Pharisee and the Sadducee.

Something better is wanted. A great question—and, rightly understood, the Sunday Question is a great one—needs to be lifted into a higher region, and to be taken out of the hands of the hyste-

rical and the heedless. We want calm, reverent, patriotic thinkers to take up this question; and, if I might venture to do so, I would earnestly appeal to those whose experience, knowledge, and unquestioned seriousness entitle them to speak, to give light and leading on this subject.

It will be admitted that Sunday is not regarded in some sections of society as it was a few years ago. Whether the change is for the better or the worse will be a matter of opinion. That the change, whatever it is, should be guided by ripe and considerate judgment, will be admitted.

Is the change for the better? To answer this it will be well to understand the nature of the change.

The following extract is from the *Daily Telegraph*, March 2, 1888. It occurs in an article on the "Sunday Question" which was written in anticipation of a discussion on the subject in the Convocation of Canterbury, and refers to a memorial presented to Convocation by the Bishop of Exeter:—

"It will be open to the bishop, in support of his argument, to dwell upon newspaper descriptions of Sunday 'Ten o'clocks,' Sunday parades in Hyde Park, Crystal Palace Sunday dinners, an exhibition at the Yankeries, the Sunday before Ascot, set dinner parties with recitations and humorous songs by actors and actresses, supper parties, garden parties along the river Thames with sundry theatrical performances, punting on the Thames, the Church parade at Cowes, sparring matches at a club, Sunday sailings of pleasure-vessels, 'Show' Sunday in the studios, smoking concerts, coach drives at Richmond and Hampton Court, lawn tennis, dances, and so forth.

"All these doings have been carefully chronicled, but it is possible that the Bishop of Exeter may defer his observations until his reply, as he has already spoken. Down to the present he has confined himself to the general principle that the loosening of the observance of the Lord's Day would eventually result in the working classes being obliged to labour seven days a week with a six days' wage. Any remonstrance, he said, from their lordships' House would awaken a strong echo from the poorer classes, and he deprecates the lapse into a French Sunday as tending to the breaking down of the sobriety of the English character."

In the debate which took place on that occasion, the Bishop of Exeter read the following extract from a newspaper:—

"How many coaches went out of London this very last Sunday? As many almost as are built. There are still a few sticklers for puritanical propriety, who assemble their guests in obscure mews and leave London by depressingly low neighbourhoods, in which they are not likely to encounter their friends; but, as a rule, the coaches make a bold show in Piccadilly on their way to Hampton Court and Richmond. There is now a club formed for the express purpose of driving to Richmond on a Sunday. Its members are miscellaneous may be, though two-thirds are to be found without much trouble in 'Burke' or 'Debrett,' and the tedium of the old Sunday is utterly lost on them. And, above all, London has the river, only of recent years opened to it on the Sunday any more than the Serpentine was till this summer, 'Sunday up the River' being as much a recognized phrase now as the five-o'clock tea. Paddington is crammed with those intent on catching the early train to Maidenhead; Waterloo

is packed with those content to take the smaller and later journeys; and the river from Moulsey to Pangbourne is thronged. There once was a time when this would have been thought wrong, and even now there are those who would oppose the letting out of boats on the Serpentine to men who have no other chance of a holiday. The race of congenital idiots will in all probability never die out. A pull in a boat, a run through glorious scenery in a steam launch, are not likely to do any one harm. And returning, one need not be bored of an evening, as was wont to be the fashion. At the New Club one can see plays; at the Pelican Club one can see boxing, and hear the pick of the music-hall talent. Sunday dances are now freely given. Some of the best little hops of this year have been given on the Sabbath, to say nothing of the charming entertainment at the Gaiety Theatre. For the present, at least, there is no need for spending the day in-doors in a discontented frame of mind, and retiring to bed early, morose and melancholy that there should have been such a day in the week as the old-fashioned Sunday.

In discussing the significance of the state of things here described, I propose to lay aside the more usual religious view. I desire to treat the subject from another standpoint, which I believe is ultimately a truly religious one. I do not propose to speak of what is called the desecration of the Sabbath. I may say, in passing, that I am profoundly convinced that it is fit and wise that a nation should recognize in some clear and unmistakable way the fact that it has a divine calling, and that it lives and acts within the laws and limits of the Kingdom of God. But I do not, as I said, propose to speak of the desecration of the day, because, for the moment, I am thinking of the desecration of men's thoughts and characters.

There is one great law of a nation's life which can never be broken with impunity. It is the law which is expressed in three great words—Duty, Love, Sacrifice. It is the law which was uttered by Christ when He said, "He that would be first among you, let him be the servant of all," and has been echoed back with joy by the lips of hundreds and thousands till it is at last accepted, in theory at least, by the whole world. It was adopted by Auguste Comte when he summed up his teaching in the borrowed words: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." It was formulated in another fashion by a genius as great as Comte, when George Sand wrote: "There is but one sole virtue in the world—the eternal sacrifice of self." This law, enunciated with such solemnity and accepted with practical unanimity, is essential to the social well-being of a great people. To forget it is to disintegrate society. The man who forgets it desecrates himself.

Let us ask, On what principle is this Sunday Question to be settled? Some claim that it shall be settled by the principle of individual freedom. "Every man is free, and his conscience is responsible to God and himself. Sunday is a free day, and in a free land ought to be so. I may use it as I please. The offender against liberty is the sour-visaged Puritan who frowns upon my innocent pleasures, and who has the spirit, though not the power, of the tyrant. I claim to settle the Sunday Question by the principle of individual freedom."

There is much in this plea. In England at least the reverence for individual liberty is so strong that an appeal based upon it is certain to meet with applause. It would moreover be a bad day for England were this principle to be trodden under foot. It is probably better to leave responsible beings free, even though they may not make the best use of their freedom, than to destroy their responsibility by depriving them of their freedom.

But though the principle of individual rights is a bulwark of liberty, it is not the only principle in the world; and it is not the principle from which the surest progress of a nation or of the world can be secured. Having granted the principle of individual freedom, we have still to ask whether there is not a principle to guide the free man in the exercise of his liberty? It is in answering this question that the great law of love and sacrifice comes to guide us. Man is not man till he is free; but the nobility of the man who is free is tested by the way in which he uses his freedom. He shows himself worthy of his freedom when he resolves "by love to serve others," and to consecrate his liberty to the good of the community. In other words, the value of individual freedom is never more conspicuously seen than where it is used as the fulcrum of self-sacrifice. Man is greatest when, having received his freedom, he lays it freely down for the sake of others. He is then most truly saving his life in the seeming losing of it. He becomes chief in being the servant of all. The assertion of individual rights is the bulwark of freedom. The recognition of the duty of self-sacrifice is the guarantee of a people's power, for it witnesses to the greatness of their character. It was the remembrance of this which made Mazzini write: "Whoever examines things at all seriously will perceive that the doctrine of individual rights is essentially and in principle only a great and holy protest in favour of human liberty against oppression of every kind. Its value, therefore, is purely negative. It is able to destroy; it is impotent to found. It is mighty to break chains; it has no power to knit bonds of co-operation and love."*

If this be true, I claim that the Sunday Question ought not to be settled by the principle of individual rights. If on any question we have a right to plead that individual freedom should be used, not for self-gratification, but for social service, surely we have the right to do so on the Sunday Question. Sunday is the nation's day much more than it is the individual's day. It is the day of all others on which may be found the noblest opportunities of sacrificing individual liberty for the good of others. It is the day on which the most or 'Debreit, is self-denial and the warmest neighbour-regarding love should be shown. If in any sense it is God's day, it is the day on which day any more than of God, which is love and self-sacrifice, should be shown. being as much a
crammed with th

* "Thoughts on Democracy," chap. ii.

As a day of national opportunity, it should be the day of individual self-denial on the part of all, and most of all on the part of those who have ample wealth and abundant leisure.

By the principle of service and love the Sunday Question should be settled; and in the light of this principle we may consider the changes which are taking place in regard to the observance of the Sunday. One thing strikes us at once on reading the extracts we have cited. The descriptions of those Sunday pleasures suggest the possession of wealth. Men cannot indulge in Crystal Palace dinners, give dinner parties at which actors and actresses recite, or garden parties accompanied by theatrical performances, unless they have money at command. The steam-launch, the coaching excursions to Richmond, the lawn tennis, the Pelican Club, do not altogether sound like the recreations of the classes to whom six days of prolonged labour is a sad and stern necessity. These are the pleasures of the rich, and not the recreations of the poor. Of those who indulge in them, we are told that two-thirds of their names occur in "Burke" and "Debrett." "Debrett" does not pause to chronicle the name of Adam Bede or Little Hodge; "Burke" does not stoop to register the abode or the lineage of the dock labourer, the hard-worked shopman, or the small City clerk. So far as these are descriptions of amusements pursued by people of leisure, I cannot consider the change to be for the better.

Socially, it is not a change for the better. We may argue as we please about the innocency of this amusement or that on the Sunday, but we cannot argue away one fact, and that is that the enjoyment of one class can only be purchased by the toil of another. The pleasure of the rich means the labour of the poor. The uninterrupted continuance of these pleasures means the continuance also of the poor man's labour.

There may be many things lawful to the individual which are not lawful to the community. There may be many things which are no harm, as people say—meaning no harm to themselves—but which involve great harm to others. The man who realizes that Sunday is a day of opportunity for rest, recreation, and elevation will be the man who is readiest to deny himself rather than rob his brother man of that opportunity. Self-denial must be the rule for the community. Whatever tends to deprive others of their opportunity ought, as far as possible, to be avoided. A certain amount of labour I suppose there must be; but the labour should be reduced to the minimum. Self-denial is needed to do this. It should be practised by all; but, above all, it ought, for the love of humanity and for the love of God, to be practised chiefest and most scrupulously by those who, because of wealth and leisure, can command their pleasures and recreations six days out of seven. The rich should be foremost in this self-denial. Many would be glad to see picture galleries and museums opened on Sunday

if they could ensure the exclusion of the rich on that day. Many would be glad to see an earnestness of sincerity given by those who advocate their opening for the benefit of the working-classes in the organization of some plan by which the attendants and officials could be replaced for the Sunday by men of leisure and means. Some of these might well undertake the responsibility of guarding the galleries and museums during the hours in which they were open; and others who possess the requisite qualifications of knowledge, culture, and capacity of lucid exposition might well employ their time in explaining or describing pictures and objects of interest to the people who visited the museums. "In the interests of the working-classes" is a good phrase; but our experience of things done in the interests of the working-classes leads us to imagine that it is possible to do something under such a plea which turns out wholly to the increase of the pleasures of the rich and of the labours of the poor. It is not surprising that the working-classes show little enthusiasm for efforts of this kind as long as there is any doubt about the nature of their interest in the movement.

The question of profit-making occupations enters here. It is true that there is compensation in everything, and that if Sunday pleasure means Sunday labour to the poor it means additional profit, which in hard times is most welcome. This must be admitted, but is it a gain without corresponding danger? The only protection of the working-man against the necessity for Sunday work lies in the prevention of any advantage of additional profit given to one trading class over another. The working-classes have seen the importance of this point, and trades union conferences have passed votes adverse to the opening of museums. Unquestionably they have been influenced much more by social than by religious considerations. They have seen that the increase of labour is threatened by the increase of pleasure.

If, therefore, in any way the change regarding the Sunday tends to bind the yoke of labour more closely on the neck of poverty, it cannot be regarded as a change for the better.

Again, the great law of mutual service cannot be broken with impunity. The increase of pleasures in a way which increases the labours of the poor, or robs them of their opportunity of rest, recreation, and worship, tends, as we might have expected, to the desecration of those who forget the duty of self-denial.

Sunday is a day which brings the opportunity of mental and moral elevation. I do not share the views of extremists. I cannot speak with authority on the economic aspect of the Sunday: but I think that the cessation of gain-getting pursuits on one day in seven is a protection against the tyranny of vulgar views of life. This is a gain. This is in itself a defence against that desecration of character which is inevitable when gain or enjoyment are made the ends of

life. The existence of the Sunday is a witness that man has after all something else to think of and to strive for than the getting of money. England has been reproached with the strength and tenacity of its mercantile instincts. Would the reproach have been less or more merited had England allowed her instincts full play every day in the year? Or has the existence of one day in which the need of money-making was forgotten tended to mitigate a passion which might have become a mania? It is, I suppose, quite certain that the perpetual concentration of thought on one topic disturbs the balance of the mind. The gold passion has ended in idiocy and in suicide. To deliver men for twenty-four hours from its bondage, or, if not to deliver, to give them at least the opportunity of such a deliverance, is surely an advantage to the mental health of a great people.

It is an enormous gain to have a day which gives the money-making man the opportunity of getting rid of the thoughts of money, and of having set before him the higher aims and purposes of existence. This, to him, is a gateway of escape from some of the vulgarizing influences which surround him. It is a gateway of escape, also, from the vulgarizing influences of the pursuit of pleasure. It is an enormous gain to have a day which gives an opportunity to the idle butterfly of Society to remember that God made men and women, not to be butterflies, but by love to serve one another. There is enough frivolity in the world, and nothing so destroys kindly feelings, generous impulses, the capacity for self-denial, as the life of incessant frivolous pleasure. All that aspires within us dies out under the influence of a life devoted to pleasure. The Apostle said truly, "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." If the heart ceases to love, if compassion is no longer moved, if thoughtfulness for others vanishes, if the conscience is no longer uneasy about wasted hours, if the hunger to grow nobler and more useful has ended, if life, instead of being viewed as earnest and real, has sunk to the level of a masquerade, then all that is best and worthiest is dead. One of the best comments on the Apostle's teaching is to be found in words written by Baron von Humboldt, and quoted by Baron Stockmar in a letter to the late Prince Consort: "Frivolity undermines all morality, and suffers no deep thought and no pure feeling to germinate. It may, no doubt, be combined with an amiable and gentle disposition, but in such a soul so constituted nothing can emanate from principle; and self-sacrifice and self-conquest are out of the question." *

To those whose only idea of pleasure is the pursuit of what is empty and frivolous the day of opportunity becomes a snare. Truly conceived, Sunday is the opportunity of cultivating what is higher in our natures. There is abundance of temptations and opportunities

* "Life of the Prince Consort," vol. i. p. 472.

of cultivating the lower. But if the day of opportunity for this higher self-education is turned into a day of demoralizing frivolity; a day of amusement and pleasure to the wealthy and of harder work for the poor; a day in which principle is undermined, sturdy self-conquest rendered less possible, and self-sacrifice for the sake of others unfashionable—then, "little as I sympathize with rigid Sabbatarianism, I would prefer to become a grim Puritan rather than aid in any movement which weakened the moral fibre or rendered less keen the sense of brotherly love in the community.

To the rich and leisured classes I make appeal. There are thousands of things which doubtless you may do with a good conscience on Sunday. The day is free: it is to you, as it is to others, a day of opportunity. No man can judge for his brother. But, for the sake of the moral character of this great people, avoid all things which are mere emptiness. You despise the man who is vulgarized by the pursuit of money; but a man is no less surely vulgarized by the pursuit of pleasure. Let your occupations and pastimes be those which elevate the mind and refine the character; cultivate all that helps us out of the vulgarity of worldliness; and, to this end, cultivate reverence for the "unseen," for a man's life verily consisteth, not of the abundance of things which he possesseth, but of that unseen and priceless heritage, a spirit and character growing in obedience to the laws of the Kingdom of God which is within you.

And as Sunday is a day of opportunity, let it be consecrated chiefest to the use and happiness of those whose opportunities of tasting of life's feast are few. On that day call not together your friends and your rich neighbours: open your hearts to the poor and the toil-worn. Let all that is best and brightest in life be on that day the portion of those who labour. Give them the opportunity of everything which can gladden and refresh them. Be scrupulous to rob them of nothing which may lift them heavenward. Show that you reverence them by showing that you think nothing too good for them. Show that you reverence life and life's higher possibilities by exerting strenuous self-denial for the sake of giving to God's poor the freest opportunities of recreation, cultivation, and worship.

W. B. RYON.

WILL ENGLAND RETAIN INDIA?

THE English think they will rule India for many centuries or for ever. I do not think so, holding rather the older belief that the Empire which came in a day will disappear in a night; and it may interest some to consider for a moment the pessimist view as stated by one who heartily believes that the British dominion over the great peninsula of Asia is a benefit to mankind.

It is customary with Englishmen, and especially with Englishmen who have seen India, to speak of the British domination there as "a miracle," but they seldom realize fully the import of their words. The Indian Empire is not a miracle in the rhetorician's sense, but in the theologian's sense. It is a thing which exists and is alive, but cannot be accounted for by any process of reasoning founded on experience. It is a miracle as a floating island of granite would be a miracle, or a bird of brass which flew and sung and lived on in mid-air. It is a structure built on nothing, without foundations, without buttresses, held in its place by some force the origin of which is undiscoverable and the nature of which has never been explained. For eighty years at least writers* by the score have endeavoured to bring home to Englishmen the vastness of India, but, so far as can be perceived, they have all failed. The Briton reads what they say, learns up their figures, tries to understand their descriptions, but fails, for all his labour, to realize what India is—a continent large as Europe west of the Vistula, and with 30,000,000 more people, fuller of ancient nations, of great cities, of varieties of civilization, of armies, nobilities, priesthoods, organizations for every conceivable purpose from the spreading of great religions down to systematic murder. There are twice as many Bengalees as there are Frenchmen; the Hindostanees properly so called outnumber the whites in the United States; the

Marhattas would fill Spain, the people of the Punjab with Scinde are double the population of Turkey, and I have named but four of the more salient divisions. Everything is on the same bewildering scale. The fighting peoples of India, whose males are as big as ourselves, as brave as ourselves, and more regardless of death than ourselves, number at least a hundred and twenty millions, equal to Gibbon's calculation of the population of the Roman Empire. There are four hundred thousand trained brown soldiers in native service, of whom we hear perhaps once in ten years, and at least two millions of men who think their proper profession is arms, who would live by arms if they could, and of whom we in England never hear a word. If the Prussian conscription were applied in India, we should, without counting reserves or Landwehr or any force not summoned in time of peace, have two and a half millions of soldiers actually in barracks, with 800,000 recruits coming up every year—a force with which, not only Asia, but the world, might be subdued. There are tens of millions of prosperous peasants whose hoardings make of India the grand absorbent of the precious metals; tens of millions of peasants beside whose poverty Fellahs or Sicilians or Connaught men are rich; millions of artisans, ranging from the men who build palaces to the men who, nearly naked and almost without tools, do the humblest work of the potter. Every occupation which exists in Europe exists also in India. The industry of the vast continent never ceases, for India, with all her teeming multitudes, with a population in places packed beyond European precedent, imports nothing either to eat or drink, and, but for the Europeans, would import nothing whatever. She is sufficient to herself for everything save silver. Amidst these varied masses, these two hundred and fifty millions, whose mere descriptions would fill volumes, the tide of life flows as vigorously as in Europe. There is as much labour, as much contention, as much ambition, as much crime, as much variety of careers, hopes, fears, and hatreds. It is still possible to a moneyless Indian to become Vizier of a dynasty older than history, or Finance Minister of a new prince whose personal fortune in hard cash is double that of the late Emperor William, or abbot of a monastery richer than Glastonbury ever was, owner of an estate that covers a county, head of a firm whose transactions may vie with those of the Barings or Bleichroders. One man, Jutee Pershad by name, fed and transported the army which conquered the Punjab.

I have failed like the rest, I see. Well, see for a moment in imagination a Europe even fuller of people, but full only of brown men, and then see also this. Above this inconceivable mass of humanity, governing all, protecting all, taxing all, rises what we call here "the Empire," a corporation of less than fifteen hundred men, part chosen by examination, part by co-optation, who are set to govern, and who protect themselves in governing by finding pay for a minute white garrison of

65,000 men, one-fifth of the Roman legions—though the masses to be controlled are double the subjects of Rome—less than the army of Sweden, or Belgium, or Holland. That corporation and that garrison constitute the “Indian Empire.” There is nothing else. Banish those fifteen hundred men in black, defeat that slender garrison in red, and the Empire has ended, the structure disappears, and brown India emerges unchanged and unchangeable. To support the official world and its garrison—both, recollect, smaller than those of Belgium—there is, except Indian opinion, absolutely nothing. Not only is there no white race in India, not only is there no white colony, but there is no white man who proposes to remain. Lord Dufferin, whom we scarcely think of as middle-aged, is possibly the oldest, certainly among the oldest, of white men in India. No ruler stays there to help, or criticize, or moderate his successor. No successful white soldier founds a family. No white man who makes a fortune builds a house or buys an estate for his descendants. The very planter, the very engine-driver, the very foreman of works, departs before he is sixty, leaving no child, or house, or trace of himself behind. No white man takes root in India, and the number even of sojourners is among those masses imperceptible. The whites in our own three capitals could hardly garrison them, and outside those capitals there are, except in Government employ, only a few planters, traders, and professional men, far fewer than the black men in London. In a city like Benares, a stone city whose buildings rival those of Venice, a city of temples and palaces beautiful enough and original enough to be a world’s wonder, yet in which no white man’s brain or hand has designed or executed anything, a traveller might live a year talking only with the learned or the rich, and, unless he had official business to do, might never see a white face. And away from the “stations” planted outside the native cities it is so everywhere. There are no white servants, not even grooms, no white policemen, no white postmen, no white anything. If the brown men struck for a week, the “Empire” would collapse like a house of cards, and every ruling man would be a starving prisoner in his own house. He could not move or feed himself or get water. I shall not soon forget the observation of one of the keenest and most experienced of all observers who arrived in India during the Mutiny. He had just landed, and had consented to drive with me to a house sixteen miles out of Calcutta. On the road, as usual, he noted everything, but at last turned to me with the question, “Where, then, are the white men?” “Nowhere,” was the only possible reply; and it is true of the entire continent. This absence of white men is said to be due to climate, but even in “the Hills” no one settles. Englishmen live on the sultry plains of New South Wales; Americans, who are only Englishmen a little desiccated, are filling up the steamy

plains of Florida; Spaniards have settled as a governing caste throughout the tropical sections of the two Americas; Dutchmen dwell on in Java; but the English, whatever the temptation, will not stay in India. No matter what the sacrifice, whether in money, or dignity, or pleasant occupation, an uncontrollable disgust, an overpowering sense of being aliens inexorably divided from the people of the land, comes upon them, and they glide silently away. It follows that even in the minute official world and the minute garrison nothing is permanent. The Viceroy rules for five years, and departs. The Councillor advises for five years, and departs. The General commands for five years, and departs. The Official serves thirty years, probably in ten separate counties, and departs. There is not in India one ruling man whom two generations of Indians have known as ruling man. Of all that in Europe comes of continuousness, heredity, accumulated personal experience, or the wisdom of old age, there is in India not one trace, nor can there ever be. Imagine if in Europe no Sovereign or Premier or Commander-in-Chief ever lived six years! Yet these men, thus shifting, thus changing, do the whole work of legislating, governing, and administering, all that is done in the whole of Europe by all the Sovereigns, all the statesmen, all the Parliaments, all the judges, revenue boards, prefects, magistrates, tax-gatherers, and police-officers. They are "the Empire," and there is no other.

Nor is this the whole truth. The Imperial Service—I use the expression recommended by the Civil Service Commissioners, because it covers both the civilians and the administering soldiers—have displayed for a century a rigid respect for promises and perfect pecuniary honour. Consequently, aided by the rooted Indian idea, that, power being of God, any one, however hostile, may honourably serve a *de facto* ruler, they have always been able to hire Indian agents of all kinds—soldiers, policemen, and minor officials—in any numbers required. That power, however, gives them no foothold. As 1857 showed, they have not secured even the loyalty of the Indian soldiers bound to them by oath and while actually in the service, and outside the ranks of their paid servants they have nothing to depend on. There is no nation or tribe or caste in India which is certain in the hour of trial to stand by the white man's side; which has, so to speak, elected him as ruler; which, were the garrison defeated or withdrawn, could be trusted to die rather than the Empire should fall. There is no native army that the Imperial Service—which is, I repeat, the Empire—could summon with confidence; no tribe whom they could arm *en masse*; no native city whose inhabitants would risk a storm to protect them from being slain. A strange offer which as I believe was once made to Lord Canning by the Sikhs to become on certain conditions the Janissaries of the Empire was rejected; a con-

stantly repeated proposal to import a Negro army which would be in as much danger from insurrection as we are, has been—very rightly, for moral reasons—put aside; the device, in which Sir Henry Maine said he believed, of creating a caste whose single caste rule should be obedience to the Queen has never been tried; and the Empire hangs in air, supported by nothing but the minute white garrison and the unproved assumption that the people of India desire it to continue to exist. The remainder of this article will be devoted to the question whether that assumption has any foundation in fact.

It is certainly not in accordance with *a priori* probabilities. It may be said broadly that no people, Asiatic or European, which recognizes its own separateness is ever content to be governed by foreigners even if they are of its race, creed, and kind of civilization. The Italians could not endure the Austrians, the Poles cannot tolerate the Russians, the very Alsatians cannot bear the rule of their German brothers. The feeling may be supposed to be born of the love of freedom which is the specialty of white men, but I know of no Asiatic people except the Bengalee which has ever submitted to the stranger without a strenuous resistance. The Chinese fought the Tartars, the Persians struggled to the death with the Arabs, the Indians fought, and in many cases defeated, the Mongol invaders. Yet in these cases conquerors and conquered were all alike Asiatics, and Asiatics have a comity of their own, and comprehend one another. Englishmen and Indians are divided by a far deeper chasm, by all that vast body of inherited proclivities, ideas of life, and social habits which we are accustomed to sum up in the one word "colour."

For more than a century past two powerful influences have been at work with Englishmen compelling them to make little of the distinctions included in this word. After seventeen centuries of comparative neglect, the humanitarian side of Christianity has come with a sort of rush to the front, and divines have felt impelled to preach, not that Christianity is intended for all, but that in Christianity all are equal, that men are brothers, that it is almost sinful to speak of any distinctions except those of faith and morals. "There is no colour," is the universal doctrine, "before the Lord," and from this it is deduced that there is no colour at all—that the differences included in the word are mere charges brought by the prejudiced and the proud to cover profitable injustice. Democracy has taken the same turn. It has based itself, not upon common citizenship, or contract, or the right of free men to govern themselves, but upon some antecedent claim inherent in humanity, and its teachers are therefore bound to say that colour is meaningless; that all would be alike but for oppression, and that all have equally the capacities necessary for self-government. The effect of the twofold pressure exercised for many years, and now pervading all teaching and all

literature, has been to make Englishmen forget some of the plainest facts of history. What colour may be I do not pretend to know, and neither physicists nor theologians will tell us;* but it is past question that it is an indication of differences physical, intellectual, and moral of the most radical and imperishable kind. Throughout the history of mankind, black men, brown men, and white men have been divided from each other by lines which have never been passed, and by differences apparently wholly independent of their own volition. None of the black races, for instance, whether Negro or Australasian, have shown within the historic time the capacity to develop civilization. They have never passed the boundaries of their own habitats as conquerors, and never exercised the smallest influence over peoples not black. They have never founded a stone city, have never built a ship,* have never produced a literature, have never suggested a creed. If they all perished to-morrow the world would be the richer by the whole resources of Africa—probably the richest division of the globe—which would then for the first time be utilized. They have been the most self-governed of mankind; they hold some of the world's most fertile lands; they sit on some of its most magnificent rivers—everything the Egyptians on the Nile had, the Negro on the Quorra or the Congo also had—and they have never advanced out of the foulest savagery. There is no evidence whatever that if Africa were left to itself for ten thousand years it would progress in the smallest degree; and this evidence against it, that, when liberated from the pressure of the white man's brain, the Negro, as in Hayti and, I fear, Liberia, rapidly recedes. Blackness of skin may not be—indeed, cannot be—the cause of this stagnation or imbecility—for it is imbecility; but blackness of skin is the most visible evidence of the aggregate of incapacities manifested throughout the history of the black race. The white man, therefore, though he has no right to say that the black man cannot be saved, God caring as much for the worm as for the fly, has a right to say that the black man will never civilize himself. So also he has a right to say certain things, though very different things, about the brown man. The brown man of every shade† who now monopolizes Asia—that

* The physicists tell us little worth knowing about colour. They talk about pigments, but do not say whence they come, or why the Australasian of Tasmania, living in a climate like that of England, was black, while the Spaniard living on the Equator has for three centuries remained white. What, too, is the law of the transmission of colour? People fancy that the child of one white and one dark parent is less white than the one and less dark than the other, but it is not always so. Most of the half-caste descendants of Portuguese in India are black, not brown, and so, I am told, are the descendants of Spaniards by women of the Philippine Islands. How does that happen? The subject deserves investigation, for, if a white race intermixing with a brown race can produce a black one, many theories of the descent of man may require modification.

† The Jews are the nearest white of any Asiatics, but no experienced eye can look closely at them without perceiving that, like all other Arabs, they have suffered at some period a cross of dark blood. They have, however, had an experience which differentiates them mentally and physically from all other Asiatics. They have given up

is, a third of the total area of habitable land upon 'the planet—is probably a half-caste, the result of a long series of early crossings between the dark and unimprovable aborigines, of whom a few relics still survive, and the white man. We know this to have been the case in India, and further research will, I believe; prove it to have been the case throughout Asia, even with the Mongolian tribes, the crossed races everywhere deriving from their trace of white blood the special faculty of the white man—that of accumulating experience to practical purpose.* The brown races obtain this faculty in part only, but in such a degree that they for a time advance, and have done some very great things. The brown man has founded and held together the largest and most permanent of human societies. He has built splendid and original cities—Benares, for example, Damascus, and old Granada—without the white man's help. He has perfected a system of agriculture which, though Europe may think it barbarous, maintains in plenty, acre for acre, more people than any European system, and which survives in its integrity close intercourse with the agriculture of Europe. He invented letters, arithmetic, and chess. He has carried many arts—architecture, for example, pottery in all its branches, weaving, and working in metals—to a high degree of perfection. He has solved the problem of reconciling the mass of mankind to their hard destiny, so that in Asia it is rarely the millions who rebel, and that famine, flood, and hurricane produce no political discontent. He has produced great conquerors—though exclusively by land—great lawgivers, and great poets. Above all, he has meditated so strenuously and so well on the eternal problem of the whence and whither that every creed as yet accepted by man, except possibly fetishism, is Asiatic, and has been preached first of all by a brown man. On the other hand, with these great gifts the brown man has also great incapacities. The power of accumulating thought, which he derives from his trace of white blood, is easily and early exhausted; and when it is exhausted his progress is finally arrested; he stereotypes his society, and his brain seems paralysed by self-conceit. For three thousand years he has made no new conquest over Nature, carried science no higher, developed no new and fructifying social idea, invented no new scheme of life. The Arab, the Indian, the Chinese, is precisely what he was when the white man first became conscious of his existence. He has never

polygamy and slavery for centuries, and in their persecution of seventeen hundred years they have been condemned to live in quarters so unhealthy or in climates so unsuited to them—imagine a Jew in Russia!—that the weak and incompetent have been persistently killed out. The life of the Jew is now as long as that of the European, and, though he rarely takes to what we call "exercise," he is probably of all the world the man least liable to any of the forms of miasmatic disease. He is, too, as a rule, remarkably free from the habit of over-drinking, which, though it does not seem to have affected either Scandinavians, or Romans, or Teutons, acts like a poison upon Asiatics.

* This was written before I had seen the work of the French ethnologist, the Comte de Gobineau, who has explained and justified the view in detail.

risen above polygamy as an ideal, never, even in countries partly monogamous, forbidding, or trying to forbid, the harem as a luxury to the rich and powerful. In other words, he has never conceived of woman except as the pleasantest and most necessary of slaves. He has never either developed the idea of pity. He is not, I think, cruel as his cousin the red man of America is—that is, he takes no pleasure in inflicting pain, but he is utterly callous to its infliction. It does not move him that another suffers extremities of torture, and, if a point is to be gained, he will make him suffer them without sympathy or remorse. Whether, as in China, he cuts a prisoner into snippets, or, as in Persia, he bricks up a footpad in a wall, leaving the head uncovered and living for days, or, as in India, burns delicate ladies alive on their husbands' pyres, he is equally unaffected. Of the death of the suttee the Indian thought, perhaps, something, for he has a reverence, in theory, for life, but of her agony he never thought at all. He would not burn a city to warm his hands, but he would not in the least hate the man who did. The substantial difference, said a great pundit once to me, "between the English and us is not intellectual at all. We are the brighter, if anything; but you have pity [*doya*], and we have not!" Above all, he has never developed the idea which lies at the basis of freedom—the idea of right inherent in the quality of human being. He has everywhere framed his social system on the theory that power cannot be limited or restrained except by religion. Not only has he never thought of representative government, which even with the white man was a late discovery, and, so to speak, a scientific one, but he has never thought of government at all except as an imitation of government by Heaven or by the Destinies. He has from the days of Saul, and earlier, preferred that his ruler should be absolute, and there is not, and never has been, a brown community in which the ruler had not the right to inflict death on a private person at his discretion. This has not been a result of accident or of race oppression. Many of the brown races have been self-governed for ages, and all have enjoyed periods in which they could have set up any government they would. The Emperor of Delhi had only Indian agents; the Shah of Persia is surrounded only by Persians; the Emperor of China does not call in Tartar troops to defend his throne. Either of them, if they gave offence to certain prejudices, would be overthrown, but they are not overthrown for despotism, and the reason is that their subjects like it, that it strikes and soothes their imaginations, that they think autocracy, wielded by an individual who can fit his decision to each individual case, the perfection of beneficial energy and a reflex of the government of the Most High. Unless the law is divine they dislike law as an instrument of government, and prefer a flexible and movable

human will, which can be turned by prayers, threats, or conciliations in money.

The chasm between the brown man and the white is unfathomable, has existed in all ages, and exists still everywhere. No white man marries a brown wife, no brown man marries a white wife, without an inner sense of having been false to some unintelligible but irresistible command. There is no corner of Asia where the life of a white man, if unprotected by force, either actual or potential, is safe for an hour; nor is there an Asiatic State which, if it were prudent, would not expel him at once and for ever. There is therefore no *a priori* reason for thinking that the myriads of brown men in India, most of them very intelligent and brave, would of themselves prefer to be governed by white men. If they do, it is an anomaly, a break in a universal experience, only to be accounted for by the fact that the white man in that particular corner of the world gives something so pleasant to the brown man that it overcomes his instinctive antipathy and love of his own ways. Now, does the white man give anything to India which can be credited with producing this extraordinary effect? The Englishman says he does, and he has at first sight some imposing evidence to produce. The Imperial Service—which, I repeat once more, is the Empire—enforces, in the first place, the Pax Britannica, the universal peace, beneath which India sleeps, and the benefit of which, from the European point of view, it is impossible to exaggerate. Not only does it prevent invasion, but private war and armed violence of every kind. On this point there is in the mind of the Imperial Service no doubt, no halfness, no hesitation. The prince shall not invade his neighbour, under penalty of instant dethronement. The baron shall not attack his brother baron, under penalty of lifelong imprisonment. The Thug, the dacoit, the burglar, the highwayman, if they take life, shall die, or, if they just stop short of murder, shall labour for long periods in chains. This is not merely a theory; it is carried out in daily life. The humblest man in India has, if his relative is killed, the full aid of the Imperial Service, which would wage ten wars rather than suffer a murderer to escape. The proudest noble knows that, if his retainers kill by his order, he is as liable to trial as the meanest felon. The strongest prince, if he moves a regiment outside his own boundary, is certain that within six weeks he will be either a prisoner or a fugitive. A war waged for two generations with the murderous organizations, of which there were once nearly thirty—the Thugs being only the best known—has nearly extirpated them, and dacoity, as a system, has receded into the past. Murders occur, and highway robberies, and of course all varieties of crime commissible by individuals, but, speaking broadly, life and property are as safe among that vast concourse of men as in Europe—a change as great as if in the Middle Ages the Truce of God

had suddenly been made universal, permanent, and effective. The gain in the reduction of human misery from this one fact is almost inconceivable. Moreover, civil justice, which can hardly be said to have existed under the Mogul domination, is secured in a certain way to all men. It is very expensive, rather uncertain, and maddeningly slow, owing to a "system of appeals intended to make its administration more perfect; but still it is offered to the meanest equally with the highest, and through Courts in which wilful injustice or bribe-taking may fairly be said to be unknown. Lastly, fiscal injustice, the original source of almost all oppression in Asia, has been swept away. The taxes may be too heavy—their weight varies in reality in every province—or they may be badly chosen, but the Treasury claims and takes nothing but its legal due; no tax is farmed out, and, if a subordinate collector takes too much, the white collector knows no higher pleasure than to make of him a speedy and severe example. These are all, as Europe thinks, grand gifts, and the Imperial Service has given them—that is, has performed a task which, the area being considered, is equal to any ever performed by Rome—without the smallest infringement of individual liberty. There are absolutely no regulations of preventive police in India except one, a statute authorizing the detention of highly dangerous persons as State prisoners, a statute of which 90 per cent., even of the upper classes, have no knowledge. Every Indian is at liberty, within the law, to say or do what he pleases, to form any associations he likes, to rise to any position not connected with the Government, to accumulate any fortune, and to live any life, holy or vicious, that to him seems best. Religious liberty is even more perfect than in England or Switzerland, for the great European restriction, that a religion must not sap morals, does not exist, and the foulest sects are left to the punishment of opinion. So jealous is the Service of any interference with religion that, when Lord Dalhousie passed an Act intended to repress obscenity, a special clause in it exempted all temples and religious emblems from its operation.

Personal liberty, religious liberty, equal justice, perfect security—these things the Empire gives; but, then, are these so valued as to overcome the inherent and incurable dull distaste felt by the brown men to the white men who give them? I doubt it greatly. The immense mass of the peasantry, who benefit most directly by the British ways of ruling, are, it must be remembered, an 'inert mass. They are the stakes in the game, not the players. It is for the right of taxing them that all Indian revolutions, wars, invasions, movements of all kinds, have occurred. Lost in the peaceful monotony of their village life, which, unless all evidence from history is worthless, they must heartily love, they hardly notice dynastic changes, and will accept any ruler if only he leaves their customs alone, and takes no more of

their produce than they have been accustomed from time immemorial to pay as tribute to the strong. Even, therefore, if they approved the British Government, their approval would be of little political value; but there is no evidence that they do approve it. If they are transferred to a native ruler, as happened in Mysore and many a smaller district, they make no remonstrance. The Sepoys, who in 1857 sprang so eagerly at our throats, were all peasants; and so were most of the men who made up Tantia Topee's recruits. They are known to dislike exceedingly the inexorableness of our system, its want of elasticity, its readiness to allow of the one oppression—eviction—which they consider intolerable, and hold to be more than an equivalent to their exemption from sudden demands for money. We may, however, leave them for the moment out of the question. It is the active classes who have to be considered, and to them our rule is not, and cannot be, a rule without prodigious drawbacks. One of these, of which they are fully conscious, is the gradual decay of much of which they were proud, the slow death, which even the Europeans perceive, of Indian art, Indian culture, Indian military spirit. Architecture, engineering, literary skill, are all perishing out, so perishing that Anglo-Indians doubt whether Indians have the capacity to be architects, though they built Benares; or engineers, though they dug the artificial lakes of Tanjore; or poets, though the people sit for hours or days listening to the rhapsodists as they recite poems, which move them as Tennyson certainly does not move our common people. Another is, that the price of what they think imperfect justice is that they shall never right themselves, never enjoy the luxury of vengeance, never even protect their personal dignity and honour, about which they are as sensitive as Prussian officers. They may not even kill their wives for going astray. And the last and greatest one of all is the total loss of the interestingness of life.

It would be hard to explain to the average Englishman how interesting Indian life must have been before our advent; how completely open was every career to the bold, the enterprising, or the ambitious. The whole continent was open as a prize to the strong. Nothing was settled in fact or in opinion, except that the descendants of Timour the Lame were entitled to any kind of ascendancy they could get and keep. No one not of the great Tartar's blood pretended to the universal throne, but with that exception every prize was open to any man who had in himself the needful force. Scores of sub-thrones were, so to speak, in the market. A brigand, for Sivajee was no better, became a mighty Sovereign. A herdsman built a monarchy in Baroda. A body-servant founded the dynasty of Scindiah. A corporal cut his way to the independent crown of Mysore. The first Nizam was only an officer of the Emperor. Runjeet Singh's father was what Europeans would call a prefect. There were literally hundreds

who founded principalities, thousands of their potential rivals, thousands more who succeeded a little less grandly, conquered estates, or became high officers under the new princes. Each of these men had his own character and his own renown among his countrymen, and each enjoyed a position such as is now unattainable in Europe, in which he was released from laws, could indulge his own fancies, bad or good, and was fed every day and all day with the special flattery of Asia—that willing submissiveness to mere volition which is so like adoration, and which is to its recipients the most intoxicating of delights. Each, too, had his court of followers, and every courtier shared in the power, the luxury, and the adulation accruing to his lord. The power was that of life and death; the luxury included possession of every woman he desired; the adulation was, as I have said, almost religious worship. Life was full of dramatic changes. The aspirant who pleased a great man rose to fortune at a bound. The adventurer whose band performed an act of daring was on his road to be a satrap. Any one who could do anything for “the State”—that is, for any ruler—build a temple, or furnish an army with supplies, or dig a tank, or lend gold to the Court, became at once a great man, honoured of all classes, practically exempt from law, and able to influence the great current of affairs. Even the timid had their chance, and, as Finance Ministers, farmers of taxes, controllers of religious establishments, found for themselves great places in the land. For all this which we have extinguished we offer nothing in return, nor can we offer anything. We can give place, and, for reasons stated elsewhere, it will be greedily accepted, but place is not power under our system, nor can we give what an Asiatic considers power—the right to make volition executive; the right to crush an enemy and reward a friend; the right, above all, to be free from that burden of external laws, moral duties, and responsibilities to others with which Europeans have loaded life. We cannot even let a Viceroy be the ultimate appellate court, and right any legal wrong by supreme fiat—a failure which seems to Indians, who think the Sovereign should represent God, to impair even our moral claim to rule. This interestingness of life was no doubt purchased at the price of much danger and suffering. The Sovereign, the favourite, or the noble could cast down as easily as they raised up, and intrigue against the successful never ended. The land was full of violence. Private war was universal. The great protected themselves against assassination as vigilantly as the Russian Emperor does. The danger from invasion, insurrection, and, above all, mutiny never ended. I question, however, if these circumstances were even considered drawbacks. They were not so considered by the upper classes of Europe in the Middle Ages, and those upper classes were not tranquillized, like their rivals in India, by a sincere belief in fate. I do not find that Texans hate the

wild life of Texas, or that Spanish-speaking Americans think the personal security which the dominance of the English-speaking Americans would assure to them is any compensation for loss of independence. I firmly believe that to the immense majority of the active classes of India the old time was a happy time; that they dislike our rule as much for the leaden order it produces as for its foreign character; and that they would welcome a return of the old disorders if they brought back with them the old vividness and, so to speak, romance of life.

All this no doubt is *à priori* evidence. Now let us look at something a little more positive. Of all the active classes of India, the one which the English treated best were the Sepoys, the Hindostanee and Beharee peasants who for a hundred years had followed the British standard in a career of victory broken only once. Alone among the soldiers of the world, these men not only entered the service of their own free-will, but were authorized to quit it at their own discretion. They could not be sent abroad without their own consent—a consent not infrequently refused. Their discipline was so mild that it rather resembled that of policemen than that of soldiers, and was, in particular, wholly devoid of that element of worry which is the true grievance of English soldiers when not in the field. They were paid wages just double those obtainable in civil life,* had many prizes in the shape of promotion, and received their pensions as regularly as dividends on State bonds. Their farms, even in Native States, were specially protected, and the magistrates made it their duty to see that a complainant who had been a Sepoy received a speedy and, if possible, a favourable award. Even the customary hauteur of the European disappeared in favour of the Sepoys. Their officers liked and petted them, and so resented any aspersion on them as to impair, sometimes seriously, the necessary freedom of inspecting generals. The Sepoys never pretended to have grievances, for the greased-cartridge story was an invention, dropped when the Mutiny exploded, and the intercepted letters spoke only of the fewness of the whites. Yet these men not only mutinied, but slaughtered our officers, whom individually they liked, and even in many instances massacred our women and children, and fought us for two years with a fury of hate which made compromise impossible. Why? Because they were Asiatics, filled with the dull, unconquerable, unmitigable distaste of Asiatics for white men, and thought they saw a chance of getting rid of them. The white grains, they said, were few, and the black grains many, and they shook the sieve that the white grains might disappear. The great Mutiny was not a mutiny, but a revolt, in which the armed class, as was natural, took the leading share. The proclamation of the effete dynasty at Delhi—a proclamation accepted

* This is not true now. Wages have risen much more than Sepoys' pay.

by Hindoos as well as Mussulmans—showed its true object, which was to restore the India which had been before the arrival of Europeans. In every emancipated province the old authority was replaced, and it is the specialty of the Mutiny among revolts that no new Sovereign, or Commander-in-Chief, or general leader was so much as named. The history of the Mutiny, carefully studied, is, to my mind, irresistible evidence of Indian dislike for white rule; yet it is hardly stronger than many other incidents. During the contest over the Ilbert Bill, Lord Ripon, the reigning Viceroy, was understood to be to a decided extent upon the native side. The belief was exaggerated by the bitterness of Anglo-Indian feeling, Lord Ripon caring little about the Bill, though he thought it just in principle; but it was accepted throughout the brown worlds of India as indubitably true, and when Lord Ripon resigned, after he had ceased to be able to promote or punish any man, all Northern and Western India, including the pick of the fighting races, prostrated itself at his feet. His journey from Simla to Bombay was a triumphal march, such as India had never witnessed—a long procession, in which seventy millions of people sang hosanna to their friend. Lord Ripon had done nothing, had taken off no tax, had removed no burden, had not altered the mode of government one hair's breadth. He was only supposed to be for the Indians and against the Europeans, and that sufficed to bring every Indian in a fervour of friendship to his side. Then take the native Press. There are now hundreds of native newspapers in India, most of them conducted by educated men, and all of them marked by a certain rhetorical ability. Their circulation is seldom large, but their conductors are content with little money; they seek, and find, audiences far wider than their lists of subscribers; and what is their almost invariable tone? Deadly dislike for the European *régime*, shown now in rhetorical attacks, now in exaggerations of grievances, again in misrepresentation of facts, most frequently of all in savage criticisms on the agents of authority—precisely the methods which at the present moment find favour in Ireland. Are we to imagine that the Indian Press alone in the world represents precisely the ideas which its constituency disapproves, or that Asiatic editors, unlike all other Asiatics, quarrel with the powerful for the pleasure of expressing a non-existent dislike? And, finally, regard the cleavage existing in India between Indian and European; is that reassuring? We have been in India as rulers for a hundred and thirty years, and by the testimony of all competent observers the chasm between the colours is deeper than ever. The objection to intermarriage is stronger than of old, the intercourse of the races is more reserved and more strictly confined to business, and both sides are more conscious of the depth of an inner dislike. Read the letters of Europeans to friends at home, and you will be struck with

their absolute ignorance of all native life and interests, their profound, almost unconscious, indifference to the masses among whom their lives are passed. Read, on the other hand, the letters of natives who profess to support the Government, and they always end with a complaint of the disagreeableness of the agents of authority, their distance, their brusquerie, their inaccessibility to Indian feeling. The cleavage has deepened, and it will, as consciousness awakes more fully, deepen farther yet. Every effort is made, on the European side at least, to fill up the chasm, but without avail, the truth, after all the talk, remaining true that the Europeanized Indian ceases, for all good purposes, to be an Indian at all, and that the Indianized European is a lost man. The space between the races is not made by any social habit, but by an inherent antipathy, which is not hatred, but can at any moment blaze up into it.

If I have succeeded at all in my intention, my readers will perceive that the British Empire in India depends upon a non-existent loyalty, and will ask me how, as I conceive, the catastrophe which I foresee to be inevitable will arrive? That is a question to which, as it demands in answer a prophecy, no man possessed of just distrust in himself will give a direct reply; but it is possible, nevertheless, to make some kind of answer. If we are to take the history of Asia for our guide, the British dominion in India should be overthrown by external violence exerted by some Asiatic people; just as the Alexandrine Empire was overthrown by the "Parthian" and the Roman by the Arab and the Turk. But it is probable that precedent will, in this instance, be departed from. There is no Asiatic Power remaining, except China, which can attack India with any chance of success; and China has Russia to drive out of Northern Asia. The statesmen of Peking will no doubt watch diligently for the first sign of weakness in Russia, and, probably during the throes of some revolution in her system of government and society, will push masses of riflemen, followed as usual by millions of cultivators, almost to the Caspian; but they are unlikely to threaten India. The possession of provinces not Chinese and already full of cultivators is contrary to their policy, and would involve the formation of a great standing army. Persia, on the other hand, the ancient foe of India, may be pronounced for the present dead. Asiatic self-government has in Persia nearly completed its perfect work, and the very people, the cultivating and working population, has almost ceased to exist. It is probable that there are fewer people left in Persia, which should have the population of France, than in Belgium, and no force which they could produce would make any impression upon India. The Arabs cannot cross the sea in the presence of the British fleet, and the only remaining Asiatic force, a Tartar tribe strong enough for invasion, is not clearly proved to exist. Mr. T. Prinsep, who had studied the subject,

left behind him a kind of prophecy that a Tartar tribe, or coalition of tribes, descending through the eastern Himalaya, might set up a throne on the ruins of British power, but his vision remains as yet unsupported by any evidence whatever. There may be a tribe, or league of tribes, with 100,000 lives to waste, and no doubt such a tribe might, if it would die in heaps in an engagement or two, conquer India, and, being accepted by the Indians, found a splendid empire; but I question its existence, and hold this danger, though conceivable, to be outside the range of calculation. No; the catastrophe in India will arrive either in some totally unforeseen manner, or through a general insurrection aided by a voluntary transfer of power from European to Asiatic hands. The insurrection will occur within a month of our sustaining any defeat whatever severe enough to be recognized as a defeat in the Indian bazaars. Whether the enemy is an internal one, as, for example, a Mussulman leader in the Deccan; or an external one, such as a Russian army or even an Afghan army, a defeat within our own territory or on our border would break the spell of our invincibility, and would be followed by a spontaneous and universal insurrection led by the Sepoys and armed police, directed, not to the support of a new European conquest, but to the throwing off of English dominion and the restoration of the older and Asiatic method of Indian life. The white garrison defeated, there is nothing with which to continue the contest even for a day. A hundred principalities would be created in a moment, with Sovereigns in each and armies; life would recommence under its old conditions, and we should have the work of the century to do over again. If the British were favourably situated at home, if no European Power raised troubles, and if popular feeling was favourable to the effort, the peninsula might be re-conquered, and though the task of governing it would be much more difficult both on account of the treasure wasted and of the new hopes begotten in every Indian breast, still an uneasy tranquillity might continue for a generation, to be broken again after thirty or forty years by a third uprising. We shall not put down more than one or two, and each time, the work will be more difficult, and will seem to opinion at home more profitless and disagreeable. The British people have no longer either the energy or the unscrupulousness to maintain government by slaughter, and the suppression of a general revolt in India would involve slaughter on the Asiatic scale, and would of necessity be followed by a different scheme of government—one much harder, more suspicious, and less merciful.

The disposition to re-conquer would, moreover, be greatly diminished by the previous disappearance of any great object for such an effort. All who have watched the progress of affairs for the last quarter of a century, are aware that the previously formless discontent of India is gradually finding voice in a single cry—that office in

India should be reserved to Indians; and that this cry is, though slowly, still decidedly, being obeyed. The cry itself is a very natural one. The Indians are not aware of their own inferiority in *morale*, or disregard it, and they are aware of their own equality in intelligence. They can, they say, and say truly, pass any examination whatever that the Government or the universities like to frame—pass it so well that, if competitive examination is made the passport to office, they will within fifty years hold 90 per cent. at least of all the highest posts. They can, they say, and say truly, as far as intelligence goes, govern provinces—they do it in Native States—can make excellent civil judges, can enforce a revenue system, can occupy every office in the police or any other administrative department. Having the capability, they contend, with a vehemence growing ever louder, that it is monstrous to refuse them permission to display it, and the Europeans find it every year more and more difficult to refuse. They have themselves asserted that all men are equal, thus barring themselves from pleading any right as conquerors. They have themselves, by accepting, even in home affairs, the principle of competitive examination, made of intelligence the sole test of fitness for office. They have themselves in all the colonies and in Ireland laid it down as a dogma that those born on any particular soil have a preferential claim to office paid for by the produce of that soil, and have given up the effort to provide a special and impartial ruling caste. They have left themselves no arguments to adduce, and it is questionable whether in a few years they will have the inclination to produce any. For, whether for good or evil, a great change is passing over Englishmen. They have become uncertain of themselves, afraid of their old opinions, doubtful of the true teaching of their own consciences. They doubt if they have any longer any moral right to rule any one, themselves almost included. An old mental disease, the love of approbation, has suddenly risen among them to the height of a passion. Instead of being content to rule well, to do justice and to love mercy, they are trying themselves by a new standard, and desire to rule so that the governed may applaud or, as they phrase it with a certain unconscious unctuousness, may “love” them. That is the real root of the great change which has passed over the management of children, of the whole difficulty in Ireland, of the reluctance to conquer, and of the whole of the new philanthropic social legislation. Now, it is certain that if the active classes of India are to be induced to applaud or love the British dominion, they must be regularly and speedily invested with all the offices for which they show adequate intelligence—that is, in practice, with all offices whatever. They are qualified for them all in everything but their *morale*, which is and will remain Asiatic. This is their own desire, and it is not, from their point of view, an unnatural one. It is easy for Englishmen to ridicule the

passion for place, but it governs Frenchmen, Germans, and Irishmen quite as much as Indians, and for the same reason. Everywhere in the world except in England place gives dignity as well as money, brings its owner within the great corporation which is not harassed by policemen, or overlooked by rulers, or treated with contumely by the masses of mankind. Thirst of money alone is not the motive, for Frenchmen and Germans will accept starvation wages from the State; it is the hunger for distinction. This hunger is intensified in the Indian by his desire to rise to an equality with the white man, and in his eagerness to gratify it he will push aside every obstacle, and never rest until every office is at his disposal. With their eagerness, their early developed brains, and above all their numbers, the Indians will, in the present state of English opinion, prove irresistible, and will, I venture to predict, constitute within fifty years the whole Imperial Service—which, I for the last time repeat, is the Indian Empire. The process has begun already. It is just possible that English feeling may change, for no other democracy entertains it, Americans and Frenchmen, for instance, entirely believing in their right to govern; but it is more probable that it will continue, and, if it does, logic will prove irresistible. If the Englishman by virtue of the superior *morale* of his race has not a moral right to govern and administer India irrespective of the opinion of her peoples, then he has no right to remain there when she bids him go, no right of any kind to office if an Indian can beat him at the tests set up. The compromises suggested by Service Commissions and the like are ridiculous as well as unfair. If, as the last one suggested, Indians ought to have one-sixth of all civil offices, they ought to have all if they can win them, and all military appointments too. Race being nothing, *morale* nothing, and intelligence all in all, there is no escape from the conclusion, and no hope that, in their new conception of their duty, Englishmen will resist it. In other words, Asia will shortly regain her own, and the work of governing India will be transferred from European and Christian to Asiatic and Mussulman or Pagan hands. The whole work of the conquest will be undone, and the coldly impartial caste who now rule so disagreeably and so thoroughly well will be superseded by men who have every temptation to be, and will be, Indian Pashas. They will seek, as every race naturally does, to enjoy and to exercise power according to their own ideas, and not according to ours, and, being their own superiors, their own judges, and their own public opinion, they will succeed. How their new position will transmute itself into formal independence I am careless to inquire, but in all probability the abler and nobler among them will insist that to refuse military careers to the people of a whole continent is most unjust—which, if all men are equal and *morale* does not signify, is true—and will replace the British soldiers

by native armies, or, as they already suggest, by millions of volunteers. Then the end will have arrived ; there will be nothing left to fight for when the great Insurrection occurs and we are asked to go ; and India will re-emerge as she was, shortly to be reduced to the condition in which we found her. There will not have been time to complete the one grand work of civilization which the Imperial Service has begun—the substitution of the idea of government by law for the idea of government by human volition. It will take three centuries more at least—the space of time between Elizabeth and Victoria—for that idea to filter in its full strength down to the Indian masses, to wake them out of their torpor, and induce them to compel their rulers to suppress their passion for doing as they please. India, therefore, will fly in pieces ; the ancient hostilities of race, and creed, and history, none of which have we had time to extinguish, will revive at once ; and life will again be made interesting as of old by incessant wars, invasions, and struggles for personal ascendancy. The railways, the only things we have built, will be torn up, the universities will be scouted by military rulers, the population will begin to decline, and, in short, for one word expresses it all, India will once more be Asiatic. Within five years of our departure we shall recognize fully that the greatest experiment ever made by Europe in Asia was but an experiment after all ; that the ineffaceable distinctions of race were all against it from the first ; and that the idea of the European tranquilly guiding, controlling, and perfecting the Asiatic until the worse qualities of his organization had gone out of him, though the noblest dream ever dreamed by man, was but a dream after all. * Asia, which survived the Greek, and the Roman, and the Crusader, will survive also the Teuton and the Slav.

MEREDITH TOWNSEND.

THEOLOGICAL ROMANCES.

WHEN writing about "Romance and Realism" in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, last November, I ventured to say that every kind of novel was legitimate, except the tedious kind. Even for theological novels there seemed to be room. There is indeed room, and a great audience. "The New Antigone," a novel with a Catholic mission, was a good deal in vogue last winter, and this May most people have been discussing "Robert Elsmere." The most noted man in England has added to its fame, to its natural and deserved reputation. "Robert Elsmere" is indeed a vast and crowded picture of our distracted age, which is not only on the verge of several revolutions, but is conscious of its future—

" Seeing all its own mischance
With a glassy countenance."

Doubtless "Robert Elsmere" will survive as an historical document, and it is also a tale which has many passages of unusual force, which possesses in the first volume scenes of unusual and refined humour, which has pages of great power and poignancy, and which contains one picture of character that would have interested Henri Beyle, the character of Mr. Langham. As to the theological purpose, Mr. Gladstone has written much; and perhaps one is hardly the critic to deal with it. For it must be confessed that a lover of novels, who likes them because they make him forget our eternal "problems" for an hour, comes to books like "Robert Elsmere" with a prejudice, a prejudice which his readers must discount. The novel with a religious purpose is a possible *genre*, one admits that, in Mr. Morley's words, with "sombre acquiescence." As the working man in Miss Kendall's "From a Garret," being unable to purchase treacle, "thought he could fancy a bit of 'bread neat,'" so, perhaps,

one might occasionally "fancy" the discussion of Christian evidences "neat." But mixed up with flirtations, thought-reading, social questions, scenery, tea-parties, and other materials of fiction, theology seems hardly in its proper place. Yet, as a matter of fact, people's lives are made up of all these and other "factors," as the author of "Robert Elsmere" likes to call them, and there is therefore warrant enough for combining them in a novel. People who read fiction, as many do, for the purpose of forgetting their woes, have an easy remedy. They need not read those stories about struggling consciences at all. By very considerable exertions I managed to avoid the perusal of "John Inglesant;" as the Scotch proverb advises, I "jouked and let the Jaw go by." Anybody may evade the new theological romances in the same way. For the authors who advocate their ideas in this form there is a perfect defence. If they do not set forth their opinions in novels, nobody will read them, or nobody worth mentioning. The worst of this condition of affairs is, that excellent writers, not gifted with skill in narrative, or with that skill not fully developed, are driven into attempting narrative. They must preach in fiction, or preach to empty pews. When Charles Kingsley and Charles Reade wanted to enforce a doctrine, they put it into a story; but then they were born story-tellers. "Hypatia" would be better without the never-ending monologues of the speculative Jew, but still, we have the Goths, and that delightful scene where they catch Hypatia's murderers in the court-yard. It is otherwise when an author who has many gifts, but not the narrative gift, is compelled to clothe his or her ideas in the garments of romance. For example, speaking of "Robert Elsmere," it is hardly possible to praise the book, without some slight reserve, as a novel. One very promising artistic feature it has, there is in it far too much material. This is the best indication that an author may one day produce a novel which shall be a novel indeed, and good as a work of art. The material here is pressed down and running over. The first romance of another new and not unpopular author had the same effect. "Dawn," without being a work of art, had the material for a dozen works of art, and so has "Robert Elsmere." In addition to the social and political problems, there is the stuff of a novel of society, and the stuff of a novel about remote country people and their ways, and the stuff of a tale of university life, and there are signs that Mrs. Ward could write, or might write, a good ghost story. It is as if Mrs. Ward had broken into a hidden cave, full of the wealth stored by bandit romancers, and had made too indiscriminating a selection from the spoils of fiction. All this, besides its present acknowledged interest, is of good promise for the future, when experience shall have taught the art of "blotting," as our ancestors put it, and when some fairy adds the gift of narrative style. This, perhaps, can be

improved, but can hardly be improvised. Many people possess it, who have none of the knowledge, and not very much of the intellect, of the author of "Robert Elsmere." At present her style, like that of another very ingenious lady, the author of "The Phantom Lover," is too much the style of the essayist. Scientific expressions occur, though certainly not so frequently as in George Eliot's later stories, and there is a visible research of adjectives.

Like Mr. Langham, in "Robert Elsmere," I confess to a habit of reading a good many books at once. Among the books I have taken, in slices, with "Robert Elsmere," is "The Antiquary," by an author whom one of Mrs. Ward's characters accuses of *longueurs*. But, as the young French reviewer said about Mr. Swinburne's "Erechtheus," the *longueurs* of Sir Walter are delicious *longueurs*. The pictures of the little things of life are set by him in a happy atmosphere and air of humour, which one misses in the somewhat frequent and lengthy descriptions of tea-drinkings that delay the history of "Robert Elsmere." Not that the author is without humour, and that of the best kind. I remember nothing in modern fiction more true, natural, and amusing than the description of the self-sacrificing Catherine, when she is persuading herself that it is her duty not to marry; and the indignation of her sister Rose, at being "the third part of a moral motive," and the womanly excitement of her mother, and the match-making old Mrs. Thornburgh; and the indignation of Catherine at having her little romance watched by so many spectators, even before she knows that the curtain has risen. One may cry, like the other old man at the *première* of the "Précieuses Ridicules": "Courage, madame, voilà la bonne comédie!" All this is capital, and might be, perhaps, even better if the author were a little less fond of Catherine. For, as another admired lady frankly admits about one of her own heroines, Catherine "was a very dull woman." She was of the salt of the earth, indeed—she and the many good Englishwomen like her—but, in hours of ease, if such hours are any longer to exist in daily life, Catherine would not have added to the gaiety of nations. Nor am I sure that her foil, Rose, is quite a success, though Mr. Gladstone thinks so. She is meant for a "wilful English rosebud, set with thorns," but the thorns are rather large and prickly. Her gaiety does not seem very gay, hence there is a weakness in her pathos, when she is in love with that exanimate Mr. Langham. Lucy Roberts, in Mr. Trollope's novel, "Framley Parsonage," was, perhaps, a more successful picture of this kind of girl. But Lucy lived and loved before Culture, which had a terrible hold on Rose, and damped her pretty flippancies. One seldom finds a lady who is a humorist in "one strait gown of vair" (though, unlike Mr. Swinburne's heroine, Rose had plenty "more to wear"); one seldom finds a lady who is a humorist playing the fiddle. Nor does

it, to a male critic, seem probable that, having made love to Langham, and been snubbed by him, Rose would have fallen to her old love, like Launcelot, again, and let herself be jilted on the second time of asking.

Indeed, Rose and her uncomfortable lover are not alone in having Culture too much with them. Late and soon, sleeping or waking, it besets them: the essayist overpowers the creator. When Robert Elsmere first falls very much in love indeed, his lady reminds him of Wordsworth's Louisa; and when he has a kind of theological discussion with her, and (forgetting Whyte-Melville's advice) "tries to reason with her as if she were a man," she reminds him of a work of art by Donatello. And when she seems to begin to have doubts herself, "the lantern of memory flashed a moment on the immortal picture of Faust and Marguerite." Perhaps there are people who do see their own lives, even in moments of excitement, through this embroidered gauze of literature and art. But can such people be of the force to win Socialists and "secret-springers" and gas-fitters to belief in a Gospel with the miraculous dropped out, to the adoration of a divine figure deprived of his divinity? Can the hungry and angry multitudes ever be drawn, above all by such very literary preachers, to that new, bodiless faith which, apparently, hath charms for minds almost overlaid with the gifts of human art? No man can foresee the way of the world, save that religion or superstition it will always have in some form. But it is hardly credible that the shadowy form which satisfied a mind like Elsmere's, a mind filled full of pictures and poetry, will ever satisfy the great world. This, however, is touching prematurely on the serious things of "Robert Elsmere," which we were trying, first, to estimate as a romance. Among the traces of inexperience, or of want of natural gift for fiction, may perhaps be taken the effect of mosaic. No doubt every novel since time began has been a mosaic. The author fits into one picture bits of experience found in many places, in many years. The friends of Scott discovered his authorship of the Waverley novels by detecting pieces of his own experience in the smooth and brilliant surface.

But the beauty of a mosaic partly consists of the closeness of fitting in its various parts. In "Robert Elsmere" the parts do not always fit; Madame de Netteville and all her set seem superfluous, and are rough in the joinings. Not that Robert Elsmere, when he began to be a founder of a religion, would have kept out of London society; he would have joyed in it, like Edward Irving, of whom he partly reminds one. Still, the *junctura* is not *callida*. Nor (though the conduct of the story demands it) is one satisfied with the soul of a sceptical cosmopolitan college don (if fancy can paint a cosmopolitan don) in the body of an English squire. But

the least artistic joinings are in the person and character of Mr. Langham, the laggard in love who won, without seeking it, the heart of the impetuous Rose. Here is the description of this nondescript :

"Being a scholar of considerable eminence, it pleased him to assume on all questions an exasperating degree of ignorance; and the wags of the college averred that when asked if it rained, or if collections took place on such and such a day, it was pain and grief to him to have to affirm positively, without qualifications, that so it was."

"Such a man was not very likely, one would have thought, to captivate an ardent, impulsive boy like Elsmere. Edward Langham, however, notwithstanding undergraduate tales, was a very remarkable person. In the first place, he was possessed of exceptional personal beauty. His colouring was vividly black and white, closely curling jet-black hair and fine black eyes contrasting with a pale, clear complexion and even, white teeth. So far he had the characteristics which certain Irishmen share with most Spaniards. But the Celtic or Iberian brilliance was balanced by a classical delicacy and precision of feature. He had the brow, the nose, the upper lip, the finely moulded chin, which belong to the more severe and spiritual Greek type."

In the changes and chances of the world I myself happen to have met scholars who assumed "an exasperating degree of ignorance," also other scholars who "possessed exceptional personal beauty," whose colouring was Celto-Iberian, and the rest. But the difficulty is to understand how into the Celto-Iberian body (which has always abundance of temperament and animation) could be infused the spirit (if it can be called spirit) of a pottering, dawdling, fastidious, timid college don. That kind exists, of course, but not in Celto-Iberian bodies of exceptional personal beauty. Thus the conduct and character of Mr. Langham (who has points in common with Mr. Paul Rondelet, but who never would have had the pluck to propose, like Mr. Rondelet, to an heiress) become incredible. His case is more a physiological than a psychological case, for with his physique he could not have been the kind of person he is in the story. As Bunyan said when accused of certain offences, so the outer being of Mr. Langham might have replied to critics of his character and conduct, "They know me not, I am not the man." This has the advantage of being a scientific objection and based on obvious facts of temperament.

Perhaps enough of objections, which ~~are~~ ^{are} not urged in vain (here or elsewhere) if they induce the author of "Robert Elsmere" to condense, to concentrate herself, to cut away, as it were, the profusion of undergrowth, to thin her woods, and leave the best things standing clear, visible, and isolated. It is counsel that other excellent writers of a different humour need, no less than Mrs. Ward. So the conceited critic thinks, and then it occurs to him that the ~~very~~ trivialities of one author, the very bluff humour of another which ~~he~~ ^{she} would abolish, are exactly what many of their students most enjoy. Mr. Bumble said (and many now agree with him) that the law was "a Ass." Perhaps the critic is in the same estate, and the novel, when he had

altered it to his mind, might be, as the French lady said of Chapelain's "*La Pucelle*," "perfect, and perfectly unreadable." Judging by the novels which reviewers have written, from Mr. G. H. Lewes's "*Ranthorpe*" upwards, I am inclined to think that this is highly probable. But a critic must be criticising, though no kind of author, when he attempts original work, is less tolerant of criticism.

All this time we have been keeping off the theology of "*Robert Elsmere*," and I confess that I approach it without enthusiasm. For, after all, any novel written to make a theological point, to advocate theological ideas, is a tract. One may except Miss Schreiner's "*Story of a South African Farm*." This novel, which begins so well, and tackles Belief, as it were, on first principles, has no theological point to make, no new system to advocate. It is, literally, *Vox clamantis in Deserto*, a voice clamouring in the desert of the African Veldt, complaining, under that iron sky, on those long wastes, that God is unsearchable. But it ends in trivialities that would astonish a reader of penny fiction, as when a young man dresses like a young woman that he may nurse the unbelieving lady of his heart in her last illness. This incredulous heroine has a love affair, has even a baby, and refuses to marry its father—why? One scarcely understands. It is like the conduct of the mother of *Candide*, for which the reader may consult that famed historian, *Le Docteur Ralph*. Yet this behaviour is imitated by the heroine of another romance of Belief, "*The New Antigone*." Now *that* is a Catholic tract. The point is that Hippolyta insisted, for moral reasons, on living with her lover without marrying him, and would not listen to the poor man's arguments in favour of what we still consider a holy estate. Then Hippolyta, after many moving passages, hears the sermon of an eloquent Catholic priest and is converted *en bloc*, and repents of all her inconsiderate conduct. The novel ends, of course, in the author's opinion turning out to be the right sort of opinion. Even so ends "*Robert Elsmere*." Having lost his faith in all that is called "miraculous" in Christianity, Mr. Elsmere is as convinced as ever that the remains of his belief are "the truth." He actually calls them "the truth." He founds a new sect, with a form of Theism which he prefers, and then he dies, and his works abide after him. The novel becomes a tract, in so far as it offers us a new form of belief as a tenable and desirable form: a probable substitute for ordinary Christianity.

It is common to hear people argue that, unless you accept their opinions you have nothing before you but a *glissade* into Atheism. Luckily, human nature is not thus constituted. There is not one lonely shelf of rock whereon to build a *feste Burg*, and then a slope of ice descending into an abyss. There are hundreds of shelves and landing-places with churches and chapels on every one of them.

Even on Mr. Herbert Spencer's ledge there is room for a gaunt cathedral, and an altar to an unknowable God. Thus, to any author or preacher who assures us that his ledge is the only tenable ledge, we need not reply. From the mountain crest, from all the mountain ridges, ring the many bells, all inviting us to many worships. Robert Elsmere preferred his own, very naturally; here is one passage in which he makes his confession and recites his formula:

"Robert stood still, and with his hands locked behind him, and his face turned like the face of a blind man towards a world of which it saw nothing, went through a desperate catechism of himself.

"*Do I believe in God?* Surely, surely! "Though He slay me yet will I trust in Him!" *Do I believe in Christ?* Yes,—in the teacher, the martyr, the symbol to us Westerns of all things heavenly and abiding, the image and pledge of the invisible life of the spirit—with all my soul and all my mind!

"*But in the Man-God, the Word from Eternity,—in a wonder-working Christ, in a risen and ascended Jesus, in the living Intercessor and Mediator for the lives of His doomed brethren?*"

"He waited, conscious that it was the crisis of his history, and there rose in him, as though articulated one by one by an audible voice, words of irrevocable meaning.

"Every human soul in which the voice of God makes itself felt, enjoys, equally with Jesus of Nazareth, the divine sonship, and "*miracles do not happen!*"'"

This is enough for him, but no argument can possibly make it enough for everybody. "Miracles do not happen." One needs to define a miracle first. If miracles do not happen, it is a miracle that they don't. As Joab says to Saul, *c'est là le miracle*. But do the things we call miraculous not occur? That is a question of testimony, and, in spite of the opinions of Mrs. Ward's Squire and of Mr. Langham, and of the ingenious David Hume, and Mr. Thomas Paine (who really knew as much about the matter as the rest of them), many perfectly sane persons are unconvinced of the negative. An artisan in Mrs. Ward's romance cries that "what is good enough for Mr. Elsmere is good enough for him;" while Mr. Elsmere says, "let Grey's trust answer for me." And who answers for Mr. Grey? What was good enough for Pascal is to me not incredible, and people in this mood will not easily be converted to the negatives of Mr. Elsmere. Mr. Gurney has been arguing that human nature will always cling thankfully to "a chance," even if it be an off-chance. There are things, abnormal if you like, phenomena, spiritual or material, transcending ordinary experience, which cannot be disproved. Elsmere argues that a pure Theism cannot be disproved: in spite of David Hume, people who cling to miracles can say, at least, as much for their own opinion. Elsmere is much exercised with the miracle of the Resurrection of our Lord, which he abandons as incredible. To speak of such topics, above all in the review of a novel, is, in the last degree,

distasteful to me. But I can readily suppose that, as to this matter, Belief has not uttered her last words nor published her latest argument. If this be so, "miracles" are no more disproved, nor disprovable, than was the shade of Theistic opinion which satisfied Elsmere.

Here a point occurs on which we may easily do injustice to the conduct of the story. Mr. Gladstone has remarked that Robert is very easily upset by the Squire's book and the Squire's talk, that he never strikes a blow for his creed. This was my opinion, too, on a first and hasty reading. We are shown, again and again, that Robert was a clever man, that he had read very widely, that he was, even in early days, a master of "all the stock apologetic arguments." Well, one asked, when he was assailed by the stock objections, questions of the date of the Book of Daniel, the authorship of the Gospels, and so forth, why did he not use the stock defences? If he was so cunning of fence, if he knew the parries long before, he must also have been acquainted with the feints and lunges. There has been discovered no new secret *bottle* (for Robert was not overcome by Darwinism), the hero of Mr. Froude's "Nemesis of Faith" (1849) knew the objections to the authority and authenticity of Scripture forty years ago. He had not before him the last fresh theory of Daniel, the latest "slicing" (as Mr. Gladstone says when Homer is in question) of the Pentateuch or of Isaiah. But "in the name of Heaven," says Mr. Froude's flute-playing sceptical curate, "what is the history of these books which we call the Old Testament?" He, like Langham, like Elsmere, went straight at the question of "testimony." "No one knows who the authors were of the greater part of them, nor even at what date they were written. They make no claim to be inspired themselves; at least the prophets made no such claim; before the Captivity there was no collection at all." As to the Pentateuch, "there is no doubt at all that it was written, or at least compiled into its present form, long, long after." And so forth. Robert Elsmere should have known all this, if he did not. It does not much matter what theory of the dates, the authorship, or compilation of the books M. Renan prefers at any given moment. Anybody who has followed the Homeric question, knows pretty well what value to place on the judgment of the learned and on their myriad mare's-nests. But the Squire's book on "The Use of the Old Testament in the New" quite beat and bowled out Robert Elsmere.

Considering this, one thought, at a first reading, that Robert Elsmere's faith was ruined by arguments with which he, and all educated men, must long have been perfectly familiar. But this were a hard and mistaken criticism. Mrs. Ward shows plainly that Robert had long been unconsciously sickening, as it were, for an attack of scepticism. The Squire and his book only brought the

disease to the surface. The feverish plunge into study and discussion with his conscience and himself is thoroughly characteristic of Elsmere, and is powerfully and admirably described. He was sick in body and mind, overburdened, overwrought. His friend, Mr. Newcome, advised asceticism, which Mr. Gladstone thinks absurd. Mrs. Ward compares Elsmere's case to Bunyan's, when he was on the verge, if not over the verge, of religious madness. The cases are much akin. Bunyan was advised to "drink beer and dance with the girls." In a less Early English form, Elsmere needed the same advice. He needed a year's holiday (without his wife), trout-fishing (he did try pike), and golf. He was not in a condition to tackle theological problems. He was in a fever of unrest, and of anxiety as to whether he was not trifling with his conscience, to a man of honour an intolerable thing. He was not alone in his quandary. Mrs. Ward has introduced into her novel a type resembling one in real life, Mr. Grey, a lay tutor who preaches lay sermons, and who is understood by Mrs. Ward to have entertained the opinions which finally commend themselves to her hero.* Perhaps she may also be acquainted with the case of other students of Biblical evidences whose paths, after going far in Elsmere's course, turned back on the old belief. Nobody knows what happier haven Elsmere might have won if he had only given himself a chance—

"The old need not be therefore true;
Ah, brother men,—nor yet the new!"

However (and it is a considerable compliment), 'one is arguing about Robert Elsmere as if he had been a live Robert, and not a character in a tale, bound to point the author's moral, and support her own conclusions. "Robert Elsmere" will be read by hundreds of young people, who, while the ideas about the Book of Daniel remained in M. Renan's and in similar works, would have heard nothing about them. Probably their beliefs will be shaken; if so, it is not certain that they will be lucky enough to find another rest for the sole of the foot as promptly as did Mrs. Ward's hero. But they may, at least, avoid his feverish haste, and give time a chance to heal them.

Elsmere was, indeed, extremely fortunate. He put out suddenly on the darkling waters of discussion, *sub luce malignâ*, he sailed at random there, he ruined his barque, but of Faith he kept a wreck as richly stored as the famous wreck of Robinson Crusoe. It contained all that he really needed for the living of the Christian life. As a matter of temperament, he would always have lived that

* The reviewer happened to be at Oxford when a tutor, one of the best men who ever lived, occasionally preached lay sermons to his pupils. As a hearer of his ordinary lectures, and a reader of his writings, I thought his influence was all on the side of a liberal orthodoxy, that his endeavour was to find a way in which old beliefs might still be credible. His metaphysics were certainly full of Biblical terminology; but this is not the place to discuss the man nor his work.

kind of life, whatever his opinions? What pure religion and undefiled is, according to the mind of the Apostle James, we know, and, without even his remaining stock of Theism, of that religion Elsmere would have been a follower. But, if we are to speak only of beliefs, for what logical reason should he have stopped in the glissade just where he did stop? For no logical reason; man is a reasoning but not a logical animal. Granting Elsmere's character, he was at the mercy of the next new book, the next sceptical squire with a work on the Evolution of Religion. This is a topic to which I have given some attention. One has to allow for personal prejudices and prepossessions, but I confess that, in my opinion, the study does not inevitably lead to disbelief in the necessity and ultimate truth and triumph of Faith. But it is plain that the comparative study of religion may be so handled as to show that all creeds are gradually modified survivals of primitive illusions, dreams, impressions of a creature "moving about in worlds not realized." Suppose Mr. Elsmere had taken up the study, and taken it up by that handle, what would have become of his Theism, and his new sect? He would have been at the mercy of the first anthropological squire who came along with a work on "The Savage Origins of Theism." Then, what an attitude would have been his, when he had to tell his New Brotherhood, and his most unfortunate wife, that he had been reading a new book, and had altered his opinions!

The most poignant parts of "Robert Elsmere," the scenes almost too painful to be dwelt upon, most carefully and sympathetically drawn, display the relations between the hero, after his change of mind, and his wife. As a rule, in actual experience, husband and wife find theological differences very trifling and unconsidered affairs. They do not want to argue, and go their own ways. But Mrs. Elsmere was an uncompromising saint of the Puritan persuasion, and her silent misery is a thing not to be read about without pain. The position is not like that of the clergyman who renounces his orders, in Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South," and of *his* wife. She merely sighed after the flesh-pots, the respectability, the pleasant parsonage in the New Forest. But Catherine Elsmere was a born Puritan, and the foes of her belief were her own foes.

"Your historical Christ, Robert, will never win souls," she says. "If He was God, every word you speak will insult Him. If He was man, He was not a good man."

That is put "plump and squarely." Indeed, Mrs. Elsmere might have applied to the New Testament Grote's exposure of the absurdity of seeking to find history in the Greek heroic age by simply dropping the myths and miracles. Every one will discover a different historical deposit in the New Testament, as in Homer. But such arguments were not in her way. Robert's answer was a *solvitur ambulando*. "Come

and see," was all he said. Alas, where are we to walk, where can we go forth into the wilderness and see this moral miracle? The war of opinion is only ended by death, and neither yields. In Mr. Froude's gloomy theological romance, the sceptical clergyman makes love to a married lady, deserts her in agony of mind when her child is drowned, intends to commit suicide, is checked by a Catholic priest, is reconverted to Catholicism, retires into a monastery, and becomes a sceptic again! The last end of *Robert Elsmere* is less unhopeful than that, though he has to resist his wife's attempts to win him back to his old creed on his death-bed. He "did not talk much of immortality, of reunion. It was like a scrupulous child that dares not take for granted more than its father has allowed it to know." Some time earlier he would have believed that we are allowed to know a good deal. No religion that did not say as much has been a lasting cement of human society. It is reunion after this life that we really want, the rest is nothing. If the new thin Theism is dubious about this, then one might rather desire a cataclysm of creeds, and society, the disappearance of civilization, the return to barbarism, to the open air, to miracles, and to Hope, than predict success for the Truth as it is in "*Robert Elsmere*." But about the future of mankind, who dares play the seer? And about our own "soon shall we know better than prophets."

ANDREW LANG.

STREET CHILDREN.

IT seems likely that if count were made to-day there would be found in the Industrial Schools and Reformatories of the State, in the Homes and Refuges of charitable societies, and at large in towns and cities, two hundred thousand of the class of children who make a living in the streets. Did average mortality prevail amongst such children, there would be almost twenty thousand more, but these are prematurely dead. This is not a small figure, and the lot of those who are still within the control of their parents—for the most part ill-living parents—is as much a scandal to the land as it is pitiable in itself.

The majority of street children maintain their parents, partly or wholly, as well as themselves. Many only indirectly maintain the father, relieving him of rent and wife-keep. His wages he spends on himself. These scarcely ever suffer more than the hardship of unnatural and protracted toil. Where both parents have to be kept, there is almost invariably a wearying repetition of threatenings to keep the tired child at work, and blows when the all-day effort in the streets has failed to bring the required money.

To his parents such a child is a valuable slave. Before he is fully grown, even while still suffering from child ailments, when the stones under his bare feet are frozen, before his young bones are set—all because many people, to their credit be it said, pity an exposed child that is so frail and young—he is sent out to wander, to plead, to pester, to get thrust out of the way and cursed by some, to get for his light-box the penny for which all the joy and health of his childhood are being sold. He is a slave of slaves.

Over and over again has this state of things been denounced by newspapers of all schools of politics; by Society papers; by all the

papers of the Churches;—an assumption running through them all that the law on the matter is what it ought to be, and that the fault lies with some administrative body. Yet it has never been dealt with, nor even attempted to be dealt with, as a State question. Sixty years ago the English Parliament legislated for the protection of the lower animals from cruelty, without either political or money reason, but solely out of compassion for animals and regard for their capacity of suffering; but to this day Parliament has not done as much for the little human animal, which is as dependent, as weak, and more capable of suffering, though both political and financial reasons can be urged in favour of it. Without resorting to the short, ready, and eternally true maxim of faith, that what is justice to the least is also, all round and in the long run, wise always and to everybody, legislation against cruelty to children is justified by great economic facts which are obvious and glaring, even to the science which acts only upon sight.

The London Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has now, after three years of close study of these slave children in their actual daily life, prepared a Bill for their relief. Its most important provision is to make it a penal offence to send a child into the streets to beg, either openly, or under pretence of singing or playing, or sweeping a crossing, or hawking; and, in order to make this provision effective, it also proposes to punish any one who sends a child under fourteen to sing or play, or sweep, or hawk, in the streets at night, or a child under ten by day or night. Parents and guardians are to be made responsible for allowing children to do any of these things.

The principle of these provisions is the right of dependent children to endurable lives. Fifty years ago it received its application to small workers in brickfields, mines, factories, and chimneys. Advanced at first by wholesome human instinct, it has at length received confirmation of experience, and has passed into the creed of political science. The economic prophecies of the advocates of this once called "grandmotherly legislation" have been all fulfilled, and are to be seen abroad in our streets, while the fears of its "anti-sentimental" enemies have all died a natural death, and now lie in peaceful graves in forgotten "Hansards." The political soundness of the principle is settled. It only remains to make its application extend to the school, the theatre, the street, the home. Wherever a weak and helpless child may be submitted to tyranny and made to do what is torture, there law must stand up for it and forbid. If the parents will not do justice from natural feeling, they must be made to do it in less desirable but not less efficient ways.

Possibly even among politicians who hold with us that the State should forbid a big-limbed, arbitrary man to have his way with a

weak and helpless child, there are some who will draw the line at the man who is a parent. They repudiate all legal interference with the relation of father and son. But as a principle, at least, the protest is too late. Already is a father forbidden to employ his own son in his factory save under conditions on which he may employ anybody else's son (39 & 40 Vict. chap. 79). Already is a father forbidden to give his child holidays except on the days which school authorities shall appoint, or to make him a half-timer except by the school committee's permission (39 & 40 Vict. chap. 79). Already is he forbidden to give him strychnine, or to starve him (31 & 32 Vict. chap. 122), or to commit an assault upon him (24 & 25 Vict. chap. 100). Precedent, at least, and ample precedent, is on the side of the new proposal. It is but the carrying of the principle to its logical issue.

But more, the provision itself has been settled. Parliament has passed and the Crown has approved certain local Acts of Parliament which are to-day in force (chiefly in Scotland, we believe) which provide for interference with parents by similar regulations. In London itself, through the agency of the School Board, 11,000 parents have been deprived of the custody of their destitute and vagrant children, with an equally large number who have voluntarily foregone it.

In face of the testimony of every man who comes in direct contact with these little victims—not in the street, but when they are done-for, little, suffering, dying things, on floors of attics and cellars, and in hospital beds—it will not be easy, surely it will scarcely be possible, to secure for parents the continued right to drive a child into the street at will; whilst in the matter of sending it to a properly appointed warmed and lighted factory, or to outings at nutting and games at cricket, that right must be limited by the national law. Surely the street holocaust to this pre-eminent Moloch of “parental right” has been offered all too long already.

Many of our corporations have tried to protect these children by means of bye-laws. Manchester entered into conflict with its hawker-drivers in 1882. Bristol, Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, and Bradford followed its example in 1883. Liverpool and Cardiff joined in in 1884, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1885. But in all these places, those who were convinced that the bye-laws were in themselves just and good, saw grave reasons for doubting the legality of the grounds on which they were made; and this uncertainty, and some actual disputes between certain of the Courts and corporations, paralysed action. At length, all doubt has been solved by the High Court of Justice. In the early part of last year, the police of Newcastle-upon-Tyne prosecuted one Lochrane, the parent of two children, for causing one of them, who was under eight, to sell at all, and the other, who was under twelve, to sell after ten at

night. The borough magistrates, holding that the bye-laws under which the proceedings were taken were invalid, refused to convict Lochrane.

A case was stated for the High Court, and the Court held that whatever the hardship the children might be suffering, and however desirable it might be that there should be such regulations as the corporation had made for child protection, it had no legal right to make them. The power vested in it to regulate street traffic did not authorize it to make regulations in the interests of children. The provisions of the Factory Act, for instance, could not be embodied in bye-laws. Any mere interests of traffic which demanded the exclusion of children from the streets at twelve o'clock at night more certainly demanded their exclusion in the busy hour of noon. Nor could the fact that a child carried a tray of matches, or was ill-used or hungry, render its presence in the streets any special danger to traffic. Danger arose from all children or from none. The only interests in which the local Act empowered corporations to proceed did not permit any recognition of the occupation or the condition of a child, because, in recognizing it, they were not acting in the interests of vehicle drivers. There was no special risk of running over child-hawkers, and any child might be in the streets. The bye-laws were therefore not made under the powers of the Local Act as to traffic, nor were they such as came under the meaning of "good government of the town," and they were therefore invalid.

Once for all, the dispute between corporation and Court is settled. By one stroke of the pen the child-hawker regulations of Bristol, Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Bradford, Liverpool, Cardiff, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne are crossed out, and all the supposed right of every corporation in the land to interfere on behalf of the child-hawker is crossed out too. Its slavery is legal, and will be maintained by the Crown, save when it causes carters inconvenience or is dangerous to a cab.

And the decision is a happy one. It has cleared the field for action more direct and efficient, and in an imperial way. We at last know where we stand. Any thirsty, thriftless tyrant to whom a child is born may defy all the mayors in England, and send it out under eight, under five, under three if he will, for just as many hours as it takes it to earn the fixed sum for his beer and bets. He is master of the situation.

Here is a specimen, in some respects an exceptionally kind specimen, of the class of man who is thus superior to law. When found, his two children occupied an upper room, dilapidated, filthy, open to the tiles—which had themselves openings to the sky, wind and rain coming freely through. A straw mattress was on the floor, both mattress and floor being soaked and rotten. The window under the eaves had missing

panes, which were blocked up with rags and bits of wood as best a child could block them. Here the children slept. They were hawkers. There had been three of them. After perpetual toil and pain one had just died. Happily, this master of the situation was not brutal. There were no bruises on the children. He never hit them or even cursed them. He only left them to make their living in a public legal way, supplying them with something to hawk; and all they made they had for themselves. He was fattish and humorous, and smiled leeringly. He was well dressed in his way; and when the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children arrested him he had deposit-notes for £25 in his pocket. The arrest was for the fatal consequence,—not for the killing-treatment.

Here is another of these parents, equally respectable in his way, but using punishments. His boy tramped the streets, wet and weary, long after all possible customers for his wares were in bed. The streets were silent and empty. Supposed to be homeless, he was asked what he was doing. It was found that he had a home, but was afraid to go to it. A wet evening had deprived him of customers. "I've got so little," he pleaded, beginning to cry, perhaps at the sight of uniform and the possible lock-up. He was accompanied home. At the knowledge of how little money he had brought, his father seized him, hurried him into a back room, made him strip stark naked, and was, at the time he was stopp'd, in the act of lifting a terrible thong of rope to flog the bare frail boy. When the father was in the lock-up, the mother timidly said that she had often interfered in similar experiences. The sister said that at times she had really not known her brother, his face was so black and swollen.

"I dare not go home," apologetically said another of the slaves of these lords of the streets, a boy of thirteen; "I'll go, sir, when I get a shilling. I've only got ninepence." He had been on his regular stand selling from a little after nine in the morning, and now he was begging to make up the parental demand. It was a wretched room to which he was accompanied; nobody was in it; the furniture was a filthy flock bed, a fender, a poker, and a stout bottle, with a bit of swealed candle in it. It was a wet night, and ten minutes to twelve. The owner of this hovel earned twenty-five shillings a week. This—a human skeleton—was his only child. He had "a fancy," the neighbours said. For the bruises on the lad, which the neighbours testified to having seen administered with that poker, he was charged and convicted.

In passing, it may be said that the three children of these two convicted men are now maintained by the State.

Of the seventy cases with which the London Society has had to deal, not one has it been able to lay hold of, on account of the perpetual weariness, sickness to death, scanty food and scanty dress, inter-

minable hours and weary miles, which had made the child's street-life itself a horrible outrage. At two points only could the offenders be reached—that of the parent's assault and that of the child's begging.

As to assault, that does not mean the inflicting of pain on a child. The father of the tireddest, tiniest slave has a right to inflict pain, if it does not bring him the required amount from its sales, so long as his chastisement be not "immoderate and excessive" in relation to the child's age. He must not cudgel with an instrument of iron, though it is doubtful about oak, as some magistrates think. Short of danger to life and limb, the master of the street is also master of the child. To send a child into the street with the order to sell one shilling's worth is lawful; and for a lawful purpose the father has a right of punishment. To enforce his authority it is legal for him to birch or to cane, as well as to curse liberally. And in a hundred thousand homes of England, this lawful chastisement is administered, doubly backed by the dictum of a Lord Chief Justice and by the High Court of Justice.

Again and again has the Society been complimented on its work in sending the excessive and immoderate chastisers of these little drudges to prison, under the impression that it was sending street slave-drivers to prison. As such, a slave-driver not once has it ever sent—not the very worst of them. With nobody rests any power to do so. It has imprisoned for what constituted a technical assault.

And with what practical result? A warning to the ruffian to assail his child's body in proper parts, and with fit weapons, and not to leave it with life nearly gone from it. That is all. It may be difficult for him to remember that a child, such as he has made his to be, is not of an iron frame, and that blows should therefore fall on it with more merciful weight; but if he will remember that, that is enough. The Society has been teaching men that hawking and whipping are legal—hawking, without bounds; and whipping, within bounds. This is a Christian country, and this is its law. The Society feels itself a mountain in labour bringing forth a mouse.

Furthermore, only about one case in fifty is accompanied with technical assault, and even in that one case, as by the sacredness with which Islam surrounds the Holy Sepulchre, the law will not let itself be got at. The sole certain witness of a father's night outrages—the mother—it will not hear; and as for brothers and sisters, unless they understand the nature of an oath, neither will it hear them. When the savage breaks such law as there is for protecting a child from his big-booted kicks and well-aimed blows, he is as cleverly surrounded with safeguards as if they were contrived for the purpose. Nobody has a right to enter his torture chamber from without; nor shall those speak who are within. A fit weapon of punishment may be used; and of an unfit one, nobody may tell.

So much as to reaching these lords of our streets through the battery they commit. Now as to reaching their victims through the law as to begging. With heart and soul the above Society tried this means, and its disgust at its experience cannot be too widely known. It took chosen beats, told off a special night officer, and was bravely supported by the Mansion House. The Society did its best; the magistrates did their best; and the attempt was a failure. The expedients it was obliged to resort to—having to dog and watch, and charge the wretched, driven little child, landing it at police-stations and lock-ups for the night, terrifying the already too terrified, and weak, and helpless—were all base and abominable. Almost everything it had to do in order to prove technical guilt was neither straightforward nor fair. And it has, therefore, given it up.

In any new measure we must reverse the antiquated and unjust practice of regarding the little vagrant as the law-breaker. The charge must, in future, be against the parent.

This proposal may raise opposition. But, as the world grows older, the wisdom and righteousness of such a change are becoming apparent.

The practice of charging pitiable little children is detestable to the instincts of true Englishmen, and for this reason child-begging, though it is such a nuisance and is also illegal, is, as a matter of fact, nearly as common as if there were no law. For that reason alone, it would be desirable, even if it were a new departure, to drop the antiquated and absurd practice of treating a father's victim as the guilty party.

But it is no new departure. The Education Act and its Amendment Acts (1874, 1876, and 1880) already deal with juvenile truancy, and, by their remarkably beneficial influence on truancy, they more than justify the like method of dealing with juvenile vagrancy. Under these Acts, in London Courts alone, between 1872 and 1887, 99,087 summonses were issued on the basis of a parent's responsibility for the actions of his child; 73,270 convictions were obtained upon it, and considerably more than that number of children were gradually brought from street to school. And who can measure the share this has had in the influences which, in that same period, have so enormously reduced juvenile delinquency and crime? By insisting that worthless parents shall put their hand to family control or suffer penalties, a new generation of fathers and mothers is being created. No departure in modern legislation has been followed with such widespread and all-round national benefits as this practical demand for parental restraint on children. Had the truancy principle now operating (chiefly for the last ten years) been operating for a like period in vagrancy, how many of that terrible eleven thousand child-wanderers and vagabonds which the School Board has sent from London streets to the State Industrial Schools might have been in their own homes to-day?

And it is perfectly fair and just that this demand should be made. Granted that the plea for "parental rights" is sound, in spite of the illogical and mawkish sentimentality with which it is sometimes made, what more can a parent justly demand, in this matter at least, than the sole custody and control of the child, in which the law most jealously secures him, giving him sovereign right, too, to inspire awe of his authority by punishments within reason? He is not asked to make bricks without straw. Of what value is all this plea for a parent's right, if, having it, it is not to be used, and the State cannot insist upon its exercise where it is shown that everybody suffers for the lack of it? In face of possible fine and imprisonment, he has already aroused himself to exercise it, and with great national benefit, and surely benefit, too, to himself and to his child. What he can be made to do for the sake of the three R's, why should he not be roused to do for the sake of reducing the number of inmates in work-house, hospital, reformatory, and of further reducing the young inmates of our prisons? It seems almost impossible that, to-day, the same talk can be repeated against this proposal as greeted the birth of compulsory education. With that first direct application of the principle, everybody admits that there has been a clear upward national advance in children's conduct, which must be a benefit, too, to the parent, and still more to the community.

The proposers of this new departure advocate it as the less evil kind of necessary State interference. They hold that an average home is better for a child's training than the best State barracks. It is from no faith in Parliament-created institutions, but from a deep belief in Nature's home, that they ask that law shall compel parents to grapple with vagrant tendencies. It may be true that some of the countless little boys and girls who get their living in the streets beg for their own sake, and many through the example of others; but it is not on that account wrong to insist on the exercise, as far as may be, of parental control as a condition of exemption from penalty. It may be true too, and doubtless it is, that it will still be necessary to put little fellows under Industrial School discipline; but who outside a lunatic asylum will be bold enough to say that, if to the parents of such children a possible treadmill were the consequence, instead of, as now, relief of their children's keep, the necessity would not be counted by hundreds where it has been counted by thousands?

To deal properly with this subject, legislation must provide not only for those children who are hawkers, but also for pitiful little things who are themselves hawked to excite compassion by their puny, ailing appearance—children with abscesses, bronchitis, or ophthalmia, and small cripples. It must make all such ill-treatment of children criminal. Provision must be made by which such children may be at once got into an infirmary, if needs be, or other suitable

place, and their ill-users charged with the expense. Those who use and those who lend must be alike criminal. Provision, too, must be made for the thousand and one ways by which some children's lives are tortured and made one monotonous round of weariness, chiefly by sullen drunkards, vixens and brutes. Punishment must be awarded for treating or neglecting or exposing children in any way calculated to cause unnecessary exposure or to injure their health. It would meet the case of the locking up of two children alone for days and nights, by which one of them became almost insane. And a case like this:—“Tubercular disease had ensued, and a cough was added to the ghastly little fellow's power to win coppers from pitiful hearts; and, weary and sick and dying, he was made to wander about the streets with his begging mother, with no other reward for his pain and toil than, at the long day's close, to be left to make his way as best he might, wet or dry, to a wretched home and a supperless bed, while his mother lounged from gin-shop to gin-shop, or sat, till turning-out time, in her cosy corner by the fire, sipping herself drunk. All this, be it observed, was *quite legal*, so far as the use to which the ill child was put, and is everywhere legal to-day. At length the boy became so weak that he could only get about by feeling his way along the wall, or hanging to the skirts of his mother. Still she dragged him out to move pitiful people to give pence. Sore with blows, faint with hunger, dying of disease, he went his daily way, till at length he staggered his last, fell down on the stones, shivered a little and convulsed at the mouth. A passing workman took pity, picked the living skeleton up, and carried him to his wretched home, from whence he was moved to the workhouse, and, in a day or two, to the grave. Towards the end, neighbours pleaded with the woman not to take him out any more, and sometimes she heeded; but it did not pay her to do so, and she took him out again. When she yielded to the neighbours' pleadings to get his now useless dying done, she put him into a tub of cold water, leading him naked into the open air to do it, he meanwhile feebly pleading, ‘No, no.’ He was put in and kept there, some said, an hour. But he did not die, and did not seem so near death as folks thought; so she took him out again and made another penny.”

Dead—the law had something to say on behalf of the boy, but not till dead; and even then, so little had it to say of any practical value, that a judge who is pre-eminently a child's friend, Sir Henry Hawkins, could not bring technical guilt home. But at twenty points before life was gone in her boy, a just law would have put that woman to the treadmill for six months.

All that is needed is to take language from the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals—in short, to raise a child to the level of a dog. Readers may pause and wonder at the knowledge, but

it is a fact that law sternly forbids to be done to a dog what it allows to be done to a child.

Then, as regards another form of money-making out of the ill-treating of children—viz., by means of burial and insurance societies—it is proposed to inflict a severer punishment when an ill-treated child is found to have been insured. Here is a case, for example, in which it would under the proposed legislation be possible to give twelve months' instead of six months' imprisonment:—"When found, the child sat in the passage, on the bare oil-cloth, alone, hungry, and cold, shivering and ill, in nothing but its night-gown, deliberately put there in the depth of winter, a thorough draught running from the front door to the back. On the other side of the door opening into the passage in a room with a fire, and a breakfast-table spread, sat that child's mother, eating a meal of hot coffee, frizzled bacon, and bread. It had been incessantly treated thus, being brought downstairs, placed there, and there left while the mother prepared and ate her breakfast. Breakfastless, it was afterwards dressed. The child could not get up, could not even stand. It was five years old, and insured for £7."

In two other cases reported to the London Society, insured children were sent out into the winter streets, one with diphtheria, one unhappily recovering from scarlet fever: both died, and in both, it is believed, the assured sum was paid. But great secrecy is preserved in such cases. Even those who are willing to run some risks for the principle of insurance, because the principle is sound, must see good grounds to punish where insurance is abused; and to punish, not after, as is almost possible now, but before it is too late—before death.

It may be questioned whether the insurance agent who insures children under fourteen should not be required to serve on the insurer a copy of at least two clauses of the Bill, should they become law, with every policy he issues, irrespective of the consideration of what ultimate result it would have on his business.

The measure is opportune. Never before had the public better means of acquiring direct and reliable knowledge of the conditions of helpless, tortured child-life. It was discovered facts which in former days justified the empowering of Chancery judges and magistrates to deprive parents of custody, factory and school inspectors to exclude children from labour, and School Board visitors to require custodians of children to send them to school. Discovered facts now justify the demand that owners of the young drudges of the streets be put under law. If parental liberties have been limited that children may learn the rule-of-three, *à fortiori* they ought also to be limited that children may be secured in moderate health and endurable life. If unreasonable hours have been forbidden to a child in the shelter and comforts of a factory, with what sounder reason

may they not be forbidden to it out toiling in the open street in the bitter winds of winter nights?

This legal difference should cease. It is illogical and absurd. Nor can the country afford to allow it to continue; for it cannot afford to be unjust. To allow bad parents to be unjust to their children makes their arbitrariness and worthlessness worse. The law is their highest conscience; its liberties are their righteousness. The beneficial effects of wise and noble laws for the youngest and most helpless in their control will directly tend to their own wisdom and nobility. Nor will the Crown's sound compassion for a child, and righteous severity towards its wrong-doers, be without its effects in establishing, even amongst the worst, some reverence for the throne. Legislators will do well to think of this.

It remains to be said that the proposals are not for the town child alone. Every tramp's child is to be under their protection. No longer will it strain its heart out along the many miles of road it is made to walk. One word in them, "ill-treatment," will practically put a stop to tramping with children under fourteen at least. The "good government of the town" idea simply ordered them and their parents out of the place. If the child was made death-sick, it must be out of the borough—that was all. What is now proposed is to be done for the child. Out of the boundaries of the corporation, it is not out of the jurisdiction of the Crown. Not the suspicions of citizens as to thefts, nor the desire of their eyes to be rid of affecting sights, but the power of a child to suffer—that is the motive.

The Bill is called "A Bill for the Better Prevention of Cruelty to Children." It might be called with equal justice, a Bill for ennobling the sentiments of the basest of the people and for the better government of the land.

BENJAMIN WAUGH.

RECENT CRITICS OF DARWINISM.

AMID the otherwise unanimous acclamations of approval with which the publication of Mr. Darwin's biography has been greeted, two or three notes have been sounded in the press that are strangely and disagreeably out of tune with the general concord. First, there were some articles by the Duke of Argyll in the *Nineteenth Century*; next, some shorter papers and letters by the same writer in *Good Words* and in *Nature*; lastly, a long essay by an anonymous writer in the current number of the *Edinburgh Review*. This list, I think, exhausts the unfriendly criticism to which I have alluded—criticism which, for the most part, is directed against the late Mr. Darwin's philosophy, but also in some measure against his mind and character. I will, therefore, first consider what has been said with regard to the man, and afterwards proceed to deal with the objections which have been urged against his teaching. This division of my subject will require that a sharp distinction should be drawn between the Duke of Argyll on the one hand, and the *Edinburgh* reviewer on the other; for it is the latter alone who deals with the matter of personal character.

Whoever this reviewer may be, he has clearly displayed two features as belonging to his own character. The first is a narrow religious bigotry, which not only prevents him from recognizing any excellencies of thought or feeling beyond the pale of his own theological creed, but even urges him to treat with open scorn the opinion of sincere Churchmen who have displayed with reference to Darwinism any measure of toleration. Here he can only see "a process of canonization, or rather deification," which, "in unworthy compliance with a fashion of the day, has been re-echoed from many a pulpit in so sickening a manner" (pp. 442-3). And, in speaking of "the hostile

and fatal influence to Theism" which, in his opinion, has been exercised by Darwin, he appears to regret that the arch-atheist—whose power for harm has been unequalled "perhaps since the foundation of Christianity itself"—should have been clothed upon with so much of the appearance of an angel of light; for "his many excellent and attractive qualities made his influence all the more disastrous" (p. 434).

A man, who at this time of day can commit himself in print to such statements as these, must obviously be a most incompetent judge of men. Accordingly we find—and this is the second feature in his own disposition to which I have alluded—that he everywhere shows himself miserably incapable of appreciating the character which he undertakes to "portray." In almost every judgment that he expresses on the late Mr. Darwin, whether with reference to intellect or morals, his opinion is seen to bear about the same relation to its object as that of a blind man to the architecture of St. Paul's, or a London 'Arry to the C Minor Symphony. Is it conceivable, for instance, that a more preposterous statement than the following could be made with reference to the founder of the philosophy of evolution, and the reconstructor of the science of biology? "He had not a philosophical mind, but one especially given to detail."* Yet our reviewer has surpassed even this performance, as I will now proceed to show—

"He literally almost deifies those of his friends who were most powerful and influential in the dissemination of his pet hypothesis—so long, that is, as they agreed with him—and thus his praise of them is, in fact, a sort of unconscious self-laudation" (p. 427).

In order "amply to justify these remarks," we are supplied with five quotations from the "Life and Letters," of which the following abbreviations are most to the point:—

"My love of natural science has been steady and constant. This pure love has, however, been much aided by the ambition to be esteemed by my fellow naturalists."†

"I never till to-day realized that it (the 'Origin of Species') was getting widely distributed; for in a letter from a lady to-day to E., she says she heard a man inquiring for it at the railway station at Waterloo Bridge!!! and the bookseller said he had none till the new edition was out."‡

"If you write to Von Baer, for Heaven's sake tell him that we should think one nod of approbation on our side of the greatest value."

"I consider you an incomparably better critic than I am. The article,

* P. 429. Even the characteristically self-disparaging passages, which are complaisantly quoted from Mr. Darwin's own letters in support of this extraordinary statement, are not really to the point. It is perfectly true that he "never succeeded with metaphysics or mathematics." But it is profoundly untrue that metaphysics and mathematics exhaust the field of philosophical generalization; and whatever may be thought about the truth of Mr. Darwin's theories, there cannot be any question as to the grasp of generalizing power which they display—a grasp all the more remarkable from having been so conscientiously controlled by those instincts of verification in which his present critic can only see "a mind specially given to detail."

† "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin:" Autobiography.

‡ *Ibid.*, ii. p. 330.

though not very clearly written and, poor in parts from want of knowledge, seems to me admirable. . . . Therefore, if you think the article somewhat good, I will write and get permission to publish it as a shilling pamphlet.*

"Your letter has pleased me in many ways in a wonderful degree. . . . What a wonderful man you are to grapple with those old metaphysico-divinity books. It quite delights me that you are going, to some extent, to answer and attack Mivart."†

Now, any one who could adduce these five quotations as the best that could be chosen out of all the multitude of the published letters "ample to justify" the above remarks, is surely writing himself down something other than a judicious critic. If such passages had been chosen to illustrate a rare and a beautiful union of simplicity, candour, modesty, fervour, and generosity, we might well have felt that they had hit their mark. But to adduce them in evidence of "self-laudation," of "deifying friends," &c., is the very acme of the nonsensical. As a matter of fact, and as all the world by this time knows, Mr. Darwin's character in the respects which I have named was so highly exceptional, that it was difficult even for his most intimate friends adequately to realize so extraordinary a combination. And I should have supposed that the very last ideas which could possibly have occurred to any one in connection with this character would have been those of a self-seeking desire for "notoriety," or of a puny-minded intolerance of "opposition." That he was fervidly eager with regard to the "dissemination" of his life's labours, is merely what we ought to expect of a character at once great enough to have performed these labours, and genuine enough to have attained full conviction of a truth before giving that truth to mankind.‡ What the *Edinburgh* reviewer thinks fit to term "a pet hypothesis," has unquestionably proved to be what Mr. Huxley more appropriately calls "the fixed point which the general doctrine of evolution needed in order to move the world." And the mind which was the first to perceive this world-moving power of a new idea would have been despicable indeed, had it taken but a languid interest in the results of publication.

Again, we are told, "Darwin was intensely sensitive to criticism." But no statement could be more untrue. Probably there never was an author who took what may be termed a more impersonal interest in the criticism of his own works. Amid the storms of controversy which the publication of those works aroused, he maintained an attitude of dignified reticence, which was due to a magnanimous unconcern regarding all considerations of personal distinction. Great as was his

* "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," iii. p. 144.

† *Ibid.*, p. 148.

‡ Mr. Darwin once plainly told me that the only considerations which induced him so long to defer publication of his views arose from a sense of responsibility. Not until many years of labour had firmly and irrevocably convinced him of their truth did he feel justified in giving to the world the evidence which he had accumulated.

desire that truth should prevail, it is not conceivable that such desire could have been more entirely dissociated even from the "last infirmity of noble mind." "Sensitive" he certainly was; but it was the sensitiveness of a refined and a generous nature to the coarseness of the coarse, to the malice of the malicious. This is the only kind of sensitiveness that is displayed in the quotations given from his letters by the *Edinburgh Review*; and we may safely defy the reviewer to produce any better evidence of the wretched kind of sensitiveness which he alleges. For neither in anything that Mr. Darwin ever said, nor in anything that he ever wrote, will a trace be found of that petty spirit which this petty critic now seeks to attribute. And when, by way of crowning the falsehood, it is said, "This sometimes led him to consider that only base and unworthy motives could influence those, the force of whose hostile criticisms he really felt," we can only smile at the self-complaisant absurdity of the writer who could add that, *for such a reason*, "articles which appeared in this journal also called forth his resentment."

But I have said enough, and more than enough, on this caricature of a great man by a little one. Even as regards those parts of Mr. Darwin's disposition which are too notoriously good and noble to admit of being pelted at, he adopts the poor expedient of "damning with faint praise;" while the same has to be said of his allusions to the admirable manner in which Mr. Francis Darwin has accomplished a work for which the warmest gratitude of every reader is due.

Passing on, then, from criticisms on Mr. Darwin's character to criticisms on his work, I will here cease to be concerned exclusively with the *Edinburgh Review*. For in this matter the reviewer appears to have derived nearly all his ideas from the Duke of Argyll, and therefore in dealing with the latter I shall also be dealing with the former. One remark, however, of a general kind may here be appropriately made. Seeing that this writer must be totally devoid of any sense of the ludicrous, it is desirable for his own sake that in future he should remember how serious a defect it is under which he thus labours. By so doing he may perhaps learn the expediency of avoiding that tone of lofty authority in matters of science and general reasoning, which has an indescribably comical effect in a man who gives us no ground to suppose that he is worthy of serious attention, either as a naturalist or as a philosopher.

The Duke of Argyll is no whit behind the *Edinburgh Review* in seeking to belittle the value of Mr. Darwin's work in the province of generalization. But in their dealings with this matter both writers have failed to draw a distinction which is unquestionably a distinction of the very first importance—namely, that between the theory of evolution and the theory of natural selection. The proof of evolution

as a fact is one thing; any hypothesis as to its method is obviously quite another. * Now, although both the writers in question adopt the doctrine of evolution, they everywhere identify "Darwinism" with the theory of natural selection alone. By so doing they most unworthily disparage the work of Darwin. Even if all they say touching the futility of natural selection as a theory of the *causes* of evolution were true, the great fact would remain that the name of Darwin is as closely, and almost as individually, connected with the *proof* of evolution, as is the name of Newton with that of gravitation.

No doubt in the firm establishment of the law of evolution, the theory of natural selection was of the highest service; and it is in this relation that it constituted what Mr. Huxley means by the "fixed point which the general doctrine of evolution needed in order to move the world." But, incalculable as the importance of the theory in question has thus proved itself to have been, we must never forget, as the critics whom I am answering forget, that here we have only one side of Darwin's work. The evidence which he accumulated of natural selection as a method is throughout independent of that which he accumulated of evolution as a fact; and any one who ignores the latter on the ground that he deems the former "a muddle," is merely suggesting an appropriate term whereby to designate the condition of his own mind.

But now, in the next place, is it true that this world-moving theory of natural selection is a muddle? If it is so, in what an extraordinary state of muddledom must be the scientific thinking of the nineteenth century! And how wonderful must be the confidence of a man in his own transparency of thought, who, without one note of diffidence or sign of hesitation, can come forward at this time of day with the loud assurance that "the idea" of natural selection is "a muddle," "a bungle," "a mixed metaphor embodying a confusion of alien and incongruous images!"* Far be it from me to complain of alienance of thought, or to hurl the overwhelming weight of united independence against the luckless head of a single dissentient, with a single follower, or of anonymous reputation. But in cases where there is so immense a disproportion between the weights of opposing judgments, it behoves the world that is against him. For by assuming a tone of regard to the contempt towards the unanimous voice of con-temporary science, he can scarcely fail to remind us of the flatteners of the globe and the squarers of the circle.

Moreover, this allusion to authority is necessitated by certain statements which are made both by the Duke and by his follower in the *Edinburgh Review*. For, we are told, the tide of opinion has turned. "Pure Darwinism" has had its day, it is becoming 'old fashioned,' to the *Good Words*, April, 1888, p. 265.

and, like every other heresy, has given birth to children destined to destroy it. We might here exclaim with truth, 'Darwin, the thanes fly from thee.'"* Statements to the same effect, which were previously published by the Duke of Argyll in the *Nineteenth Century*, were emphatically contradicted by Professor Huxley, who can scarcely be regarded as ill informed touching the state of scientific opinion on these matters. But I have quoted the *Edinburgh Review* in the present connection, because the writer there has had the courage to mention certain names in support of his very sweeping statements. Cope, Semper, Poulton, Geddes, Seebohm, Weismann, and Spencer, are the witnesses called in proof of the decay of Darwinian doctrine. Of Spencer I will speak later on. Cope, Semper, Geddes, and Seebohm will be only less surprised than Poulton and Weismann to find themselves quoted in support of the assertion that "Darwinism grew like Jonah's gourd, and like that same 'climbing plant,' it is destined to wither."† For while the first four have merely argued (as Professor Huxley himself has argued, and as Darwin never denied), that any proof of natural selection as an operating principle opens up the *more ultimate problem* as to the *causes* of the variations on the occurrence of which this principle depends, the two latter have not so much concerned themselves with this more ultimate problem. They are, however, both Darwinists of the strictest possible sect. Indeed, they out-Darwin Darwin himself in their allegiance to his doctrine, attaching even more importance to natural selection than was attached to it by their master. We may, therefore, parallel the absurdity of this allusion to Weismann and Poulton by supposing that a Conservative periodical were to adduce the names of Gladstone and Parnell as opposed to the policy of Home Rule. How in the world any writer can have made such a "bungle" I am at a loss to understand; but would recommend to his consideration the sage advice of his friend the Duke: "It is indeed a good idea in all reasoning to remember constantly the limits of our knowledge."‡

Quitting, however, these unfortunate allusions to authority, and with them all the baseless imaginations about flying thanes, &c., let us now examine the actual arguments which are put forward by Mr. Darwin's recent critics in justification of their own views. These arguments are two in number: neither more nor less. And, notwithstanding that their authors so emphatically believe them capable of stemming the whole flood of biological thought, neither of the arguments can claim to be new. They have been before the world for more than twenty years, have been fully considered by every

* *Edinburgh Review*, p. 443.

† *Ibid.*, p. 443. As a matter of fact, the theory of natural selection has never been so luxuriant as it is at the present time: the "climbing plant" which it most resembles is a certain bean, whose growth so greatly astonished even the boy that planted it.

‡ *Good Words*, p. 332.—No one of the writers named has ever questioned natural selection as a factor of organic evolution.

Darwinian who has ever thought upon Darwinism, and are not now presented in any different guise from that which they have always worn. Therefore, if in spite of them the great Darwinian gourd has steadily continued its upward climbing course, we may be forgiven should we now fail to share the confidence of the Duke and the *Edinburgh Review* in the "withering" influence which they are destined to exercise in the immediate future. The two arguments, or objections, are:—

1st. That the theory of natural selection "personified an abstraction." "It was essentially the image of mechanical necessity concealed under the clothes, and parading in the mask, of mental purpose. The word 'natural' suggested Matter, and the physical forces. The word 'selection' suggested Mind, and its powers of choice."*

2nd. That the theory of natural selection essentially depends on the assumption of variations as "fortuitous," or not occurring in fore-ordained, and therefore determinate lines, "prophetic" of future excellencies: this assumption Darwinists are challenged to justify.

Seeing that with regard to both these matters no small confusion seems still to prevail in the popular mind, I am glad that the Duke of Argyll has again presented them in the clear and accentuated style, which, if an adversary may be allowed to say so, never allows the reader to forget that he is in the presence of an orator. I will consider the two points separately.

From one point of view it is no doubt logically accurate to say that natural selection is not a physical cause, or, in the more precise language of Mr. Spencer, that "the words natural selection (or survival of the fittest) do not express a cause in the physical sense."† For natural selection is a term which serves to designate a whole congeries of physical causes taken collectively. Heredity, Variation, Struggle for Existence, each of these principles is a necessary factor in the eventual Survival of the Fittest. And not only so, but no one even of these principles can be properly held to be "a cause in the physical sense." Each of them in turn is a name for a congeries of such causes taken collectively. When, for instance, we speak of "heredity" as a cause, what we mean is that in the complex and obscure physiology of generation there are a number of unknown causes at work, whose joint operation may be summed up under the one general formula, or "law," that offspring tend more or less to resemble their parents and forefathers. Similarly, of course, "variation," and "struggle for existence," are both highly generalized expressions serving to designate large associations of causes, many of which are known in the latter case, while few, if any, can be said to be known in the former.

* *Good Words*, p. 265.

† "Factors of Organic Evolution," p. 41.

Thus we see that the terms "natural selection" and "survival of the fittest," as Mr. Spencer says, "do not express a cause in the physical sense:" *they express a congeries of many congeries of causes.* But to argue from this fact that the principles thus designated *have nothing to do with causation*, is about as absurd as it would be to argue that the House of Commons has nothing to do with legislation, on the ground that laws are really made by some six or seven hundred individual representatives. Therefore, while I quite agree with Mr. Spencer that such a collective designation of physical causes as is embraced by his term "survival of the fittest" should not be allowed to obstruct scientific inquiry touching its component parts, I emphatically protest against the sense in which the Duke appears to have understood him. For he represents Mr. Spencer to have argued that the principle in Nature, which was first discovered by Mr. Darwin, is *not a causal principle at all*; and himself endorses the supposed conclusion in these words: "Natural selection represents no physical causation whatever, except that connected with heredity. Physically it explains the origin of nothing."

Now, supposing for a moment that this were the case, or that "natural selection represents no physical causation whatever,"* must we not ask: What then *does* it represent? Is it a merely poetic simile, which has befooled the nineteenth century to such an extent that well nigh the whole world has now accepted it as a great scientific generalization? Either the theory of natural selection helps to "explain" the origin of species, or else it does not. If it does, then the Duke must be wrong in saying that it "represents no physical causation whatever." If it does not—if "it explains the origin of nothing"—then indeed, as the Duke would have us believe, all the world has been deceived by a "metaphor." Let us seek to justify the wisdom of the world, even at the expense of those who would convict it of so great a folly.

The issue now before us is not one of recent occurrence. In Mr. Darwin's "Life and Letters," p. 33, we read, under date January 22, 1865:—

"I do not plead guilty to the Duke's charge, that I forgot that natural selection means only the preservation of variations which independently arise. I have expressed this in as strong language as I could use, but it would have been infinitely tedious had I on every occasion thus guarded myself. I will cry "peccavi" when I hear of the Duke or you attacking breeders for saying that man has made his improved shorthorns, or pouter pigeons, or bantams. And I could quote still stronger expressions used by agriculturists. Man does make his artificial breeds, for his selective power is of such importance relatively to that of the slight spontaneous variations. But no one will attack breeders for using such expressions, and the rising generation will not blame me."

* I omit the words "except that connected with heredity," because I fail to understand the exception. Surely the facts of variation, of geometrical rate of increase, of consequent struggle for existence, not to mention subordinate features of the theory, are no less representative of "physical causation" than are the facts of heredity.

And again, under date February 23, 1868, he writes:—

"I don't quite see whether I or the writer is in a muddle about man causing variability. If a man drops a bit of iron into sulphuric acid he does not cause the affinities to come into play, yet he may be said to make sulphate of iron. I do not know how to avoid ambiguity."

Mr. Darwin was not a technical logician; but, as was usual with him, he here condenses in a few words the whole logic of the case. To draw this out in a form suited to understandings of less grasp, several pages will be required; and even then I doubt whether it will be possible to conduct every reader safely across the *pons*.

The question is, supposing that the fittest survive, are we entitled to regard survival of the fittest as a cause of the transmutation of species? To answer this question we must first of all define what it is that we mean by a "cause." Obviously, in the present connection, we do not mean "moral cause," or what Reid calls an "efficient cause;" we must be held to mean a "physical cause," or, in more usual terminology, a "natural cause." What then do we mean by a natural cause? I will answer this question from the writings of John Stuart Mill, seeing that he is the authority who has paid most attention to the logic of causation. Among the sundry definitions which he gives of a cause, the following, as far as I know, have not been challenged:

"The cause, then, philosophically speaking, is the sum total of the conditions positive and negative taken together—the whole of the contingencies of every description, which being realized, the consequent invariably follows."*

"I have no objection to define a cause, the assemblage of phenomena, which occurring, some other phenomenon invariably commences, or has its origin."*

This, then, I take to be our definition of a cause, "philosophically speaking." But scientifically speaking, or for the purposes of scientific inquiry, this definition is clearly too comprehensive. Accordingly Mill supplies the following qualification:

"It is seldom, if ever, between a consequent and a single antecedent, that this invariable sequence subsists. It is usually between a consequent and the sum of several antecedents. . . . If we do not, when aiming at accuracy, enumerate all the conditions, it is only because some of them will in most cases be understood without being expressed, or because for the purpose in view they may without detriment be overlooked. . . . In practice, that particular condition is usually styled the cause, whose share in the matter is superficially the most conspicuous, or whose requisiteness to the production of the effect we happen to be insisting on at the moment. . . . However numerous the conditions may be, there is hardly any of them which may not, according to the purpose of our immediate discourse, obtain that nominal pre-eminence."*

Now let us return to Mr. Darwin's illustrations. A man does not cause the affinity between iron and sulphuric acid; but this affinity

* "System of Logic," vol. i. pp. 378-81. Eighth edition.

being one of the "conditions," a man who drops the iron into the acid may be properly said to "make"—or to cause the production of—sulphate of iron. Similarly, in his other illustration of the breeder. The Duke of Argyll had said, "Strictly speaking, therefore, Mr. Darwin's theory is not a theory of the origin of species at all; but only a theory of the causes which lead to the relative success and failure of such new forms as may be born into the world."* In his letter to Sir Charles Lyell Mr. Darwin was able to instance the parallel case of artificial selection. Here, just as in natural selection, the materials on which the selective action operates are "such new forms as may be born into the world;" but, by persistently choosing extreme forms of the same kind in successive generations to propagate, the breeder is able to utilize the conditions of variability and heredity, just in the same way as the chemist is able to utilize the conditions of chemical affinity. No doubt in both cases, "philosophically speaking," the *whole* cause of the artificial production is the sum of *all* the antecedent conditions, *plus* the selective action of the man; but, as we have seen, this does not hinder that, "scientifically speaking," the man in either case may be properly called the cause of producing that which would not have been produced but for his selective agency: this agency is that last and "particular condition" which was required to complete the cause in a philosophical sense, and therefore in a scientific sense is "*styled the cause*," seeing that its "share in the matter is superficially the most conspicuous," and that "it is the agency whose requisiteness to the production of the effect we happen to be insisting on at the moment:" or, as Darwin puts it, "is of such importance *relatively*," &c. Therefore, I say it is unquestionable that the breeder deserves to be regarded as the cause of "such new forms as may be born into the world" in consequence of his selective agency on the parents, quite as much as the chemist deserves to be regarded as the cause of such new combinations as he may bring into the world by his selective agency on the chemical elements.

But there is this difference between the two cases. The chemist produces his sulphate of iron, and there is an end of his causal agency, so far as sulphate of iron is concerned. But the breeder, having produced a desired modification of type (or "combination" of parental "elements") in one generation, has thereby furnished himself with materials for producing a still further modification along the same lines in the next generation. In other words, the selective agency of the breeder is *cumulative*: he is a *continuously operating cause* of organic change along definite lines.

To this analogy between natural selection and artificial selection, considered as causal agencies, I know of only one objection. It is

* Quoted in the "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin" from the *Scotsman* report of the Duke of Argyll's address before the Royal Society of Edinburgh, 1864.

the objection which, as we have already seen, is advanced by the Duke; but as it has been rendered more tersely and clearly by Mr. Spencer (who is approvingly quoted by the Duke), I will here convey it in his words:—

“The tacitly implied Nature which selects, is not an embodied agency analogous to the man who selects artificially; and the selection is not the picking out of an individual fixed on, but the overthrowing of many individuals by agencies which one successfully resists, and hence continues to live and multiply.”*

This passage, I think, will be allowed to present in brief compass the whole objection to the analogy in question. But is not the objection, when thus accurately stated, on the face of it absurd? Taking the last half first, what is the difference, in the present connection, whether the selective agency “picks out” an individual fixed on, or “overthrows” all the individuals not fixed on? All that the causation of the case requires is that there should be *exclusive breeding between the similarly modified individuals*. Whether this exclusive breeding is secured by killing off all other individuals, or by fencing them all out of a field, is plainly immaterial.

Again, as to the first part of the above objection, who ever supposed that “the tacitly implied Nature which selects” is “an embodied agency?” Or who could possibly maintain that, because it is not an *embodied* agency, therefore it cannot be a *causal* agency? Yet, unless this is maintained—or, at least, “tacitly implied”—what becomes of the objection?

Perhaps somewhat less absurd than this objection to the validity of Mr. Darwin’s parallel between natural and artificial selection, is the denial of causal agency in either case. That is to say, while fully recognizing the validity of Mr. Darwin’s parallel, some writers—but not, so far as I know, the Duke of Argyll—deny that the breeder can properly be designated a cause of his artificial breeds. This, of course, is a distinct objection, and as it has been most clearly presented by Professor Schurman in his recently published work, I will render it in his words:—

“Man can do nothing towards the result, except leave the varieties that please him free to breed together. . . . But that simple intervention does not explain the accumulation, any more than the origination, of variations. . . . The breeder’s conscious selection, then, is not the *cause*, but at most the *negative condition*, of the origin of domestic races.”†

Than this statement nothing can be more clear; but, at the same time, can anything be more false? Surely it is the intervention of the breeder which *does* explain the “accumulation” of variations (*i.e.*, of progressive modification of type); for it is only as a direct conse-

* “Factors of Organic Evolution,” p. 41.

† “Ethical Import of Darwinism,” p. 86.

quence of such intervention that the accumulation could possibly take place. If, therefore, such intervention is called but a "negative condition," as distinguished from a "cause," all I can say is I see no distinction between the two terms. If Professor Schurman prefers to regard the butcher as the negative condition to the death of a sheep, rather than as the cause of it, this makes no difference either to the butcher, the sheep, or to the whole logic of the case. And if one result of the butcher's activity is that of preventing the sheep from propagating its kind, it matters not whether we say that he is the cause or the negative condition in thus allowing other sheep to perpetuate, by continuous accumulation, whatever variations he may choose to select. And to deny that the exercise of this power of selection entitles the man to be regarded as a cause of these results, is tantamount to denying that a man can be a cause of *any* result. For it is impossible to point to any one instance of human activity where it may not equally well be urged that the needful arrangement of conditions by man amounts to nothing more than "selecting from the materials given by Nature that on which he wishes her further to operate." Indeed, all that language of this kind amounts to is the limiting of the term "cause" to the inferred activity of what is called the First Cause; for this alone can be posited as originating *de novo*, creating by miracle, and so introducing "materials" *not* previously "given by Nature." But in all cases of what are termed physical causes, it belongs to their very essence that they should be related on all sides to "materials given by Nature." In other words, a physical cause is distinguished from the First Cause—a natural cause from a supernatural one—precisely in this very point, that while the First Cause is supposed to act without condition or limitation, a physical cause is, as Mill defines it, "the sum of all the conditions which together determine the consequent." Now, in the case of breeding cattle, the most important of these "conditions" (and, therefore, the condition which is most entitled to be spoken of as *the* cause) is unquestionably the selective action of the breeder. To call this a merely "negative condition" is to miss the whole distinction between conditions as positive and negative. "Negative conditions"—again to quote Mill, whose exposition of this subject does not appear to me to admit of question—"may be all summed up under one head, namely, *the absence of preventing or counteracting causes.*" Now, could any reasonable man maintain that the selective action of a cattle-breeder is nothing more than the *absence* of a cause *preventing* the development of an artificial breed? Or that the studious selection by many generations of pigeon fanciers is merely the *removal* of certain causes which *counteract* a natural tendency of pigeons to become pouters, fantails, carriers, and the rest? But if such language is plainly seen to be nonsense when

applied to the results of artificial selection, obviously it must be equally so when applied to the results of natural selection. Therefore we must conclude that natural selection, if a true principle in Nature at all, is not merely a negative condition to the process of evolution, but, in the full logical sense of the term, a true cause of it.

Hitherto, I have been going upon the assumption that the variations which occur in organic beings occur in all directions indiscriminately. But of course the case becomes wholly different as soon as it is questioned whether the variations really are thus "accidental" or "spontaneous," in the sense of occurring promiscuously in all directions.* In other words, if it be contended that variations do not thus occur indifferently, but only in definite lines, which "prophetically" tend towards a final consummation in these lines—then, of course, we are in the presence of a totally distinct question. And it is the question that I have marked out as the second which we have to consider.

First, let it be remarked, that, unlike the previous question, this is not a question of logic, but of fact. We have here to determine whether or not there is any actual evidence of variations being restricted to definite lines. That such is the case has been maintained by several naturalists of the first rank. In particular I may mention Louis Agassiz, Nägeli, Asa Gray, Mivart, Seebohm, and Geddes, as more or less highly competent authorities, who have all recorded it as their belief that, in the words of Asa Gray, "the facts, so far as I can judge, do not support the assumption of every-sided and indifferent variations." Even Professor Huxley allows that there is something to be said in favour of this view of the matter. For he is quoted by Professor Schurman as having written: "A whale does not tend to vary in the direction of producing feathers, nor a bird in the direction of producing whalebone." † Elsewhere, indeed, he says: "If variability is definite, and is determined in certain directions rather than in others by conditions inherent in that which varies," even then natural selection would still continue to operate; for "it is quite conceivable that every species tends to produce varieties of a limited number and kind, and that the effect of natural selection is to favour the development of

It is almost needless to remark that Mr. Darwin has himself very carefully guarded the meaning which he attaches to such terms. He expressly says that he implies variations due to unknown causes, which, however, are taken to be "accidental" to the needs of the organism, and therefore to the "purposes" of natural selection—just as the shapes of broken stones are accidental to the selective purposes of the builder. The late Professor Asa Gray has used the term "omniferous" with regard to variations of this kind, and perhaps it is somewhat less ambiguous than the words "accidental," "fortuitous," "spontaneous," &c.

* Critiques and Addresses, p. 298.

some of these, while it opposes the development of others."* It must be obvious, however, that in whatever measure there may be such a tendency to produce varieties of a limited number and kind, in that measure is the causative influence of natural selection limited; it is in this measure supplemented by some cause, or causes, of another kind.

Here then we are in the presence of a most important question, in fact, the most important question with reference to the amount of causative action that is to be assigned to the principle of natural selection. And, as I have already said, it is a question, not of logic, or even of speculation, but simply a question of fact. Do we or do we not find evidence of variation taking place in definite lines, irrespective of any question of selective survival? Well, my own answer to this question is as follows.

No one, I think, can dispute that Professor Huxley is standing on a solid basis of fact where he says that whales do not vary in the direction of producing feathers, or birds in the direction of producing whalebone. But so bald a statement as this appears to me useless. Both feathers and whalebone are the results of enormously prolonged evolution in widely different lines of descent. It would, therefore, be nothing short of miraculous if anything resembling a feather should ever appear upon a whale, or anything resembling whalebone upon a bird. In answering the question before us we must have regard to the initial variations in which such highly specialized and long-elaborated structures may be supposed to have had their respective origins. Now, as regards whalebone at all events, we have exceedingly good reason to suppose that these initial variations, consisted in a gradual increase of the rugosities, or parallel rows of papillæ, which occur in the mouths of some existing quadrupeds—in particular the giraffe, where they are largest. But, if this was the origin of whalebone, we also have a fully comparable state of matters in the bills of certain birds, especially the ducks, which use them as strainers in the same way as the whales use their whalebone. So that here there is nothing remarkable in natural selection having slowly developed whalebone (where alone it could be of any use) out of promiscuous variations of these lamellæ—variations which in all other lines of mammalian descent would have been allowed to remain unmodified; and to expect that in any of these lines of mammalian descent those lamellæ should ever display a tendency to resemble the fully elaborated structure of whalebone, would be tantamount to expecting the sudden appearance in one line of descent of the results of natural selection in another line of descent, where we know, from the age of the Cetacea, that it must have been operating through hundreds of generations. And, of course, similar remarks would

* *Encyclop. Brit.*, article "Evolution."

apply to the case of feathers, which are quite as highly-specialized and long-elaborated structures as whalebone.

To deal with the important question before us, therefore, we must fasten attention exclusively upon incipient variations, or variations as they occur *de novo* in first generations.

Now I request any teleologist to produce evidence that such incipient variations ever exhibit any particular tendency to occur in definite lines—still less in lines suggestive of any ultimate “purpose.” And I make this request because it clearly rests with the teleologist to furnish some such justification of his belief, that the causative influence of natural selection is supplemented (either wholly or partly) by some causative influence of another and ulterior kind, which is supposed to furnish variations only in definite, not to say “prophetic,” lines. Yet I make this request well knowing that it cannot be complied with. For, notwithstanding the opinions expressed by Asa Gray, Nägeli, and the others, no one has hitherto been able to point to any instance of incipient variations thus tending to occur only in definite lines; while, on the other hand, the success of breeders and horticulturists furnishes overwhelming proof that variations occur in such a number of directions (even within the limits of a single species), that they may practically be regarded as “omniferous.” The Duke of Argyll, therefore, is dialectically in the wrong when he challenges Darwinists to prove that initial variations are indeterminate. The burden of proof lies with him to show that they are determinate. For the Darwinist can point to the results of “artificial selection” unquestionably to demonstrate that, in our domesticated plants and animals, variation is so far omniferous as to lend itself to all the morphological changes in divergent lines which have been produced by the continuous, or cumulative, selection of the horticulturist and the breeder. Why, then, are we to suppose that in the case of wild species the principles of variation are different? If they are so, it remains with anti-Darwinians to prove the fact.

In view of these considerations, I feel there is no escape from the matured conclusion of Mr. Darwin, with which, therefore, I will now take leave of this branch of our subject.

“Did He ordain that the crop and tail feathers of the pigeon should vary in order that the fancier might make his grotesque pouter and fantail breeds? Did He cause the frame and mental qualities of the dog to vary in order that a breed might be formed of indomitable ferocity, with jaws fitted to pin down the bull for man's brutal sport? But if we give up the principle in the one case—if we do not admit that the variations of the primeval dog were intentionally guided in order that the greyhound, for instance, that perfect image of symmetry and vigour, might be formed—no shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations, alike in nature and the result of the same general laws, which have been the groundwork through natural selection of the formation of the most perfectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were

intentionally and specially guided. However much we may wish it, we can hardly follow Professor Asa Gray in his belief that 'variation has been led along certain beneficial lines,' like a 'stream 'along definite and useful lines of irrigation.' "•

Only one other matter remains to be dealt with; but this, if I mistake not, is a matter of considerable importance in relation to popular prejudices on the subject of Darwinism. Both the Duke of Argyll and the *Edinburgh Review* expressly base their invective against natural selection on the ground of its anti-theistic implications. Now, without waiting to inquire into the wisdom of bringing considerations of a theological kind to bear upon any theory of a scientific kind, my object is to show that these considerations, even as such, are brought to bear against the wrong forces. In other words, the Duke of Argyll has mistaken his enemy. It is not the theory of natural selection in particular, but the theory of natural evolution in general that he ought to have attacked, if his attack is to be directed with anything like a logical aim.

Supposing, for the sake of argument, that the Duke had succeeded in utterly demolishing the theory of natural selection, and, as a consequence of his annihilative criticism, that all evolutionists were unanimously to abandon this theory to-morrow. What would be the effect of so great a change in its relation to Theism? As regards the logic of the matter, there would be absolutely no effect. For the change would merely amount to a general agreement among evolutionists that hitherto they had been mistaken with regard to one of the previously suggested "factors of organic evolution," which had now been proved not to have been one of the factors. The change would in no way tend to further the teleological argument which the Duke is seeking to befriend. For so long as he admits (as he does admit) that all specific forms of life have been the products of a gradual development—or of a genetic transmutation according to so-called "natural laws"—it can make no jot of difference, so far as the argument from final causes is concerned, *in what proportion* these results may have been due to this, that, or the other among secondary causes. In short, it is not merely natural selection, but *natural causation* that the Duke must get rid of, if he is to sustain the pre-Darwinian form of the "Argument from Design."

This, indeed, he appears himself in some measure to have perceived. For, after having told us in the *Nineteenth Century* that Mr. Spencer had made a "Great Confession" touching the inadequacy of natural selection as a *sole* cause of organic evolution, he proceeds to complain of this great confession that, after all, it only

* "Variation of Plants and Animals under Domestication," vol. ii. pp. 427-8. I may here refer any one who is specially interested in this question to a correspondence upon it between the late Professor Asa Gray and myself in the pages of *Nature*, extending from January 25 to May 31, 1883.

amounts to a "little contention," "such a small rebellion," "some bit of Bumbledom, which has neither independence nor novelty." Moreover, "the idea was familiar to and admitted by" Mr. Darwin, with whose "more general conception it was strictly congruous and harmoniously subordinate."* Surely here is indeed a great confession; but it is not on the side of the Duke? With an imposing flourish Mr. Spencer is brought forward to curse the ranks of the Darwinians, and lo, he ends by blessing them altogether!

But even this is not all. "I have elaborated this criticism," Mr. Spencer wrote, "with the intention of emphasizing the need for studying the changes which have gone on, and are ever going on, in organic bodies, from an exclusively physical point of view."† In other words, his "rebellion" against natural selection is undertaken for *precisely the opposite object* to that which the Duke has in view: Mr. Spencer has elaborated his criticism, not in order to show that Darwinism is too "materialistic," but in order to show that *it is not materialistic enough*. "He goes himself into the confessional," we are told; but what is it that he confesses? He confesses merely that hitherto he has himself failed, as in his opinion Mr. Darwin also failed, adequately to express in words or phrases the purely mechanical nature of all causation within the region of life and of mind. Here, then, is surely a most extraordinary spectacle. A priest finds a repentant sinner in "the confessional," and the only contrition expressed by the penitent is, that hitherto his sin has not been sufficiently sinful. Then, instead of ejecting his penitent as an impostor, the priest calls upon us all to rejoice, for that a notorious infidel has indeed made a great confession!

This, however, is by the way. Mr. Spencer has already replied on his own behalf,‡ and shown that the "Great Confession" attributed to him amounts to nothing more than a Great Confusion on the part of his critic. What I have now to make clear is that in one of its aspects this great confusion involves a confounding of natural selection with natural causation. The author of "The Reign of Law" is not satisfied with the "cosmo-theology" of Baden-Powell,§ *alias* the "wider teleology" of Professor Huxley,|| which would save the Argument from Design (if it is to be saved at all) by placing it upon the order of Nature as a whole. He prefers to rest in the argument as this was presented by Paley, who, ignoring the agency of physical causes, expressly took his stand upon what is either the truism or the untruth that "there cannot be contrivance without a contriver." It is needless to say that the "wider teleology" is really the more

* *Nineteenth Century*, January, 1888. † "Factors of Organic Evolution," pp. 42, 3.

‡ *Nineteenth Century*, February, 1888. § "Essays and Reviews."

"Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," vol. ii. p. 201.

ancient, or that the narrower arose from an implied belief in the special creation of organic types. All I am now concerned with is to remark, in the language of Professor Huxley, that "the teleology which supposes that the eye, such as we see it in man, or in any of the higher Vertebrata, was made with the precise structure it exhibits, for the purpose of enabling the animal which possesses it to see, has undoubtedly received its death-blow.* The reason of this change is that the natural causation of the eye is no longer wrapped in hopeless mystery, but has begun to become intelligible through the theory of natural selection, and therefore to take its place among all other phenomena of the universe as one in kind with them. This change seems to the Duke anti-theistic; the Darwinian theory he regards as "mechanical." And mechanical the Darwinian theory unquestionably is, though whether on this account it must also be regarded as anti-theistic is another question, and one upon which opinions are reasonably divided. But that it is mechanical there can be, as I have said, no question. *And the reason why it is mechanical is because it seeks to explain biological phenomena by natural causes.* Therefore the quarrel which our author has with natural selection he has with it in its capacity as a natural cause; therefore, also, he feels that nothing is really gained by Mr. Spencer's "small rebellion" against natural selection, seeing that Mr. Spencer's only object is that of supporting another cause equally natural—namely, the Lamarckian principle of Use and Disuse; and therefore, lastly, he seeks to show that natural selection is not really a cause at all, but "a mere phrase," a "metaphor," and so on.

This, then, I say, is the great confusion; the Duke mistakes his antagonist. Furiously he assails natural selection as a cause on account of its being mechanical: he does not perceive that any other natural cause, or combination of natural causes, must be equally so. Granted the theory of organic evolution by natural causes, and it can make no possible difference in relation to teleology by what particular natural causes the results may have been brought about. The proof of such evolution as a fact, which the Duke accepts, carries with it the whole position which he is endeavouring to defend. In short, the quarrel which he has with natural selection he has with it, not *quod selection*, but *quod natural*; and, therefore, it is not against this theory in particular, but against the theory of evolution in general that his attack must be directed, if, as I have before said, it is to be directed with any logical aim.

But the proof of evolution as a fact, in contradistinction to natural selection as a cause, is too overwhelming to admit of question even at the hands of the Duke of Argyll. In conclusion, therefore,

* "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," vol. ii. p. 201.

let us ask, What is the logical relation of this fact to the theory of Design?

Clearly, in the first place, this fact reduces all the phenomena of organic nature to the same category of physical causation as those of inorganic nature. The "mechanisms" which are so much admired in living organisms must be held to have been the results of agencies themselves as "mechanical" as those which "pre-determine" the rain to fall, or "adapt" the rivers and the lakes to their several beds and basins. But now, whether these wonderful mechanisms, so innumerable in organic nature, are to be attributed to survival of the fittest, or to other and hitherto unsuggested principles of a natural order, the question still and equally remains open whether behind such causes of a physical kind there may not be a *causa causarum* of a psychical kind. For it may very well be that unless they were themselves ordained by a disposing mind, these physical causes could neither have come into existence, nor afterwards have conspired to produce, by their combined activity, an orderly cosmos. All that is done by the theory of natural selection, or by any other possible theory of a scientific kind, is to suggest, with more or less probability, a *modus operandi*: but who, or what, it may be that is ultimately concerned in the energising of the process, is a question which natural science can never be in a position to answer. All, therefore, that is done by Science when, at each successive stage of her progress, she furnishes natural explanations of phenomena previously attributed to miraculous interventions, is to throw back the question of Design from the facts immediately observed to the causes subsequently discovered. And there the question must be left by Science, to be taken up by Philosophy.

Now, looking to the long series of historical parallels in the past, Philosophy has ceased to be surprised when a new case of this kind is referred to her decision by any of the lower courts of Natural Science. And those who are nowadays qualified to occupy her bench have so fully learnt to anticipate such appeals, that they look forward with confidence to the time when all cases where any question of teleology is concerned will require to be tried within her precincts—when all men will recognize that no question of teleology can be heard on the merits of mere phenomena, however wonderful; but only on those of the Causes of Things in their relation to that Final Mystery of Things, which, whatever be its nature, is presumably as much concerned in the fall of a sparrow as in the destruction of a world.

GEORGE J. ROMANES.

THE INVASION OF PAUPER FOREIGNERS.

A SELECT COMMITTEE of the House of Commons has recently been appointed to inquire into the immigration of foreign paupers. The subject is one fraught with difficulty, owing to the absence of any published returns of such immigration, and the following remarks are penned, partly in the hope of lightening the labours of the Committee, but chiefly by way of reply to an article * by Mr. Arnold White under the above heading.

The gist of the article in question lies in the proposition that the time has now come for the British Government "to stem the rising tide of foreign pauper immigration."

This appeal for State intervention involves questions of grave import: it means nothing less than complete reversal of a portion of our domestic policy; it trenches upon the dangerous borderland of international comity. And yet it will be readily conceded that the stress and strain of existence may become so acute that some restraints upon immigration—harsh and inhospitable though they must always be—will become an absolute necessity for the commonwealth. Movements of population are, without doubt, of far too great importance to be left to their own internal motives and caprices: emigration and immigration alike should be the care of the statesman, and be regulated in accordance with the exigencies of the economic situation. Has such a case, then, of absolute necessity yet arisen, and if so, what evidence does Mr. White adduce in support of this conclusion? What are his statistics? On what does he found his arguments?

As regards statistics, none are given; indeed, he does not appear to attach any particular value to them; the question, he says, is not how many immigrants there are, but what is the effect produced by

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* In the *Nineteenth Century* for March last.

those who actually settle among us. He is content to rest his case upon a statement by Mr. Burnett in his well-known report upon the sweating system, upon a remark by Dr. Herman Adler that immorality is spreading amongst immigrant Jewesses, and upon a passage in the report of the Jewish Board of Guardians, published in February 1887.

Mr. Burnett says "that the influx of pauper foreigners (chiefly, as he explains, German and Russian Jews) has flooded the labour market of the East-end of London with cheap labour to such an extent as to reduce thousands of native workers to the verge of destitution." Had the labour correspondent of the Board of Trade known how vast a superstructure of argument would be raised on the basis of this paragraph, it may well be doubted if he would have couched it in such general terms. The sting of the statement lies in the word "pauper," for Mr. White would probably hesitate to invoke legislation against foreign immigrants, apart from the question of pauperism. Now, with all the deference due to Mr. Burnett's opinion, his views on this point are open to the following criticism. They are, in the first place, contrary to his wont, uncorroborated: this may arise, either from lack of evidence, or possibly because the subject was conceived to lie somewhat outside the scope of his inquiry; in the second place, they are opposed to the experience of other competent authorities.

The popular notion regarding the immigration of aliens into London appears to be that these aliens are mostly Jews, whose habits are degraded, and who are the inventors of the sweating system. Even Mr. White states boldly that the majority of the pauper immigrants are of the Hebrew faith. Now the Jewish Board of Guardians is undoubtedly brought into contact with all Semitic arrivals of the absolutely pauper class. They become acquainted with their trades and tabulate carefully their nationality. The annual reports issued by the Board present a noble record of unceasing charitable effort to cope with surrounding distress. To those who are disposed to cavil at the conclusions arrived at in these reports, or to hint that the Board is prone to take a biased view by reason of sympathy with co-religionists, it is sufficient to reply that in each case chapter and verse is given, and statistical evidence supplied in support of allegations. This body of gentlemen, then, have placed on record the following, amongst other opinions (see reports for last three years):—

1. That Jewish immigrants do not appear to arrive in any greater proportion than non-Jewish.
2. That but few of such Jewish immigrants arrive in a state of actual destitution.
3. That during the past year there has been a marked decrease among the Jewish immigrant poor.

Reserving heads (1) and (3) for subsequent consideration, and fixing our attention upon statement (2), it is apparent that the Board are at issue with Mr. Burnett regarding the pauperism or non-pauperism of the incoming Jewish aliens. Upon this point it is worthy of note, that the Board alluded to have laid down the rule of refusing assistance to any applicant unless he has been domiciled in this country for at least six months.* Unable, therefore, to obtain relief from this quarter, it would appear that any immigrant who was pauper upon his arrival would necessarily become a charge upon the ratepayers of the locality selected by him. But this, as will be shown hereafter, is not found to be the case. The pauper question, though lying in a small compass, is of importance, because, in any measure restrictive of immigration, the only test that has been hitherto suggested is the ability of the intended immigrant to take care of himself or herself without becoming a public charge. That such is the nature of the test imposed by the Act of Congress passed in 1882, Mr. Bayard, Secretary of State at Washington, when writing to Sir P. Sackville-West, on May 7, 1887, expressly asserts, and moreover makes the following noteworthy remark: "The mere fact of poverty has never been regarded as an objection to an immigrant, and a large part of those who have come to our shores have been persons who relied for support solely upon the exercise of thrift and manual industry; and to such persons, it may be said, the development of the country has in a large extent been due."

Turning again to the report of the Jewish Board of Guardians published in February last, we find at page 17 a summary of certain facts contained in the Blue Book for 1887 on the Immigration Question, which are also at variance with Mr. Burnett's views regarding the amount of destitution produced amongst native workers by the influx of Semitic paupers: the summary referred to, together with the comments of the Board upon it, runs as follows:—

"The most important document which was published last year on the Immigration Question was the Blue Book containing the Government Report on the Condition of the Working Classes, some few facts of which here call for review. It was found that of the total number of 29,451 of that class interviewed, only 5 per cent. had been born abroad; and in only two groups of trades, viz., those of tailors and sugar-bakers, did the foreigners outnumber the natives, and in only four groups was the proportion of the former to the latter more than 9 per cent.; of these four, that of sugar-bakers showed the highest proportion of foreigners, but in this calling few Jews are employed. Two other groups, viz., those of tailors and tobacco workers, include trades in which Jews are very largely occupied; but the boot-making trade, which is likewise so largely followed by them, showed a comparatively low proportion of only 16 per cent. of foreigners. When distinguishing between those in work and those seeking employment the inquiry indicated the highest averages of

* The "Poor Jews' Temporary Shelter" in Whitechapel receives new arrivals for fourteen days only, but the bulk of those using it only remain a week, and many are en route for America.

unemployed in trades in which the Jews are 'little engaged,' and to some extent refuted the constant complaint of the greater ease with which foreigners are enabled to find employment when competing with natives, by the production of figures which proved that, whilst 66 per cent. of the latter were in regular work, only 44 per cent. of the former were found to be so. Proceeding to abstract the particular facts which bear on recent immigration, it is seen that only nine per thousand of the working classes interviewed had been resident in London under one year. The Government inquiry extended over four typical parishes, of which, however, as containing any appreciable number of Jews, only St. George's-in-the-East needs special comment here. In this parish, of the 2222 unemployed, only 31 persons had been here less than a year; and, of the 3908 in work, only 41 of them had arrived during that period, thus showing simply a total influx of 72 for a whole twelvemonth. When the figures of the parish are further dissected, so as to set forth the four trades to which the Jewish immigrant poor generally flock, the following result is arrived at:—

Trades of foreigners.	Number out of work.	Number in work.	Number out of work who had been here less than a year.	Number in work who had been here less than a year.
Tailors . .	89	279	3	6
Bootmakers	26	139	0	4
Cigarmakers	18	33	1	0
Hawkers . .	7	92	1	0

"There can be only one conclusion drawn from the above, which is, that the effect of recent immigration, so far as the Jews are concerned, has been enormously exaggerated."

Yet one more extract as to the effect of the presence of foreign poor upon wages, from a letter addressed in 1887 to the Committee of Guardians of the Whitechapel Union, and contained in their report of last year. A firm of boot and shoe manufacturers writes as follows:—

"We do not think that foreign labour affects British labour to any great extent, if at all, as we find that foreign workmen do work which British workmen do not do, or have not done. For instance, we find that a certain kind of dancing shoes are made by foreign workmen at a very low price. Formerly this kind of cheap shoes were not made at all in England, but through these poor workmen making them they have, as it were, opened a new trade which employs these immigrants in conjunction with British workmen, as the leather for these articles is manufactured in England by skilled British labour, and so we could give you several instances. To answer your question (1) to the point, we do not think that foreign labour affects *British skilled mechanics* in the least, nor does it affect unskilled labour to any great extent, as we do not think that the foreign immigrant is suitable for the work that a great many of the unskilled labourers adopt—take, for instance, the dock labourers, if immigration was entirely stopped we do not think it would affect them in the least; (2) we think that they *do* lessen the cost to the purchaser of those articles in the special trades they embark in; (3) they certainly increase the production of our trade, through which more skilled British labour is employed in that part of the trade in which skilled labour is required."

Upon this branch of the subject the evidence that is available points to two conclusions—

(a) That in certain trades, notably that of "slop" tailors, boot-makers, and bakers, the foreign element has of late years increased.

(b) That this foreign element is a distinct source of profit to the nation.

As regards tailors, the number of foreigners is estimated as 60 per cent., or even 80 per cent., of the whole of that body, and 18,000 or 20,000 of such foreigners appear to be employed in the manufacture of cheap clothing, or "slops," in East London.

With reference to the boot and shoe trade, the chief officer of the Boot and Shoe Rivetters and Finishers' Society in London considers that, in and around Whitechapel, Spitalfields, and Petticoat Lane, there must be 3000 or 4000 persons, chiefly foreign Jews, employed under sweaters in this industry. Both these departments of labour are under the domination of what is styled "the sweating system." An examination of that "system" is foreign to the scope of this paper, and is moreover unnecessary, owing to the detailed account of its working recently given by many competent observers. Of the baker industry, it is sufficient to say that it is largely recruited from the ranks of non-Semitic Germans, who are engaged because they are cheaper and have a better knowledge of fermentation.

Reverting to the question of cheap tailoring, the following points present themselves:—

First, that labour in this trade is worked and paid for in accordance with the law of supply and demand. It is undoubtedly true that the foreigner will take less wages than a native worker, and, owing to his low standard of existence, can maintain himself upon what would mean starvation to an Englishman. The British workman, indeed, even if he could keep body and soul together upon the miserable pittance that the alien is ready to accept, would refuse to take this exiguous dole: he would feel himself degraded by so doing, and the sentiment would be a right one. The competition, however, which forces down the "slop" tailor's earnings to their mean and miserable level, enables the native worker to clothe himself at cheaper rates. An attentive observer cannot fail to notice in these days a marked improvement in the apparel, not only of the more highly paid artisan, but also of the unskilled labourer.

The *second* point that forces itself upon our notice is the enormous volume of our export trade in ready-made clothing that has gradually been developed under the sweating system. Without giving the full table of statistics presented by Mr. Burnett, it will suffice to state that the total exports of last year, under the head of "apparel and slops," amounted to £3,902,211, of which no less than £2,606,447 were from the Port of London alone. It may be taken for granted that in default of her supply of cheap foreign labour England would be unable to keep up this export trade, and that legislation by way of

restrictions upon immigration would simply have the result, to use the words of Mr. Schloss, "of making a gift of our exports of 'slop' clothes to Germany, which already carries on a considerable foreign trade in those articles, and which, while her protective system excludes English materials from the German market, would be only too ready to supplant us in all the markets of the world, by the substitution for English goods of garments made in Germany by German cheap labour and of German cloth."

Is it better, in fine, to buy cheap clothes from the Continent, or to make them here cheap and export the surplus that you do not need? Unless you forbid both the entry of cheap goods and cheap labour you will be in a worse plight than now, for if you only forbid cheap labour you throw the cheap goods trades into other hands. The sentimentalist may scoff at this style of argument, but the economist will probably consider it not unworthy of notice.

So, again, as regards the other "sweated" industry alluded to—that of the boot trade—official returns show that, previous to the year 1884, boots and shoes similar to those now made by our "sweated" boot finishers, were imported into this country in large quantities from abroad, chiefly from France. Since the development of the "sweated" boot trade which, within the last few years, has grown up in East London, this importation, as Mr. Schloss remarks, has been reduced in amount by more than one-third.

The exact figures on the subject are as follows:—

Numbers of dozen pairs of boots and shoes imported into England from France.

1884.	1885.	1886.
53,437	44,632	39,706

"It appears [says Mr. Schloss] to be beyond doubt that the decrease in the importation of French 'sew-rounds' and ladies' boots is in a large measure attributable to the fact that these goods are now being manufactured by the Jewish boot-finishers in East London." Then, again, it is certain that the work thus produced by the more unskilled labour of the "sweated" Jews leads to a considerable increase of employment on the part of a large body of well-paid and skilled English workers in this trade. The boot clickers and closers, for example, the tanners and others employed in the leather trade, are all Englishmen, in receipt of fairly good wages, and subject to reasonable hours of work. Mr. White's taunt, therefore, levelled at the immigrant Hebrews of the present day, that they contrast unfavourably with the refugees of former times, who were a source of material profit and pecuniary advantage to the State, would seem to have been uttered too hastily, and to be unwarranted by facts.

But, says Mr. White, the ratepayers in certain districts of London are now spending their money on the support of pauper foreigners. It is not apparent upon what evidence this allegation is founded, nor

yet from what source is derived the further allegation that the Whitechapel Union in 1887 "extended the hospitality of the parish to 340 foreigners." No such statement appears in the report of the Whitechapel Union published in 1887. Page 1 of that document, on the other hand, contains the following sentence:—"The statistics of pauperism within the Whitechapel Union do not enable the committee to affirm, with any positiveness, that the burdens of the ratepayers have, to any material extent, been increased by the incursion of foreign poor into this district."

The committee, moreover, append a table to their report, showing that on the 7th day of July, 1887, there were exactly fourteen foreign males and nine foreign females in their workhouse or infirmary; and Mr. Vallance, the clerk of the union in question, at a recent interview with the writer, was unable to add anything to the statement of his Board upon this point. When it is borne in mind that Whitechapel is one of the districts most affected by the Semitic community, the foregoing evidence is pregnant with importance.

Mr. White states further—and here he touches firmer ground—that the foreign Jews are filthy in their lives, and present a substantial similarity to the Mongolian type of character. Now there seems to be a consensus of opinion as to the squalid habits and insanitary existence of the Jewish aliens. There may even be a faint analogy between the indigent Pole and the pauper Mongolian. Mr. Charles Booth, indeed, whose acquaintance with matters relating to the East-end of London is undisputed, has not such an evil opinion of these exiles as Mr. White entertains. In his paper, read before the Royal Statistical Society in 1887, he draws attention to the meek and patient endurance with which they live their hard lives, and their "ready obedience to law." "All round," he writes, "these people have the characteristics of their race, good and bad; laborious and frugal to a fault; well schooled in the science of how to live on next to nothing, rising early and working late, they, as their numbers increase, elbow out their less thrifty Gentile fellow-workers. They show strong family affection, and the bond of race and clan creates exclusiveness." This is not such a very degraded class of being after all; but, let it be granted that they are all that Mr. White asserts, how does their character bear upon the question under discussion? That question—the only question, as Mr. White puts it—is whether the existing pauper immigration is sufficient to constitute a present danger to the community. Contrary to the views expressed by Mr. White, the writer is of opinion that comparative statistics present the only safe method of dealing with this subject. Ingenious deductions may be drawn from this or that isolated paragraph in records or reports, but the foundation of the argument so deduced will always be shifting and uncertain.

Are there, then, any statistics of the immigration of aliens into England from European ports?

There is no official record published of such immigration, the returns issued yearly by the Board of Trade only dealing with immigration to this country from places out of Europe. The present writer has, however, lit upon certain public documents which appear to afford satisfactory evidence of the amount and nature of the immigration into the port of London from the Continent.

The documents alluded to are the "Alien Lists," compiled under the provisions of Act 6 William IV. c. 11, being an Act for the Registration of Aliens. Section 2 of that statute runs as follows:—

"The master of every vessel which shall arrive from foreign parts shall, immediately on his arrival, declare in writing to the chief officer of the Customs, whether there is, to the best of his knowledge, any alien on board his vessel, and whether any alien hath, to his knowledge, landed therefrom at any other place; and shall in his said declaration specify the number of aliens (if any) on board his vessel, or who have to his knowledge landed therefrom, and their names, rank, occupation, and description, as far as he shall be informed thereof," &c. &c.

The rest of the section is merely concerned with the infliction of a fine upon the master who refuses or neglects to make such declaration.

The declarations in question are termed "Alien Lists," and contain the date, port of departure, name, occupation, and native country of each immigrant. These documents, after being received at the Custom House, are forwarded weekly to the Home Office, and there filed. By the courtesy of the latter department, every facility for inspecting and analyzing them was conceded to the writer.

In former times the entry of aliens into the realm was watched with jealousy, not so much from fear lest they should supplant the native workmen, as from a dread of their hatching plots against the throne. The "Alien Lists" seem to date from the fifty-sixth year of George III., and in the time of his successor there was an Alien Office, to which these returns are by 7 Geo. IV. c. 54, directed to be forwarded. After the abolition of this Alien Office the custody of these documents devolved upon the Home Office, and, as the papers in question threatened to become unwieldy in bulk, and appeared to serve no useful purpose, the practice has prevailed of only retaining those filed during the preceding five years. No register is kept of these returns, either in the Customs or Home Department, nor is any abstract made of their contents.

An examination of them, however, discloses—

(a) That, even as now compiled, they afford valuable evidence regarding the immigration of the poorer class of aliens into the port of London.

(b) That by a stricter enforcement of the terms of the Act, they would supply accurate information regarding foreign arrivals at every port of the United Kingdom.

The Jewish Board of Guardians find that, with few exceptions, the port of departure of their indigent co-religionists is Hamburg, their country of origin being Germany, Poland, or Russia. This fact is of importance in estimating the value of the "Alien Lists," as the returns of aliens from the port of Hamburg, in particular, are especially full, and evidently made with care. The words of the statute under which these returns are required are, it will be observed, wide enough to impose an obligation of declaring his alien passengers upon the master of every vessel arriving from foreign parts at any English port, but in actual fact these declarations are only made by the masters of vessels arriving at the port of London.

This statement must be qualified in respect to the port of Hull, from whence regular returns are sent of aliens en route to America, *via* Liverpool, who have started from various European ports, but chiefly from Gottenburg, Hamburg, Christiana, and Copenhagen. Inasmuch, however, as these aliens are only *in transitu* they may be dismissed from present consideration, although an interesting point may arise regarding the extent to which they affect the tables published by the Board of Trade that deal with the numbers of foreign emigrants from this country. It will be sufficient to note here that—

In 1885 they amounted to	28,775
" 1886 " " "	44,555
" 1887 " " "	55,593

Returning now to a consideration of the results furnished by the "Alien Lists," so far as they bear upon immigration to the port of London, it will be convenient to state in the first place the chief ports of departure disclosed by these documents. These ports are Hamburg, Bremen, Gottenburg, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Christiana, Antwerp, Copenhagen, Bremerhaven, and Dunkirk. Amongst these Hamburg predominates, and as a port of departure for London probably bears about the same relation to the ports of the Continent that Liverpool bears to our other ports in respect of emigration from the United Kingdom. The writer has examined the "Alien Lists" for the last three years, and the conclusions presented by them give emphatic corroboration to the opinions of the Jewish Board of Guardians, previously quoted, to the effect that Jewish immigrants do not appear to arrive in any greater proportion than non-Jewish, and that during the past year there has been a marked decrease in the Jewish immigrant poor. If it be asked in what way it is possible to identify the Semitic alien, the answer is that (a) in most cases the full names of the immigrants are given, and the Jacobs, Abrahams, Samuels, Isaacs, Davids, Simons, Isidors, Josephs, and Rachels, to say

nothing of such names as Moses and Elias, are undoubtedly distinctive of Hebrew origin; (b) in many cases the aliens are described as Jews; (c) whenever any doubt arose, the benefit of it was given against the immigrant being a Gentile. This latter proceeding may not be a sound process of reasoning, but it will, at all events, show that the number of the incoming Jews is hardly likely to have been understated. To proceed to details.

In 1885 the aliens that were declared at the port of London amounted to 8202. The proportion of arrivals per month was as follows:—

1885	
<i>First half-year.</i>	<i>Second half-year.</i>
January 358	July 736
February 654	August 954
March 555	September 705
April 562	October 806
May 714	November 752
June 950	December 406
	<hr/>
3793	4409

Out of the sum total of 8202 the number of Jews was 2348.

In 1886 the aliens that were declared at the port of London amounted to 8120, the proportion of arrivals per month being as follows:—

1886.	
<i>First half-year.</i>	<i>Second half-year.</i>
January 391	July 878
February 456	August 1,129
March 600	September 897
April 763	October 782
May 786	November 608
June 364	December 466
	<hr/>
3360	4760

For this year, out of the sum total of 8120, the number of Jews was 3089.

In 1887 the aliens declared at the port of London amounted to 7555, the proportion of monthly arrivals being as follows:—

1887.	
<i>First half-year.</i>	<i>Second half-year.</i>
January 268	July 1,036
February 359	August 802
March 470	September 895
April 436	October 642
May 958	November 591
June 736	December 362
	<hr/>
3227	4328

Out of the sum total of 7555 only 1856 were Jews.

With regard to the nationality of the Jewish immigrants, it is possible that the returns may be untrustworthy, the rough divisions presented by them being probably incorrect when viewed from any ethnological point of view. They are given, however, for what they

may be worth. In 1885, out of the 2348 Jews, 1267 are described as Germans, 1014 as Russians, or Poles, and 67 as of Dutch and Danish origin. In 1886, out of the 3089 Jews, 1670 are described as Germans, and 1419 as Russians or Poles. In 1887, out of the 1856 Jews, 923 are described as Germans, and 933 as Russians or Poles. As to the occupations of the Jewish immigrants, those returned as tailors and shoemakers are most numerous; but, in truth, they are stated to be of all trades, and the terms "merchant" and "farmer" likewise constantly recur. The evidence, however, recorded in the report of the Whitechapel Union, previously referred to, shows that the foreign poor do not generally engage in the same occupation in this country as in that from whence they come.

Amongst other items of interest afforded by a study of the "Alien Lists," it is notable that in 1887, out of the total of 7555 non-Semitic and Semitic aliens, as many as 3845 are described as Germans. During the same year, again, 1237 of the immigrants are set down as seamen, 678 of this number hailing from Sweden, 359 from Germany, and 200 from Norway. To revert to the subject more immediately under consideration, we observe from the above figures that in the year 1886 there was a considerable increase of Hebrew immigrants, and this fact is corroborated by the report of the Jewish Board of Guardians upon that year. The year in question has indeed always been viewed by them as abnormal in this respect, whereas they regard the year 1885 as presenting the more normal state of things. Last year, again, presents a marked decline in the total of aliens, and the Hebrew contingent dwindles down to a comparatively insignificant number. It must be borne in mind, moreover, that of the Semitic population in the Metropolis no inconsiderable portion is year by year assisted to emigrate by the Jewish Board of Guardians. For example, the Board assisted to leave London—

In 1885	.	.	817 cases, comprising 1334 individuals
" 1886	.	.	919 " " 1557 "
" 1887	.	.	568 " " 1147 "

Of those so assisted in 1887, 305 cases returned to their homes; 231 cases went to America, Australia, or the Cape; and 32 cases went to other parts of the United Kingdom.

The upshot of the whole matter, then, seems to be this: we, a nation pouring forth every year from our shores over 300,000 emigrants, are asked to close our ports to the free entry of eight thousand per annum more or less indigent foreigners, less than 2000 of whom are members of the Semitic faith. The amiable enthusiasts who are pressing this course of action upon the State are, it would seem, apt to entertain too parochial a view of the matter. Were Home Rule an accomplished fact in Whitechapel or Spitalfields, it is possible that the native workmen would, with short-sighted policy,

exclude the foreigner from their district. But, so long as the question remains for the decision of an "Imperial Legislature, it will require vastly weightier evidence than has hitherto been furnished before that body will consent to take any action in the matter. Reference has been made by Mr. White to the immigration laws of the United States regarding pauper aliens. Statistics seem to indicate that the enforcement of these laws has been found to be impracticable. In 1886, for example, only 170 persons, and in 1887 only 98 persons, were rejected out of the total number of emigrants from Great Britain to the United States.

If we cast our eyes across the Channel, we see that France also has her foreign labour question, and that the immigration of indigent aliens is exciting as much interest there as in this country. The cheap Italian is the *bête noire* of the French workman, and he is alleged to be always ready to underbid native labour. The French case, in truth, is infinitely stronger than ours. Take Marseilles, a town of 300,000 inhabitants, more or less. In this spot alone it is stated that there reside 40,000 or 50,000 Italians of a most indigent type; and the number of Italian workmen employed in various parts of France is computed at 250,000. But Mr. Booth's estimate of the whole Jewish population of East London—for this is the class of population, it must be remembered, against whom protection is demanded—is only 45,000, an insignificant item among the four or five millions of souls that people the Metropolis. Now in France a commission was appointed to investigate the question, and that commission reported (a) in favour of excluding foreign workmen from French public works, (b) the imposition of a residential tax upon all foreign workmen in France, and (c) the taxation of all French companies which gave work to foreigners. What was the attitude of the Government towards the proposals? The Minister of Public Works informed the commission that their proposals were impracticable; that the abrupt dismissal of workmen on the ground that they were foreigners would amount to a violation of international law and be unjustifiable in the sight of the world; and that the taxation of foreigners would be a breach of existing international treaties by which the contracting powers are pledged to mutual fairness towards one another's citizens.

In conclusion the following points are presented as the results of the foregoing investigation:—

(1) That the clamour raised on the subject of foreign pauper immigration is of the nature of a craze and is unsupported by evidence.

(2) That the number of indigent aliens has been much exaggerated, and that the past year shows a marked diminution in that class of immigrant.

(3) That such indigent aliens as do arrive are not found to burden the ratepayers to any appreciable extent.

(4) That no system of practicable restrictive legislation could be invented to exclude them.

(5) That the indigent alien has been a source of profit rather than of loss to the native worker.

(6) That in respect of two distinct branches of trade the community has derived benefit from their presence.

STEPHEN N. FOX.

NOTE.—Since the above remarks were in print the writer has had the opportunity of hearing the evidence given by *certain selected witnesses* of Russian and Polish origin, produced by Mr. White before the Immigration Committee. All these witnesses had recently arrived in England; and, with one exception, were anxious to proceed to America, nor did any of them appear to be utterly destitute of resources.—S. N. F.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

CRITICS are, perhaps, the only people in the world who do not need the advice addressed in the proverbial lore of more than one language to the physician. To call upon a critic to criticize himself would be quite superfluous. They are always doing it, in the act of criticizing others. At the same time they deserve no credit for it, as the operation is wholly unconscious, and for the most part absolutely involuntary. It has been liberally performed all round in the various obituary reviews of Mr. Matthew Arnold's literary genius and work, and no doubt a fresh example of it is about to be afforded to whoever shall read what I am about to write. No observer of the literary firmament can prevent "personal equation" intruding into his efforts to fix the exact places of its celestial occupants. The best one can hope is to reduce the subjective element of error within as small dimensions as possible. It would, at any rate, be out of the question to hope for more than this in the case of Mr. Arnold. His work, both in prose and poetry, but in the former especially, was distinguished by characteristics of the strongest individuality; it displayed qualities which are as much overrated by some minds as they are depreciated by others; it enforced doctrines—the prose by precept, the poetry by example—on the soundness of which men have differed since the dawn of literature, and will probably continue to differ until literature is extinguished by Volapuk. To have reasoned opinions on literature at all is to hold strong convictions, or at any rate to feel strongly, on the questions which Matthew Arnold's genius and teaching raised as with a standing challenge, and the critic who undertakes to review his literary work can hardly but be conscious of doing so from the standpoint, either of a convinced believer in his doctrines and method, or of a heretic hardened in

their rejection. Such a one ought, perhaps, to be aware, therefore, that, in endeavouring to appraise the work of the departed poet and essayist, he runs a risk of supplying his readers with little else than an edifying disclosure of his own orthodoxy or heterodoxy from the Arnoldian point of view on the theories in question. It says much for the artless simplicity of the critical guild that this apprehension seems to weigh so little on their minds. Those who have adopted, equally with those who dissent from, Mr. Arnold's canons of art have in many instances assigned him his place in English literature with a noble unconsciousness of the fact that they have been merely sitting in judgment upon, and with judicial gravity deciding in favour of, their own prepossessions.

Mutely submitting to the obvious retort that I am about to afford an example of the precise foible in my own person, I propose at the outset to examine the comparative estimate of Mr. Arnold's poetic and prose work which has been formed and enunciated by the majority of his posthumous critics. •

Now, the first reflection which suggests itself on this point might well be one of a somewhat painful character. It is only my intimate personal conviction that no such thing as a literary counterpart of Mrs. Candour is, or ever was, to be found among us—it is only this, I say, which assures me of the good faith and good nature of many of the obituary eulogies which I have read. "It is as a poet rather than as a prose-essayist," runs the "common form" of the eulogist, "that Mr. Arnold will be remembered;" and then the writer goes on to say—not "in the same breath;" he usually respires for two or three sentences before adding it—that "to the great body of his countrymen Mr. Arnold as a poet is almost unknown." He will be remembered, it seems, for those achievements which have failed to attract the attention of the public which is to remember him. Sometimes, it is true, the formula has been varied a little, to the advantage of logic; and we have been told that the works which failed to make Mr. Arnold known to the mass of his contemporaries will constitute his principal "claim" to the "remembrance of posterity." The critics who prefer this phrase are careful not to commit themselves to the assertion that posterity will honour a draft which an earlier generation had returned on the hands of the drawer marked with the fatal superscription "no effects."

I am not so rash as to dispute the proposition that the poet was unknown to all but a very small fraction of those who were familiar enough with the name of the literary critic, the essayist on politics and manners, and, above all, perhaps, the amateur theologian. Indeed, the facts and dates of the matter speak for themselves. It is considerably more than thirty years since Mr. Arnold published his first two volumes of poems—volumes which contain some of his best

work. Fifteen or sixteen years had passed before his "Essays in Criticism" made their appearance, and it is safe to say that at that time very few, even of those who were sufficiently struck with the contents of his book to take the trouble to get its title correctly (the *varia lectio* "on" has not yet disappeared even from library catalogues), had made as much as a bowing acquaintance with Mr. Arnold's earlier muse, or had ever read a line of the "New Poems" which had seen the light a year or so before. It was undoubtedly the "Essays" that established his fame with that great world which can be persuaded by "persistent hammering," as the author of "Our Noble Selves" has it, to read and to admire the excellent in prose, but *not*, or very, very rarely, the exquisite in verse. This great world was brought to perceive, or to take for granted, in default of percipient power, that here was a critic, not only of rare technical ability, but one possessed of original and fertilizing conceptions on the subject of the critic's art, and the master, above all, of a style which, whatever fault might be found with it on other grounds, had become in his hands an instrument of marvellous delicacy and power. Then the great world condescended to see what this remarkable essayist and critic had written in rhyme and metre. And in the course of time they had got by heart the last eighteen lines of "Sohrab and Rustum" and the handsome compliment to Sophocles at the end of the sonnet "To a Friend," and the description of our Titan of empire, laden with "the too vast orb of his fate," and a few other elegant extracts of an equally convenient and portable kind.

But the great world never got farther than that. They still continued, and they still continue, to prefer their "favourites"—the two or three poets who have won their way to or beyond the place occupied for so many years in lonely majesty, like the broken column of Ozymandias, by the author of "Proverbial Philosophy." They still prized, and prize above all others, the three bards whom they have respectively learned to love, been persuaded to admire, and taken at once and spontaneously to their hearts—Lord Tennyson, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Lewis Morris. And since Mr. Arnold as a poet and Mr. Arnold's poems were and are in this position in the mind of the general public at the time of and since his lamented death, it follows that, to declare, as has been declared in so much recent criticism, that his future fame will depend upon his poetry, must mean one of two things: either it is a polite way of saying that Mr. Arnold is not destined to any future life at all in the popular recollection, or it amounts to a prediction that, sooner or later, the appreciation, now confined to a few, of his high excellence as a poet, will, as in the case of his master, Wordsworth, dawn gradually upon the perceptions of the great body of his countrymen. It is possible that Mr. Arnold himself entertained some expectation

of the kind, and that his avowed belief in the continuing growth of Wordsworth's fame and influence was associated with a personal hope which would certainly not be unjustifiable on the part of one so deeply imbued with the Wordsworthian spirit as himself.

It is ill dogmatizing on a question so obviously incapable of more than a conjectural answer as this. No man's opinion as to what the public taste of ten, twenty, fifty, a hundred years hence will be in the matter of poetry, can be worth much more than that of his neighbours; and, for all we know, the world may be reading Matthew Arnold with eager delight a century hence, while Mr. Lewis Morris may have long sunk into neglect. The utmost one can say is that it is difficult to detect at present any forerunning sign whatever of either development of the public taste. I see no reason to doubt that poets who display Mr. Morris's triumphant address in adapting themselves to the poetical likings of so vast a multitude of their fellow-countrymen will always find innumerable admirers worthy of them. I do not believe that the singer will either get ahead of the listener or the listener of the singer, but that the two will be kept abreast of each other by the link of a quality which Horace, though with a slight difference of application, has described as "golden." On the other hand, I do not find any very convincing ground for the belief that the taste of any great multitudes of men in this or any other country will ever be powerfully attracted by poetry like that of Mr. Arnold. Even if the influence of Wordsworth should increase, instead of, as is at least as probable, diminishing, it does not follow that Mr. Arnold's would obtain additional acceptance on that account: for Wordsworth's appeal to the common mind is largely dependent upon a quality in his poetry which Mr. Arnold's is altogether without. Wordsworth lays firm hold of the religious instinct in man. His poetry, for all the mystical nature-worship that pervades it, was allied to a strongly and even almost narrowly personal Theistic creed. There is nothing in the poetry of his disciple to supply the place of this element, except that highly attenuated conception of the "Something not ourselves which makes for righteousness," so familiar to every student of the amateur theologian into which the poet and critic so unfortunately declined. It will be a long time before the mass of mankind are willing to accept the "stream of tendency" as a substitute for their no doubt crude and self-contradictory conceptions of a personal Creator; and when, if ever, they do, they will probably have ceased to care for poetry of the Wordsworthian and Arnoldian type at all. Science relieved by sensuousness appears to be the ideal to which not only poetry, but art of all kinds, is tending at the present day, and if the movement is a real and persistent, and not a merely apparent or merely temporary one, the ultimate effect of that movement must be to crowd out all poetry set mainly in the contemplative key, to what-

ever tenderness of feeling and truth of æsthetic vision it may be allied. For, so long as this key is maintained by a poet, he will probably never be able to compete for the favour of the average man with those rivals who proceed upon the sound assumption that the average man wants, as Goethe said, not to be made to think, but merely to be made to feel.

In other words it seems to me almost self-evident that poetry in order to be popular—and I do not intend the word in any disparaging sense; I merely mean that poetry, in order to be the poetry of the many and not of the few—must have something more than the power of delighting the imaginative part of man: it must deeply move his emotional part. The emotions stirred by it may be at any moral level you please, however high, or however low; but the stir, the exaltation must be there. Moreover, it must be a genuine troubling of the waters of the spirit, and not merely an excitement of the æsthetic sensibilities discharging itself along the channels of emotion. What makes Byron's popularity so instructive is that we are so often in a position to say with absolute certainty that the exaltation produced by his poetry is wholly due to the former of these causes and not in the least to the latter. For the form of the poetic utterance is sometimes so intolerably bad that we may be quite sure that the power of the passage lies exclusively in the thing uttered, and in our sympathy with the mood of the utterer. Lines which lash Mr. Swinburne into fury will powerfully affect a reader of a less exacting ear and a less fastidious taste. Mr. Arnold, so far as the faculty of expression goes, may be said to stand in polar opposition to the author of "*Childe Harold*," and, just as a critical admirer of the latter can almost always be sure that the pleasure given him by a passage of Byron is of its essence and not of its form, so he can nearly as often and with as complete confidence say that the pleasure given by a poem of Mr. Arnold is ultimately traceable to form rather than to essence. It is true that the pleasure is so intense and exquisite as to pass readily with those who are keenly-susceptible to such pleasure into emotional exaltation. No critic, no one with any strong feeling for style, could find it in his heart to speak of Mr. Arnold's poetry as "cold." To such a reader it is not and never can be that; but it must be admitted, I think, that the glow which it takes in the mind of such a reader is largely, if not wholly, self-generated. The flawless perfection of Mr. Arnold's poetic work in its best specimens, the absolute sureness of his art when the artist is at his best, do much more than charm and satisfy. They kindle enthusiasm; they elate and excite all who are capable of being elated by mere beauty of form and mastery of workmanship; and it is easy for those upon whom this effect is produced to fancy for the moment that their elation and excitement are in some way associated with the matter

rather than with the form of his poetry, and, in fact, that *their* emotions have taken fire from *his* imagination.

My own impression—and I may perhaps trust it the more for feeling the incomparable literary charm of Mr. Arnold's best work as intensely as I do—my own impression is that the idea in question is a pure illusion; and that it is because it *is* an illusion that Matthew Arnold will never be more than "the poet of a few." It may sound paradoxical to say so of one who was a genuine poet, and, on any intelligent estimate of him, a poet of no mean order, that he wrote without the genuine poetic impulse: but there is a sense, I think, in which every competent critic will understand what I mean. It would be difficult, I think, to point to any poem of Mr. Arnold's in which he is thoroughly possessed by, instead of merely possessing, his subject—any poem in which feeling and expression are so interfused that the critical and uncritical readers are brought abreast of each other in an equality, though not in an identity, of delighted emotion. Mr. Arnold's poetic imagination was vigorous, subtle, elevated—what you please: but I question whether it ever reached a temperature at which this fusion of form and matter can take place.

It is true, no doubt, that an exceptionally large proportion of Mr. Arnold's work was of such a character as to render the correctness of this judgment difficult to test. His lyrical poems were usually the expression of subdued emotional moods, and in his dramatic, or semi-dramatic, pieces, such as "*Merope*," and, in a less degree, "*Empedocles in Etna*," he aimed deliberately at that reserve and repression which is the secret of the Greek tragedians, and which he was too much and too dogmatically inclined to impose upon all poetry, whatsoever. Some small portion of his work, however, was of a different character, and my point, I think, will appear with sufficient clearness in those poems in which the nature of the subject demands a more sustained ardour of imagination on the part of the poet than Mr. Arnold's subjects usually exacted from him. "*The Forsaken Merman*" is a piece which I know to be admired by at least one critic for whose judgment I entertain a high respect; and, like everything else that came from the hand of its author, it contains beautiful passages. But surely, considered as an attempt to give poetic expression to the feelings of the deserted "*King of the Sea*," and to move the reader's sympathies therewith, it is not only a failure, but a failure which trembles throughout upon the verge of the comic. Mr. Arnold had far too keen a sense of the ridiculous to be insensible to the peculiar dangers of his subject, and must have been perfectly well aware of the essential conditions of success in dealing with it. He must have known that the idea of the Merman hovering, with his fishy offspring, about the little watering-place where the faithless wife and mother had taken up her abode, was one which, while it

might be kept clear of the positively ludicrous by consummate tact and propriety of poetic treatment, would require much more than this to make it interesting and sympathetic. Art might avail to avoid the provocation of the smile of levity, but art alone would hardly avail in such a matter to convince incredulity. It was essential that the poet should believe most profoundly in, and should feel most intensely with, his own merman, to have any chance of producing a corresponding state of belief and feeling in the minds of his readers. But Mr. Arnold does not really believe in his forsaken merman a bit. He merely uses his subject as a canvas on which to paint a few such exquisite little marine pictures as that of the—

“ Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep,
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round
Feed on the ooze of their pasture ground,
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask on the lime :
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye.”

Or he interprets the complaints of the forsaken merman in language which would be appropriate and touching enough in the mouth of Enoch Arden, but which leave us quite cold as the utterances of an amphibious being in whom we find that the author has no more genuine belief than we have ourselves. I can understand people admiring the poem, as the critical friend to whom I have referred appears to admire it for its “purple patches,” but I cannot understand any one admiring it as a whole, or failing to recognize it as a work of which the initial poetic impulse was not energetic enough to secure the adequate accomplishment.

And I venture to maintain that, with the few and partial exceptions above referred to, Mr. Arnold's poetry will be found full of positive or negative instances to the same effect throughout. It is not cold to the cultivated taste any more than the marbles of Phidias are cold, but to the natural man, to the man who has to be reached, if at all, through the emotions, rather than the æsthetic sensibilities, it is cold. The Horatian *St vis me flere*, &c., may or may not be a true maxim for the dramatic art, but it is assuredly true to this extent of the art poetic, that in all poetry which moves the common mind of humanity a certain thrill of agitation, a certain pulse of passion, is always to be felt. It would be absurd, of course, to deny that there are some short poems, and not a few passages perhaps here and there in longer poems, of Mr. Arnold's in which this throb and pulsation may be felt. But they are composed in his rarer—nay, in his very rare—moods. He does not feel and write at this temperature for long. Such pieces as “Philomela” and “The Strayed

Reveller" are specimens of a very limited class. In much the larger majority of his poems, and in all the longer ones, the key is distinctly lower, and yet it is in these that his mere *technique* is far and away at its best. Take, for instance, that most perfect of all his poems—more perfect, it seems to me (though I suppose the opposite preference is more common), than the "Thyrsis" itself—"The Scholar Gipsy," and from this take the exquisite picture given in the following stanzas:—

- "For most I know thou lov'st retired ground:
 Thee at the ferry Oxford riders blithe
 Returning home on summer nights have met
 Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hythe,
 Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet
 As the slow punt swings round:
 And leaning backwards in a pensive dream,
 And fostering on thy lap a heap of flowers,
 Plucked in stray fields and distant woodland bowers,
 And thine eye resting on the moonlit stream.
- "And then they land and thou art seen no more.
 Maidens who from the distant hamlets come,
 To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
 Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
 Or cross a stile into the public way.
 Oft hast thou given them store
 Of flowers—the frail-leaved white anemone,
 Dark bluebells drenched with dew of summer eves,
 And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
 But none has words she can report of thee.
- "And, above Godstow Bridge, when haytime's here
 In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
 Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass,
 Where black-winged swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
 To bathe in the abandoned lasher pass,
 Have often passed thee near,
 Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown:
 Marked thy outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
 Thy dark vague eyes and soft abstracted air:
 But when they came from bathing thou wert gone.
- "At some lone homestead on the Cumnor hills,
 Where at her open door the housewife darna,
 Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
 To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
 Children who early range these slopes and late,
 For cresses from the rills,
 Have known thee watching all an April day
 The springing pastures and the feeding kine;
 And marked thee, when the stars come out and shine,
 Through the long dewy grass move slow away."

That is pure essence of Arnold—a thoroughly typical example at once of his most characteristic manner and his most characteristic mood. No music could be sweeter; but how low, how plaintively minor is the key! Nothing could be more true and tender, nothing more deeply and sincerely felt than the mood which inspires it; but how alien, how incomprehensible to the mass of men? The very "scholar-gipsy" himself, the aimless wanderer whom the poet meets in imagination at so many of the spots most familiar in the rural rambles of generations of Oxford students—what sort of a figure does

he present to this age of ours? 'What chance is there of his seizing on the imagination of our "strenuous-time" (Heaven help it!) and of the multitude who have made it what it is? To that multitude this exquisite poem can be nothing more than a fantastic, and indeed reprehensible, glorification of "mooning." If it shows, as no one, I think, will dispute that it does show, Mr. Arnold, not only at his best but at his most characteristic best, I might venture, I think, to risk the case for my contention on this one poem alone. No other example of his work is needed, as no better could be found, to show that we have here a poet who has as little chance of finding his way to the hearts of the restless and emotion-seeking Many as he is assured of a perpetual place in those of the quiet and contemplative Few.

If the foregoing view of Mr. Matthew Arnold's genius and place as a poet be correct, we shall be justified, it seems to me, in regarding the early relapse of his Muse into silence without either surprise or regret. We shall not wonder that an impulse which was never strictly poetic in its character to the writing of poetry should have been soon exhausted, and we shall not deplore the reserve which he imposed upon himself from the moment when he became conscious that that impulse was spent. It is, in my opinion, an error of classification to include Mr. Arnold in the list of those poets with whom the critical faculty, strengthening with advancing years, has overgrown and killed the creative faculty. I am inclined to believe that the instinct of the critic—or, at any rate, of the thinker, the philosopher, the theorist and moralist on life—was of earlier development in him than that of the poet. I do not say they begot the poet, for I cannot believe them capable in themselves of begetting anything higher than a verse-maker. But I strongly suspect that, before his poetic instinct began to respond to the impressions made upon it by the world without, the bent of reflective habit had so far fixed itself as seriously to limit his freedom of selection for poetic purposes from the impressions thus presenting themselves. It is not good for a poet that he should start with a ready-made philosophy of life. It is better that he should evolve it for himself—if indeed it is necessary for him to have one—at a later stage of his career. The ascent of Parnassus can be much more hopefully attempted without any such *impedimentum* in the knapsack of the mountaineer, and the article, moreover, can always be procured on the summit.

It was in this sense that I spoke of Mr. Arnold's impulse to poetry as not being in strictness of language a poetic impulse. I was far from intending to imply that he belonged to that unhappy class of self-deceivers who cut up their philosophy of life into lines of equal or ostensibly equal syllabic length, and occasionally, though not always, jingle the ends of them against each other. He was didactic only in the sense that his already formed philosophy of life, too

rigidly prescribed the channels in which his poetic sensibilities were to flow, and forbade their replenishment from any new freshets of inspiration when at last they ran dry. It was to this that I at least am disposed to attribute that theory of his with respect to the functions of the poet which has provoked so much just opposition. His pronouncement upon poetry, that it should be "a criticism of life," is the eminently natural deliverance of a man who, though he was born both poet and critic, seems to have almost reached maturity in the latter character before he even began to essay his powers in the former. His own poetry from first to last had been far too much of a criticism of life—too much so at least for its popularity and for the vigour and permanence of its inspiration; and the dictum I have cited partook largely of the character of one of those after-thoughts by which the "human nature in man" is apt to persuade him that any shortcomings of which he is conscious have followed inevitably from the nature of things. There is, of course, a sense in which it is true that poetry is and must be a criticism of life, but interpreted in that sense it becomes so absolutely uninforming and unfruitful that it would be unjust to suspect Mr. Arnold of having dealt with such insistence on a proposition of such futility. Poetry is only a criticism of life in the indirect fashion in which every human art, or for that matter every human science, is and must be so; and it would be just about as instructive and important to say that the execution of a song by Madame Patti is an illustration of the physical and physiological laws of vocalization. The poet must describe life—either the life within him or the life without—in order to poetize, just as the singer must breathe to sing; but a poem is no more a critical deliverance on life than a song is a lecture on the respiratory functions. To attempt to impress any such character expressly and designedly on the poem is sure to be almost as fatal as it would be to intersperse the song with spoken observations on the structure and action of the "vocal chords."

This "criticism of life" crotchet was, however, only one of a few critical perversities with which Mr. Arnold alternately amused and irritated his readers; and on these it is not necessary to dwell. It is more pleasant to dwell, as one can do, with admiration almost unqualified on his general work as a critic of literature. Much has been said since his death of the "Essays in Criticism" as an "epoch-making book," and, with a little care in defining the precise nature of the epoch which it did make, the phrase may be defended. It would be too much to say that the principles of criticism for which Mr. Arnold contended were new and original—or rather it would be the reverse of a compliment to say so, since it is literally certain that any fundamentally novel discovery on this ancient subject would turn out another Invention of the Mare's-nest. There is no critical

canon" in the *Essays* which has not been observed in and might not be illustrated from the practice of some critics for long before the *Essays* appeared. But it is quite true that these principles were at that time undergoing what from time to time in our literary history they have frequently undergone, a phase of neglect; and it is equally true that Mr. Arnold's lucid exposition of these principles, and the singularly fascinating style of the series of papers in which he illustrated them, gave a healthy stimulus and a true direction to English literary criticism, which during the twenty years now completed since the publication of the *Essays* it has on the whole preserved. And to credit any writer with such an achievement as this is undoubtedly to concede his claim to a permanent place in the history of English letters.

It may be that Mr. Arnold would not have made that place higher or more assured by steadily pursuing his studies as a literary critic; but the virtual abandonment of these studies, so far at least as publication is concerned, during his later years, must always remain a matter of keen regret to all lovers of literature. There were so many subjects which he had touched so admirably and yet had only touched; so many on which he had said his word, but not his last word. To take only one instance of our loss: it is now five-and-thirty years since, in the preface to the first collected edition of his poems, he instituted that subtle and penetrating comparison between the dramatic methods of Shakespeare and of the Greek tragedians. Nothing could be more striking and suggestive, nothing more excellently put than that criticism. Yet so far from exhausting the subject, which indeed is probably inexhaustible, it seemed merely to open the way into a wide and fruitful field of critical inquiry, which no one could have explored with so sure a foot as he. Yet from this exploration, as from so much other work for which he was uniquely fitted, Mr. Arnold, for the last ten years of his life, turned almost wholly away. And he turned away from it to devote himself, save for occasional and for the most part singularly ineffectual excursions into the domain of contemporary politics, to a hopelessly unpractical and almost visionary attempt to put the old wine of dogmatic Christianity into the new bottles of modern scientific thought!

Some years ago, on the occasion of the issue of a cheap reprint of "*Literature and Dogma*," I endeavoured in the pages of this *REVIEW* to investigate the validity of Mr. Arnold's theories of Scriptural interpretation, and to estimate the amount of acceptance which they were likely to obtain from those whom it was his avowed desire, and whom he so strangely conceived it to be his special mission, to instruct. On the former of these two questions I find nothing now to add to the observations which I then made. I thought then, and I still think, and, what is more, I believe it to be the well-nigh universal

opinion, that the critical canons by which Mr. Arnold sought to refine away what he regarded as the materialistic accretions on the creed of Christianity (but what are really of its essence as a definite system of doctrines derived from a supernatural origin and possessing a supernatural sanction), were valueless for any practical purpose. I thought, and still think, that the whole of his teachings on this subject were in part futile and in part superfluous; superfluous, because unneeded by those who have accepted with him the conclusions of modern science, and who, if they retain their belief in Christianity at all, are quite competent to devise their own "accommodations" for themselves; and futile, because assured of rejection by those who, through ignorance of or repugnance to the scientific conclusions which are tending to destroy its supernatural element, still cling to their religion, "superstitions" and all. The assumption that there anywhere exists any considerable class of Christians in so curiously "mixed" a mental condition as to be at once anxious to reconcile the dogmas of their faith with the informations of their reason, unable to do it for themselves, and willing to allow others to attempt it for them, was in itself an assumption of a highly doubtful kind; but the idea that if there were such persons they would find anything specially persuasive in Mr. Arnold's method of reasoning with them, or even in his manner of approaching them, appears to me to have been a positively monumental instance of self-deception.

Our spiritual physician reversed the Scriptural precedent, and addressed himself not to the sick, but to the whole. The style, the argument, and, above all, the illustrations of a treatise avowedly addressed to persons still in the bond of servitude to a narrow and superstitious literalism, appeared, nevertheless, to presuppose the completest "emancipation" on the part of its readers. The babes and sucklings who were to be weaned from their superstition were fed with the strongest of strong meats by their instructor, and that too, apparently, in perfect good faith and with no sign of any suspicion of the weakness of their stomachs. An amusing illustration of this unconsciousness is to be found in the preface to the new edition of "*Literature and Dogma*," in connection with its author's astounding figure of "the three Lord Shaftesburys." "Many of those," observes Mr. Arnold, "who have most ardently protested against the illustration, resent it, no doubt, because it directs attention to that extreme licence of affirmation about God which prevails in our popular religion, and one is not the easier forgiven for directing attention to error because one marks it as an object for indulgence. To protesters of this sort I owe no deference, and make no concessions. But the illustration has given pain, I am told, in a quarter where only deference, and the deference of all who can appreciate one of the

purest careers and noblest characters of our time, is indeed due; and finding that in that quarter pain has been given by the illustration, I do not hesitate to expunge it." In other words, Mr. Arnold, finding that he has given offence by comparing the Trinity to "three Lord Shaftesburys," apologizes—to Lord Shaftesbury. To the "protesters," who were certainly not thinking of Lord Shaftesbury when they resented the comparison, he thinks he "owes no deference," and will therefore "make no concessions." One is left wondering whether Mr. Arnold was really unaware of the susceptibilities and the persons he had wounded, or whether he purposely treated them with contempt. And in either case one wonders still more vehemently whether he was aware that the persons to whom he owed no deference and would make no concessions were, in fact, the very persons whom, if his teachings were to bear any fruit at all, he was bound, before all others, to conciliate. But either of the two explanations will equally entitle us to say that Mr. Arnold could have formed no adequate estimate of the fundamental conditions of success in the task which he proposed to himself.

As a critic of our social life and institutions, Mr. Arnold was doubtless more successful. No one can say that his delightful railery was altogether thrown away upon its objects. Our "Barbarians" are probably a little less barbarous, our "Philistines" a little more enlightened, for his pleasant satire. And those who could appreciate the temper of his literary weapon, and his matchless skill in using it, were able to watch the periodical performances for many years with almost undiminished pleasure. But it must be admitted, I think, that even as a social instructor he somewhat outstayed his welcome, and that even his most ardent admirers occasionally found their patience a little tried by him. His incessant iteration of his favourite phrases was, no doubt, a tactical expedient deliberately adopted for controversial purposes at the perceived expense of artistic effect. Mr. Arnold was well aware that to provoke, to irritate, is better for a disputant than to fail to impress, and he had no doubt persuaded himself that to get our social defects acknowledged and the proper remedies applied, it was necessary to be as importunate as the widow suitor of the unjust judge. It is true he does not tell us, in the admirable lines on Goethe which adorn the memorial verses to Wordsworth, that that "physician of the iron age" was *always* "striking his finger on the place," and saying, "Thou ailest here and here;" but Mr. Arnold had abandoned the methods and the vehicle of the poet—who speaks once for all with a voice whose echoes are undying—before he started in business as a reformer of his countrymen's manners and modes of thought. As a prose physician, so to speak, he may have thought that his prescriptions needed to be dinned into the ears of the patient until

he actually consented to try them. But a recognition of that fact only sets us inquiring what the value of the prescription is ; and when we find ourselves assured that all the defects of the various classes of our society are to be corrected, and that all the unsatisfied "claims" upon them—the "claim of beauty," the "claim of manners," and all the rest of it—are to obtain their due satisfaction through a reform of our system of secondary education, we are irresistibly reminded of a homely apologue anent the superstitious value attached by a certain practitioner of a very ancient and respectable handicraft to the raw material of his industry. In this as in other matters we see how Mr. Arnold's persistent determination to play the constructive reformer—a part for which he had no natural aptitude—enticed him beyond the limits of that critical function in which his true strength lay.

But much as we may regret the perversity, if that be not too harsh a word, which directed so large a portion of Mr. Arnold's intellectual energies in later years away from the natural bent of his genius, it would be ungracious not to acknowledge the indirect benefit which arose from this very dispersion of the rays of that penetrating intelligence. He could not touch any subject without throwing some light upon it. Everything that he wrote was suggestive, if too little of it was satisfying ; and though his determination to avoid the commonplace view of every subject was undoubtedly a snare—since the commonplace, and even what he would have called the Philistine view, is more often the true view than he was at all prepared to admit—it was also, and as undoubtedly, in many instances a source of strength. A deliverance of Mr. Arnold's on any question—social, moral, or political, as well as literary—was always the most admirable touchstone of received opinions. None of us could be quite sure of our reason for the faith that is in us on any matter till it had stood the test of his refined and searching criticism. More of us have been compelled by him than by any other writer of our age and country to review and revise our judgments upon most subjects of human interest ; and not only the world of literature, but the infinitely larger world of unexpressed thought and feeling and unembodied imagination, is sensibly the poorer for his loss,

H. D. TRAILL.

THE REST OF IMMORTALS.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. DIED APRIL 15, 1888.

“ Who, though so noble, *shared* in the world's toil,
And though so tasked, *kept* free from dust and soil.”

WHILST April with her temperate touch and slight
Changes the shadows, and secludes the light,
Well is it thou shouldst vanish from our sight,

Thou gentle toiler for the soul's success,
As unobtrusive in thine aim to bless
As spring-time flecking the field's barrenness.

We would not have thee garnered with the wheat :
Most delicate diviner, it is meet
Thou diest while the year is incomplete.

Nature e'en now could fondly deck thy tomb
With willows, shooting argént through the gloom
Of her dun woods, and wintry alder-bloom.

For thee thy Surrey fitting landscape found :
The hills two meadows high, the fir-tree mound,
The breadth of country in blue swathes enwound,

And nooks of tender colour on the plain,
• The ochre sand-pit with its madder-stain,
The yew's dark glitter down the chalky lane,

The track of steam across the weald express
Thy love of life urbane, of safe recess,
Unmarred by gloom of savage loneliness.

Ill had we fared, if thou hadst been recluse,
 Keen-hearted guide to the ennobling use
 Of converse—Hamlet-subtle in abuse.

Were we not dead to the fine art of blame,
 Furious and blind? When thou didst put to shame,
 Scarred folly felt the misery of fame.

What was it that was precious in thine eyes?
 What evil hast thou taught men to despise?
 Ah, well we know wherein thy secret lies:

Converse with Nature did thy Wordsworth win,
 Thou hast set man's felicity within,
 And bidden his true blessedness begin.

For thou didst hold most human is their care,
 Who wander not distracted here and there,
 But in the world's essential movement share,

Museful and pliant to its varying flow,
 Renouncing action for the toil to know
 Whither its oft-retarded waters go.

Deep in the inner heavens we think of thee
 Replenished, gazing on reality,
 Following thy being's law with motion free.

Dear must thou be to God who didst require
 Of Him His best: the stops of every lyre
 Trying with fingers that refused to tire;

And Shakespeare, falsely smiting, must be dumb:
 But who like thee could listen when the hum
 Ceased that the swelling melody might come?

And who like thee had faith that those who weave
 Great songs will soothe whom science doth bereave,
 And empty of his creed's enchantments leave?

Therefore the poet to his high employ
 Thou dost restore—to be the strength and joy
 Of mortals, 'mid the bitter world's annoy.

Whilst thou thyself—ah, winning, ample-browed,
Benignant minstrel!—dost our moods o'ercloud,
As one presageful destiny hath bowed.

Idle the hope that thou, condemned to break
With fond tradition for the spirit's sake,
A resonant, unfaltering chaunt couldst wake

To marshal and subdue; yet dear thy strain,
Low, elegiac, falling as the rain
Upon us in our hours of heat and pain.

In our dead poets' sacred dormit'ry
There is not found a resting-place for thee;
They rise, they join the pensive company

Of those who press around thy grave's dark rim,
And call to thee. Chaucer's blue eyes are dim;
Spenser is there, murmuring his heavenly hymn.

MICHAEL FIELD.

April 1888.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THE Lord Mayor is mistaken in the wonderful letter he wrote to the promoters of the meeting on the national defences intended to be held at Guildhall. There has been no "scare" in the public mind, nothing in the shape of a "panic," and there was nothing "unpatriotic" in the motives of the promoters. There has been a good deal of lively talk among military and naval men, accompanied by some interesting and rather startling disclosures. A dramatic incident, suggesting industrious rehearsal beforehand, has occurred in the House of Lords. The Prime Minister suddenly opened fire upon his Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief on the strength of an anonymous paragraph in a newspaper purporting to have been written with the sanction of "the highest military authority." There is a convenient ambiguity in the expression under the shelter of which his Royal Highness made a safe rather than a dignified retreat. But worse punishment was bestowed upon an absent man. The Adjutant-General, speaking three weeks before at a dinner given to Sir John Pender, had expressed himself with unusual freedom on the immoral tendencies of party government, holding up a fancy picture of official profligacy in which the Secretary of State for War imagined he saw something that was meant for his own portraiture. Such terrible presumption had to be checked at once, or who could tell to what lengths it might go? It seemed to portend an invasion of the civil by the military power, something in the line of General Boulanger. A generous Premier, aided perhaps by the impression that it might be his turn next, if not that he was the person chiefly assailed, listened kindly to his colleague's complaints and loaded his blunderbus for an attack that same night, not without a hope perhaps that, as the culprit was not present to receive the fire in person, and

would only hear its echoes next morning, he would deem prudence the better part of valour. If this was Lord Salisbury's expectation he was soon undeceived, and by general consent he carried off no laurels from the encounter. Lord Wolseley apologized handsomely for any remarks that might have seemed to imply a censure upon the present Government more than upon any other, but with respect to the statements which formed the gist of his offence he stuck to his guns.

This incident was hardly over when an opportunity was afforded for an unusual outflow of professional eloquence in the House of Commons. The Government, in proposing a grant in aid of the Australian squadron, and a loan for putting our coaling stations and home ports in a state of defence, seemed to present themselves in that attitude of inchoate penitence and half-confession which offers the finest opening for an accuser. You admit, then, it is all true that we have been saying for years, and you will find much more to be true if you will only push your inquiries a little farther. You have begun to do well, and we all rejoice at it, but these are but the first signs and fruits of the temper that befits you. Then followed a list of fatal omissions identical in substance with the incriminatory newspaper paragraph which had so disturbed Mr. Staulhope. There are matters of opinion and there are matters of fact. The former are open to discussion; of the latter it is only requisite to know whether or not certain assertions are true. Our military experts tell us there is not a single breech-loading gun on any of our fortifications from Portland to the Tweed, that our guns are inferior to those served out to any foreign army, that ours is the only army in Europe as yet unequipped with the repeating rifle, and that our volunteers are cheated in the name of artillery with obsolete guns which were made a quarter of a century ago. We are told that some of our recently launched ironclads are without guns, and are likely to remain without them till some time next year, or perhaps the year after. We are assured that no big guns are being manufactured, that the Government do not know where to get them made, and may have to send their orders abroad, no encouragement having been given to our home manufacturers. We are told with the same confidence of assertion that the army is unprovided with means of transport, that we have no stores, and absolutely no gunpowder. We are said to be in the same evil plight as regards organization, of which there is nothing that deserves the name, so that there would infallibly be a breakdown on any sudden call for action. The upshot is that the country is practically in a defenceless condition. Some show of defensive arrangements we have no doubt, and we should make the best of them if occasion arose. But a defence which, according to all reasonable forecast, would prove inadequate, is no defence at all, but a mere

spending of energy and resources in vain. The conclusion suggested to the civilian mind is that, in the opinion of the highest military authorities, we are substantially unprotected, and are offered as an easy prey to the first invader.

All this ought to produce a panic, but there has been none and there will be none. The City of London is usually the first to take alarm, but the Lord Mayor tells us he is not aware that any considerable number of citizens think it necessary to hold a meeting at Guildhall. The agitation has been confined almost exclusively to naval and military men. The surface of outside opinion has hardly been ruffled. One explanation of this indifference is that a good deal of the same kind of talk has been heard before. The public ascribe much of it to professional zeal, with a little perhaps of professional jealousy. They think of the old fable, in which it was held that "there is nothing like leather," and settle down in the hope that things are not so bad as they have been represented. But this feeling is far from being optimistic. It is rather the offspring of a sense of ignorance and of a sense of helplessness. They do not know what the facts are, and they do not know how to get at them. The administrative system is a mystery which baffles their comprehension. What they see is that so many millions of money go in at one end and so many soldiers and ships come out at the other; but whether they get a proper return for their money they do not know, and have no means of knowing. What confidence they have is based upon party allegiance, and therefore varies a little according as their friends or their opponents are in power. That they should hold with their leader, that they should trust him implicitly, and do nothing to make his tenure of office uncomfortable, is the first article of their political creed; and as they cannot pick holes in his estimates or question the efficiency of the services without giving an advantage to his opponents, they think it a matter of duty to say nothing. In this way the system passes almost unchallenged from one set of Ministers to another, secure at every transfer of being supported by a majority of the House of Commons. Men of Cabinet rank have a tacit understanding on the subject. They will not needlessly assail each other so long as the machine is allowed to go quietly along the old grooves. They had to work it themselves the other day, and hope to have to work it again to-morrow. Why should they foul their own nest? Any departure from it, especially if it involves an increase of expenditure, is another question, and the Opposition of course will use its opportunities.

Ignorance and helplessness—these are the characteristics of the public with respect to our army and navy expenditure. They do not know enough to justify their suspicions, and certainly not enough to be able to get rid of them. We have been spending for years past

an average in round numbers of thirty millions annually on both services, and this enormous sum it seems to us should be sufficient for all purposes. But when we endeavour to reason out the matter we soon come to the end of our tether. The sum is so vast and the details of expenditure are so numerous, that we cannot carry out the reckoning so as to be able to arrive at any clear conclusion. If we venture to say that the money we spend ought to be sufficient for all necessary purposes, whether it actually is so or not, we are soon pulled up by the discovery that we have not enough materials for even this ethical belief. We find it hard to think that the work cannot be done for thirty millions, but for anything we know it might be done just as well, and perhaps better, for five millions less if things were economically managed. In default of information we turn to Parliament; but Parliament knows only what it is told by the Secretary of State for War or by the First Lord of the Admiralty when the estimates are presented. That is always a great function, and with a Minister of any talent it is artistically performed. The speech is carefully prepared, one part of it bristles with statistics, and the other part is all aglow with cheerful and even sanguine views. If any one wishes to see the Empire in its militant splendour, he should never miss that annual prelection. But when the Minister sits down we cannot help reflecting that he is only a civilian like ourselves. He has no immediate knowledge of the facts on which he has dwelt so eloquently. He is in the hands of his subordinates, the chief officials of the Department, and knows only what they have told him. Assuming that his statement is accurate and complete for the whole area to which it applies, how do we know that the area selected for the survey is co-extensive with the whole of the ground which ought to be covered? Any misgivings which may creep in have not long to wait for what appears to be a confirmation. He has no sooner thrown himself down upon the Treasury Bench than military experts get up in all parts of the House to confront him with his omissions. Then begins some such gloomy recital as we have already given. The facts brought out seem incapable of being contradicted, and yet, if they have to be admitted, what a discount must be put upon that elaborate and ardent speech! The poor taxpayer from his seat in the gallery or reading the report next day in the newspapers is sensible of some confusion, and would give a good deal to know exactly how the matter stands.

It may help to clear up the tangle a little if we consider that, as regards the army and navy, we live under a dual government. The plans are made, the work is done, and the money is spent by the Departments, while the responsibility for the Departments is assumed by Ministers who know but little or nothing of what has been done. Parliament has no means of communicating with the Departments. It is considered in the highest degree important from a constitutional

point of view that it should have none. Ministers are the spokesmen for the several Departments, but spokesmen with self-imposed limitations. They say, and very properly, only what they choose to say, not by any means what the Departments would wish them to say. The Departments lie outside the Parliamentary domain, except when they are visited by a Commission appointed by either House. If they presume to speak to the public through any other than Ministerial channels they are severely snubbed, and if the actual culprit is caught he is all but capitally punished. This is what has just happened to Lord Wolseley for an after-dinner speech. This absolute seclusion of the Departments may be a political necessity, but it has its inconveniences, the chief sufferers, perhaps, being the public themselves, on whose behalf it is maintained. But it is chiefly through the deterioration of the Departments that the public suffer, a deterioration which is inevitable when all light and air is shut out, when there is no eye to watch and no hand to correct, but salaried human nature is left free to take its own courses. The Departments are great corporations, having only a formal connection with the Government of the day. If Parliament were abolished the Departments would carry on the work of the country as well as it is carried on now, in their own opinion perhaps a good deal better, and they must be insatiate of gain if they helped themselves more liberally. As the office of Lord High Admiral has long since been abolished, the Admiralty is in commission, and we have the First Lord of the Admiralty and four Junior Lords who go in and out with the Government. There thus seems to be a little more of Parliamentary control with the navy than with the army, but the difference goes for nothing. The naval lords are all rolled up in the First Lord; where an attempt is made to vindicate a separate existence, as in the case of Lord Charles Beresford, the insurgent has to go. So that we have to do with a First Lord, and with a self-sustaining and self-sufficient Department behind him. With the army things are a little more complicated. The Department itself is dual. One-half has a permanent chief in his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who regards himself, as he told us the other day, as "the highest military authority." This last word has, of course, a double meaning, implying either the highest professional knowledge and ability, or the highest official position. In the former sense the distinction is accorded by courtesy to his Royal Highness, though he would perhaps be willing to share it with others. In the latter sense the "highest military authority" may be regarded as lying somewhere midway between the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War—the head of the other dual half. In a Parliamentary sense the Secretary of State is alone responsible, but a Department which has a Royal Duke for one of its permanent chiefs, and is supposed still

to stand in some mysterious relation to the Crown, is endowed with a great capacity for passive resistance.

These Departments, strange as it may seem, are practically independent of the Government. In theory they are each subject to the responsible Minister for the time being, but there is a world of difference between theory and fact. Ministers are often changing. There have been four within the last three years. Under the same Ministry there is often a re-arrangement of offices. The War Minister goes, perhaps, to the India or the Colonial Office, while the First Lord of the Admiralty may become the First Lord of the Treasury and leader of the House of Commons. In the making of these appointments no regard is paid to personal qualifications. It is assumed that a politician who has risen to Cabinet rank can turn his hand to anything. And so he can, considering the extremely formal character of his relations with the Department to which he happens to be consigned. The controlling principle in these official re-arrangements is the necessity of doing everything which will strengthen the position of the Ministry in the House of Commons. Political considerations are supreme. There must be a good deal of quiet fun in the Departments when one Minister walks out and another Minister walks in. The politest deference is paid to the new Caesar. There is the fullest recognition of the awful authority he wields, but it is hardly possible for any amount of ceremonial to save him from being conscious that in the duties supposed to attach to his new position he is a mere greenhorn, and that the gentlemanly official who greets him with smiles and bows is really his master. Is it possible by any arts of make-believe to invert the natural position of these two men? The new Minister begins work as an apprentice, and if he is industrious he soon acquires a knowledge of the routine duties of his Department. He finds the officials eager to help him, and they soon pump into him a great deal of useful information. But there is a point beyond which he cannot go. To master the details of the smallest sub-section of departmental work would absorb all the time he can spare from his Parliamentary duties. Unless he has an unusual greed of toil, he soon settles down into an easy compromise, and reserves his more exhausting labours till he has to get up his lesson on the estimates. Meanwhile, the greater and lesser orbs of the mighty constellation, of which he is supposed to be the central sun, roll sedately along their usual courses, hardly sensible of his presence. Some fine night a vote of the House of Commons sends him below the horizon, and a fresh luminary appears, to receive the same respectful homage from his official worshippers, and to experience, sooner or later, the same fate.

We find it hard to repress a feeling of involuntary respect for these strong colossal bodies which play so obscure and yet so important a part in the business of the nation. In permanence of position and

in the influence exerted upon them by long-established traditions they resemble the Crown. A generation of officials witness the rise and fall of a dozen governments. They see many an ambition wax and wane. They can descry politicians in the stage of embryo statesmen, and watch all the incidents which attend their development, from the moment when they deliver their first "telling" speech till they win the seals of office and make their departmental bow. The tendency of permanent official life is to breed a quiet contempt for politics, and to cheapen the estimate of men who must nevertheless be accepted as superiors. In this way the practical independence of the Department settles down into a very hard fact, which holds its own like a block of granite. But what is the state of things inside? It is with this that we are more especially concerned. The first question we have to ask relates to organization. Is there any? We expose ourselves to a sneer when we speak of "business principles;" but a Department like that of the War Office, including the Horse Guards, is established for business purposes, and should be managed much as any commercial firm is managed. Everything depends upon a skilful distribution of work, upon harmonious helpfulness, upon due subordination and accountability, upon the selection of the best men, upon getting rid of all needless complications, and devising the swiftest methods of doing things. There should be no idleness, no figure-heads, no ornamental appendages. "A fair day's work" should be required of every man for "a fair day's pay." It is to be feared that the actual state of things in the "great spending Departments" falls far below any moderate ideal. No scheme of organization has ever been devised. The arrangements which exist to-day are the growth of time and circumstance. Favouritism, and not merit or special fitness, is the key that unlocks the doors to an appointment. But offices which are conferred by favour generally come to be regarded as a vested interest, to which duty is attached by the frailest ties. As the Departments have no organization, so they have no master in any effective sense of the word. There are permanent secretaries, but their duties lie within a well-defined circle and do not extend very far down. There is no one who can make, on his own responsibility, such changes as he may deem desirable. Perhaps it would be difficult to find the man who could be safely trusted with so much power. Traditionary regulations and customary rights are further obstacles to useful innovations. They who see an abuse have powerful motives for leaving it alone, since it is not easy to tell how many interests may be touched when the besom of reform is once brandished. The maxim in the Departments is, "Live and let live," spare me if I spare thee. Taken as a whole, the Departments are irresponsible; they are safe from all molestation so long as the House of Commons does not interfere, and the influence of the Government,

who have their own reasons for keeping things quiet for long periods together, is a sufficient safeguard in that quarter.

This is the departmental half of our dual government in military and naval affairs. It is unorganized and not easy to move; it is independent, and at the same time without power. Into it is carried, by Parliamentary conduit-pipes, a steady current of gold, amounting in volume to thirty millions a year. What becomes of it? How much of it is wasted? How much dribbles by technically honest courses into private channels? What is certain is that there are numberless opportunities for abuse, and we know what human nature is when left without a bridle. It is a case in which there can be but few witnesses, but there is one who volunteers his evidence, and we do not see why he should not go into the box. Lord Randolph Churchill has been Lord Salisbury's Chancellor of the Exchequer. He has been behind the scenes, and made diligent use of his means of observation. What has he to tell us? He speaks of "waste and extravagance going on to an incredible degree;" of "the most terrible and probably fatal chaos and confusion at the Admiralty and War Departments, to which the British people entrust millions every year." In terms like those addressed by the Roman Senate to an unfortunate general, he would say, "Lord Wolseley, what have you done with our millions?" He tells us that he resigned office, not because he wanted to cut down the estimates, that is, to spend less money on the whole, but as a protest against a shiftless and profligate system which gives to the nation "less than a half-crown's worth" of solid value in return for every sovereign paid into the Treasury. Levy on these statements the discount due to rhetoric and something else, yet enough remains to confirm the suspicions which an outside view of the system suggests. The Departments are the Great Dismal Swamp of the Constitution, trackless, pathless, but of enormous swallowing power. And what of its efficiency for the public service? It may be laid down as a maxim that a wasteful system can never be efficient. The one thing excludes the other. Among those who direct it, there are many opinions but no policy. The Admiralty and the War Department are often at cross purposes, no scheme having been devised in which harmonious parts are allotted to the two services. The only principle on which they are agreed is, as an officer naively admitted the other day, that each shall get all the money it can. On matters relating to organization and departmental policy there is a multitude of dissonant voices, and no competent authority to settle where the truth lies. We have no guarantee for the wisdom of the advice given to the Executive, and we can hardly wonder that Ministers, knowing what they do of the Departments, pay but small heed to their recommendations.

This brings us to the other half of the dual government, under

which our naval and military affairs are administered, the twelve or fifteen noble lords and gentlemen who form the Cabinet. They have no organic connection with the Departments. As a whole, they know nothing whatever about them. They are merely brought into contact with them occasionally through the two Ministers who are told off to answer for them. We have seen what the possibilities of any pretended control amount to. We have seen that when it comes to practical work, the master is the man and the manager the managed. But the Minister professes to be responsible for the Department to which he is attached, and on this assumption of responsibility the political part of the fabric rests. Public confidence in the sagacious management of affairs has no other basis. It is a farcical pretence. It is proper to ask, first, what does responsibility mean? In modern times its meaning has been immensely lowered. Very peaceful are the ways of constitutionalism. It knows nothing of the Tower or of Tower Hill. The responsibility of a Minister of the Crown simply means that if the House of Commons seriously disapproves of anything he has done he has to quit office. The infliction of even this penalty is made precarious by the fiction of joint responsibility, according to which Ministers stand or fall together. The doctrine is still further diluted by the fact that the Prime Minister is the chief of the political party which is dominant for the time being, and that most of its members consider it their duty to rally round him almost at all hazards. So then the theory of Ministerial responsibility, when translated into practice, merely means that the government of the country falls into the hands of the political party which is strongest in the constituencies. For responsibility in any real sense, especially as applied to departmental measures, there is no room in our political system. But the pretence is most apparent when the First Lord of the Admiralty or the Secretary of State for War professes to be responsible for his Department. It is wholly out of the question. He is a stranger in it; he knows nothing of its details, nothing of the conditions on which general principles depend for their application. He is one poor solitary man confronting the permanent officials of a great Department. He has no one with whom to advise. Each of the leading members of the Cabinet has his hands full with his own affairs. Lord Salisbury has not time even to read the report of a Commission which he himself appointed. Hence the Secretary of State or the First Lord has simply to place himself in the hands of his departmental secretaries, and take what they tell him. But even this is of the smallest importance. He can accept no advice and can propose nothing without the previous assent of the Treasury. The master he has to obey is the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who looks at the whole matter from the taxpayer's point of view. He loses no time in apprising the Secretary of State

or the First Lord that the money asked for cannot be had, and that the officials of the Department may go to Bath.

The whole system is wrong. It is branded with irresponsibility from one end to the other. Between the Government and the Departments the nation comes to the ground as between two stools. As a mere matter of business the question is one of the first magnitude. Nothing can get over the fact that we are paying thirty millions a year for the army and navy—some seventeen shillings a head for every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom. Yet we are told that we are defenceless, and we are not sure that we are not. We cannot afford to silence the experts. What they say touches only one side of the question, but it is a most important side, since it relates to the very and the sole purpose for which we agree to pay this vast sum. If they are right, this money is substantially wasted and might as well be kept in our pockets. Our sympathies as civilians and political men, to whatever party we belong, naturally go with Lord Salisbury when he lectures Lord Wolsley for appealing over the heads of the authorities to the nation at large; and yet so helpless is our position that we cannot afford to stop his mouth. We cannot accept the information given to us through the official organs in Parliament as complete and satisfactory. The knowledge possessed by the Government is not sufficient to give us confidence. On the other hand, on questions outside their professional competence, we cannot trust the experts themselves. They are soldiers and sailors, but they are not men of business. They are apt to see things out of their due proportion, exaggerating the importance of those in which they are personally interested. They look upon the taxpayer as an animal chiefly valuable for his fleece. Their interests are wholly bound up with an increase of expenditure, and, if we gave them a "free hand," each of the Departments might soon swallow up the enormous sum which now, at any rate, serves for both. We have the strongest apprehension already of the great swamp within the departmental enclosure which the wisdom of our rulers has fenced and walled up against intruders and against all chance of inspection from the outside. Probably the first business of a reformer, if Governments were strong enough to provide one, would be to drain this swamp where one load of bullion after another disappears.

What seems to be wanted is more knowledge and more control, and we naturally look for what we want to Parliament. Can no arrangement be devised by which Parliament should have direct access to the Departments, and be able to inform itself at first hand? The objection certain to be offered to any such proposal is that it would weaken the responsibility of the Government. We have seen how little force there is in this. If the Government were really able to do what, as a matter of form, it undertakes to do, there

would be no need for change; but by its very constitution it is wholly incapable of doing it. We are in the hands of the Departments and of Ministers who fight them with simple negatives, knowing next to nothing of the matters with which they deal, and hardly so much as pretending to decide any question on its merits. No one need trouble himself about the responsibility of Governments. The word is a deceit and a fraud. The retention of power is simply a question of majorities. One party stays in office till the other party is strong enough to defeat it and take its place. Democracy must invent new forms to make itself effective. As regards the business of the House of Commons, this has been done by the new Rules of Procedure and the Closure. Can nothing be done to make the House more effective in the sphere of Administration? It is an anomaly that the House of Commons, which pours into the spending Departments thirty millions a year, should be debarred by constitutional usage and etiquette from all recognized access to the people who spend this money. Mr. Stanhope will tell us at once that he is ready to answer for them, but we know what his answering for them is worth. We know that it is a mere constitutional sham. We do not aspire to play the part of inventors, but there are men in the House of Commons who are competent to the task. We venture to ask them whether the want which seems to be felt might not be met by the appointment of a Standing Departmental Committee. Some approach to this plan has been made as regards the Estimates, but the Committee suggested would be clothed with larger powers. It would be entitled to enter upon the consideration of any question relating to the army, the volunteers, the land defences, and the adequacy of our naval establishments. It would also have the power to investigate matters relating to the Departments themselves, to inquire into the efficiency of their organization, and to ascertain what reforms are wanted. Such a Committee would naturally make it its chief business to see how the money is spent, and stop all leakages. It should have power to summon any person as a witness, from the Commander-in-Chief to the foreman of a Government workshop, and the result of its investigations might be submitted annually to the Government or to the House of Commons. There need be no fear of imparting information to other Powers. The idea of secrecy is a bugbear. The only party not in the secrets of the army and navy is the British nation, who have the clearest right to know everything. The Government would make what use of the reports they pleased, but in whatever they did or refrained from doing they would be under the control of the House of Commons, which would henceforth pronounce its verdicts in the light, and not in the dark.

In the meantime, there are some points connected with national defence upon which clearer views and more distinct impressions are

desirable. This is especially the case, not perhaps with the Liberal party as a whole, but at any rate with the Radical wing of the party, who often take a line of their own. It is requisite to know whereabouts we are and what we would be at. Whatever views are held they should be avowed, so that we may know precisely the issues in dispute. Will it be admitted as a point on which we are all agreed, that the country ought to be always in a reasonably adequate state of defence, and that the navy should be strong enough to maintain our interests on the seas? If so we are in possession of common ground, but it would help to simplify controversy and spare some needless exacerbation of public feeling if the fact were more fully acknowledged. If the Radical party are to carry with them the sympathies of their countrymen, they are bound to have a policy which admits of being defined and vindicated. It will not do to deal in mere negations, nor to fire off shots at random, nor to hint at solutions which nineteen men in twenty will reject as absurd. This is not the way to win influence, nor to advance the cause of economy, nor to strengthen the interests of peace. The night before the recess Mr. Illingworth gave us a model example of the way in which the question should be treated from his point of view. A vote of more than four millions was being asked for on account. Mr. Illingworth said that before making the grant the country had a right to know the policy of the Government with respect to foreign affairs. He wanted to know whether this country was absolutely free from any engagements which at the first brush of Continental difficulties might land us in naval or military preparations. He said that if this country maintained a steady purpose not to interfere in Continental quarrels it would be wholly unnecessary to increase our army, though he admitted that "a strong navy was absolutely essential to our interests." This is the language of a practical politician, who has a store of defensible principles within reach. It is reasonable and sober language, striking the right chords of thought even in minds where it fails to produce conviction. It recognizes the necessity of our being adequately equipped for defence under all circumstances, since a nation is not to be sacrificed because the Government blunders, while it points out that the risks we run and the expenditure which will have to be incurred depend upon the policy which the Government may adopt. That is a good reason for looking well after the Government, and seeking the aid of public opinion in endeavouring to keep it in the right track. Then at last there is the frank and pregnant admission that a strong navy is absolutely essential to our interests. Taking together what it expresses and what it implies, no better creed could be desired from the lips of a Radical leader.

If this position is accepted as the starting-point, it follows that on

the question of principle we are all agreed, and that the only questions which can be raised controversially relate to matters of detail and largely to matters of fact. To settle these questions, what is wanted is a jury of intelligent civilians capable of any amount of labour and a body of experts to give evidence. Such a Committee as has been suggested would seem to be an ideal tribunal. How much more readily would the nation trust to it than to startling but unverified assertions uttered in after-dinner speeches, or even to what some would describe as the one-sided and specious statements which are made once a year by the mouthpiece of the War Office.

Another point upon which we have to make up our minds is whether the European position that England has gradually assumed is worth maintaining. The key of that position is our presence and influence in the Mediterranean. Down to the end of the last century Gibraltar was our sole possession in that quarter. At the beginning of the present century, as the result of the war with France, we acquired Malta. At the close of the war the Ionian Isles were left in our hands as trustees on behalf of Europe, but many years ago, with the assent of the other Powers, they were given up to Greece. We obtained possession of Cyprus by the Secret Convention made with Turkey by Lord Beaconsfield. It is not ours in absolute sovereignty. The Sultan is our "over-lord," and we pay him a fixed sum annually out of the revenues of the island. Our connection with Egypt is of a much older date. The claims which we have lately taken new methods of enforcing have virtually subsisted in their present strength from the day when we expelled the French more than eighty years ago. Since then there has never been a moment when we should have permitted another foreign Power to take possession of Egypt. Down to the close of the Crimean war it was our policy to seek to exercise a preponderating control in Egyptian affairs by upholding the authority of the Sultan. Since the decline of our influence at Constantinople we have had to shift our sails with the varying winds and tides. But to-day we are in military possession of Egypt. By a blunder which they have never ceased to regret the French have manœuvred themselves out of their share of the dual power that had come to be accepted as a working compromise between the two countries, and now we are there alone. We are there under pledges which we cannot profess an intention to abandon, but with uncertain aims, and with intentions not quite clear to ourselves. Our Mediterranean position places us virtually in the centre of Europe, with possessions in three of the four or five quarters of the world. Why do we hold it? Our geographical situation as an island in the Atlantic confers no claim, and, but that we might prove a useful ally where there are other rivals, the neighbouring Powers would unanimously vote us intruders. Our only political

justification for being there is that the Mediterranean, together with the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, affords us the nearest route to an Imperial possession in a distant part of the globe; but we might be told that our being owners of India is no reason why we should be joint or chief owners of the great inland sea which washes the shores of half the countries of Europe. The worst is, that so long as we hold this position "Continental quarrels" are hardly excluded from our sphere of action because they are Continental. We are brought into contact with the Continental Powers at many important points. If war breaks out combinations are possible which, unless we counteracted them by other combinations, would sweep us off the field. Considering the enormous advantage which the co-operation of the British fleet would be to a belligerent, our neutrality would be regarded as hostile, and at the end of the struggle we might find ourselves confronted with two angry rivals instead of one. We do not pretend to solve these questions. But they involve some weighty problems as to which it behoves us at least to know our own minds.

The portent of the hour is a Franco-Russian alliance, which great political authorities tell us is among the certainties of the immediate future. It does not at first sight appear how such an alliance need disturb us. The motive with Russia is the possession of Bulgaria; the motive with France is the recovery of her lost provinces through a war with Germany. We have here a war foreshadowed upon a grand scale—a war which, should it really happen, would probably spread over the whole Continent. Let us take due note of the possibility that it may not happen. Political seers are not infallible, and affairs do not flow in predestined channels, or we do not know which channels are predestined. But then it may happen, and we have to consider in what way it could affect us. It would affect us chiefly in two ways: first, in so far as it is any interest of ours to keep Russia out of Bulgaria; and next, in the offence which our neutrality might give to those Powers with whom we might have been expected to take part. This second danger appears to be the more formidable, though it is rather visionary. The argument is that we should become an object of general dislike. Our selfishness would arm the other Powers against us, and when peace was made it would be made at our expense. In the last resort, France and Germany might come to terms by agreeing upon a generous division among themselves of Belgium and the Netherlands, and what should we say to that? Or France might seize upon some occasion for ending the rivalry of centuries by an invasion of our shores, and Germany would give a malicious assent to the enterprise. It is easy to indulge in such speculations, but they take a good deal for granted. They take no account of the exhaustion which follows a great war, and of the disposition of all parties, when a war is over, to make the best of new

circumstances. If France and Germany should unhappily come to blows, the strain upon their energies will be so great that, at the end of the conflict, neither of them will be in a condition to try conclusions with a third great Power. They will need a long time to recruit, and as one or the other will be worsted in the encounter, there will be a new crop of resentments and fresh visions of revenge. It is unpleasant to have to speak in this apparently cynical style of our fellow-creatures, but it is one of the necessary conditions of discussion, and we readily admit that they are every whit as disinterested and as chivalrous as ourselves. As for any fanciful re-arrangements of territory along the coast opposite ours, we may as well at once put up with the reflection that it is out of our power to prevent them if circumstances should bring them about, and that there is no reason why we should not be on good terms with our new neighbours. The odds are that, sooner or later, the Netherlands will be a part of the German Empire, and there would be nothing in such an arrangement of which we should have the smallest right or reason to complain. Germany would get one fine colony, but that would be on the whole a good thing, satisfying a German want, and enabling us to live together the more amicably.

If we took part in the war which is supposed to be approaching, our risks would be immediate and immense. We should have to double our fleet, and might prepare for the conscription, besides incurring the danger of starvation through the stoppage of our supplies by sea. If we held ourselves severely neutral we should suffer chiefly through the interests we may be supposed to have in Bulgaria, and it is worth while asking what they are. When the contest is over Bulgaria will either be Russian or Austrian, and so far as our commerce is concerned there is not much to choose between the two. But behind the Bulgarian question stands another to which it serves as a mask. Bulgaria means Constantinople. The Bulgarian question might be settled to-morrow, but unless the question of Constantinople were settled at the same time, peace would not be of long duration. It would only mark off another stage in the secular conflict for the possession of the capital of the Sultans. The progress which Russia has made during the last two centuries towards the realization of the national dream is amazing. The quiet persistency which has been displayed seems to have almost the force of fate. That Russia will succeed before very long is a safe conclusion, if any political prophecies may be risked at all. But this is just the point at which our policy is hopelessly at variance with that of Russia. It is settled by the statesmen of both parties, it has been the working tradition of a hundred years, that come what may Russia is not to have Constantinople. This was the policy of the war in the Crimea, of the Treaty of Paris of 1856, of the Treaty of Berlin, and of the subsequent in-

tervention of the British Government in Bulgarian affairs. The chief consideration urged in defence of this policy is that, with Russia at Constantinople, our Mediterranean position would be seriously endangered, and that we might find ourselves cut off from the road to India. There is no doubt that the aggressive power of Russia and the weakness of Turkey offer a startling vista of possibilities. It is not merely a question of Constantinople, but also of Asia Minor, of Syria, and the Euphrates Valley, and even of Persia and the Persian Gulf. What is to be done in the nature of things when an energetic and warlike mass of a hundred millions of human beings, placed in an almost inaccessible position, and therefore safe from attack, is pressing down upon a couple of decrepit States, poverty-stricken to the bone, and enfeebled by ages of bad government? One would say that the process must go on, and that the rest of the world must adjust itself to the results, fortified by the persuasion that the very magnitude of the process will ensure the springing up of modifying circumstances, and bring efficient safeguards into play. In the meantime we have to face Russia in the East, as well as in the West, and as she cannot be at the same time active in both directions, her aggressive policy on the Black Sea brings with it some compensation. It may be worth our while to ask whether our interests absolutely require that we should maintain an attitude of unrelenting hostility to Russia. Her presence in the Mediterranean would be but one flag more. On the coast of Asia Minor her ports would, at any rate, be within reach of our squadrons. We should have no quarrel with her over the Holy Places. There are other local questions on which we should have no rival aims, and both might act in concert. Southern lands and free access to the ocean, Russia must and will have, somewhere; and if it is decreed that the conquests of Othman shall pass to the Power which has religiously kept alive the traditions of the Eastern Empire, she will have a worthier task on her hands than fighting for strips of sterile desert in Central Asia, or intriguing with the mountaineers of Afghanistan.

These are some of the questions which have to be considered and substantially determined before we can be in a position to say what measures of national defence will be necessary. Our policy is in our own hands. It must be settled by the nation and by Parliament. We are all agreed that, whatever policy may be pursued, the country must be placed in a state of reasonable security. Only the greater the risks we make up our minds to run the greater are the precautions that will have to be taken beforehand. Not very long ago our colonial relations would have been brought into the discussion. It would then have been considered doubtful whether our colonies would consent to share with us the hazards of war, or whether we should encumber ourselves with measures for their defence. Any

doubts which might have been entertained on this subject are for the present dispelled. What might happen under stress of circumstances it would be hard to say, but in the meantime it is settled that we are to go on together. The defence of our colonies is hardly separable from the defence of our commercial interests. The two things are almost identical. The trade with our colonies is chiefly carried on in English bottoms, and mere immunity from the chance visit of a hostile squadron, against which adequate preparation can be made without much difficulty, would be a small matter to them and to us, compared with the suspension of commercial intercourse if our ships were captured by the enemy's cruisers. This is the most serious risk we should have to run, and it is the capital point to be considered. Here it is a duty to speak without reserve. Whatever else is left undone we must be strong at sea. "A strong navy is absolutely essential to our interests," is the opinion we have already quoted from Mr. Illingworth, who probably represents the views of the energetic group of advanced politicians with whom he acts. It was the opinion of Mr. Cobden, who, in opposing Lord Palmerston's fortification scheme, declared that he would not hesitate to vote a hundred millions, if the sum were necessary, to make our naval position secure. He would probably have agreed with Admiral Colomb, who, in the able paper he read the other day, pours all a sailor's scorn upon the notion that we are to defend the country by skulking behind earthworks. Here, again, we are confronted with a vital question of policy as to which, if in no other sense, it is to be feared that the Government are at sea.

At present we are in a muddle. Grave questions are raised, and neither Parliament nor the country has the knowledge requisite for coming to wise decisions. We pay thirty millions a year, and all we get for it is that knowing men shake their heads, and tell us that we are all but utterly defenceless. Our soldiers say one thing, our sailors say another, and there is no competent man or body of men to decide between them. We are in the hands of Departments without power, and of Ministers with only a pretended responsibility. Persons who with special opportunities for investigation have looked inside the Departments assure us that the spectacle which meets their eye is one of hideous wastefulness and utter confusion. There has been no panic. Indignation rather than terror is the mood to which we are at present prone, and which circumstances abundantly justify. And yet we are a self-governing people, a triumphant democracy, every household in the land having its share of a representative in the House of Commons.

HENRY DUNCKLEY.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

THE course of the last few months has been marked by a series of events of grave enough import, at any rate in appearance, for it to be worth our while to stop and inquire, not indeed what will be the issue of them (for that rests with the gods), but what their causes have been and what is their true character.

The whole policy of France, external as well as internal, seems to have taken an entirely new direction—or rather, it seems, for the moment, to have lost its way altogether.

With regard to Germany, the long unrest seems to have given place to an almost absolute calm. This tallies with what we have always said of the real disposition of the French, as well as the German people. From General Boulanger and his party downwards, everybody is uttering words of peace, nothing but peace. This outward calm springs partly from the intensity of home anxieties; it springs also from a growing sense of how utterly illusory was the hope of a Russian alliance, and the conviction that France has so far been used by Russia simply as a trump card for obtaining concessions from Germany. The zeal with which Austria pressed forward her war preparations made a strong impression; so did the anti-French feeling of Italy—a feeling shown not only by the absurd and scandalous conduct of the Florentine police towards our consul in the Hussein affair, but by the incredible and imprudent perversity of the Italians in refusing to renew the ordinary commercial relations with France on the basis of the treaty of 1881. The shifting policy of England with regard to Germany and Italy has been watched with some uneasiness; and it has been realized that if there is no direct hostility to be looked for in that quarter, there is certainly neither support nor goodwill to be looked for either. Finally, the death of the Emperor William, and the illness of the Emperor Frederick III., have, for the time at any rate, appeased or softened even the reasonable grudge that rises in a Frenchman's heart at the thought of Germany. Even the journals which make a point of parading a blind and stupid hostility to everything German; spoke with respect of that majestic, because so serenely simple, death,

and of that suffering so heroically endured. We have seen it demonstrated that neither the growth of democratic vulgarity, nor the bitter feeling kept alive ever since the day of defeat by the injuries and annoyances connected with the present *régime* in Alsace-Lorraine, has been able to destroy the native chivalry of the French character. If the Germans wished to see a sincere and eloquent testimony rendered to their old Emperor, they had only to look at the French newspapers and magazines; and the eulogy was the more forcible because it was dictated by no spirit of calculation or of subservience, and spoiled by no exaggeration. As to the new Emperor, his character and the pathos of his position have evoked an affectionate sympathy almost naïve in its manifestations. One of our poets, M. Coppée, is only surprised (he says so in a very eloquent verse) that Frederick III. has not signalized his accession by the restitution of the two provinces, and thus put an end to the odious military system which is draining the life of Europe. The papers have not even had the heart to cry out upon the sham amnesty proclaimed by the Emperor, from which are excluded all Alsacians guilty only of the crime of adhesion to the Ligue des Patriotes. All the old detestation is reserved for Bismarck, in whom the popular imagination sees the incarnation of enmity to France, and for the Crown Prince William, whom it regards as a bad son and a future tyrant, bigoted and sanguinary. For the Emperor and Empress there is nothing but sympathy, compassion, and admiration.

All these things have tended to calm down the public feeling so strongly roused last year by the frontier incidents; and, excepting the traders and manufacturers who are suffering from the tariff war with Italy, nobody cares much just now about foreign affairs, so absorbing is the interest of the duel going on between General Boulanger and Republican Parliamentary Government. For this is the new character in which we have now to regard that curious personality which figured a year ago as the embodiment of Radicalism and the War of Revenge.

If the Boulanger question has come to be such a grave one, the fault rests certainly with the Republican party. The scandals which sullied the close of M. Grévy's presidency threw a certain discredit on Republican Government itself. Public opinion was kept in a state of excitement by the reports of the trial of M. Wilson, on a charge of having got decorations for several persons for a money consideration. Convicted in the first instance, he was acquitted on appeal, because the acts of which he was guilty could not be brought within the scope of any existing law; but the disgrace remained: it tarnished M. Grévy's name as well as his own; and in spite of the severity with which his malversations were visited, and which did credit to the Republic, some smirch of the dishonour fell upon the Republic itself.

The new President, M. Carnot, ought, on his election, to have retained the Rouvier Ministry, and declared it the one aim of his policy to exclude from Parliament all those, whether Royalists, Bonapartists, or anything else, whose object it was to upset the present *régime*; and he should have invited all Republicans to put by their differences till this common end should be attained. The moment was a favourable one for a general election made with this avowed object. No one would have been surprised at a dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies following on a Presidential election, so long as the dis-

solution was made openly in the name of republicanism against monarchy. Unfortunately, M. Carnot had neither the energy of character nor the personal prestige to carry so bold a policy; and the solution he arrived at was the worst of all possible solutions. He formed a colourless Ministry, made up of mediocrities, and headed by M. Tirard, an excellent man enough, but quite incapable of acquiring any ascendancy over the Chamber. The only man of importance in the Ministry was M. Flourens; and he was unlucky enough to compromise his exceptional position by a particularly maladroit candidature in the Hautes Alpes. This mistake on the part of the President was followed by far graver mistakes on the part of the Chamber. The Extreme Left and the Radical Left made up their minds from the first that the Ministry was stillborn, and began a series of manœuvres and lobby intrigues to bring about the formation of a Floquet Government. The Budget Committee, taking no heed of the advanced time of the year, or of its having already been necessary to vote provisional supplies, declined to accept M. Tirard's proposals, and amused itself with framing a fancy Budget on an impossible basis. Nothing could exceed the confusion and absurdity of the debate on the Budget. After a series of aimless discussions and contradictory votes—after wasting three months in idle talk, they ended by passing a Budget very nearly identical with that proposed by M. Rouvier. Hardly was the Budget done with, when, on the 30th of March, the Tirard Ministry was surprised and thrown out, by a coalition of the Right with the Extreme Left.

M. Tirard fell with his own goodwill. He had but just received a vote of confidence; and the majority which overthrew him included only 130 Republican votes, against 230 for him. It was on a motion for making the revision of the Constitution the order of the day. Had M. Tirard chosen to ascend the tribune and say, "This motion is brought forward by men who have not two ideas in common, and cannot agree upon a revision when they have got it,—their only object is to drive out the Ministry, and the Ministry are not going to be driven out on any such question," the conspirators would have looked sufficiently foolish. As it was, M. Tirard fell into the trap, made it a Ministerial question, and then resigned, as he was bound to do—not sorry to retire from a post which had brought him nothing but vexations.

So then M. Carnot was weak enough to send for M. Floquet. There was nothing to designate M. Floquet for the post. The successful majority was composed of 136 Monarchists and 130 Radicals. By what right were the 130 Radicals to govern the Chamber? It was out of all accordance with Parliamentary rules. Besides, M. Floquet did not choose his colleagues from among the victors of the 30th of March. He dispensed with the services of M. Flourens, who had for two years so successfully conducted our foreign affairs, and replaced him by M. Goblet, whose imprudences so nearly ruined us, and who has neither the character nor the acquirements necessary for such a post. At the War Office, where a firm hand is always wanted, and one in which the army has absolute confidence, he put a civilian, M. de Freycinet, who made not a few enemies in 1870, and who is known for his irresolute and uncertain character, ready to truckle to all parties and sacrifice everything to popularity. The Ministry of Public Instruction was given to M. Lockroy, a clever journalist and vaudevillist, who compromised himself

in 1871 by his manifestations of sympathy for the Commune, and who managed so badly last year at the Ministry of Commerce that the directors protested beforehand against the idea of his return. The other offices are filled by not very illustrious personages; the cheerful M. Viette remains at the Ministry of Agriculture; M. Deluns-Montaud, who might have done very well for Education, goes to the Public Works; M. P. Legrand represents Protectionist ideas at the Ministry of Commerce; M. Ferrouillet, at the Ministry of Justice, helps M. Deluns-Montaud to represent the moderate Republicans in the Cabinet; M. Krantz is a good Minister of Marine. The oddest thing of all was the making M. Peytral Minister of Finance. M. Peytral is a retired chemist, who, as chairman of the Budget Committee, has shown a remarkable talent for muddling and disorganizing everything. The leader of this heterogeneous Cabinet, M. Floquet, is a good man enough; as President of the Chamber he proved himself wanting neither in sense nor in presence of mind; but he is no statesman. His political fortune was made by one word—by the cry, “Vive la Pologne,” which he uttered, incongruously enough in 1867, in the very ears of the Emperor of Russia, on the steps of the Palais de Justice. To wipe out that unlucky recollection, he thought it necessary, at the time of Katkoff’s death, to testify an extravagant admiration for the Russian journalist—as if there could be anything but humiliation for an old admirer of the Polish patriots in crying up the most savage of their persecutors. I doubt whether this miserable recantation has done him much service with the Russians. So far as French politics are concerned, M. Floquet is only known as having shared M. Lockroy’s sympathies for the Parisian insurgents in 1871; as having, when Prefect of the Seine, made himself the champion of municipal autonomy; and finally, as having professed himself, in his various electoral manifestoes, a partisan of the most extreme and impolitic measures. Once only, in a speech made at the Grand Orient, after the election of M. Carnot, he seemed to have come to a better mind, and to understand that the one duty of Republicans at this moment is to unite for the maintenance of tranquillity and economy and the revival of commerce. But, once at the head of the Ministry, he soon forgot his prudent declarations, and produced a programme demanding the revision of the Constitution in a democratic sense, the separation of Church and State, the reform of the magistracy, and a complete re-casting of the laws relating to taxation and inheritance. It is true that in putting forward this programme he postpones its realization to the Greek Kalends. Revision is to be when a Republican majority votes for it. The separation of Church and State is to take place when a series of laws for the regulation of associations shall have led up to it. In this way he vexes both the opponents and the partisans of these measures—the former by his proposals, and the latter by his delays.

Now all this is not serious politics. M. Floquet must not retain as a Minister the bad habit, common enough among the deputies, of drawing up in one sounding manifesto a whole scheme of reforms (or of so-called reforms), of which he knows the realization to be quite impossible. M. Floquet knows perfectly well—or, if he does not, he ought to know—that the measures he puts forward as desirable would be most dangerous to the Republic. Talk of revising the Constitution! Why, here is a nation whose one aspiration is to be sure of to-morrow, to feel itself

living under a *régime* that will last—a nation which is Republican mainly, because the Republic exists, and nothing else does, or seems likely to do; and you tell these people that the Republic itself means a series of provisional constitutions, and that everything they did think settled is about to be brought in question. You do more: you threaten the existence of the only two institutions which present any serious obstacle to a dictatorship—the Senate and the Presidency of the Republic. As to the separation of Church and State, such a proposal must bring distress and anxiety to all religious minds, and they were already sufficiently alienated from the Republic by the decrees against the religious confraternities. It will seem to them like going back to the time of the civil constitution of the clergy—like a persecution of the Catholic religion; and certainly it will give the peasantry the idea that, while the rates will be undiminished, they will have to bear the whole expense of maintaining public worship besides. Such a reform as the separation of Church and State could only be carried by a Conservative Government, whose character should be a sufficient guarantee of the spirit in which the change would be made, and which would replace the Budget of Public Worship by an endowment. But what the Radicals wish to see is not a free church, but a church crippled by poverty. They mean spoliation. If they get their wish, they themselves will be the first to suffer. As to the reform of the magistracy, such a project threatens the security of a large body of functionaries, already weakened during these last years, as regards both capacity and morality, by the intrusion of political motives into the appointments—a body which it becomes year by year more difficult to recruit. As to the reform of taxation, nobody can suppose that that means anything but an increase of burdens, since we are face to face with a deficit. To increase the duties on succession is not only to tamper with one of the sources of public wealth, but to irritate the whole body of those who have, without giving any satisfaction to those who have not. The duties on succession are already enormous, and public opinion will not stand much more. It is a grievous thing to say, but the Republican system has so disgusted the country by its wasteful finance, by the greediness of its politicians in seizing on places and advantages at the disposal of the State, and by its incessant changes of Government, that we grow uneasy at the very name of reform, and see in it nothing but fresh occasion for vain wranglings and new Ministerial crises; so sure we are that there does not exist in the Chambers, as they are at present, a clear majority on any one great question. All we ask of the Government is to give us a little quiet, a little less uncertainty as to the morrow, and to be more sparing of our money.

Perhaps it may have seemed a dexterous thing for M. Floquet to speak of revision, because M. Boulanger spoke of revision, and the electors applauded him. But he should have taken into account that when M. Boulanger says "Revision," what they understand by it is a strong personal Government, and an end to Parliamentary Republicanism; and when M. Floquet says "Revision," what they understand by it is the continuation or further complication of the chaos we are in at present. The Floquet Ministry had one original defect which must make it difficult for it to hold its ground. It had the misfortune to succeed to office just at the moment when the Tirard Ministry had been courageous enough to strike at M. Boulanger and to punish his daring violations of

military discipline; it had the further misfortune of being brought into existence in consequence of an absurd vote in favour of revision, which it mistook for an indication of the direction it had better give to its own policy; and it had the final misfortune of including members, like M. Lockroy, and even M. Floquet himself, who were bound to M. Boulanger by ties of their own, and are now placed in a very awkward position for conducting the conflict against him. Lastly, it has no chance of maintaining the union between the moderate Republicans and the Radicals, except by confining itself to the business of administration, and abandoning the idea of carrying out any part of the programme it drew up at the time of its installation; and if it does this, it exposes itself to the attack of the Extreme Left. If it moves, it is lost; if it keeps perfectly still, it cannot be said to be safe. It would not be standing now, if the paramount necessity of uniting against the Boulangist movement had not been obvious to every man of sense in the Republican camp.

From the moment when General Boulanger was put under arrest at Clermont-Ferrand, the members of the Republican party pleased themselves with imagining that his popularity was slipping away from him, and that he had ceased to be a public danger. They did not realize that, instead of being taken up with his military duties, he was incessantly employed in correspondence, in journeys to Paris without leave, and in preparing for an illegal electoral campaign, though his duties as a general in full pay rendered him ineligible. Thus, when the elections came on, on the 25th of March, they were amazed to find one Thiébaud, an old Bonapartist journalist, undertaking on his own account to propose General Boulanger as a candidate in four departments at once, and to see this candidature actually secure a majority in the Aisne. It was the sudden irruption of a new political element, upsetting all the old party groups. In defiance of all the caucuses and all the Republican journals banded together against him, the General had carried forty-five thousand votes in the Aisne, and some thirty thousand in the other departments. It was the mass of the electorate, composed of Bonapartists, Clericals, and Radicals, turning instinctively to the man in whom they blindly personified their vague wishes and contradictory aspirations.

The Tirard Ministry, better informed than the public, came to the conclusion that General Boulanger, even while he disavowed, with some reservations, those who proposed his candidature, was secretly encouraging them to go on; and they knew that he had come to Paris in spite of the prohibition of the Minister of War. They did not hesitate to strike. He was deprived of his command, and arraigned before a court-martial, which found him guilty of grave breaches of discipline; he was first suspended and then pensioned off. From that moment he became the centre of a group of political adventurers, some of whom saw in him an instrument for the destruction of the Republic, while others regarded him as a future Minister, President, or Dictator, who might some day amply repay the support they gave him. M. Boulanger was adroit enough to adopt a programme which relieved him of the responsibility of giving an opinion on anything, and brought people of the most divergent opinions flocking to his standard. It consisted of two words only—Dissolution and Revision. Discontents and aspirations of every sort and shade could range themselves under such a banner. The most disreputable journals were soon at his command—the *Lanterne*, the *Intran-*

sigeant, the *France*, the *Dix-neuvième Siècle*—journals which represent no serious political opinion, but are given over to scandal, calumny, and extortion. One journal, *La Cocarde*, was especially devoted to his glorification; and the most read of all the popular papers, the *Petit Journal*, which has a circulation of more than a million, was fain, in its own interests, to take a favourable tone. The staff of the Boulangist party, the leaders of the enterprise, were, first a few Bonapartists, M. Thiébaud, M. Millevoye, M. de Loqueyssie; then Count Dillon, the intimate friend of the General, whose opinions nobody knows, but who left the army under circumstances not greatly to his credit; M. H. Rochefort, a condottiere of the sixteenth century developed into a journalist of the nineteenth, a libertine and a sceptic, a man without a conscience, who turns to politics as a means of procuring some fresh sensation for a jaded brain; M. Laguerre, a clever young barrister, but a mere adventurer, who began by joining the Catholic party, and then flung himself suddenly into the wildest Radicalism, and who has now become the acolyte of the Boulangist party; M. Laur, as ambitious and turbulent as M. Laguerre, but gifted besides with a very funny simplicity; M. Laisant, an ex-Polytechnician, a good mathematician, but half mad; and finally, a few supers, more or less insignificant or ridiculous, half fools and half knaves, MM. Michelin, Le Hérisse, Susini, and Vergoin—conceited self-seekers of low degree, who are Boulangists for the sake of notoriety now, and the chance of a brilliant career hereafter, which is more than they could hope for in the regular order of things. M. Déroulède also offers the assistance of his vain and noisy personality; to him Boulangism means the opportunity of avenging his wounded dignity on the Republicans who despised him. He has succeeded in carrying with him a section of the former *Ligue des Patriotes*, from which he was excluded, and in transforming it into a Boulangist electoral agency. Finally, M. Boulanger has made an important recruit in the person of M. Naguet, the apostle of divorce, a *savant*, and a really cultivated and intelligent man, but a man of unscrupulous character and unsatisfied ambition.

All this, however, goes for very little. General Boulanger might have his newspapers and his agents, his staff of rogues and malcontents, his *mot d'ordre* and his token—the red carnation, the flower of the Bonapartists in 1815; but all this would never make him formidable if he had no army. But he has. I do not say his army is solid and coherent, I do not say it is not liable to disband at any moment, but he has it. Sixty thousand electors voted for him in the Dordogne, on the 7th of April, and he was thus elected for the first time, although he did not then accept. On the 15th of April he was returned for the department of the Nord by 172,000 votes, and he now sits in the Chamber as member for that great constituency. Taking one election with another, he has registered more than 300,000 votes.

How comes this army of disinterested privates? By what means has it been enlisted? By what causes has its growth been fed? If the leaders of the party remind us of the friends of Catiline, its followers remind us rather of the crowd that acclaimed Cæsar. What is it that draws them? What have they to hope for?

The personal appearance of the General certainly has something to do with it. His somewhat vulgar beauty is the very thing to please a public which claps the pieces of M. Georges Ohnet. The women of the

working classes, of the bourgeoisie, of the *demi-monde*, even to some extent of the *grand monde*, feel an interest in the young General, said to be so brave, who carries his full beard so well, and rides so superbly on such a grand black charger, and who has the reputation, moreover, of being very susceptible to feminine charms. The men were moved by the patriotic speeches, of which he made so many while he was Minister; he struck an old patriotic chord that had too long been silent; he gave the soldiers confidence in themselves and their leaders, and made them proud of their flag. Spontaneously, and with one accord, the Radical journals combined to magnify him at the expense of his predecessors in office, and to make much of his "reforms," which consisted really of a few measures of doubtful utility, designed to gratify the soldiers. Furthermore, as General Boulanger happened to be Minister at the time of the Schnaebelé incident, and showed himself quite ready to go to war if necessary, he came to be regarded by the bellicose part of the population, especially in the frontier departments, as designated beforehand to be the re-conqueror of the lost provinces. Much of his popularity is thus owing to the illusions of patriotic spirits more ardent than enlightened.

But neither personal charm nor patriotic aspirations alone would have availed to create such a current of feeling in his favour as that which gave him his startling majority in the Nord. Something more was wanting—a widespread discontent with the Republican *régime*, and the sudden revival of the Bonapartist spirit, the craving for a dictatorship, or at any rate for a personal government of some sort.

To a certain extent, the disaffection for Republican government was not undeserved. The selfish inertia of M. Grévy, his avarice, his indifference to all the manifestations of national life in arts, letters, and industries, and, above all, the Wilson scandals, in which he could not but be to some extent implicated, did unquestionably cast discredit on the chief magistracy of the Republic. The incessant changes of government have created a feeling in the country that it is not being governed at all, and that it is getting into the hands of more and more incompetent men. Many good people are alarmed at the progress of Radicalism, and at seeing M. Félix Pyat returned at Marseilles at the same moment that General Boulanger was elected in the Nord, as if there were no alternative but the Dictature or the Commune. The Chamber has lost credit by its taste for noisy discussions leading to nothing, and its distaste for sticking to business, and by its trick of solemnly propounding splendid reforms which never get further than being propounded. Places have been multiplied for the satisfaction of politicians and their friends, and the national Budget has been regarded as the lawful prey of the party in power. Petty tyrannies have been organized in the provinces, for the benefit of the deputies, their agents, and their friends. Religious people have been wantonly scared and scandalized by a display of crass hostility to the Catholic religion. The administration has been very bad, the deficit has been allowed to go on increasing from year to year, and the Chamber has not even been able, by the 31st of December, to get through with a Budget which was drafted in May. The Conservatives have been made uneasy by the constant threat of Radical measures, and the Radicals have been disgusted by the constant failure to carry them out.

Yet, numerous and legitimate as are these causes of discontent, they do not suffice to explain the depth of the discontent which is actually felt.

The Republicans in Parliament may have managed very badly, but that proves nothing against the Republic; nor against Parliamentary institutions. The electors are free to send men to Parliament who will govern better. Besides, if the Republic has not done all that was expected of it, it has done a great deal. It has done much for public instruction, for public works, and for the army. The Chambers have not been idle, and they have passed a number of good laws. And certainly the country has enjoyed, during these eighteen years, an amount of liberty it never tasted before. But in the Chamber and outside the Chamber, in the Press and in society, the various parties have been scrimmaging one with another which should do most to discredit the Republic by unmeasured and unmerited fault-finding. The Monarchists accused the Chamber of doing abominable things; the Radicals reproached it with doing nothing at all. By force of sheer calumny, a really formidable load of unpopularity has been heaped upon M. Ferry, though the country was indebted to him for valuable colonies, a sound diplomatic position, and a splendid system of education. The Government has been held responsible for industrial depression, agricultural depression, bad harvests, long winters, and I know not what besides. Finally, it must be said, the character of the French people is such, that with them everything goes by fashion; they are readily infatuated and as readily disgusted; and, so far, no political system has failed to tire them out within some fifteen or eighteen years. For five years the country is enchanted with the new system, for five years it tolerates it, for five years it endures it with growing disgust, and after that it looks out for another. M. Boulanger has come at the very moment to take advantage of this state of things, and all the malcontents turn blindly towards him in the hope that he is bringing them the looked-for change—the new and unimagined system which will cure their every ill.

The real gravity of the situation lies, first of all, in the unhealthy, epidemic character of the enthusiasm for General Boulanger, which has caught like a fever and been passed from one to another like a St. Vitus' dance; and next, in the fact that a great part of the French nation shows itself indifferent to political liberty, incapable of seeking in itself and in the use of its powers a remedy for the ills from which it suffers, and willing to place itself blindly in the hands of any one who offers himself as a deliverer or a master—in short, ready and eager for servitude. Worse still is the new political morality of which the Boulangist agitation affords the first specimen. For the first time we see politics degraded into a commercial enterprise, and an enterprise of puffs and quackery. To carry on such a campaign as that in the Aisne, the Dordogne, and the Nord, to make it possible for M. Boulanger to lead the luxurious life he does lead, to pay for all this advertising in verse, in prose, in pictures, in articles of every sort and kind, takes money, and not a little of it. What has been spent already must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands of francs. It is said that the secret service funds of the Ministry of War provided the first expenses of the propaganda; but, though our experience of the value of M. Boulanger's word gives but a poor idea of his moral character, it would be difficult to believe that he had simply robbed the chest entrusted to him. But what is certain is, that a syndicate of business men now furnishes the funds for the Boulanger enterprise, exactly as is done in the South American

republics for the various presidential parties. Señor Castelar slandered his country when he said, "I know M. Boulanger; he is a Spanish general." He should have said, "He is a Peruvian or a Venezuelan general."

Never was there hatched a more disgraceful political intrigue. With the contrivers of it, it is just a matter of money and it is by means of the grossest charlatanism that the enthusiasm of the public is kept alive—by absurd engravings, by silly or sentimental songs, and by a sort of incessant puffing, which places M. Boulanger about on a level with M. Géraudel, the chemist of St. Menehould, the inventor of tar lozenges. The very name of Boulanger affords a useful pun—"On ne peut se passer de boulanger"—"C'est à Boulanger que tous devront leur pain;" and so on, till all the scullions and pastrycooks' and bakers' boys of Paris have formed the General's *clientèle* and become his fervid and howling partisans. Whatever may be the upshot of this deplorable agitation, its moral effect cannot but be disastrous. It has roused into activity the servile instincts, the base and sturdily craving for a dictatorship; it has developed a taste for trickery and extravagance; it has excited reckless appetites for power and money, and brought all these hungry interests together in the hope that some *coup-de-main* will place the country at their mercy. Those of M. Boulanger's partisans who protest their hatred of the dictatorship and their love for the Republic, and who pretend that the Boulangist party is simply a patriotic and national party, independent of all the older groups, know quite well what such protestations are worth; they know that the *plébiscite* they ask for, as a means of raising their hero to power, can only lead to a dictatorship; they know that that hero obstinately refuses to bind himself to any precise opinion on any subject whatever, and flatters alike the Radical and the Bonapartist, M. Laguerre and M. Léandri, the half-bandit Corsican; they know that the party has no programme, except the exaltation of one single man, one single soldier, one single sword, and that the triumph of that man means the downfall of the Republic and the ruin of the national liberties.

Happily, M. Boulanger is a long way off being master yet. It was all very well for some few hundreds of loafers and street-boys to follow in his wake the day that he took his seat in the Chamber; but the population of Paris is thoroughly hostile to him. The students made a formidable manifestation against him; the workmen backed up the students; the Masonic lodges have pronounced against him; while in Parliament, with the exception of some score of scatter-brained desperates, there has been but one voice to denounce him, but one heart to withstand him. That is, of course, among the Republicans. The Conservatives still hope that the troubles he is brewing may be turned to the advantage of their particular candidate for the throne. The Comte de Paris has actually thought it necessary to vindicate his prior claim to the Boulangist programme of revision, dissolution, and the *plébiscite*. But, however it may be as to these rights of authorship, there are, thanks to the Constitution under which we live, a good many obstacles yet between M. Boulanger and the supreme power. M. Carnot is by no means disposed to cede him the Presidency. The Senate will not for a long time to come allow itself to be encroached upon. In the Chamber all sincere Republicans are making common cause against him. If only

they were capable of uniting in favour of a sensible, moderate, genuinely Liberal policy, free from all chimerical or exclusive tendencies, there would soon be an end to the popularity of M. Boulanger. M. Carnot had only to make a little tour in the South and West, and give a few addresses full of good feeling and reasonable ideas, to produce an unmistakable anti-Boulangist reaction.

To sum up: the Boulangist movement consists of three things—a politico-financial intrigue conducted by rogues, madmen and self-seekers, too few and too insignificant to be formidable; a popular infatuation, which would die out of itself if it had nothing to feed it; and finally, a growth of dissatisfaction with the present *régime*, which is very formidable indeed, which rests upon very real grounds, and which will assuredly end in the ruin of the Republic if Republicans themselves do not find some way of appeasing it. There is but one way possible. They must give the country, by their own prudence and moderation, that sense of security which it now lacks; they must devise retrenchments which will give us a surplus in lieu of a deficit; and they must postpone to some other time those great organic reforms which nobody really wishes for at present. All we ask for is to be at peace to-day, and to be sure of to-morrow.

Is it to all this political agitation that we are to attribute the comparative poverty of literary production? It is impossible to say. But certain it is that, with the single exception of M. A. Theuriet's very pretty little story, "*Amour d'Automne*" (Lemerre), there has not appeared within the last four months a single novel worth speaking of. Poetry has done better for us. It has given us one work, much debated and very debatable, but of indisputable power and loftiness of aim—"Le Bonheur," by Sully Prudhomme (Lemerre). This is not the first time that Sully Prudhomme, who certainly ranks first among our living poets, has attempted a philosophic poem properly so called—a poem of the type of which the "*De Natura Rerum*" of Lucretius must ever remain the unapproachable model—the type which André Chénier attempted to naturalize in France in his "*Hermès*." The thing that gives Sully Prudhomme his superiority over all other French poets of this century is the combination, in him, of profound philosophic thought with the most exquisite poetic sensibility. In this he compares with Goethe and Shelley alone. Even in his slightest lyrics there is this depth of thought. But besides this, it has been his habit from the outset to deal occasionally in longer poems with subjects of a philosophic kind, such as "*Art*" and "*Labour*;" and later on, in poems of several hundred verses, he has sought to render philosophical conceptions in lyric or narrative form, as in "*Les Destinées*" and "*La Révolte des Fleurs*." "*Le Zénith*" is the finest of these poems; and it is one of the finest poems in the French language. "*Les Épreuves*" is nothing but a philosophic poem in four cantos; only these cantos, instead of taking a didactic, or dramatic, or lyrical shape, are composed of sonnets. Finally, he has given a whole volume to the question of "*Justice*." In a sort of dialogue, interspersed with sonnets, lyrical quatrains, and longer pieces in strophes of various rhythm, he eloquently sets forth the cruel contrast between the aspirations of the human heart, on the one hand, and the relentless rigour of Nature and the interpretations of Science on the other. The new poem of Happiness is a poem of the same order, only with this difference, that there

are narrative and dramatic elements in it. Two young people, Faustus and Stella, who have loved each other on earth and have never been able to marry, find themselves after death in a higher life, and about to be initiated into perfect knowledge, virtue, and happiness. They find themselves, to begin with, in possession of every delight of which sense is susceptible, in its noblest and most exquisite form; they have the unmixed happiness of satisfied affection; but Faustus is not content, he wants the knowledge of absolute truth; and this he attains by rising to a still higher world. But now there comes to him across the immeasurable space the cry of suffering humanity, and he feels there is no happiness for him so long as suffering exists anywhere, untransfigured by devotion and compassion. He prays for leave to go back to earth and teach the truths he has learned, and Stella accompanies him. But when they reach the earth the race of man has bodily disappeared, and vegetable and animal life have retaken possession of the globe. While Faustus and Stella are considering whether they will not try to found a new humanity, better and purer than the first, the angel of death carries them away into the infinite. They have realized by the absoluteness of their self-sacrifice the absolute perfection of humanity. The poem is often abstruse and difficult, but it contains some of the loveliest passages that Sully Prudhomme has ever written; and the spiritual elevation of it is wonderful. It leaves an unsatisfactory impression on the superficial reader, for he expects to be told the secret of happiness, and he finds instead two people who are always being disappointed in their expectation of happiness. But, in fact, the poem might have been called "The Impossibility of Happiness." What the poet really has to say, is this: that to man, with his actual moral constitution, happiness not only is not possible, it is not even conceivable. Absolute truth is not attainable by a finite nature, good does not exist without evil, nor enjoyment without suffering; and self-devotion, the highest of all imaginable joys, presupposes effort in the subject, and misery in the object of it. The joys of the blessed are too insipid for the human heart; they allure only by contrast with the woes of earth; man cannot even frame in thought the image of a life other than the life he leads here below. Such is the conclusion of this noble but profoundly melancholy poem, which finds in the sacrifice of self the only conceivable perfection of the human ideal.

Next to M. Sully Prudhomme's book comes M. Michelet's "*Mon (Mayson) Journal*." This is the private journal of the great historian at twenty-two or twenty-three years old, when he was a poor little tutor at the Institution Briant, wondering in himself whether he would ever be an author. The genius of the author of the "*History of France*," and of "*L'Oiseau*," gleams already in these early pages, and you seem to forecast in them the whole development, intellectual and moral, of the future Professor of the *Ecole Normale* and the *Collège de France*. His tenderness overflows in that part of the *Journal* which speaks of his friend Poinot, who died of consumption in 1821, and again in the high-toned and emotional passages in which he speaks of women, and of the seriousness there ought to be in love. Many times over you meet with indications of that invincible attraction which drew him towards cemeteries and the thought of the dead—that solicitude to save them from oblivion; a feeling which plays a considerable part in his work as

a historian. You cannot but admire the strict discipline to which this young man of twenty subjected himself, with all the young life bubbling up within him—the intellectual discipline by which he regulated his reading, studying mathematics for the sake of the training, forbidding himself all premature production, refusing all journalistic work as injurious to the mind; and the moral discipline, the ceaseless watch he kept over his own thoughts and ways, the putting away of all that could tend to dissipate, the unrelaxing effort to improve himself. It is delightful to see in the young mind, opening wide to all impressions and all acquisitions, the germs of all that he actually realized later on. He meditates a thousand possible books; he hesitates between history, philosophy, and the natural sciences; and you perceive that in a confused way he has in his mind already his works on the Bird, the Insect, the Sea, the Mountain—his Vico, and Luther, and the Bible of Humanity—his Rome, and France, and the Revolution. He writes in his Journal what might be the motto of his whole life: “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;” and what was to be the secret of his style: “Style is an impulsion of the soul.”

The Journal of the Goncourts (Charpentier), of which the third and last volume is just out, is the very opposite of all this. With Michelet all is serious, noble, pure; there is no self-consciousness, no literary vanity, nothing but the desire to be useful; the author is nowhere, the man is everywhere. With the Goncourts all is different; you have authors that are nothing but authors, a literary vanity gone raving mad; incessant make-believe in place of earnestness; the most degraded conceptions of life and humanity; every page blotted with cynicism and obscenity. The only natural affection that ever crosses these pages—the love of the two brothers for each other—is tinged with a sort of morbid fatalism: there is no greatness in it, nor any sweet tenderness. While Michelet and Poinson are diligently helping to enrich and perfect each other's souls, Edmond and Jules de Goncourt are thinking of nothing but perfecting their style and enriching their collections. They describe themselves with a severity which their energies would never have ventured on; they are “galley-slaves of literature;” they vary their life of forced labour only by “rushing like madmen through the curiosity shops.” Galley-slaves and madmen! And these are two men with a comfortable independence, artistic tastes, the love of letters, all that could contribute to a happy and ennobling life. Jules dies prematurely from disease of the spinal marrow, worn out by this literary epilepsy, this convulsive effort after refinement of style and rarity of epithet. Nothing is more sadly characteristic of the whole generation than this record of the life of two clever writers and penetrating psychologists. In life, they are neither philanthropists, nor citizens, nor friends, nor lovers, they are nothing but stylists; in art, they are not even artists, they are only connoisseurs. Raphael is an absurdity to them; they care for nothing that is not pretty. The whole school of Art for Art's sake—the Gautiers, the Banvilles, the Baudelaires, the Flauberts, the Paul de Saint Victors, have been more or less infected with the same virus; and their fatal influence is far from being exhausted yet. It was this soulless literariness that prepared the way for the coarse platitudes of naturalism and the morbid or foolish overstraining of the decadence and of the symbolists of to-day.

From these intellectual deformities we turn with all the more delight to such strong and healthy work as proves to us that the great traditions of French literature are not lost, and that the best work, sound, simple and luminous, is always sure of public recognition and applause. The Duc de Broglie is one of the writers who have best preserved these strong traditions; and the two volumes on the Empress Maria Theresa (C. Lévy), which he has just added to his great work on the military and diplomatic history of France under Louis XV., are at least as interesting as the earlier volumes, if not more so. Taken at first hand from the diplomatic correspondence kept among the Archives, this history of the two years 1744-1746 is a model of concise and sparkling narrative. M. Rothian may be mentioned alongside of M. de Broglie as a diplomatic historian; but his special domain is the diplomatic history of the Second Empire, in which he was not, indeed, one of the most conspicuous actors, but of which he certainly was a most clear-sighted eye-witness. He held a variety of posts in Germany during that period, and noted with wonderful accuracy every advance and every aim of Prussian ambition. If little heed was given to his warnings at the time, it is otherwise with his narrative now. His last book, "Prussia and its King during the Crimean War" (C. Lévy), in which he describes the tergiversations of Prussia—placed as she was between Russia, with whom she had family ties; Austria, on whom she would have been glad to avenge the humiliation of Olmutz; and the Western Powers, whose alliance might have secured for her some immediate advantages, and towards whom the then Crown Prince, the future Emperor William, had leanings—forms a very interesting preface to the events of 1863, 1866, 1867, and 1870; and it throws a light even on existing political complications between the three empires, Russia, Austria, and Germany. It is contemporary politics again, though viewed from the other end of the telescope, which form the subject of M. H. Pessard's two amusing volumes "*Mes Petits Papiers*." The first volume describes the struggle carried on by the Opposition in Parliament under the Empire; the second describes political life at Versailles from 1871 to 1873, during the presidency of M. Thiers. It is a very animated, very humorous, and at the same time very impartial account; and while he does not spare the weaker side of M. Thiers' character, M. Pessard brings out all the more clearly the surpassing powers and the real greatness of the statesman who, in the midst of parties irreconcilable to each other and all alike distrustful of him, pursued his purely patriotic task of liberation and retrieval, unmoved by clamour or by calumny. Monarchists and Radicals have united in decrying M. Thiers, and in making him out to have been mean and self-seeking; but history which sees straight and clear, will yet do him justice; and M. Pessard with all his mischievousness and his sharp sayings, will certainly contribute to give the services which M. Thiers has rendered his country their true place in the eyes of posterity.

There are two works which I can at present only mention without discussing them, both of which will produce a sensation, though on very different grounds. General Boulanger, feeling no doubt of authorship yet not sufficiently advertised, is ambitious of the honour of authorship. He is publishing a history of the Franco-German War, which has brought him, it is said, 200,000 francs, and which an edition of

two millions is being printed. We have as yet seen only the first number, containing a preface which is a noble specimen of folly and bad French. Not that this is any reason why it should not be bought and read. Human stupidity is immeasurable; the universal electorate is its finest manifestation, and Boulangism is one of its most remarkable products. This is what makes it so difficult to make head against it, for neither common-sense, nor ridicule, nor honesty, is anything at all to the purpose.

"*L'Immortel*," the novel which M. Daudet has just begun in *L'Illustration*, will raise a somewhat more interesting controversy. It is the portrait of an Academician—a member of that French Academy which has just shown itself so far from eager to welcome M. Daudet into its ranks, and of which M. Daudet would now no longer deign to form a part. The perennial squabbles as to the utility of the Academy, and the curiously unliterary motives which determine its elections and exclusions, will now get quite a fresh start. It must be admitted that the Academy does its best to justify the criticism it excites. It had, not long ago, three seats to fill, and three men of high standing, authors of conspicuous ability, were candidates for them—M. J. J. Weiss, M. de Vogué, and M. Rothan. The Academy chose M. d'Haussonville, because he is the nephew of the Duc de Broglie; M. Claretie, because he is the manager of the *Comédie Française*; and M. Jurien de la Gravière, because he has been an admiral. No doubt M. d'Haussonville has published very useful and agreeable books; he is quite an authority in questions of poor relief and penitentiaries, but he is not a writer to be compared with M. Weiss. M. Claretie has an amazing literary fecundity: he has tried fiction, the drama, history, and journalism, with equal facility; and he is the most amiable of men; but he has not yet produced one work which has made any mark or which will live. What is he to be weighed against M. de Vogué, one of the most brilliant and original writers that have appeared within the last ten years? Admiral Jurien de la Gravière has published a mass of highly interesting information, not only on his own campaigns, but on the history of naval affairs from Salamis to Navarino; but he never pretended to be classed, even in the most modest rank, with the genuine men of letters. The worst of all is that, amongst the Academicians themselves, some of those who show the greatest hostility to downright literary genius, and who are most eager to throw wide the door to mediocre writers recommended chiefly by their social position, are precisely those who have owed their own election to mere literary merit—as if they preferred to have beside them neither superiors nor rivals. They do not observe that, with the lowering of the literary standard of the academy, their own value must go down; and that there is something especially absurd in seeing such writers of French prose as Daudet and the naïf Coulanges left outside a body which professes to represent to a masochist literature, or in seeing a mediocrity like M. Hervé preferred which it is like M. Weiss. Death does indeed make gaps in the Academy and lightest sometimes difficult to fill. To replace Labiche, the brightest ludicrous farces contemporary playwrights, who threw into his most whose works will truth and depth of insight worthy of Molière, and bourgeoisie of the day be valued as an authentic record of the French enough to find M. Mévisto, nineteenth century, the Academy was fortunate in finding M. Mévisto, who there rejoined his old fellow-labourer,

M. Halévy. M. Halévy has perhaps the finer and more polished style of the two; but M. Meilhac has gifts of invention, of fancy, and even of poetry, which are wanting to M. Halévy. One may, I think, without injustice, impute to M. Meilhac the better part of "Frou-frou," one of the triumphs of the modern theatre, whether for its drollery, its pathos, or its rendering of character. He has just brought out at the *Varjétés* a piece called "Décoré," in which, under the pretext of a ridiculous intrigue, he has given us a clever picture of manners which leaves far behind it M. Halévy's charming pastoral, "L'Abbé Constantin," given not long ago at the *Gymnase*. But if a worthy successor could be found for M. Labiche, who is to replace M. Nisard? M. Nisard was best known to the outside public by the abuse hurled at him under the Empire by all the opposition writers, on account of his kindness for the Imperial régime, and by all the men of the Romantic school, on account of his adherence to classical doctrine; but whatever may have been his weaknesses as a courtier, or the narrowness of his literary theories, he was nevertheless one of the most remarkable writers of our day. His studies on the Latin poets of the decadence, in which he points a criticism of Persius, Lucian, or Juvenal straight at the heads of the Romantic school, are at once a powerful controversial pamphlet and a fine piece of literary history. His historical studies on the Renaissance, the Revolution, and the Empire, abound in suggestive and interesting views, stamped with the mark of a most judicious mind, and often admirable in the form of their expression. His true monument, the History of French Literature, in spite of its unsatisfactoriness in all that concerns the early sources, and the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, contains some of the finest pages ever written on the authors of the seventeenth century. If the Academy wished to replace one great critic by another, it might choose between M. Bourget, who has far deeper psychological insight than M. Nisard; M. Brunetière, who has wider and more solid attainments; and M. Lemaître, who has more gaiety and wit. But none of these, of course, will present himself as yet. Let us hope, then, that the Academy will have the good feeling to elect M. de Vogué, who puts into his studies, literary, historic, or artistic, an eloquence, a loftiness of thought, and now and then a flight of poetry, unknown to the sober, cold, and reserved genius of M. Nisard.

M. de Vogué has done more than anybody else to introduce the Russian literature into France; and, considering the ardour with which these books are still sought and read, it seems only just to do public honour to the man to whom we owe so much and such rare enjoyment. The passion for these Russian books amounts to infatuation; inasmuch that not only was Tolstoi's gloomy, wild, and turgid drama, "The Pre of Darkness," received with enthusiasm by a select public at the *Théâtre Libre* of M. Antoine, but it draws the masses at a little suburban theatre the *Bouffes du Nord*. The popularity of this play of Tolstoi's *Libre*, helped to prepare the public for another piece, given at the *Théâtre* and turned "Le Pain du Péché," written by a Provençal poet, Aubert, like "The into French verse by M. Paul Arène. This too is an, from the South Power of Darkness," but it is an exotic of another's drama in point of instead of the North. It yields nothing to Tolstoi's more factitious, and it savagery, but its savagery is less human and more factitious, and it leaves a less noble impression. The husband who, after surprising his

wife with her lover, makes his children eat the repast prepared for the adulterous couple, in the superstitious hope that this "bread of sin" will kill the children of the sin, seems to us less like an avenger of the honour of his house than a pompous madman. This sort of thing is not Shakespeare, nor Æschylus, nor even Tolstoi; it is Lope de Vega. The Spanish drama has always had this taint of rhodomontade.

Nevertheless, we may see in the success of Tolstoi, and even of Aubanel, the inclination of the public for a stage more simple as to externals, more truthful and more poetic at once than that of the Romanticists, the Classicists, or the Naturalists. M. Zola's coarse melodrama, "*Germinal*," fell without even a storm of indignation; and M. Ohnet's trite production, "*La Grande Marnière*," was received by the critics with scornful indulgence. It is a great pity that the absurd timidity of the Théâtre Français should have led it to postpone the representation of M. J. Aicard's "*Le Père Le Bonnard*," which is exactly conceived as a simple, strong, and human plot, presented in verse at once very colloquial and very poetic.

Spring is not only the season when the Sun, Nature's great Court-Painter, lays on the colour of his trees and meadows, it is also the time when all the little biped painters, his feeble imitators, come forward with their little sketches and studies, more or less faithful, from his great work. Tiring as it is to toil through so many kilomètres of canvas, it would be very unfair to ignore how much there is that is interesting in the tendencies of contemporary art. Two very distinct aims are clearly to be recognized in it, very different but by no means contradictory—in execution, the effort after truth of tone and light; in conception, the quest of poetry and idea. The often extravagant attempts of the open-air school have not been without their fruits. As you enter the Salon this year there strikes upon you from some of the canvases a really exhilarating sensation of brightness and light. From this point of view M. Rolle's "*La Fermière*" is quite an enchantment, it is all so luminous, delicate and caressing. Even those painters who describe themselves as "*Vibrists*," and who, instead of blending their colours, lay them alongside each other in blots or stripes, have got an effect of relief and luminous reality which is altogether surprising. This is the case with M. Eliot in his "*Burial of a Young Girl in the Country*." It is also the case with M. Kuehl, a German painter, whose "*Organist*" is one of the gems of the Salon; and with M. Kuehl the method is more harmonious and less mannered. These modern painters of ours are learning to set the air in circulation round their figures, with a perfection the elder masters never knew. But more interesting even than these advances in mechanism of art, is the effort towards high art, and towards the decoration on canvas of really great ideas or deep feeling. The numerous Town Paintings lately ordered for public monuments, *Mairies*, Paris influence. Sorbonne, Schools and Pantheon, have had the happiest and unsatisfactory results. There are vexatious failures, like the "*Virgil*" of M. Duez, triptych, "*Les Femmes et les Sciences*," or those of M. Comone and Flameng's great decorations illustrating the history of the Sorbonne; M. Collin's charming composition, "*L'Été*," and M. Humbert's severe and strong painting, "*La Maternité*." M. Maignan's big canvas,

"Les Voix du Tocsin," representing a bell flung out at full swing, and darting out from it, furious, dishevelled, terrified and terrible, allegorical figures representing War, Fire, Pestilence, and all the Plagues, is bold exceedingly; and, unsatisfactory as it may be both to eye and mind, it leaves on both, at any rate, a profound impression. The two pictures that touched me most are those of M. Tattégren and M. Detaille. The first represents a sea-shore at low tide, covered with the *débris* of a wreck. A custom-house officer, beaten by the wind and drizzling rain, stands looking on, a solitary figure. This scene of desolation—the furious sea, the storm-clouds flying across the sky in the last gleam of evening, all given simply, truthfully, with an eloquence without emphasis—takes possession of you, and sinks into your very heart. M. Detaille's picture is of more ambitious range. It is named "The Dream." A number of soldiers in modern uniform—their tunics and capotes as yet unstained by war—lie sleeping in a field in the beautiful autumn night after the peaceful manœuvres of the day. Their guns, which never yet shot ball except at the target, are stacked hard by, and the flag of the regiment rests over them, untorn in its canvas sheath. The young soldiers are dreaming, and in the sky above them there sweep by in a whirlwind, with ragged but victorious standards, the armies of the great wars—of Rocroy, of Fontenoy, of Arcole, of Austerlitz, and of Magenta. It is a fine inspiration, and it is rendered with that faultless mastery to which M. Detaille has long accustomed us. If the jury were to take this opportunity of awarding the medal to our foremost military painter, the public would be unanimous in applauding their choice.

This year, as in several years past, we cannot but notice the high place taken by the foreigners in our exhibitions. Spain sends us in Señor Baixeras a singularly vigorous figure painter; and Italy sends a landscapist of the first rank in Signor Tanzi. I have spoken of one German, Herr Kuehl. M. Edelfelt has for years been chief among the Scandinavian painters. England makes her mark this year with the exhibits of Messrs. Orchardson, Knight, Hitchcock, and Herkomer, and Miss Duncan.

The smaller exhibitions earlier in the year were well worthy of attention. M. Willette, one of the most original designers of the day, has been exhibiting the whole of his works in pen and ink, charcoal, crayon, and water-colour, in a room in the Rue de Provence. M. Willette is one of the most curious products of Parisian life and of the literature of the decadence and symbolism, which has had its influence also on other painters, such as M. Besnard. His work shows a refinement of sensuality, a fantastic mysticism, an unbridled invention; the gruesome images of the charnel-house side by side with the most unreserved Parisian licentiousness. He has the finest possible sense of the picturesque, and the gift of rendering individual character by line and attitude and gesture. He unites in himself the poet and the sensualist, the wit and the thinker, the touch of genius and the touch of folly. He is a Boulangist, an anti-Semitic, a *décadent* and a loungeur. I suppose he will end either at Charenton or at La Trappe.

The water-colour exhibition contained nothing very striking. Français, Zuber, and Harpignies were unrivalled, as always. The pastelists, on the other hand, had real revelations for us. M. Besnard sent figures of exquisite modelling and wonderful poetry, and some powerful portraits.

M. Gervex's portraits were very fine; so were M. Hanche's; M. Duez sent some sea-pieces which prove him a better pastellist than painter; M. Montenard and particularly M. Lhermitte some lovely landscapes. Some of the pastellists, M. E. Lévy and M. Machard, make the mistake of aiming at oil effects in pastel; but those who, like M. Besnard, preserve the lightness and softness of the pastel while getting from it richer tones than the masters of last century ever attempted, have secured really exquisite effects, quite different from those of oil or water-colour.

While the exhibition of furniture and other objects of the last two or three centuries is going on at the Hôtel de Chimay, another exhibition has been opened of a very special kind—the exhibition of French Caricature. To enjoy it thoroughly you must begin by reading M. Grand-Carteret's big new book on the History of Caricature in France—that is to say, the history of manners and opinions read by the light of caricature. As a matter of fact, while caricature in the hands of a master like Gavarni or Daumier is a province, or at least a district, of the kingdom of art, it is always—even in the hands of the coarser caricaturists, like those of the Revolution or the Restoration—a precious document for the light it throws on the politics, manners, and fashions of the time. Under the Revolution it was mostly political, and it was the same under Louis Philippe. Under the First Empire the fashions were its butt; under the Second, women and the *demi-monde* fill only too significant a place in it. M. Grand-Carteret has followed with learned care, and with the instinct of an historian and an artist, all the vicissitudes of this art; and he has drawn up an invaluable list of all the French caricaturists and all the collections of French caricatures.

Finally—since in Paris Russia must now have a part in everything—we must not omit to say a word about the exhibition of the works of M. Vereschagin in the Cercle of the Rue Volney. As paintings they are but mediocre; they are brutal in colour and loose in drawing. As they are of the countries he visited—Syria and India—they are very interesting. And they are interesting from the tendencies they display. Vereschagin has been a soldier, and deeds of extraordinary heroism are recorded of him; but he has a horror of war, and of cruelty in any shape or whatever. The picture of a convoy of Turkish prisoners caught in a snowstorm during the war of 1877, and the three great canvases which represent the Crucifixion, the execution of the Sepoys in India, and the hanging in Russia, are an eloquent and powerful demonstration of the horrors of war and capital punishment.

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